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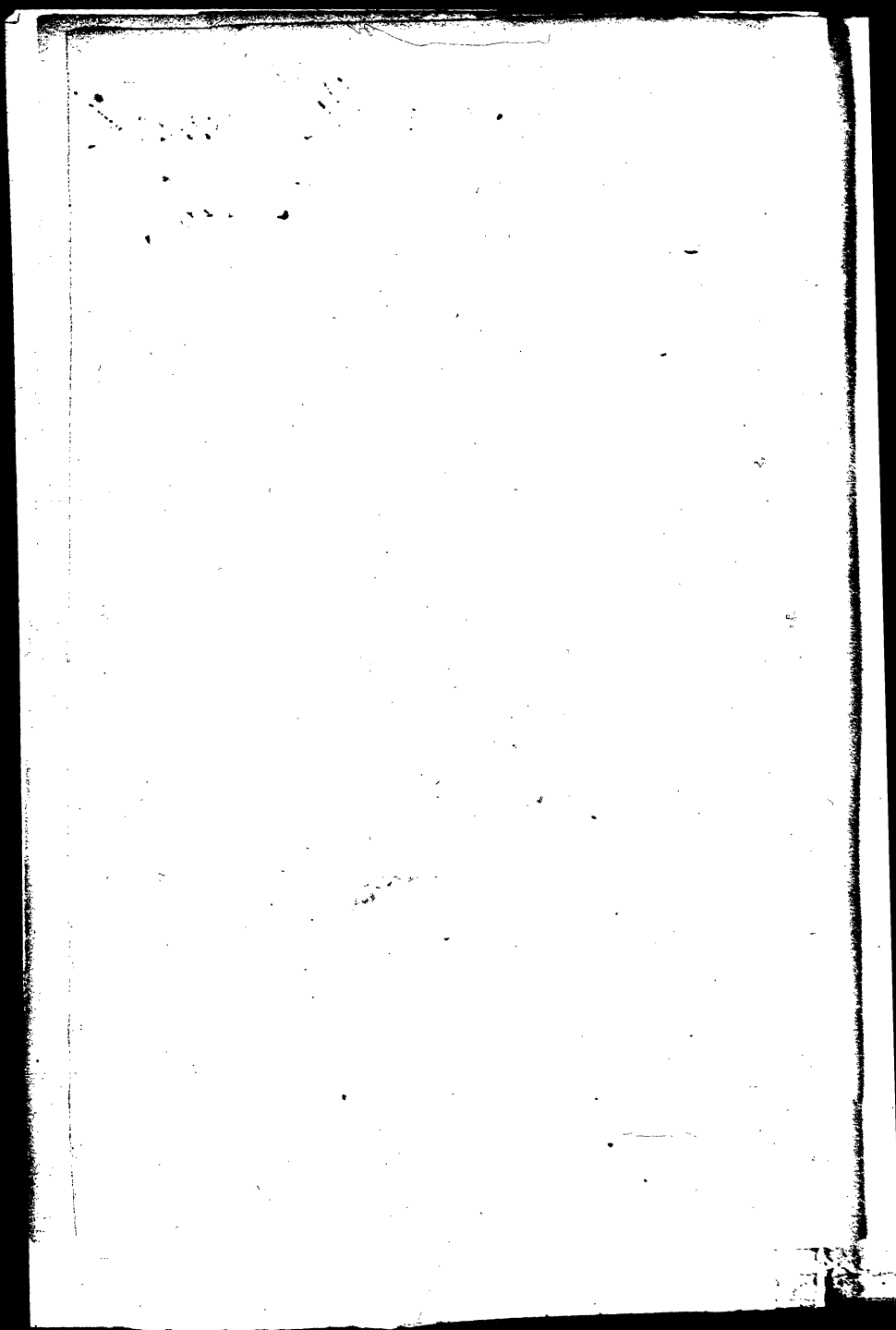
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W. J. M. Donnell
3rd July 65

SCRAPS

AND

SKETCHES;

OR,

THE ALBUM

OF A

LITERARY LOUNGER.

173120 87433

I'll make a medley on't, Jasper,—
Mingling odd fancies, strange and wild conceits
Alike of mirth and sadness, just to suit
The sunshine or the shadow of the hour,—
Making my Muse beseech a Harlequin,
Disporting in a quaint and motley garb
Of fitful smiles and tears!—

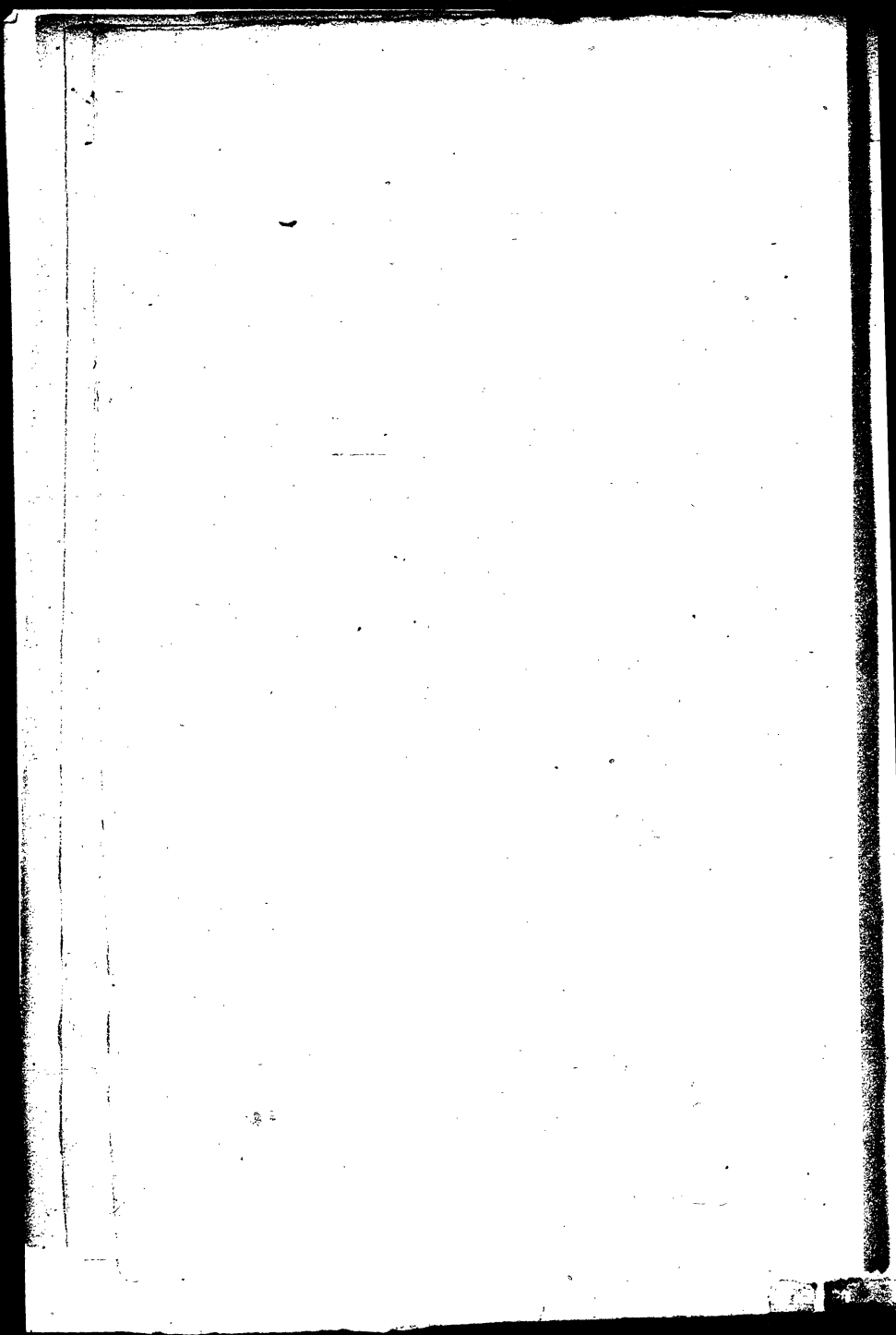
Play of my own.

MONTREAL;

H. H. CUNNINGHAM.

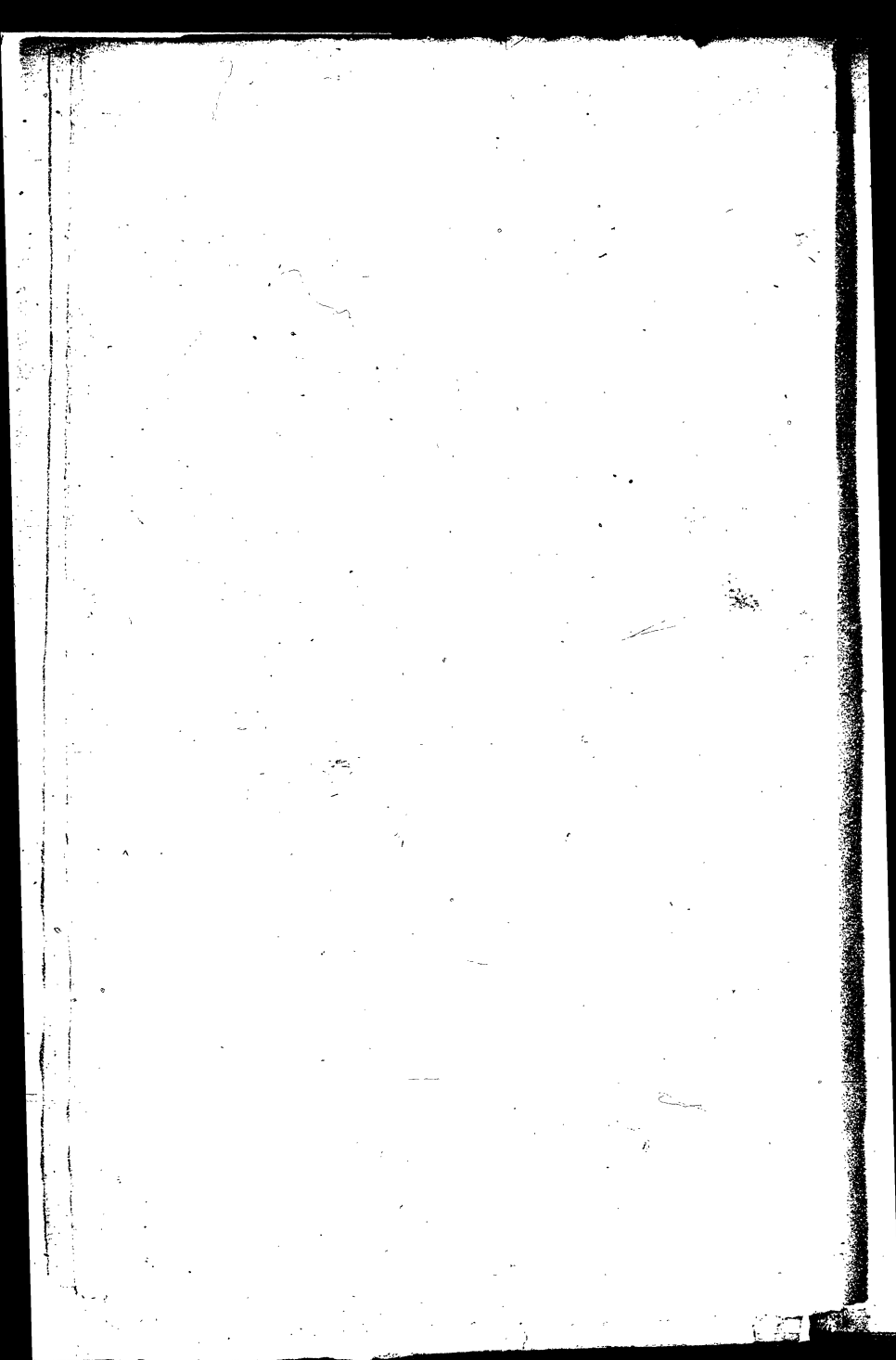
No. 38, St. Paul-Street.

1831.



INTRODUCTION.

As a large portion of the Contents of the following pages have appeared from time to time in the popular Canadian Journals of the day, and have consequently passed through the *ordeal* of public opinion and estimation, the Editor is relieved from the customary prefatorial comment on probable defect or possible merit.—Yet, in extenuation of their republication, it is incumbent on him to observe, that a wish to rescue from the comparative oblivion of a Newspaper-column, productions which generally, have experienced a kind and favorable reception, has incited him to collect and arrange them, along with several hitherto unpublished trifles from the same pen, into their present—and, he confidently hopes, less fugitive—form of publication.



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THE FAIRY HARP.

It rose, that chaunted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain :
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a'long unmeasur'd tone
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

It was I think, sometime in the month of August, 181-, that, by especial command from Head Quarters then at Montreal, the flank companies of a Provincial Regiment were detached to a particular station on the Lower Canada frontier, and were reinforced by a large band of Indian warriors from the St. Francis village, which joined them on the route to their destination, and who were to assist in the construction of a block-house and other means of strengthening their position. This was situated on the bank of a small river that emptied its tributary stream into the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, the passage of which was to be commanded by the intended fortification; and being in the heart of a deeply wooded country, thinly settled at the time, and entirely destitute of the benefits derived from the smoothing hand of civilization, it was far from agreeable to military men, habituated to, and just emerging from the glittering gaiety and pompous routine of a crowded camp; a

circumstance not a little enhanced by a scantiness of provision, and a continued round of fatiguing duty that scarcely left us an hour of the twenty-four unemployed or unmolested. Being in the immediate vicinity of an enemy's territory, the utmost alertness and precaution were necessarily observable, the effects of which were sufficiently distressing to both officers and men in the nightly dispersion of advance picquets; and the double task of cutting and laying a road for the transport of artillery and other munitions of war through the almost impenetrable thickets of a cedar swamp, and felling and preparing the materials for our wooden defences,—all which gave the continuance of daylight an impressive character of its own which may be easily imagined.

This intermixture of diurnal and nocturnal harrassing-employ had continued for a time, and numerous repinings were beginning to be murmured by not a few of us, agreeably diversified by divers ejaculatory epithets on the tardy negligence of those in charge of the provision waggon—or a categorical elucidation of the miseries attendant on the combination of hard-work with short allowance, when the interest and attention of us all were strongly excited and partially turned into a different channel, and caused the cravings of appetite and bodily exhaustion to become but a secondary consideration. The object of this it is now my task to explain; as it is the subject which I am about to treat, or am professedly treating.

Our encampment,—which was a happy assemblage of branch huts and bark wigwams—the latter the domiciliary erections of our red brethren—was formed in the area made by the sudden extension at its point of termination on reaching the river, of a small defile or glen, that con-

tinued back for a mile or more in a nearly direct line from it, and for which distance it could be distinctly viewed from the river; but an abrupt bend that it then took, prevented the visual faculty of perspective observation from being carried farther. The sides of this were lofty, and their summits crowned with trees; among which were thickly studded the Sumach with its rich crimson tufts—and the silver barked Birch, whose light and graceful foliage drooped in trembling shadow over the little brook below, that crept with a noiseless current through the long silken grass that fringed its borders, and hid it some places by its profuse growth.

We had been stationed here but a short time, when one fine still night the sound of distant music, apparently issuing from the depths of this secluded spot, was heard by the different sentinels posted round the camp.—It lasted for a few minutes only, and then ceased with a mournful cadence that died softly away, faintly echoed in the hollows of the glen. Those who had been indulging in the embrace of the sleepy god, and which in fact comprised all whom the tour of duty had left at liberty to enjoy so grateful a refreshment, were inclined to be dubious regarding the truth of the circumstance; but their doubts were soon removed.—The second night after it was again heard, louder in tone, and of longer continuance.

This strange incident created no little surprise and conjecture among us; for our former scepticism on the subject was entirely dissipated by the evidence of our own senses. There were no habitations or people resident, to our knowledge, within eight or ten miles around us; and the sequestered loneliness of the dell whence this midnight melody seemed to emanate, was in appear

ance such as gave no doubt of its being tenanted by other than "the wild offspring of the woods." Owing to the peculiar nature of our situation and pursuits, and strictly positive orders that none of any rank, or on any account, should go beyond the immediate environs of the encampment except in case of duty, no opportunity could be had of fully investigating the place; and indeed, to be candid, few felt an inclination for so doing, from the apprehension of falling into the hands of the enemy's Indians, scouting parties of whom we knew to prowl occasionally in the neighbourhood.

However, an Officer did with a couple of Indian hunters explore it for a short distance; but the excursion being made by stealth, he was restrained to a very slight and imperfect survey. He discovered no vestige on which the most trivial supposition could be founded, as to the source of the magical harmony with which we were nightly serenaded; and which, from its execution and effect, seemed a strain belonging to the spiritual world that had escaped to this, to bewilder mortal ears with its heavenly fascination.

It had a singularly striking effect on all who listened to it, though in a manner familiarized to it from its frequent occurrence; which was, however, irregular, as it would be heard for many nights in succession, then every third or fourth, and sometimes would cease for a week together.

The Canadian soldiers, nationally superstitious, attributed it to supernatural beings, and called it *la Harpe de Fée* or the Fairy Harp—a term by which it became generally known and designated among us; and whenever its tones swept past on the night breeze, all ribaldry

and noise was banished from among them, and, crossing themselves, they listened with that fearful deference of attention—the general effect produced on credulous minds by whatever savours of the wonderful. I used to particularly remark the impression it made on the Indians of the party attached to us.

These savages “albeit unused to the melting mood,” would, while seated smoking round their camp fires, be attentively mute. And many a swarthy visage, strongly marked with that harsh ferocity of feature—the never varying character of an Indian physiognomy, have I observed to relax some of its scowling fierceness, as its owner, charmed by the entrancing melody, yet partly intimidated by its doubtful origin, turned him cautiously to cast a wild but keen enquiring glance up the supposed haunted valley,—as parts of it lay clearly exposed in the moonlight, and others from their depth and closeness were masses of shade, impervious to its flickering radiance,—probably expecting to behold the Manitou, or Spirit of the place, engaged in producing the sweet sounds which literally possessed the power to “tame his savage breast.”

As it regarded myself, I must affirm that the sensations I experienced, though they materially differed from the superstitious reverence displayed by the Canadians, and the silently expressive astonishment of our uncivilized allies;—yet were tinged with an enthusiasm far above the power of language to define. They were indeed delicious moments in which I listened to the more than mortal minstrelsy which rose thus on the stillness of night, and flung its fascination over the lonely wilds around.

It seemed to commence with a soft, seraphic sweetness,

that gradually swelled into a rich luxuriance of melody, which would suddenly change into a wildly energetic strain of loud and passionate feeling—and whose hurried tones swept along on the wind, as fancy would picture the voice of a despairing angel in his agony—and ceasing for a little, again begin with a melting expression of mournful lamentation, so sadly musical, so plaintively sweet, that the most obdurate bosom could not remain unmoved, nor the sternest eye refuse a tear to the feeling tones that seemed to expiate by their impressive effect, for the excess of impassioned anguish in which they had previously indulged. There was an indescribable enchantment in their fitful and entrancing harmony which wound itself round and penetrated into the inmost recesses of my soul; absorbing its every faculty in the overpowering fervency of enthusiasm to which it gave birth; and whilst the delightful illusion hung over me, that portion of my existence was in truth a waking dream of romance—a wild revelling in the seducing phantasies of a visionary enjoyment.

This nightly wonder had continued to charm us for a few months, when it ceased altogether; and was never heard again till the period of our quitting the place—which we did soon after its cessation, in consequence of being ordered to join in some offensive movement to be made previous to the army being marched into winter quarters.

The autumn of the year following that in which the peace was concluded that freed Canada from being the theatre of a desultory and harassing warfare, and the consequent exposure to all its calamities, saw me engaged in a deer hunting excursion with an Indian Chief

from the Cochnawaga village—We set out together without any attendants; and after a week's rambling about, and but indifferent success in the prosecution of our sport, chance directed our steps to the little river before mentioned. We followed up its banks in search of game, until we arrived at the unfinished Block-house of our former position. As the mysterious nature of the circumstance which characterised my former station here a few years before was ever fresh in my memory, I determined, as the opportunity now presented itself, to obtain an elucidation, if possible, by penetrating into the obscurities of the little valley.

Therefore remarking to my companion that from its seclusion it must harbour a variety of game,—for I did not wish to acquaint him with my real motive, as he might not comprehend, or laugh at it, if he did—we turned our exploratory course along its solitary charms.

Our path for nearly a mile was through a long luxuriant grass beside the small rivulet, and unobstructed by either stump or stone until where it suddenly bent off from its straitforward bearing, from which it became more narrow and rugged for another half mile, when it reached its termination. This was a kind of area, something larger than an half acre in space, surrounded by lofty ledges of granite, from the crevices of which grew, scarcely nourished by the scanty portion of earth, the Sycamore and stunted Pine, whose dark foliage threw a dismal shade on the open space beneath—and which combined with the dreary silence that reigned here undisturbed, made me often start when the occasional sound of our voices was re-echoed from the recesses of the rock.

There was a spring which rose from beneath a fallen

mass of stone and earth, and finding its way into a hollow in the centre of this gloomy amphitheatre formed a pool, whence it flowed with a faint murmur down the rougher part of the defile, which having past, it continued on with a noiseless and less rapid current. The *tout ensemble* of this little spot seemed peculiarly adapted to the residence of some unearthly being. I was however, much dissatisfied that my investigatory project should be suddenly arrested, and consequently rendered futile.—All farther progress was prevented, except by climbing up the overhanging precipices that frowned darkly around it—an attempt an antipode alone could succeed in.—Satisfied of this, I was about to retrace my steps in doubt and vexation, when the searching enquiry of my Indian friend, in prying around the place for the purpose of finding the lair of an Otter whose track he had perceived—discovered a passage which was concealed by the jutting point of a rock, and the brushwood and wild vines that clung in profusion about it. We soon penetrated into this, and a partial development of the hitherto inexplicable mystery broke in upon me.

After scrambling for a few yards through a pass scarcely wide enough to admit a man, and which was nearly choked up with a briery underwood, we emerged into an open space, into which the sun shone without obstruction, giving it a light and pleasing appearance contrasted with the gloom we had just quitted. Its sides shot perpendicularly up to a vast height, and their ruggedness was something softened by various creeping plants and shrubs which grew from them. The most remarkable—I might say, the strangely interesting object which met the eye in this hidden recess, was a log-cottage in

one corner, with its roof of bark partly fallen in, and which was nearly concealed by the wild nettle and rank speargrass which grew through and around it—a sufficient indication of its being untenanted and abandoned for some years. On examining its interior, and laying aside with the stock of my gun the abundant vegetation that filled it, I discovered the mouldering remains of some superior articles of dress, and picked up the worm eaten covers of books, the less durable materials of which the weather and vermin had conjointly destroyed. There was one article which I contemplated with an intensity of feeling, from the imagined lovelines and probable fate of the being to whom it once belonged.—It was a woman's white beaver hat and feathers. Being suspended from the side of the hut, and under a part of the roof that had given way, it was little affected by the weather, except a yellowish dullness on its native purity of lustre.

The rich and full bunch of Ostrich plumes that once, methought, waved in soft and snowy luxuriance over a brow which, perhaps, was never gazed upon but to be admired, drooped down along the moss covered walls—their elasticity destroyed by long exposure to the air and damp;—and the polished steel clasp which joined them, once bright as the eye of her it adorned, was tarnished with rust.

There was a something singularly impressive in the fragile memento before me of the mysterious inhabitants of this secluded dell. Man may be assaulted and borne down by a complication of afflictions—may be the blasted victim of his own withering passions; and seeking a refuge from the scope of their distracting turmoil, retire to some lonely solitude, there to brood over their remembrance, or lament the depravity of their desolating influ-

ence—and become an ascetic unpitied and unheeded by his fellow men—But woman, lovely woman,—when actuated by a tender and peculiar impulse inherent to her nature, or prompted by that fond devotion to the hallowed object of her soul's affection—the characteristic of her sex, turns from the alluring splendours of a world she was framed to adorn and delight, to bury herself in silent seclusion—whether it be within the walls of a cloister, to await and meekly prepare for her angelic transformation to her kindred heaven;—or the sequestered loneliness of some humble cot—the dreary confines of a prison, to charm away the gloomy sorrows by her presence—to soothe the rankling wounds of adversity by her affectionate attentions to that much loved one in whom her all in life is concentrated.—When, I say, we behold her in situations like these, all goodness, gentleness, and love, we cannot but be deeply, feelingly interested,—for we contemplate a prototype of those transcendent beings who hymn eternally around the throne of their Creator.

I had seated myself on a small hillock, and was absorbed in thoughts like the foregoing, called forth by the discovery before alluded to, and which gradually gave way to a train of painful conjecture in which I became lost;—but I was roused from this by an exclamation from my companion, and starting on my feet, his keen glance revealed to me a circumstance I had hitherto unnoticed—I had been sitting on a grave! * * * * *

There is a mystery hanging over the person or persons who had inhabited this strange retreat, and the source of the more than earthly music which evidently proceeded from it, that will, it is probable, be never explained. But, be that as it may, the remembrance of that spiritually wild and fitful minstrelsy will never be erased from my mem-

ory. And often since, when in some solitary night stroll I have sunk into a pleasing and fantastic reverie.— I have fancied a strain of music caught my ear, as it swept by me in the passing zephyr; and awakened by it to the free use of my wandering senses, have found it difficult to persuade myself that it was not produced by the tones of the Fairy Harp.

THE SPELL ROUND BEAUTY'S HOME.

THERE is a spell round beauty's home
That in its magic pow'r resembles,
The steel which fondly will not roam
From that to which it turns and trembles.

The spot where lovely woman dwelt
Links, in the heart's lov'd retrospection,
The hallow'd shrine where we have knelt
With memory's deep and warm affection.

And such were my lone thoughts last night,
As o'er my window calm reclining,
Watching the moon, whose lovely light
Was on the distant hill-side shining.

For as I look'd to that far hill,
I felt my heart was full and swelling,—
And while I gazed, my eyes would still
Rest on one lone, deserted dwelling.

For memory turn'd to other years,
When smiles lit up bright halls with gladness—

Ere angel eyes were dimm'd with tears,
Or joy hush'd in the wail of sadness.

And many a well remember'd night,
That home with song was sweetly sounding,
And many a beauteous form of light
I lov'd to watch thro' its halls bounding.

For Beauty gavé the song its birth,
And manly hearts were near to listen,
And still it led the maze of mirth
Till souls thro' sparkling eyes would glisten.

But *she* sleeps in the darkling grave,
And lone and drear is her lov'd bow'r—
And rankling weeds in wildness wave
Where shone the hue of many a flow'r.

Yet still there is a charm entwin'd
Around those walls, so long forsaken,
Which strange, yet fondly seem's enshrin'd
Ev'n in the mournful thoughts they waken.

Home of my boyhood's love!—to thee,
This lonely tear I shed is given—
In thy decay more dear to me
Than aught else 'neath the light of heaven.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,

"Woman—a minst'ring angel thou!"

INDIVIDUALS who have experienced the inclement vicissitudes of Canadian warfare in the latter autumnal months, can well appreciate their severe hardships; and particularly at that uncertain and almost indefinable season of the year, which partakes so largely of the most disagreeable features of both fall and winter, without decidedly meriting the term of either.

It was at such a season as this, and amid its fluctuation of stormy weather, that a Campaign of effective operation was closing with some movements of a description which called forth the activity of the troops immediately concerned in them. Forming a part of this force, was a light brigade to which I was attached at the time; and also the light companies of some Peninsular Regiments that had arrived in the country in the course of the preceding summer.

We were nearly harrassed to death with a series of marches and counter movements along the lower frontier, and many began to give way under the continuance of such toilsome exertion. Yet there was a circumstance which in a manner shamed a number into a more manly sustainment of privation and fatigue. Owing to the peculiar precarious nature of the operations in which we were engaged, and the consequent difficulties foreseen in their prosecution, such of the soldiers as had wives and families left them behind, to avoid their participating in

them. To this certainly prudential measure, there was, however, a solitary exception.

One of the private men, who had just recovered from a severe attack of fever-and-ague that he caught whilst employed for a short time in the dangerous and unhealthy service of the gun-boats, on some of the great lakes, and who was scarcely better than convalescent, was accompanied by his wife in the expedition. She was a very interesting young woman, and much superior in manners and appearance to the generality of her sex in the same grade. No entreaty on the part of her husband—no representation of the trials she must inevitably undergo, made to her by him and others, had effect in prevailing on her to remain in the rear with the rest. She probably anticipated, as indeed proved to be the case, that the weakness of her husband's health, not yet rightly established, would sink under the laborious exertion he must necessarily encounter; and in the devoted zeal of fond affection wished to be near him in that trying hour, to support and console him in its destitution with her endearing care and soothing attention; otherwise deprived of which he might perish neglected and forlorn.

If such were her fears and wishes, they were alike correct in their fulfilment. He quickly sank beneath a complication of fatigue and distress of nourishment he was but ill fitted to sustain, and then it was that the anxious and affectionate solicitude of his faithful partner evinced itself in every shape and under every circumstance. Situated as we were, it was not immediately possible to have him conveyed back to the main body of the army; and he, therefore, with some others in much the same state of debility, remained with, and was carried along with us in our different changes of route.

Day after day did this fond wife follow on foot through rain, and frost, and snow—experiencing distress in its every form—the cart that contained her enfeebled husband. And when the ruggedness of the road, by its jolting of his weakened frame, drew forth a groan of anguish from him, it seemed to pierce her to the soul; and hastening to him, she would endeavour by various little acts of endearing attention to alleviate his sufferings.— Often too, when a halt for a short time could be made for the purpose of rest or refreshment, she would, if the weather was favourable, lead him to some sunny seat; where, as he enjoyed the invigorating warmth, rendered doubly grateful by the ungenial nature of the season, and his head reclining on her bosom, she would wipe away the clammy dew as it gathered on his feverish brow, and then imprinting a kiss on its pallid surface, would gaze on his emaciated features with a heart-breaking intensity of interest;—and the agonizing emotion it elicited, though palpable to others, cost her no slight effort to smother and conceal from its beloved object; who, absorbed in a listless languor of weakness, was apathetically indifferent to all but the soothing voice and sympathising benignity of affection, displayed in the countenance of her who watched so tenderly over him.

She was the only female who accompanied the expedition—but she was sacred from the sneering taunts and wanton insults of profligacy. The exemplary demeanor of her conduct and fond devotion to her sick husband,—her persevering fortitude under her severe trials—were such as to win upon the better feelings of all that beheld them,—and elicited even from the most abandoned and regardless of the soldiery a voluntary respect for herself

and commiseration for him.—The effect was even carried further. To see a being, whom the natural weakness and constitutional delicacy of her sex so ill fitted for enduring such, sustain every description of hardship in its extreme without repining, made so general an impression, that scarcely a murmur or exclamation of impatience at what he himself suffered was heard from an individual.

There was one consolation, however, and which, with the softened radiance of a distant sun beam at even shone on the gloom of her sorrows—that was enjoyed by this fondly devoted woman—It was the compassionate attention shewn to her husband by the men of his regiment. In the evening, when the day's fatiguing march was over, some of them would gather round the miserable vehicle in which he was conveyed, and kindly officious, help him out—bear him to some shelter, and arrange a place for his repose;—others would come up, and with the friendly feeling of a brother soldier enquire how he felt himself, and offer to his assistance the best of that humble nourishment of which they themselves possessed but a scanty share.

The peculiar situation of this unfortunate couple caused me to interest myself much for its alleviation; and from fortuitous circumstances I became acquainted with their little story;—it was brief and simple, but something touching and romantic.

Edward Collins was the second son of a respectable farmer in the county of Wicklow. He received a rather better than common education, and moreover was a handsome, smart-looking young fellow—at least the girls of the village thought him such; and from the superior adroitness

he displayed at athletic sports, (a well known *desideratum* with Irish peasantry,) and his personal advantages, he acquired a pre-eminence among the youth of his native barony that dared not be called in question. But though he excelled and mingled much in rustic exercises, it was less from a natural inclination than from a dislike to be thought deficient by his companions in what they deemed the essential requisites to a manly character; and being of a retiring disposition, fond of books—an enjoyment he indulged in to the extent his means and occupation allowed,—his manners and conversation acquired a refinement much superior to those of the same class around him.

He had attained his twentieth year, when an English agent came over to superintend the estate on which his father was a tenant. This gentleman was accompanied by his family; and the eldest of his children was a daughter not yet passed her eighteenth birth day. Ned was always employed by his father in the transaction of business that required—what he used to term—a little scholarship, and in which little he made no scruple of avowing his own deficiency;—and in consequence had to visit occasionally the Overseer's house. The respectful gentility of his deportment made him a welcome visitor there; and a barrenness of society induced its being shown in frequent invitations.

To him these visits became more than usually pleasing. The daughter of his kind entertainer was not extremely handsome; but her countenance like her manners was mild and interesting. She excited his regard, and it quickly repined into the warmest love; and he soon felt that he was not indifferent to her. She was

like himself partial to literary pursuits, and they used to converse together on such topics. This produced an intimacy, from which resulted the opportunity of their mutual sentiments with regard to each other being made known.

She was to be sure much above him in the grade of society; and this was the only fear she had, knowing that it would influence her parents to the prejudice of her lover. But chilling thoughts of this kind would dissolve away before happier visions; and hoping for the best, the fond pair were blest in each others love.—Alas! how unerring in its veracity—how forcibly inculcated on every minute of our existence is the truth—that ‘nothing is certain in this uncertain world.’

Edward's father, from a succession of bad harvests, a mortality among his stock, and a variety of misfortunes, which seemed to accumulate but to overwhelm him with ruin, was unable to pay his rent; and though every indulgence and much assistance was given him, he was constrained to resign his farm, and become a day labourer to obtain a subsistence. Adversity was too much for him; and unable to sustain its trials, he sank beneath their weight. His eldest son had, previous to this sad event, been pressed into the naval service, and none could tell where or how his lot was cast; and Edward was all that was left to his widowed mother to soothe and support her under her complication of afflictions. By the produce of a little flax field that he rented, and other honest means of industry, he continued to keep her from feeling the severities of want; but this was but for a little while, her sorrows were soon hushed to rest in the grave, and he was left alone.

His resolve was quickly made. His yearly lease of the little property he tenanted having expired; the necessary form of giving it up together with the key of his humble tenement, afforded him the means of seeing the object of his affections and bidding her farewell. In all the troubles that befel his family her heart was the same—It never abated of its affection. It loved him even more dearly under the degradation—if such it could be called—forced upon him by adversity.

It will be best to pass over this interview—imagination can only do it justice.

Edward Collins enlisted for a regiment then serving on the Peninsula; and during a space of five years, in course of which he had been promoted to a halbert, he went through a deal of desperate service; and was at length severely wounded in the memorable storming of St. Sebastian—being among the foremost of the heroic ‘forlorn hope’ which first essayed the passage of its deadly breach.

He was sent to England with many others whose recovery was expected to be tedious, and to avoid encumbering the army in the requisite promptitude of its movements. After lingering for many months, he at last regained his former stability of health, and was placed on duty at the dépôt of his regiment; and remained there till the news of its being on the passage home, (in consequence of the short-lived continental peace of 1814,) induced him to seize the opportunity, which otherwise he would not have had, to apply for and obtain leave of absence to visit Ireland.—He did so, and the meeting of the lovers may be imagined. But he had scarcely been a week in the vicinity of his beloved Caroline, and in

which he had paid many visits of filial respect to the graves of his departed parents, when he received the unwelcome intelligence that the destination of his regiment was countermanded, and which then lay with many others on board a squadron of transports in the Cove of Cork, under sailing orders for Canada—and likewise an order for his repairing with all possible haste to embark with it. This was a death blow to the fond hopes he had cherished of possessing, after so long an absence, some happy moments with her, to be separated from whom had made that absence nearly insupportable.

Circumstanced as he was, there was no time for hesitation; and urged by a kind of desperation he proposed an elopement to her. To those acquainted with the workings of a woman's heart, it would be almost needless to remark, that where its affections are fixed all other considerations are lost in their intensity. She consented—They were married, and sailed for America.

There was one, probably the primitive item in the catalogue of the misfortunes which befel them after their arrival on this side the Atlantic, which I omitted to mention before.

Owing to an unintentional dereliction from the observance of some particular duty, and which was nothing dishonourable in itself—but with the usual severity of military discipline, was imperative in its obligation, Collins was reduced to the-ranks soon after his landing. This abasement, I am confident, preyed upon his spirits, not so much for his own sake, but for that loved being who had sacrificed every thing for him; and who, through it, in consequence was deprived of many comforts, humble as they were, and exposed to the endurance of many privations.

And when sickness waylaid a path, already rendered sufficiently painful, thoughts like these would be dwelt upon—and both were fast wearing him away.

Poor fellow!—all that art and attention could effect for him was tried, but it was of no avail.—His constitution was broken—and I really believe his heart was the same.

He was sent home to be invalided. I happened by mere chance to be standing on the quay at Quebec, when he and his wife embarked in the vessel which was to convey them to their destination. There was the same marked anxiety of attention—the same careful tenderness in her manner, as leaning on her arm, she supported his tottering frame to the boat. He was dreadfully worn down and weakened, and she from her incessant watching over him scarcely better. Both were to the extent of their poor means neatly clad; but her especially, too scantily for the time of year—for it was yet early in the spring—and there was a disagreeable rawness in the atmosphere. His regimental great coat hung loosely from his shoulders,—and a large shawl, of which his wife had deprived herself—and she could from her own evident ill-health, ill bear the exchange made by substituting a thin faded handkerchief in its place—was carefully folded round his neck by her, to preserve him from cold.

When the boat was at some distance from the land, she turned her head as if to take a last view of it; but there was nothing to excite a sensation of regret in her bosom at leaving it—no retrospect was left but the thought of the miseries she had there encountered. All was gloomy and repulsive both to her mental and bodily view;

and over agitated by the contending poignancy of her feelings, or perhaps overcome with the contrast presented between her arrival and departure thence, — but whatever were her thoughts they were too much for her to bear; and bursting into tears, her head drooped on the bosom of him who was her only tie to a world which lowered so dark and dismally around her.

As the ship spread its swelling sails to the breeze and bore away majestically before it, my thoughts dwelt upon the peculiar—the unhappy destiny of the exemplary being it contained. Impelled by a devoted affection, she clandestinely quitted her father's house to unite herself to the choice of her heart. She paused not to consider the consequences of this step, nor did she after it was taken repent her of it—though unavoidably subjected to much of want and suffering, doubly severe, from the affluent comfort to which she had been accustomed. But it was as nothing to her—All was sunshine when with him she loved—Yet this was but for a while. The gathering clouds of misfortune darkened upon her in a strange land and among strangers; and to one so young, so delicate, and so unused to worldly trials, the draught though deeply quaffed must have been bitter indeed.

Turning from this—my imagination pourtrayed in its most vivid colours the prospects which lay before her in the land of her nativity to which she was fast hastening; and which she had left to suffer so keenly and so much.—The thoughts that rent her bosom too,—the dread of meeting those whom she had most offended—The chilling sternness of demeanour that would mark their opinion of what would be deemed almost a crime by them

and the world, thanks to the general charity of its opinions! And he, for whose sake she had offended, what was he now?—A poor, shivering object of compassion, in the last stage of mental and corporeal debility!

Methought I saw her in some miserable abode of wretchedness, whose shelter was scarcely procured by the scanty pittance of pension allowed—unheeded by those whose pride of heart forbade them to acknowledge the consanguinity of blood, in obeying the impulse of humanity by forgiveness and assistance. I thought I saw her unnoticed by them—and exposed to the sneers of exulting malevolence from those whom her former station in society had excited to envy—a martyr to want—to distress—to the agony of her complicated sufferings,—sit day after day, nursing him the cause and for whom she endured them all. I saw her bending in breathless anguish over him to catch his last feverish gasp, as it convulsively articulated her name—I saw her sit for hours, gazing on the grave where charity laid him, lost in a stupor of grief, abstracted and 'tearless—for tears with her were long since exhausted—with none to pity, none to console or comfort.—I saw her—but then she was only an additional instance to the many thousands that have been given of angel-woman's devoted affection and love.

I saw her, as my pencilling mind trembled and drew near the finish, fast drooping to the earth, as it awaited the snapping of the last feeble chord of her heart to receive her into its bosom—when the relenting and self punishing stoicism of parental severity vainly offered relief and pardon when too late.—I saw a father, standing beside the hard and ragged couch of his dying child unconscious of his presence, in the speechless agony of self

accusing neglect—But I could proceed no farther.—Like Sterne “I was unable to sustain the picture my fancy had drawn”—My heart was full—the tears gushed from my eyes, and I hurried away.

‘HIS SONG HAD CEAS'D.’

His song had ceas'd, and the flash of pride
Which lit up his dark eyes' splendour,
Soon waned to a feeling he could not hide
From a glance—oh! how fond and tender.

For the while he sung, there was one heart near—
And he well knew that heart's devotion,—
Whose life pulse throbb'd at a strain so dear,
In its fever of frenzied emotion.

She had lov'd him well, she had lov'd him long,
She had worshipp'd in silence and sadness,
And had fondly hop'd that the theme of his song
Would be balm to her heart's wild madness

But his numbers dwelt—and they were his own,
On a deep, dark tale of sorrow—
A blight which his heart's young dream had known,
And from which he could never borrow

One hope again from false woman's smile—
One thought would forbid him to cherish

A lasting hate to her specious guile,
And which only with life should perish.

But the tones of his voice grew faint and soft,
In their dying thrill resembling
The distant fairy-born music, which oft
We hear in the night breeze trembling.

For mournful thoughts came o'er him then,
To other days they were turning,
And his quiv'ring lip told how racking the pain
Of a soul life's worst passions were burning

And he turned from one whom he could not love
His home and her smile forsaking,
In sorrow and gloom thro' this world to rove
With a heart that was heavy and breaking.

TO HELEN.

If eyes can speak the thoughts we feel,
Then, dearest Helen, look on mine,
Which, as their burning glances steal
To those resplendent orbs of thine,
Must fondly tell how much above
Bright eyes around they're prized by me,
And if not valued thus by *love*,
What can it be—what can it be?

If words of fondness breath'd to thee
In accents meant to win thine own,
Whose whispering softness bear to me
The soul of Music in their tone,—
If all the anxious thoughts that move
My heart when I am not with thee,
Have not their origin in love—
What can it be,—what can it be?

Oh, yes!—if fervent pray'rs will link
With other hopes thy welfare here,
If Memory's dream will bid me think
On charms that make but thine more dear ;—
If in thy name I feel a spell,
That spell is surely love of thee,
And if not, my sweet girl, pray tell
What it can be,—what it can be.

THE MAMELUKE CHIEF.

(From the MSS. of a Half-pay Hussar.)

I THINK I never witnessed a finer sight in the course of my life, than the review of a small body of Mamelukes, near Rosetta, who were brought in the train of a Turkish Pasha, more, I believe, to swell the pomp and display of his magnificence, than any real service they could render in co-operating along with his other Mussulmen warriors to the assistance of our army. They were a portion of the small remnant that had escaped the destructive tactical warfare of the French; and each individual of them bore in a greater or less degree the scars and dint of battle's most desperate mood. They were all young men—very young to judge from their fair, handsome features, and light smiling, playful manners; and which seemed the more striking when contrasted with the immovable gravity of the haughty turban'd host around them.

Mounted on their superb Arabians, covered with trappings whose gorgeous splendour and elegance would throw the decorations of a modern Lancer's steed far into the shade, however fine they appear in tasteful and discriminating Cockney eyes at a Hyde Park show; and themselves in their light and graceful costume, sparkling with its fanciful embroidering of gold, and their rich and highly finished appointments, that flashed painfully on your eyes as their jewelled adornments dazzled in the sun—Altogether formed a galaxy of military effect that I have never since seen equalled.

There were others who gazed like myself on the rich display of these famed Eastern horsemen with surprise and admiration ; and who, if we doubted for a moment the effectiveness of their physical power, or that of their pearl-hilted scymetars, had a decided proof to the contrary on the spot. As I have observed, it was a review-day with them ; and a body of Turkish musqueteers or infantry were formed crescent fashion, after the manner of their discipline, immediately in rear of the Mameluke squadron, previous to the commencement of the usual dashing evolutions by the latter. A fine, yet fierce looking young man of about twenty, who, from the bullion tassels of whose *bajii* or scarf, we judged to be an officer officiated as a kind of Aid-de-Camp between his Chief and the Commanding General. In galloping past the flank of the column of foot, a gigantic soldier, under the intoxicating influence of opium as was supposed, rushed out from the ranks upon him, and caused his horse to swerve so much as nearly to come down on his side ; the young Officer, however, quickly brought him up ; and with his dark eyes flashing fire, the blue and apparent fragile bladed Damascene flamed swiftly in a circle over the head of the devoted offender, who vainly threw up the barrel of his clumsy firelock to receive the blow, which went through it and the many folds of his coarse turban down deep into his brain—and he fell dead beneath the pawing charger of the young Chief.

I do not mention this as an extraordinary fact ; for I have known heavy dragoons frequently cut a bayonet through, or perhaps more properly, dinge through it at a blow, yet rarely carry effect farther ; but this was a cut so clean and yet so powerful, that the peculiar temper of

the Damascus blade, and the vigour of the arm that wielded it, manifested at once the claim to a particular prowess for which these Chivalric troops are so famous.

The play of the *djereed*, or light blunted lance, gave me the opportunity of witnessing what I firmly believe to be the first horsemanship in the world.—The men sat in their saddles with so much ease and graceful elegance, as with the slightest possible exertion they controlled the motions of the fiery and beautiful animals beneath them, and which almost seemed a part of themselves, as rider and horse together appeared intuitively to accord in each others motions. For some minutes the band would bear the semblance of a maze of flying meteors, as at a fearful speed they rushed through and across each other, flinging their harmless missiles into the air and catching them again with scarcely an effort; now wheeling or advancing, and the next moment retreating again; yet in all this apparent confusion, a steady eye could trace a regular and scientific system of manouvre; and which, as I looked upon it, brought to mind the poor paltry attempts at imitation of such a thing, which I had frequently witnessed in my time at Astley's and the Olympic.—The display finished with the forming of a line with the greatest precision from forth a net-like mass still moving at speed, and advancing at the same pace in a furious charge directly up to the spot where, with his numerous staff, the grim old Pasha sat on his white charger, evidently enjoying the scene with much satisfaction.

Not having a previous idea of the thing, I thought the old Turk and his dashing and bearded suite would be borne to the dust, and the dignity of his two tails most sadly compromised; for the Mamelukes galloped reck-

lessly on till directly up within a yard or so, when a command was loudly given, and the whole line stopped suddenly still as if men and horses had on the instant been transformed into stone—A species of halt brought about by the latter being thrown with a peculiar art on their haunches, from a powerful action of the dreadful bitt with which the animals are usually mouthed.

The Captain, or Chief of this band, particularly attracted the attention of myself and companions. Tall, slightly athletic in his proportions, and bearing a countenance that was handsome even in despite of a seared red line across his fine open brow, and which the folds of his silken turban could not hide, and also a scar on either cheek, from a musket shot having passed through them—both, along with other wounds, a remembrance of the dreadful affair at the Pyramids, and where it was said he had performed acts of desperate daring that would shock belief.—Yet, as I have observed, there was much of manly beauty left. The large, lustrous dark eye had a tranquil and voluptuous repose about it that was even womanish; but it flashed too fiercely at times to deceive you long in this belief; and ere it again settled down to its softened bearing, you could tell if you were a physiognomist, by the stern and fearful glancing of the mustachio shaded lip, that passions deep and powerful were habituated alike to control and indulge—That their gloom or fire by turns gave a character to the expression of a face, that, indulgence like the bosom of some fair and tranquil stream, seemed to look more bright and pleasing from the contrasting clouds that occasionally shadowed it. That peculiar air of pensive thought, which, when thrown over fine features,

give them such an attractive interest, might have assisted much in the fascination of this young man's countenance in my eyes—for there was a settled melancholy identified with its moments of placidity ;—but he still was a young man—and this would pass away as he rode smilingly along the rank's of his warrior-band, and familiarly spoke to and jested with some favourite or other.

He had excited my interest so highly that I could not help noticing his every movement ; and particularly when, at a signal, a led horse was brought up from the rear for him to mount, in place of the one he had jaded in the recent violent exercise. With the animal, which was led snorting and pawing along to the front of the Mameluke line by a couple of African grooms, there came an uncommonly handsome boy, whose light slender figure was arrayed in a fanciful costume that set it off to much advantage. It appeared that the lad came forward with the fresh charger in the mere matter of form of some peculiar duty, as he but lightly touched the bridle as his master mounted, and then, with the reverential salutation common with oriental slaves to their superiors, turned to move away.

But a word from the Chief arrested his steps ; and a smile from the latter, as his gaze was intently fixed for a moment on the boy's face, seemed to call forth no kindred feeling there ; for its expression was abstract and passionless, as though the impress of humanity had passed away from its youthful beauty, and left it as so much animated marble.

The cymbals began to clash loudly again ; and preparations were making for some other description of display with the Turkish troops—some movement in which the

force of Cavalry was to co-operate,—for the Mamelukes were once more in motion; and their Commander was in the act of issuing some orders to one of his officers, with his out-stretched arm and scymetar uplifted in the way of assisting his directions, when, as if shot through the heart, or blasted with a bolt of lightning, he fell from his saddle upon the sandy plain.

There was a dreadful confusion immediately after this among his men; a number of whom fell out of the ranks, which were now in disorder; and crowded on along with those who bore the seeming lifeless body of their Chief to a tent that was near. An Italian renegade who spoke French and possessed some employment, I believe, in the household of the Pasha, came up shortly after to our groupe with a message from him, that if we had a medical man among us, he wished him to attend on the Mameluke Captain who was supposed to be poisoned. Luckily, we had a regimental Surgeon in our company, and I with two or three more, accompanied him to the tent.

The conjecture of poison was correct; as it appeared that such had been treacherously administered in his coffee that morning, the effects of which were intended not to be instantaneous. But that the violent exertion of the review had accelerated the working of the deadly drug, and was the cause of his swooning so suddenly and strangely away. He had in a manner partially recovered from this when we entered the tent, and sat calmly back on a roll of carpeting, as our Doctor endeavoured to afford him relief. The attempt was however, unavailing; for the poison was already rioting in its deathly carèer throughout his fine frame, and he heard his doom pronounced with a stern composure that seemed to

result from some thought beyond the mere hopelessness of his case.

His noble brow was pale and flushed by fits, as under the influence of the agonizing fire within, the muscles of his superbly moulded breast and limbs protruded forth, as though each were a mass of quicksilver in its most violent action. I shall never forget the appearance of deep and raging bodily suffering presented by this splendid man, who, but a few minutes before, I had seen the proudest and most perfect image of his Creator among the thousands that surrounded him.

He half started up from his couch, grasping a pistol near him, as two of his soldiers entered with his destroyer between them—it was the page previously mentioned. But the long dark hair that hung wildly now over features of extreme loveliness, and the bosom conspicuous from her disordered tunic—revealed the dread truth that woman had done the deed. I was soon put in possession of the facts connected with the whole affair. There was romance in the circumstance of a beautiful Armenian girl following in disguise the fortunes of a warrior lover, and which disguise, from the barriers of an opposed faith, or possibly that of a superior rank, was rigidly exacted. That a momentary word or look of unkindness, or perhaps a feeling of neglect or jealousy,—was the incentive to a desperate deed; and woman's hate, although fostered for a moment, was, as it always has been, but the synonyme for destruction to its object.

She knelt down before the dying Chief, her hands crossed upon her bosom, and her large, soft, black eyes fixed full upon his countenance, which every moment was becoming more convulsed and livid. When he

caught up the pistol, she threw open her arms as he presented it at her as if to welcome the shot—but it was not so; for he hurled the weapon away, and spoke words of a fond meaning to the guilty thing before him—Some expression it was that had a world of retrospective affection within its tone; for the statue-like placidity of her pale features now gave way to some strange and powerful impulse, and the full tones of her sweet, silvery voice rose full yet sadly upon the silence of the crowded pavilion, as in the language of her country she attempted to vindicate the act which she frankly avowed. She spoke, it was probable, of sacrifices made for him from whom a sign, a look,—a word of affection was her ample, and cherished and dearly prized recompense;—of injustice, of neglect, and that which woman may never forgive—neglected for another—She spoke on till her voice grew feeble, and the veins of her polished forehead became blackened and stiff with the violence of an emotion, far, far above the relief of tears. It may be that she had sued for forgiveness on the fell act she had committed, as, at the request of her expiring lover, she bent over him as he kissed her quivering lip and blackened brow—would be hoped in token of pardon; for in the very act, and while his lip was still pressed to hers, a dreadful convulsion ran through his frame as if to shake it asunder, and in a few seconds the lordly Mameluke Chieftain was a corpse. She looked on the inanimate clay, when it fell heavily like lead from her arms to the earth, and then around her—with an expression of despair only equalled by the deep, horribly piercing shriek that followed it, as she fell dead beside the stiffening remains of her murdered lover—leaving it a question, whether she

herself had perished from the effect of poison or a bursting heart.

THE LAST OF THE 'VOYAGEURS.'

——— A man o'er whom
 The stormy perils of a rugged life,
 Had shed a frosted callousness to aught
 Which seem'd of suffering to his fellow kind,—
 Bearing a frame, so iron-like in age—
 It prov'd how much a youth of toil and strife
 Wears the soft mouldring of a fleshly form,
 Leaving the winter of its nature bare—
 The harden'd relic of its former self.

POEM.

In a small, quiet looking cove, opening out on the waters of Lake St. Francis at its upper end, you will in sailing along the shore perceive a snug and comfortable cottage. In this resides, or did reside nine years ago, an aged man, at least to deem so from the frosted honours of his head, but with this exception—shewing little of the decay of years in its usual symptoms in the general bearing of his frame. His early youth and manhood had borne much of toil and peril in the dangerous and hard service of a *Voyageur* to that once powerful and wealthy Fur Company, the Northwest; and with the hoarded earnings of his many privations and hardships in their employ, housed himself comfortably with the husband of his only surviving child, a substantial small farmer, to wear out the winter of his life in a peaceful comfort and

ease which had been denied its earlier and more genial seasons.

The *voyageurs* of Canada have ever been a class of men perfectly distinct from, and individualized among the common mass of their countrymen. Bred up to the constant endurance of peril, privation, and fatigue—each alike peculiar to their country and avocation, and of a description from which most Europeans would gladly shrink, their habits and feelings become naturally warped to a manner and tone, which, perhaps in reality, form their particular classification.

Unaccustomed to, and rarely mingling in the kindly intercourse of more social and domestic society, and as little versed in, as despising its occupations and industry—it may be judged how little of connective pursuit or disposition link this hardy race with their kind in those civilized paths which they but rarely visit. Engaged for the better part of each season in toiling through the intricacies of a comparative wilderness, and, for the remainder of the year, herded up as it were in a wintry torpidity at some distant post on the lonely shores of a dreary inland lake, their intercourse with their fellow men confined to the casual visit of hunting parties of the Indians, and from their frequent contact with whom they imbibe a large portion of their manners and habits,—all this, in consequence, is certainly sure to unsettle if not wholly eradicate all disposition to the staid and quiet occupations of the farmer or mechanic.

To those in Canada whose recollection will go back the length of some ten or fifteen years, the appearance of this class of people, crowding the streets of Montreal, on their occasional return from long and distant voya-

ages in the interior, must be yet strong and vivid.— Their wild and half savage mien, and affected Indian style of costume—The long, shaggy hair—bronzed and ferocious cast of feature, so weather beaten, and so recklessly scowling forth from under the hood almost hidden beneath the mass of feathers or tails, the spoils of strange birds or animals acquired in the chase, and which is ever a distinctive ornament with them,— The whoop and shout, or canoe chorus—as in bands they strolled along our streets, idly gazing at novelties that for the moment seemed passing strange to them— The riot and row ever attendant on the occasional visits of these wild men of the rapid and *portage*, when the brigades of their birchen craft brought from distant regions bales of costly peltries, comparatively as valuable as the rich freightage of an eastern commerce— All these are in a manner passed away from us now;— for they have become things of rarity since that once great and powerful body politic in the mercantile world, from which they drew birth and dependence, has been removed from among us, to, but at best, a waning existence elsewhere.

Among the many wild and peculiar characteristics of Canada, I doubt if a more beautiful could be sketched than the passage of a brigade of North-west canoes across one of our smaller lakes, or along one of our noble rivers, in the placid stillness of the evening twilight, —either as viewed from the shore, or enjoyed by a person on board the birchen fleet itself. I have often stood for hours to gaze upon these seemingly frail structures, as each appeared to fly through the sleeping waters under the impetus of a score of vigorous paddles, dipping so reg-

ularly, and you would think so lightly too, to the sweet and measured *chanson a voyageur* of the steersman, and anon, the bursting and melodious chorus of the crew.—The wild, yet pleasing music of these songs, so peculiar in their composition and melody, and so adapted to their particular application, when heard in the soft stillness of a moonlit summer evening, mellowed by distance, and sweeping to your ear over the hushed and slumbering waves, possess a strangely impressive effect; and which as in all similar cases of musical impression, it would be impossible for language to define.

We may well smile here in Canada, at the idea of the numerous Canadian boat songs, as they are termed, going the round of musical circles in Europe with no trifling éclat, but which, were we to dignify them even as caricatures of the melodies of our own dear, blue lakes and rivers, yet bear not the slightest affinity or resemblance to the dulcet and deep-toned *couplets* of our *veritable* voyageur-glees. Oh! no,—it is not even the piano-accompaniment, or preposterously unsuited music of Moore's now somewhat hacknied, but beautiful boat song—beautiful in its descriptive language—that can give or convey an idea of the fascination of a genuine Canoe-melody. It is alone in Canada, and where such a scene is presented as I have touched upon, which can indeed charm and interest you with its reality of sweetness and effect.

But to return to the outset of this sketch, and from which I have somewhat lengthily digressed.—My old friend of the lake side was perhaps as perfect a specimen of the *voyageur* cast, even in the seared leaf of his existence, as could be found in the country. Hale and ro-

bust in his temperament, still the habits of his early life were strong upon him ; and he sought not to enjoy the listless ease and quiet comfort of his provident home, beyond the mere convenience of occasional whim, or when influenced by fitful starts of a torpid laziness,—and to which latter falling off of his nature I must confess he was alone amenable during the rigorous season of winter ; and even this last might easily be deduced from custom identified with a whole life,—for the voyageur's existence at his winter post is little else than one of sleeping and eating,—and the more particularly where materials for the latter pursuit are not peculiarly scant or difficult of access. As I have observed, it was only occasionally that the old canoe-man indulged in fits of lazy inaction,—and these fits were, in truth, but few and far between, for the spring, summer, and autumnal months, rarely found him but in the depths of the woods with his gun, or floating in his bark canoe over the blue surface of the lake. He had constructed a snug little Indian cabin in a sort of fairy harbour under the brow of a lofty hill, overlooking a wide-spreading expanse of waters, and at the distance of some miles from his more regular residence ; and, in which except when under the influence of one of his dormant fits, or the extreme severity of winter obliged him to quit it for a more genial shelter—he preferred to reside.

Some few of my readers may possibly have seen the individual furnishing me with the materials for this hasty sketch ; and I shall the more effectually bring him to recollection, by the addition of a trifling particular or two, indicating him more peculiarly in personality.—Old Pierre Le Bisquorné, or more familiarly and widely

known as *Le loup noir*, or the Black wolf,—a *nom célèbre*, derived from some act of prowess displayed by him to one of these animals in his youth,—might ever be identified along the shores of the wide spreading St. Francis—alike from the originality of his figure and costume.

Fancy to yourself, a lank, lengthy figure, much bowed in the shoulders from age, possibly, or perhaps from a natural set of the frame ;—features of a sharp, tangible cast—high cheek bones, and strongly peaked nose and chin, plentifully bearing a healthy, florid blush ;—keen, twinkling eyes, ever restless and in motion, and one of which would close now and then, as if to rest the unquiet lid a moment, giving to the physiognomy a queerly knowing expression,—and then the thin and silvered hair and thick ragged eyebrow seemed to mark the whole off in a proper keeping.—A large bear-skin cap, worn jantily, as the saying is, on three hairs ; a capôt made from the spoils of some strange animal killed by the owner in the passes of the Rocky mountains years before ;—the *metâs* or Indian cloth-leggin, and deer-skin moccassin ;—and the pendant tobacco pouch, and the long, deadly, Indian knife in its squirrel skin sheath—Formed the never varied array of this old wayfarer of the north,—and which was worn during the heats of summer as well as the frosts of winter,—except, that during the rigor of the latter, the leggin was wisely substituted by a more genial piece of apparel.

Good Old Bisquorné—I think I see him now, bending his way to the woods, with his long and trusty old fashioned, french duck gun on his shoulder, axe, horn powder-flask, and quill-worked shot-bag slung around him ;—a large, ill favoured, prick eared hound of the true In-

dian breed, yclept *Ko-kar*, and than whom a greater rascal of his species never existed,—trotting by his side :—or, methinks he is just putting off in his trimly built canoe from the little harbour, fish-spear, and tackle, and long duck gun cheek by jowl along the thwarts, each in proper readiness for action,—the old man flourishing his light red paddle with a pleasing and easy dexterity,—and the aforesaid *Ko-kan* installed in *statu-quo* on the grating in the bow of the craft, usually placed there for the burning torch used in night fishing. I think I now behold—as I have often beheld, the figures of the ancient *voyageur* and his hound, in their slight and scarcely perceptible conveyance, gliding, as if under a motionless impulse, round the point of the wooded headland that stretched away into the lake, returning in the misty twilight from some fishing voyage over its waters ;—and, through the silent gloaming, appearing to fancy as spirits of the crystal waste, waking from their watery lair at the approach of night, and silently prowling in its hour of darkness along the dimly defined shores, to entrap the solitary and unsuspecting hunter or fisherman.

I was but a stripling—young, wild, and reckless,—when a chance residence of a summer's duration in that part of the country, brought me acquainted and in frequent intercourse with the Black Wolf.—The old man, somehow or other, took a strong fancy to me,—I dare say from the ready deference I evinced to his sporting opinions and pursuits,—and in consequence I was often the companion of his hunting rambles into the forest, or fishing trips in his canoe both by day and night.

I have often thought since, that the tact and single-heartedness of this really kind old man, bore a strong re-

semblance to that of the Natty Bumpo school, so ably portrayed by the American Novelist ; for, like that old hunter, he was shrewd and observant, but to the full as simple and kind hearted. As great a charm as any other to me in the society of my ancient friend, was his many and never tiring narrations of accident and peril, and adventures in the course of his *voyageur*-life.—Dangers in ascending or descending raging and terrible rapids—privations and toils of the portages—sufferings at the gloomy winter posts from hunger—attacks from hostile Indians—excursions to hunt the buffalo, the bear, or the stately elk—winter journeys on snowshoes from one distant post to another—the strange manners of different savage tribes,—and the details of a thousand similar interesting subjects and events, were ever sure to beguile the time swiftly and delightfully away.

I recollect one fine moonlight evening, after we had made a large offing in the spreading and beautiful lake—and had disposed our lines for a particular species of fishing,—a remark of mine on the lovelines of the night drew an assent from him, and an observation that it reminded him strongly of a similar one, and an event connected with his *voyageur*-life in the North West territory, bearing its date some thirty years before. I had forgotten the old man's story till within a short time ago, when recurring to memory, I deemed it worthy of preservation ; and shall now give it in, as near as I can recollect, his own form of expression.

“ The middle of Summer had arrived, when the brigade to which I belonged halted for some days at an island in one of the many and distant lagoons or lakes, and which we *voyageurs* have to navigate in our wearisome

course to the several trading posts in the Company's territory. The purpose of our stay was to repair our damaged canoes, and to rest the men after a continuance of severe labour in getting over a number of toilsome *portages*. As is customary, we had with us a number of young men, junior clerks—adventurers in this sort of life; and who were under the control of one of the partners of the Company, accompanying, and of course, commanding the party. With this gentleman came another,—a man of about thirty-five years of age, particularly handsome and noble in his appearance, but repulsively stern and gloomy in his manner—from pride and haughtines as was thought by the men of the brigade. He had no official connection with the business of the expedition, but merely, from a traveller's curiosity, became the *compagnon de voyage* of our Superintendent, and with whom, it was said, he was in some way connected by blood. It was moreover hinted, among the many other *on dits* dropped by the young clerks in the hearing of the men, that he was a man of superior fortune,—and in fact the costly profusion of his outfit for the voyage, and his unsparing liberality of its *materiel* to his canoe men—however unpopular in his customary demeanour—told as much. He was reserved in manner, and rarely held familiar intercourse with any but his friend. He was given to much of solitary rambling, wherever we were constrained to land; and I noticed he wrote a great deal, and drew a great many sketches in a large portfolio, which he usually had slung in a cover by his side. The wise ones with us said it was for a book which he would publish on returning to his native country, somewhere beyond the seas,—and I think myself such was his inten-

tion, for he devoted much time and attention to it. He was clever in the chase, as our hunters said, whenever he accompanied them, which however was but seldom; and they gave him the credit of being as indefatigable in pursuit and as good a shot as the best among themselves.

"We had been but a few days at our resting place, when we were joined by another brigade of light canoes, which had left LaChine within a week after our departure; and had made exertion to join us if possible on the route, as it brought some dispatches of consequence to our principal.

"Among some five or six young lads, newly articled clerks to the Company, brought along by this arrival, there was one who excited the notice and interest of many of our people. He was a tall, slender boy of a beautiful countenance, though something tanned in its fairness from exposure to the weather—soft dark hair;—which, though cut short and tarnished by neglect, was still glossy and silken—and large, sweet blue eyes of a melancholy expression that affected one strangely to look upon. The impulse with us all, when we first saw him land on the island, was to pity him for his apparant incapability, from his youth and delicate frame, of sustaining the fatigues and privations of our way of life—and of which, we knew, he had as yet experienced but a faint sample in his progress up to our present rendezvous,—as the brigade to which he belonged was one ably equipped for a particular service of expedition, and especially prepared for a ready surmounting of every obstacle.

"I was not by at the time,—but was told that circumstances took place at the first interview of the young lad with the traveller of our party, which denoted some pre-

vious acquaintance between them;—the recognition must have been attended by something peculiar, or it would not have been noticed by our rough spun fellows, generally so careless of every thing of the kind,—however, they told me of what even to myself appeared strange—but which, in the bustle of our departure to resume our route, I quickly forgot.

“On quitting the island, we left the newly-arrived birgade behind us, as they were to proceed on a different course from ourselves; but the young boy, noticed before, by some arrangement between the travelling gentleman and his friend, accompanied us, and was placed in the canoe to which I was attached.—I could not account for it, but I never looked on this youth but I felt strongly interested for him. He was so mild and gentle, and withal so sorrowful in his manner, and his voice when he spoke, so silvery sweet and musical—that I felt a degree of disgust even to think that his friends, if he had any, should have bound him to a description of life and pursuit, which I plainly saw, in despite of his quiet uncomplaining mood, was any thing but genial to his nature. I used to wonder much how he kept up at all in the course of our many perils and toils,—for he rarely took sufficient sustenance even to support his slender frame,—though I must confess that the best and most delicate of our commander and friend's fare were ever offered to his acceptance.—There was some link of connection, or former acquaintance—or it might have been a bond of kindred,—existing between this lad and our master's companion, which, though in seeming but coldly and distantly recognized by the latter, yet still evinced itself in an anxious display on his part for the youth's accomo-

dation and comfort during the voyage, as far as they could be secured from circumstances—but the acknowledgement of any previous friendly obligation rested here ; and, strange to say, it was but rarely beyond this that any communication, at least as far as I could perceive, was sought after by either party. Yes,—twice or thrice,—in landing and crossing the *portages*—they were thrown together in a kind of lonely contact,—and the result of this was a tearful agitation of the poor boy when he returned to us, and the effect of which would weigh upon him for hours. The conclusion generally drawn by the men from this, as well as other things that fell under our notice, was that the youth was some poor, or it might be, illegitimate, connexion of the rich strangers ; and being placed in this way of life against his will, was pining away and breaking his heart for his far distant friends, and that his grief was increased to [his young bosom by the cold and haughty demeanour of his contumelious kinsman.

“How far this conclusion was well founded will be seen in the course of my story. As I have observed before, this delicate boy was placed in the same canoe with myself,—and it appeared to me, purposely for some reason or other, kept apart from the society of the other young men, to gratify his own wish I should think, for he seemed to prefer it,—and we were, from our being a light craft, ordered in attendance on the larger one in which our superintendent and friend sailed together.

“On the principle of some peculiar consideration, and which, it was evident to us all, was shewn to the lad from his first joining our party,—he was little, if at all, troubled with occupation of any toilsome kind ; and the bustling

duties of his grade were placed in the performance of the other young gentlemen of the brigade;—and with reason and kindness was this attention shewn him, for he was not competent to much of physical exertion,—and I could plainly see that even the ordinary routine of our fatiguing voyage was gradually enfeebling him.—Poor boy!—he would sit, day after day, silent and sad in the canoe, with his gaze ever fixed on the one before us containing the person of the traveller, and rarely displaying an interest in any other object. And often, too, I noticed in the silent evening hour,—whose stillness would occasionally be broken by a merry strain from the leading canoe, and all within hearing kept a melodious chorus, as they passed swiftly on and the paddles threw the blue waves in showering sparkles behind us—and the sweet moonlight lit up our watery way, while we were yet miles from our proposed encampment of the night—Then, I particularly remarked, that the beautiful eyes of this interesting youth were bathed in tears, as he would fix them for a moment on the soft bright moon above him,—and then drop them to their customary gaze on that one form, from which, whenever in sight, they were rarely removed. Perhaps the moment and the scene brought the memory of other and happier days vividly before him;—or it might have been the sense of a fearful and dreary loneliness in the wild and solitary desert we were traversing,—and to one so young and so timidly gentle, the recollection of a happy home and affectionate kindred, must, in such a situation, have been withering in the extreme.

“A fortnight had elapsed since the time and place with which I have commenced my narration, and we were yet within a week's progress of the post which was the

ultimate object of our route. One fine evening, after a day spent in getting our canoes over a lengthy and rocky *portage*, we encamped at the mouth of a lovely little lake, almost immediately above the commencement of a series of dreadful *Chutes* or waterfalls, where its waters narrowed to the river channel, and to escape which had been the object of our labours. The weather was genial and serene, and the moon shone with the pure and mellow brilliancy it sheds to night; and the scene was so tempting and lovely, that, preferring to enjoy it in a solitary ramble rather than the repose of a hard bed under an upturned canoe, I directed my steps along the wooded ridge, rising loftily behind our camp fires, in the direction of the roaring falls and whirlpools below. I had noticed, during the whole of the day, that the youthful *commis* was more than usually depressed and agitated. Our march along the *portage* had more than once thrown him in contact with his supposed kinsman, and it appeared to me the result of this singularly affected either party.—Musing on the probable cause of this, and the strangely acknowledged connexion between these two and somewhat mysterious beings,—I wandered on, till the roaring of the falls, loudly and closely echoing around me in the wood, drew my steps to the river bank to view their moonlight appearance. As I approached the spot, I fancied, amid the whirling din and tumult of the raging waters, I heard a voice as if of plaint and anguish,—and on emerging from the forest, my eye rested on that which startled and surprized me much. Just below me was a kind of table rock, overhanging the principal cataract, which boiled and thundered furiously at a distance beneath, and where horrid and craggy breakers

would be seen with their black points at times grimly and fearfully displayed through the curling foam. The place was open to the clear light of the moon; and as I hesitatingly stood concealed by the trunk of a large tree, I had a full view of the persons of the traveller and the young boy as they stood on the shelving surface of the precipice.—I could not from the roaring of the furious flood so near, distinguish any distinct speech,—but the impassioned gestures of both indicated discussion violently animated and impressive in its nature.—The fair boy clung in a sort of agony to the stranger's arm, with his beautiful face, turned with an imploring look, up to the fine but darkening and fierce features of the other—A repulsive motion from the latter forced him rudely away; and when, whether a voluntary act, or through weakness, he sank upon his knees on the flinty rock, and I plainly saw the glittering of some weapon in the traveller's hand,—and the youth tore open his slight vest to bare his breast to the threatened doom—then, then indeed the revealed bosom told the story of this mystery at once—It was fond and injured woman baring her bleeding but devoted heart to the last and closing cruelty of her destroyer.

He gazed for a few moments with a kind of pitying indecision on the kneeling form of the beautiful being before him; and while he did so, I saw him relax the menaced violence of his outstretched hand, and at length cast the dagger or pistol from him into the leaping surges below. Possibly, he relented him of his fell intent; at least it seemed to me that he did so for the instant his hand passed over the fair brow of the supplicating girl, and his eyes softened in their steadfast glance upon her

loveliness;—but it was only the deception of a passing kindly and humanized impulse, for the next moment, he fiercely caught up the slight and yielding form of his victim, which seemed like an infant in a giant's grasp, as he rushed to the edge of the rock, and furiously hurled her into the roaring and raging destruction beneath,—and that wild and fearfully horrid shriek, which she gave, and I heard so distinctly above the frantic din of the tumbling flood, haunted me sleeping and waking, as did the cruel act which gave it birth, for years and years afterwards. * * * * *

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Shudder not, Jacques, if I tell thee true,
 That in this gloomy hall a deed was done
 Makes memory shrink to dwell on. Mark well, too,
 That dull, dark stain upon this time-worn floor;
 Nay start not!—tis the indelible token
 That violence and murder hath been done,—
 The trembling peasant hies affrighted past,
 When shades of night wrap all in doubt and gloom,
 For old tradition tells throughout the hamlet,
 That sights and sounds unholy have at times
 Harrow'd the startled sense of midnight travellers.

Retribution a Tragedy.

The last lingering rays of an autumnal sun shed a radiant glow upon the peaceful waters of Lake Ontario, as their parent orb in majestic splendour seemed to sink into the depths of its mighty bosom, when I alighted from my wearied horse at an Inn in the village of—— on its border. Although fatigued in the extreme by a long day's travel, there were motives which induced me to tax the little time that was left for refreshment and repose; and after a slight share of the former, I proceeded to put into effect the intention that prompted my visit to the place. I soon stood before a large and ruinous building, about a mile from the village, and situated on a lofty eminence that overhung the lake.

I was no stranger to the place, though, from particular circumstances identified with its history, I was constrained to appear as such.

Those circumstances I will not touch on here—suffice it to say they were of such a nature as to cause destruction and ruin to the happy family who had possessed and once inhabited the fast decaying mansion before me. It had been abandoned for many years, and neglected and untenanted, the withering hand of time had stamped it with desolation and decay. The partial fall of the roof in some parts, broken casements dismantled of their shutters, and from the interstices of their frames, long bunches of wall-grass hung waving in each passing breeze; a once beautiful garden choaked up and overgrown with every species of rank and noisome weed,—alike spoke to the feelings of one who had seen it in better and happier days.—The twilight was fast fading away, and the gathering shades of approaching night threw a repulsive gloom over the place that to me was strangely impressive, as retrospection dwelt for a moment on events which it scarcely dared to contemplate.

Eleven years had rolled by since I had last seen it. The pollution of guilt had then affixed its blackened stain of atrocity to the record of its history; and vulgar credulity had warped its tale of superstition around it, and to which time had now given a sort of sanction, that it was a general belief in the country round that the house was haunted.

Strange appearances and noises had often, it was said, been observed by those whom occupation or circumstance occasioned to pass it at night. And many in the habit of navigating the lake averred, that on dark and stormy nights it would seem to blaze and flare up for minutes together, so as to appear like a beacon, observable at a vast distance across the stormy surface.

One of them went so far as to positively affirm, that one still moonlight night, as his vessel lay at anchor, a little more than a bow-shot from the high cliff on which the old building rested, it was illuminated suddenly as if by a great number of lights; and there was a tumultuous sound of music and meriment, which increased to an unearthly pitch of extravagance; it ceased for a moment—and one long, loud, and piercing shriek, which made him and his crew shudder with affright, succeeded, and all was dark and silent as before.

Many and various were the similar relations current in the neighbourhood, some of which the busy tongue of rumour had wafted to my ears at a time when I little expected to ever have it in my power to behold again the spot of their locality.—I am not, nor was I ever naturally subject to any thing which could be likened to superstitious dread or apprehension, but in the present instance I could not help being so.

Recollections of persons and events long past away, and over the memory of which I had often fervently wished the dark veil of oblivion could be drawn, crowded on my mind, as I with no little difficulty made my way through long rank grass and over heaps of rubbish into what had once been a saloon. There was just enough of light in the atmosphere to enable me barely to distinguish its desolated appearance. As I slowly moved across it, and which, from the decayed state of the floor, I was obliged to do cautiously, the hollow creaking noise I made caused me to start—it resounded so frightfully throughout the dim chambers around. When I gazed round me, where all was so silent, so gloomy, and so forbiddingly cheerless, the contrast as it recurred to

my mind, between its former splendour and the aspect it presented now was intensely impressive. It was, when I last stood here, a dazzling scene of happy festivity ; and moreover, it was in the earlier days of my boyhood, when the unclouded sunshine of my young heart tinged every thing around me with the hue of elisium. Music lent its heavenly aid to give the finishing effect to that hallowed charm which woman's loveliness had diffused over such fascinating moments. The dance, the song,—and the brimming wine-cup, sparkling in the light of some fair one's eye, whose sweetest smile fondly beamed on him who prest it for her sake, conspired to stamp the fleeting hours with a more than mortal enjoyment. But there was one,—a fiend in human form, who even in the witchery of such hours, and when the specious illusions of an exquisite figure and address had their fullest power in strongly prepossessing all who came within their seductive sphere—when the liberal hand of an overflowing hospitality was showering its kindest attentions upon him, who could calmly meditate a crime of the blackest dye—an act which was to plunge the happy family of his generous entertainer into the deepest destruction.

And I thought of the beautiful but ill-fated Eliza —, the blooming pride—the fond hope of a widowed parent. Born and educated far from the vitiating allurements of fashionable life, she was nursed and watched over with all the affectionate anxiety of parental solicitude ; and she grew up to womanhood a being so lovely and so good, so innocently pure, that to harbour a feeling towards her contrary to the dictates of virtue was almost an approach to sacrilege.

There was a guest of her father's mansion, a stranger

whom accidental circumstances had placed in the way of becoming an inmate of his domestic circle.

Little was known and less sought after of his rank or pursuits; for his person and manners were of too decidedly a superior cast to allow the least shade of doubt to be entertained to his prejudice in that respect,—it sufficed for them to make his hearty welcome their care,—And, oh! how he repaid it!

I thought the darling girl whose birth day we were so joyously commemorating, never looked more engagingly beautiful than when she tripped down the mazy dance with the handsome stranger. I marked a tacit expression of envy in the demeanour of many of her female companions, as his insidious attentions were conspicuously directed to her; and she herself, light-hearted and unsuspecting, seemed to take a pleasure in them.

The time flew blissfully by, and all were happy or seemed to be so. We parted at a late hour to retire to rest; and smiles illuminated each countenance, and contented joyfulness seemed to prevade every bosom. And who could have thought that some few fleeting hours should effect such a dreadful change,—that the morrow's sun should rise on such a blackened scene of atrocity and horror?

I had, in common with others, lost in a placid oblivious slumber the consciousness of that recent enjoyment which in my boyish fondness of estimation was the perfection of felicity,—when a strange and thrilling cry awakened me.—A loud and piercing shriek—a noise as of violent struggling—an exclamation of vengeance—a discharge of pistols—and then, after a brief silence, a deep and smothered groan, as of suppressed anguish,

formed a concentration of horrors which recalled my every sense from its dormant lethargy ;—and I rushed from my chamber, scarcely knowing whither or for what. The scene that burst on my appalled vision, can I ever forget it ? A Father bending over the fainting form of his violated daughter, the weapon still reeking with smoke in his hand that had avenged him on the despoiler of her honor—the murderer of his son ! The latter having flown to his sister's assistance, was in the moment of rescue shot dead by the wretch who now lay wreathing and distorted in his death agony beside the bleeding and lifeless body of his victim. He raised himself half up as I entered the room, the pains of hell and the worst passions of its blackest fiends depicted on his once handsome features.—“ And are you come too, my young friend,” said he, in a voice whose tones were fiercely harsh, and broken by every gasp that caused the blood to gush in a tide from the mortal wound parental vengeance had inflicted,—“ and are you come among the rest to gaze at me in my dying moments with destitution and horror ?—poor, shuddering fools ! This is indeed getting up a scene by way of a finale to all our sports under this hospitable roof. Look at that foolish, fainting girl ; she had promised to elope with me, but her timid heart failed her at the appointed hour, and disappointed and maddened, I committed the act—crime, you silly votaries at the shrine of conscience will term it ; and you are all here to glare at and estimate the consequences, no doubt as is best deserving,—Well, you are heartily welcome, as far as my part in the tragedy allows me to bid you. I shall soon pass from among you, and I feel, yes, I do feel a something like remorse, but no fear at

the thought of what I have done. I have lived as craven dolts who dream of hell till their fears realize it to them could not dare to live, and my passage to that hell will not be unworthy the hopeful promise of my whole existence. Think you, but I will grace the infernal levee with the best of them.—Nay, shrink not back in dread, or turn away so, I beseech you from me; dying devil as I am, I can no more harm you. And I—I would not,”—Here a convulsive spasm arrested the blaspheming levity of the hardened and infidel profligate. The death pang seized him,—he glared horribly on the body beside him—the intensity of the gaze cracked his eye strings, and the orbs turned inwards;—his teeth gnashed, his fingers clenched themselves round a pistol that lay near him, covered with blood; and with a start—and a faint shivering yell, his soul loaded with guilt was hurried to its dreadful retribution.—But why should I dwell on a soul harrowing subject like this?—I will be brief. A miserable and broken hearted father lived but to bury his murdered children; and then by his own request, was laid beside their remains—beside those of his darling Eliza, the child of his hopes, and the anticipated blessing of his fondest expectations, and whom an act of suicide had emancipated from a suffering state of wild, despairing insanity!

Memory glanced like lightning over recollections like these, as I stood in the ruined chamber of desolation; and despite of my usual philosophical indifference, I began to feel something of unpleasantness, as the wind whistled mournfully through the crevices of the shattered and ruinstruck tenement.—My imagination became heated. I fancied I heard voices in the room above me

—a noise as of a weight falling on the floor—and then the seeming rush of many foot steps down the staircase towards the saloon where I was, was too much for my fortitude—I could bear no more. I rushed out and lost all farther recollection, until I found myself lying behind a heap of rubbish over which I had fallen outside the outer court, and the moon shining serenely across the surface of the lake, and silvering the landscape around.

I turned to leave a place where I had unfortunately been witness to so much; and the thought of which had been to me productive of many moments of unpleasant retrospective feeling. As I walked slowly away, my eye was accidentally caught by an object in the bosom of a little valley that sloped away in an abrupt descent on one side of the house: it was rather indistinct at a first glance, but when I had steadfastly gazed on it for a few moments I could not be mistaken. A few broken pales that once were part of a black railing, and on which the moonbeams fell with a softened light, pointed out to me the spot where slept a father and his offspring—the victims of murder and suicide. Farther on, and under the forbidding gloom of a large pine tree, was the grave of him, the guilty one, who had worked this evil ruin. I almost imagined I saw the dreadful wretch sitting at the head of the unhallowed mound which covered his accursed remains, and motioning me to depart. I did so, heart-sick and sorrowing.

There was a turn in the road, at a furlong's distance or may be more, from the house, which cut off all farther view of it on the landside in that direction. I here arrested my steps to take one last look at it. I gazed at it intently for some minutes, and methought that the old ten-

ement and the vicinity immediately around it grew dark and dismally gloomy, although the moonlight elsewhere was as serene and clear, as it usually is on a fine autumnal night. Was it an excited fancy that lent its infectious credulity to my wondering senses, or did I in reality behold the like?

The building on a sudden was lit up with a glare of light, that cast a ghostly glow over it and in the atmosphere around; and which flickered down to the lake side, and upon the graves in the little hollow. On that of the murderer it appeared to be more vivid than in any other place, and fearful forms were moving about it. There was a sound of tumultuous festivity, that would cease for a little, and all would be silent as death, and then begin again more vehement than before—and in turn again be succeeded by the stillness of the grave.—Figures of human similitude flitted past the illuminated casements, strongly relieved by the lurid glare that issued from them. An assemblage of persons appeared together in front of the ruined mansion. The white drapery of a female form was distinctly visible amid the unearthly groupe. That form accompanied by another as if leaning on its arm, separated from the rest, and proceeded towards the spot where the summerhouse in the garden had stood, in figure, attitude and appearance, just as I had frequently seen the ill fated Eliza and her destroyer in their walks. Meantime the noisy merriment increased to an excess—it grew outrageous, then in one pulsation of breath was heard no more;—all was dark and silent—a faint light again was visible—a sound of deep lamentation swept past me on the wind, it was hushed for a little—and then a burst of fire and flame enrapt the

place for a minute, vanishing with a loud piercing cry, that seemed as if hell had concentrated its most excruciating agonies in that infernal yell which rings in my ears even to the present moment. I hurried from the horror of that scene as from the presence of the arch fiend himself. Years have followed each other in quick succession since that time, and have been to me little less than an accumulation of mingled sorrow and painful solicitude; but neither time nor incident could, or will ever obliterate the recollection. It has materially shaken the scepticism of my previous life; and now, when memory dwells for an instant on it, I shudder and wish from my utmost soul that remembrance of aught connected with it was drowned in an eternity of oblivion.

WOMAN.ADDRESSED TO _____

WOMAN, dear Woman!—in thy magic name
 There is a charm which wakens every thought,
 Hallow'd and pure as is the sacred flame
 That burns on vestal Altars,—there is nought
 In this dull round of being but were tame
 Without thee, tho' with richest splendours fraught,
 And dark, unwrap in all thy charming dreaming—
 Star of our souls!—forever o'er them beaming.

Gift of the Godhead!—when we gaze upon
 Thy mantling beauty, purity, and love,
 The swelling soul bows to th' Almighty one
 Who formed thee in thine excellence above
 Aught of his works that brighten 'neath the Sun
 Whose glory lights the world in which we move—
 Fram'd in the skies, boon of celestial birth,
 Last and most precious to the sons of earth.

And I have worshipp'd in the joy-lit halls
 Where smiling pleasure holds her specious sway,
 And the gay dream the heating senses thralls,
 Till every better feeling melts away
 Before that fire, whose burning fervor falls
 To blight the soul with its deep scorching ray,—
 Yet there, even there,—thy blandishments hath been
 The only spell to hallow such a scene.

Yet ah! 'tis not amid the bounding train
 Which tread the mazes of the festive dance,
 And thron'd the porch of Fashion's sparkling fane,
 To gaze—to madden in thy thrilling glance—
 No,—'side the couch of sickness and of pain,
 Thou wears't the look which Angels might entrance,
 Did they not deem that such a heav'n born-gem
 As thou art there, holds equal rank with them.

Yes,—it is there to see thee soothe the brow
 Where fever'd anguish works its worst for death,
 And the faint sufferer with a smile, that now
 Speaks all the thanks which mock his gasping breath,
 Feels it is sweet ev'n thus to die,—when thou
 Art near in all thy tenderness and faith,
 To catch the gleam of life's last, parting ray,
 Ere the freed soul speeds on its darkling way.—

To see thee bind the bruis'd an bleeding heart,
 And dry the widow's and the orphan's tear,—
 Pouring thy balming pity o'er each smart
 Thy kindness is assuaging, and to cheer
 With those sweet tones whose music must impart
 The consolations of a happier sphere—
 While man,—proud man, looks on thee but to bless,
 And mourn his own dark nature's worthlessness.

* * * * *

Lady,—to thee I dedicate the strain
 My heart doth fondly offer, and to whom
 My lowly harp may never breathe again;
 Yet ev'n tho' silence were its lasting doom,

The brightest link in memory's golden chain—
 Will be to feel that one sweet ray of bloom,
 Deriv'd from thee, had waked its holiest mood
 'To bless the young, the beautiful, and good.

THE FAITHFUL HEART.

Oh! she was true in life,—nor had the grave,
 Whose chilling damp so quickly makes a void
 'Tween human hearts, however fond on earth,
 Power over one which loved as her's had done.

My own MS.

It is the extreme height of absurdity to suppose, but for a moment, that the many high-wrought and impassioned details which so often adorn the florid pages of romanceful history, depicting the devotional intensity of the female heart in its affections, have not their counterpart in nature and truth. Yes,—thousands upon thousands are the instances which occur, and that with a circumstantial reality which speaks direct to the heart of the sneering and heartless sceptic;—and I will now quote one as a conviction in point of the truth of my affirmation.

I had occasion, a few years ago, to stay some time at the singularly wild and lonely village of Bay St. Paul, situated some distance below Quebec. In the garden attached to the house where I had fixed my residence, I perceived a grave, rather larger in size than common,

and made in a corner among a group of liliac trees, and in whose thick shade it was scarcely perceptible by a casual observer. I naturally made enquiry about it, and these were the particulars as far as I could learn.—

In the summer of 1814, one of the transports which had entered the river with troops from the Peninsula, landed an officer in the last stage of a dangerous fever, and whose particular request it was that he might be put on shore there to die. He was accompanied, or perhaps I might more properly express it, attended by an interesting young woman, whose accent and manner denoted her of foreign extraction—conjecture rumoured either Spanish or Italian.

The young man died in a few days, and was buried as I have before related. The house was then occupied by an English family, who had kindly received him when brought from on board the transport, and had been as attentively ministering to his comfort during his little span of existence among them, as though he had been an adopted relative.—But who was she who was thus left lone and desolate in a strange land?—None could tell.

She had not been, it was thought, attached by any legal obligation to him whose dying eyes she had so tenderly closed, and whose last breath was spent on her lips; but let that be as it may, she was bound by a tie paramount to every other—that of affection, fervid and lasting, and which seemed identified with her very existence.

The death of her lover, or if you choose to call him so—her protector, did not appear to elicit from her any extravagant display of sorrow. She had, it is probable.

prepared herself for the event; for his illness had been long and tedious, and its termination might have been looked forward to with a degree of certainty.

Luckily for her, the family with whom she was placed as if by chance, were considerate as well as kind; and she was left free of intrusive civility, (which, indeed, in some cases is a species of mockery,) to muse and linger over a grief which was placid and calm in its ostensive appearance, like the surface of molten metal, but, like it, all cankering and consuming beneath.

She used to join, as far as she could make herself useful, in the domestic operations of those about her, but in a kind of torpid abstraction that too plainly denoted how little of interest her being had in what was now left it on earth. She lived for months with them, and she was yet a stranger. She barely knew enough of English to express a few ordinary wants in that language; and though it was evident that French was next to her native tongue, she was so reserved and silent, that she scarcely ever spoke, except when compelled by the mere obligations of her intercourse with those with whom she lived, and who were too delicately tender of her feelings to intrude interrogatories, that it was palpable she wished to shun and avoid.

Her face and form were alike beautiful, even though blighting care and the discomforts of a sea voyage must have worn them something—and which a hopeless sorrow was fast wasting with a fiery corrosion day after day, and she was becoming less like an inhabitant of this world.

Her only pleasure—for it must have been a pleasure to her, if her heart had the capability of feeling the sen-

sation—was in the fall of evening to sit beside the grave of him she loved, and give the soft tones of her country's guitar to the stillness of twilight, accompanying them with her voice, that then breathing the accents of her native land, would pour forth in all its rich fullness of power some peculiar air that was, doubtless, the favourite of the one who slept unconscious of the once loved melody.

At a time like this, it was said her appearance would be almost supernatural. As she leant over her mandoline, her long dark hair would stream in the breeze and over her shoulders, and nearly hide the large black eyes which would now flash with a light more than mortal,—and together with this, her tall and pliant figure robed in its sable dress, would for the moment give her a wild and unearthly mien.

But this enthusiasm of impassioned sorrow would gradually subside, and bending her head down over the grave, till her fine tresses mingled with its long rank grass, she would silently weep for hours.

As I observed before, she wasted fast away, At the close of the fifth month from her arrival, she had been sitting out at the grave in the garden, one bleak autumnal evening, much later than was her usual custom; and the family, becoming uneasy at her absence, sent one of their number to ascertain the cause.—She was found stretched at length on the grave, with her face close pressed to its turf covering; and her beautiful arms extended, as tho' they had in life's departure—for she was dead—attempted to clasp to her bosom the cold earth which was so soon to admit her to the side of her beloved.

As she had been heard to express a wish to be buried

in the same grave with her lover—need I observe that such a wish was religiously complied with.

And such was the end of a being, whose heart was embalmed in its deep and absorbing grief—And that heart was broken under such circumstances too!—far from her country and her friends, where there were none to whom she could turn,—now that he was gone for whose sake she had dared and endured the encountering every ill to which life could expose her—None to whom she could look for solace in her loneliness of dreary despair.

Her friends—connexions,—and what were they? How heart reading to think, that one who must have been dear to them, should in a foreign land breathe her silent agony of existence away, unpitied, comparatively, and unknown. And, doubtless, hers must have been rank and affluence in the country of her birth; for there was that elegance and refinement about her which they only can confer; and her manner, was too complaisantly dignified, not to proclaim them habitual.

Peace to her gentle spirit! She sleeps in death with him whose existence while on earth gave hers its only value.—And the hallowed spot which entombs a heart so faithful, is to me far more sacred, than if the unmeaning benediction of some pretender to piety had sanctified it to the inhumation of thousands of the mercenary and worthless, however eminent and highborn.

MY HILLAND HOME.

A SONG.

[*Composed for Music.*]

There is a wild and burning dream
 That wears my soul away,—
 It fires my brain at morning's beam,
 Nor dies with evening's ray—
 The thoughts of youth that haunt me yet,
 And bid, where'er I roam,
 My breaking heart ne'er—ne'er forget
 My happy Hi'land Home :—
 My home—my home,—my mountain home,
 My heart, my soul—still turn to thee,
 My dear, dear Hi'land Home.

The pressure of a Father's hand,—
 A mothers warm caress,
 My bright and gentle sister band
 Alas! now brotherless ;
 The shieling near the old oak tree,
 The glen at evening's gloam—
 Oh! I am lost to them and thee
 My happy Hi'land Home.

My home, &c. &c.

And she whose smile was wont to give,
 When wand'ring forth at ev'n,
 My heart its only wish to live,
 My life a hue of heav'n,—

She,—she is lost to love and me,
 And, exil'd, now I roam
 To weep o'er all I've lost in thee,—
 My happy Hi'land Home.

My home—my home, &c. &c.

BROKEN LOVE.

It never dies—a broken love,
 For its nest is a broken heart,
 It woos, it plains, a lonely dove—
 Till the soul and the body part,—
 Oh! sweet is the coo of a lonely dove,
 Oh! sweet is the grief of a broken love!

The Story of a Life.

BROKEN LOVE—how often and how variously has this theme been touched upon by writers, whose portraiture of humanity's sorrows, seem as exquisitely drawn as though their pens had been dipped in the tears of sympathizing angels,—and yet, as often do the realities of life give us the convincing proof of their existence in this world of trials.

Broken love—the grief of all others which sinks its corrosive laceration deepest in the heart—the worm of an anguish which never dies—the fire of ablighting fever of the soul which is, and never can be, quenched but in the grave. Let the glittering and specious allurements of life dazzle as they may, and its gay and joy-tinted scenery brighten up into a very heaven of enjoyment;—let the

syren voice of Pleasure, charm she ever so sweetly, give its fascination to the breeze which wafts the wanderer gently down the fitful tide of existence—yet in vain to waken from its listless torpor that heart which has loved and hoped—To find and feel when the frenzied dream had passed away, that the absorbing love it cherished and the hope entwined, around that love—were but things of fleeting stay beneath the eternal arch of heaven;—and it hardened to marble, entombing within itself its crushed, and mangled, and anguished feelings, never again to be freed from their prison house, to seek or to know their assuagement in the sympathy of others.

Look round you in the world—the crowded city or the peaceful hamlet.—Gaze on the fading eye,—the wan and sunken cheek,—and the gradually attenuating form of gentle, and loved, and too often deeply injured woman—Mark the unbidden tear which trembles inconsciously beneath the downcast and blue veined lid—and the soft, sweet tones of her voice—more blandly soft and sweet as the grave makes a more palpable display of its claims on a being—in seeming even more beautiful, as the transformation of her spirit to its kindred heaven is about to be realized.—Then go and listen, if you will, to the ordinary tales of sickness, and consumption, and decline, and the officious garrulity of vulgar and common place conjecture.—The effect is obvious to all, but oh! how few in the cold and idle throng around deem truly of, or commiserate the cause.

Observe also, the more stern materials of manhood's less yielding and passive construction—how strangely warped and perverted from the primitive dignity of its strength; and the factitious affectation of a placid resigna-

tion, alike with the extreme of a wild and madly reckless gaiety, but flimsily veil the utter and desolate ruin beneath, —just as the sunken wreck, which is clearly visible below the quiet and slumbering tide, is even more distinctly seen in the whirling tempest, when the raging waters are furiously swept from their mighty depths, and their treasured horrors are for a moment laid bare to the startled eye.

Mingle with your fellow men where 'wine cups shine in light,' and see if you can detect in the flushed brow, the loose and idle jest, the very worthlessness of that levity imparting a disgusting and unhallowed character to the manner and speech of the seemingly elated being at your side —aught of a strong, yet blasted spirit, which, while its griefs are as ever freshly rankling through heart and brain, —seeks and hopes to smother and forget itself and them in the insanity of intemperance, or the vitiating oblivion of riotous dissipation. If your scrutinizing glance has not yet fully sated the motive of its curiosity, follow its object into the home of his privacy and loneliness, when artificial excitation is not by to deceive yourself as well as the feelings of its unhappy victim—where his breast is bared to the retrospect of thoughts and scenes which but make the hopelessness of the future more dreary and dreadful.

Aye,—it is then that the lofty brow and proudly glancing eye of him who 'plays the lord' nobly and well among his kind, bow and soften before a host of tender and overpowering recollections, and which memory ever brings to the lonely hour of the one whose heart has been sacrificed at a shrine whose worship has proved but a blighting and an endless curse to the frenzied idolater.

Yet, when the high bearing of manhood's haughty spirit quails and cowers to the torture of that wound, which

ever is green and festering, although forgetfulness has been vainly and wildly wooed in the allurements of dissipation, or the turmoil and strife of a more noble resource, and when—

“Woman, war, the ocean—all that gave
“Promise of pleasure, peril of a grave,”

has been resorted to and to of little effect, and the rankling tooth of one ‘fell serpent thought’ keeps gnawing at the heart strings—unsoothed and unsated in the thousand chances and changes of man’s eventful career.

Alas! then, how deeply must the cankering anguish of such a quenchless grief prey on the soul of fond, devoted woman, in the silent solitude of her comparatively quiescent existence. The peculiar habits of her unobtrusive nature are bonded to the nurture of a sorrow which consumes her vitals,—for how little is left her of refuge from the wild distraction of her thoughts, and the crazed agony of her pent up feelings;—and then the idle and sneering crowds of a heartless world pass on in their selfish neglect, and too plainly ‘bid the poor stricken deer go weep’ in unheeded and soul sickening loneliness—and like a blasted flower to decay unnoticed on its stem—adding another to the thousands of victims to the soul fever’d dreaming and withering blight of a ‘Broken love.’

Some twelve or fourteen years ago, a dispute, emanating from a national reflection by one party, and when both were under the influence of wine,—and worse than this of feelings then ripe with a hostile inveteracy, but long since, we would hope, extinguished and forgotten—gave rise to a meeting between an American Officer and a young Englishman of some fortune, whom pleasure or

business, or any other probable cause you like, constituted a traveller through a part of the American States.—The duel took place on the British side of the boundary Line,—a precautionary prudence by mutual agreement in case consequences should unfortunately subject either of them to the legal authorities, (an interchange of national sanctuary, frequently, as it is well known here in Canada, in affairs of the kind, provided for and secured.) The one to which we immediately refer, terminated as most duels founded on similar provocation generally end—the American, and he could do no more, yielded his life in atonement for the hasty and intemperate insult he had given,—and his opponent was severely wounded, but of course perfectly satisfied.

Four, five, six, and many months went over, and found the dark-eyed and handsome stranger, now perfectly recovered, still the occupant of his neat room in the snug farmhouse, where, from its being immediately contiguous to the lines, over which his friend safely conveyed him beyond the pale of the country's laws to which he now stood committed, he had been first carried bleeding and senseless from the field of rencontre, and where he had since remained. Luckily, a surgeon resided in the village close at hand, and the wounded man was deeply indebted to an exercise of much skill and attention in his behalf on the part of this gentleman.

Mr. Gray had left his native Scotland early in life with his profession alone to depend on; and being blest or cursed with a disposition too erratically inclined, not to verify the truth of a homely proverb too often applied in similar cases. After years of and which whi-
alized his

America,—married; and after a time settled himself in the practice of the healing art, where I have first introduced the mention of him to my reader. His family was not a large one; and the budding beauties of womanhood were enwreathing their brightening bloom round the fine form of his eldest and most favoured child, about the time his professional assistance became necessary to the young Englishman. As a matter of course, a certain intimacy, friendly as it was familiar, grew between him and his patient, as the latter slowly yet surely regained his former stability of frame under his skillful attendance.— Even while yet in a state of convalescence, the pale and interestingly fine features of the stranger were frequently observable at the little parlour window where Miss Gray sat at work, or bending over the wicket gate of the pretty flower garden, as she busied herself in the light and pleasing task of nursing and arranging its blooming beauties.

There was much in the situation and demeanour of the young man to promote a kindly intercourse between himself and the family of Mr. Gray. The serious result of the duel did not influence the latter, strict and exemplary as he was on all points of moral feeling and observance, to the prejudice of the individual thus introduced to him in its consequence. He had seen the world, and well knew the unrelenting obligations of honour; and in this instance the conduct of his youthful friend in the affair was altogether of so redeeming a character, that he beheld it not in that unfavourable light in which it might have been viewed by a more rigid and less indulgent construction. Possibly much of this generous opinion might have been influenced by the mild and wining

manners of his wounded charge, and whose impression on the members of his domestic circle made him a particular favorite there.

Handsome, and accomplished beyond all she had ever the chance of meeting in the seclusion of her village home, it cannot well be supposed the mild and beautiful girl whose charming society still fascinated him to the spot, was indifferent to the attentions of her father's visitor, tinctured as they were with a devotedness that could not but win its way to her heart. If there was a motive in these attentions on the young man's part, it was certainly honourable. He had lived and moved, it is true, in circles of fashionable and dazzling society, but his heart was unvitiated by its depraved follies; and he could appreciate the bright excellence of the gentle being dawning a sweet light over the comparative morn of his own existence. Alike fond, and gentle, and beautiful, how could it be that two such should not love?—and they did love—and a father's smile and blessing was upon his child and the choice of her young affections—and the moments flew on with the lovers, as they ever fly with those who in the spring day of life, breathe the bliss of a mutual faith, and inhale the joys of that heaven in the vestibule of this care darkened world, to which beyond it, our weary souls are ever buoyed in hope.

But when was happiness like this of any lasting stay? Letters from home, announcing the death of a relative from whom he had much of pecuniary expectation, recalled the young English stranger. The mandate was from a father's hand, and it was imperative in enforcing haste, as some legal barrier awaited his appearance in his native land to be rendered nugatory.

Lover's partings after all being much in the same style, of occurrence, are generally and as wisely passed over. However it was an understood thing, that Mr. Gray would alone sanction his daughter's alliance with her suitor, under the concurrence of his kindred. His family was one of wealth and repute; and a father's possibly too refined and high toned spirit would not brook his child's unbidden and perhaps unwelcome connexion with those so far above his humble pretensions.

If shadows of doubt rose in the moment of parting on the prospect of their union, there were hopes so strongly beaming through the transient gloom, as to dispel it from their bosoms,—and they parted—never alas! to meet in life again.

Time flew, and still no tidings came, until 'hope deferred' began to sicken in one faithful heart. Yet expectation was still sanguine in its conjectures. Could it be illness—or some unforeseen event not calculated upon or anticipated?—Why did he not write? He was ever so fair, and honourable, and confiding,—and Oh! more than all, so devotedly fond and true.—But he did not write; and from an accidental but an undoubted source came the melancholy fact at last—the tidings of his marriage—his marriage to another,—and, as if to veil his falsity in the oblivion of the grave—his death.

It seems that, whether he had been constrained by parental authority, or swayed by some strong mercenary impulse, unaccounted for from the habitual nobleness of his disposition—he cast his vows to another aside—and married the widow of a rich Creole planter, then in England; and fell a martyr to the climate of the island where the large estates of his wife were situated, within a few months after taking possession.

It might have been two years or so after this event, that I first saw Rosamund Gray. A summer residence of a few months with a friend, the next door neighbour of her father, and particularly intimate with him and family, gave me the ready opportunity of an acquaintance with herself, and from my friend the particulars of her little story as I have recounted it. The window of my apartment, though somewhat distant from, yet overlooked the garden in which it was I first beheld this lovely victim of a blighted faith. It was the hour of evening—the early twilight close of a beautiful afternoon; and her occupation and attitude at the time such as, though comparatively trifling in themselves, strongly characterized the impulse of her thoughts. There was a pretty grass-covered rustic seat at the end of an alley of flowers, redolent of bloom and fragrance, and some part of its construction being accidentally broken and deranged, her attenuated but beautiful form was bent over it, as she, with apparent assiduity, was busy in restoring it to its former order. She then, with her hands crossed over her bosom, stood gazing on it for minutes together—possibly, she deemed it typical of the ruined and displaced hopes once so veridantly rooted in her own heart,—she turned and walked slowly away, but quickly again retraced her steps, and culling a bunch of the most exquisite flowers from the parterre bordering her path, laid them gently on the seat, and knelt before it. The place had been formed by her lover, whose fanciful toil in ornamenting her favourite garden had ever been at her command. It is probable the sight of it gave to her vivid memory the happy hours she had known in that spot: when by his

side, and listening to his spirited or feeling portraiture of scenes in other and stranger climes, or in his own aristocratic land,—or when he breathed into her willing and absorbing soul the glowing day-dreams of a happiness, that, being all of him, had concentrated her very nature in his own. Be what it may, the outpouring of her spirit's idolatry of aught connected with the recollection of her false lover,—and strange to say, they never could persuade her to believe that his breach of faith to her was the impulse of his own heart's free agency—and in charity we would deem not—her palpable worship of his memory in the particular manner I have described, grew into the confirmed habit of a mental aberration, that now slightly and fitfully rose upon the hitherto placid serenity of a quiet but surely consuming grief. She had been removed from her native village to scenes of gaiety and joyous variety to win her to forgetfulness—as they fondly hoped a heart so young could be cheated to forget—but it would not do. The home of her childhood, as it had been the home of her love, was the chosen place alone for her wounded spirit to weep, and dream, and decay over the joys she had known,—and there at last was she left in peace to pass away from her earthly sorrow. It was evident that the springs of existence were jarred beyond the power of reparation, and it alone became the study of those around her to smooth and soften her quick shortening path to her eternal rest.

Poor Rosamund Gray! I almost fancy I can see her now as I used to look on her for hours, as she busied herself, while she was yet strong and capable of the exertion, among her beloved flowers. I think I see her light and elastic form enfolded in its white morning robe, by

the rose bush near the vine covered summer-house ; the large cottage hat with its broad green ribbon in the hand listlessly drooping by her side, as she supported her head with the other against the white treliced paling, just as she would rest herself at times, from the stooping position of her employment. I see the full luxuriance of her glossy light hair, as it fell in soft, and thick waving, and curling tresses over her beautiful neck and shoulders ;—and the angel sweetness of those downcast features, whose loveliness as you gazed upon them, involuntarily drew your soul's worship to that God who could create a being so passingly lovely among the creatures of earth, rather than take it to its kindred home among the angels in His own bright and eternal heaven.

As I observed before, this sadly interesting girl became as her frame and constitution bowed to a premature decay, subject to fits of mental wandering, slightly perceptible at the most, and merely displaying itself in little and peculiar pursuits, and which though but trifling anomalies in the ordinary routine of common place life, yet told too surely of the hidden madness within. A characteristic of this was, when the fit was upon her, her evening orisons before the garden seat as noticed before ; and which was to her, it is evident, the shrine of memories waking alone into light from the burning fever of her own smouldering heart. I have often strayed by her side along the borders of the beautiful and wide-spreading lake, on the margin of which her village home was situated. A steam packet which navigated the waters of this inland ocean, passed in its course through two islands in the far distance ; and from an eminence commanding a view of this channel, it was her strange and solitary pleasure

to watch for, and contemplate the progress of this vessel. At night, particularly, she loved to do this; and to mark the feathery sparks it flung like a spangled meteor against the darkened vault of the heavens, as long as they were visible through the gloom of the lonely hour. It was from this spot that she had gazed on a similar object, bearing the life pulse of her very being on its winged and fiery speed, from the home and the heart which the parting with him now made so drear and desolate.

I used to notice, too, that, when after a long and silent gaze, whose intensity then seemed not the natural property of her soft, pale blue eyes, usually so sweetly gentle and dreamy in their expression,—and when the luminous speck had passed away into the far distance from the shadowed bosom of the lake, large tears would gather beneath and roll fast from the full fair lids bent closely to earth over those beautiful orbs, and which seldom shed their drops of sorrow at other moments. She rarely, if ever, wept or could weep;—and it seemed to me her peculiar choice in watching the nightly progress of the boat, from some retrospective connexion with a chord of her writhing heart, which then unlocked the secret fountains of her silent anguish,—that it principally was attributable to the relief it afforded to the bursting heaviness of her sorrow.

When in the house of worship, the venerable old Minister prayed that the benevolent mercies of a compassionate Providence would shed the balm of consolation over the agony of a wounded spirit, and as he breathed the prayer, kindly rested his pitying glance on the bleeding heart in the pew beneath him, I remarked she would ever sigh with an expression so sadly piercing

in its deep toned and melancholy respiration, that you would imagine her soul had issued with it from her lips.

This could not last. She had been confined to her bed for weeks, and her weakened nature was fast sinking before its untimely decay. In the days of their happiness, her lover had presented her with a gift, then much more costly and rare than at the present day—a toy of some fanciful kind, with a musical movement contained within it, and which with similar novelties he had obtained in the course of his foreign travel. The air was a sweet and simple one, and a favourite with him who had conferred the gift. One evening, as her father sat in the twilight stillness by her bed side, and after a silence of hours—for even to the last she was fitful—she surprised him when she suddenly and faintly expressed a wish to hear the melody again. The article itself had long been laid aside, and kindly kept from her sight, even with her own concurrence. She was raised by pillows to a sitting posture, and the music placed by her request in her own emaciated hand.

Most people laugh at omens,—and, possibly, reason and judgement demand our doing so.—The first part of the air was of a light and gleesome kind, followed by a low strain of peculiar and touching sadness, and which was succeeded in turn by a movement similar in its joyousness to the first. Perhaps the mechanism of the toy had been injured by disuse,—for when the piece had played to the last tremulous note of the second part, it audibly jarred and ceased—and almost at the same instant dropped from the relaxed grasp of the life-

less being who had held it—The spirit of Rosamund Gray had departed with the sweet dying tones of that wailing melody, which strangely seemed to identify the lingering melancholy of its trembling voice with the closing sorrows of a **BROKEN LOVE**.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE

—Perchance you've seen,
 Reflected from some Gothic casement pane,
 A beam of sunlight playing round the brow
 Of a fair marble statue, gilding it
 With wreaths of lustrous glory—

So it seemed

With the bright tresses of her golden hair,
 That pressed her polished temples,—yet so soft
 And light in their luxuriance, one would deem
 Them gleams of sunshine on the drifted snow:
 Her eye was not the blue of heav'n's high arch
 To steal upon you—but it had the more
 Of Heav'n's own breathing in the melting glance
 From its dark splendour, than the host of orbs
 That madden men in gazing,—for it shone,
 Bathed as it was in love's own liquid light,
 Like the reflection of a star from forth
 The shadow'd depths of ocean—

On her cheek,

Where one would fondly think the boyish god,

While hov'ring o'er its fairness, joy'd to show'r
The downy texture of his sparkling wings,
Sate the pure tinting of that Indian flow'r
Which blooms the loveliest in the broadest ray
Of daylight's garish beaming, needing not
The lamp's bright lustre to the specious hue
Of art's creation;—

Then the ruby red
Of her full pouting lip, that seemed to swell
From the sweet pressure of some fervent kiss
Which love had lately stol'n, leaving the trace
Of its warm moisture on the honied bed
Where he had revell'd, which the eye would deem
As opening rose buds steep'd in morning's dew;—
Her neck and beauteous bosom well became
The angel bearing of a lovely form,
Moulded as 'twere in nature's happiest mood,
And stamped with proud perfection :—

Yet, this frame
Was linked to earth but by its frail mortality;
Subject to all the blighting blasts and storms
Of this dark world's embodiment—nothing more
To mark her of its kind—The purer part,
Her mind, a spark of heav'n's celestial light,
Pure as th' immortal essence whence it shone,
Or the bright beauty of the living lamp
Of breathing loveliness, in which 'twas plac'd
To light her onwards thro' this vale of tears!

LA MAGDALENA ITALIANA.

Weep not for me,—thy tears are vain,
 I asked them not from love nor thee,—
 They only mock the fever'd brain
 Which feels but its own agony.

The soothing voice of kindness now,
 The drops which fall from pity's eye,
 Alike are lost, I know not how,
 On one whose heart can claim no tie.

Yet once that heart was warm as thine,—
 True to each pulse that fondly gave
 Its all of heaven at passion's shrine—
 Ere frailty wept o'er virtue's grave

'Twas crush'd as worthless,—aye and spurn'd,
 God ! God !—I feel the madness creep
 That in my 'soul that moment burn'd—
 Oh ! that like thee I could but weep.—

For I had loved—as those can feel
 Who live beneath the kindling sun
 Of my own clime, whose fire doth steal
 Into the souls it shines upon.

'Twas worship then—'tis frenzy now,
 The thought—nay, turn not, shun me not,—
 That tear drop on my aching brow
 Hath waked a feeling long forgot.

And now my tears mix fast with thine,
 To find one heart still lives to share
 The grief of wrongs so deep as mine,
 That knows no future but despair.

MOONLIGHT.

———O'er the mountains brown
 The cold round moon shines deeply down ;
 Blue roll the waters ; blue the sky,
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light
 So wildly, spiritually bright :
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turned to earth without repining,—
 Nor wished for wings to flee away
 To mix with their eternal ray.

Siege of Corinth.

MOONLIGHT Scenery has ever been a favourite theme with poets and novelists ; and though its frequent delineation by them has in a great measure dissipated its descriptive novelty, yet the sympathetic effect which the contemplation of its reality produces on the feelings will never cease to charm, and to retain its fascination.

There is a softened tone of expression given to terrestrial objects by the mellow radiance emanating from a clear full moon, floating in the blue expanse of a cloud.

less sky, that is peculiarly pleasing; and which, I have often thought, resembles, in a figurative sense, the holy light diffused by Religion over the Christian's worldly prospects; and whose chastened lustre, mildly gilding the obstacles in the path of his earthly pilgrimage, throws a palliative veil over their offensive harshness, which enables him to behold and encounter them with a pleasurable satisfaction.

When we ramble forth to enjoy the bewitching loveliness of a moonlight night, we do so, generally, with a pure and exalted mind. The baser passions of our nature are quelled and banished from the soul by the heavenly influence of the moment; and while we contemplate the tender repose of the landscape around, where all seems so still, so beautiful, and so happy,—a prototype, as it were, of all that we are taught to expect of heaven, we are constrained, even in despite of rebellious thought, to feel at peace with the world and with ourselves.

It is, too, in an hour like this, that the fond endearments of love—the soothing charms of friendship—warmly appeal to the heart; and as memory turns to some absent object of our soul's affection—some dear prized friend with whom we have often gazed with kindred rapture at a scene like that before us, we are tempted in the extacy of a blissful retrospection, to exclaim in the beautiful and impassioned language of Moore—

“ Oh ! such a blessed night as this,
I often think if you were near,
How we should feel and gaze with bliss
Upon the moonlight scenery here.”

I seldom gaze on the lovely orb of night, slowly pursuing its course in silent majesty along the arch of Heaven, without being led back in thought to the occurrences of former ages, and, as a consequent reflection, the transiency of mortality and its specious vanities. I reflect that the bright Planet above me has shone with undiminished splendour from the hour of its creation, and has poured its calm refulgence on a world whose surface has been a continued shifting scene of person and event.— Nations have sprung up into opulence and power— Kingdoms have been established, and flourished for a time, and have alike declined and melted away,

“ And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind.”

Century has succeeded century, but to effect some mighty alteration in things and circumstances;— generation has succeeded generation, but to improve on the systems of that which preceded it, and which are equally as soon forgot in the darkness of oblivion—all here is changed and will still be changing, but that splendid monument of divine skill, like the Almighty hand which fashioned it, will ever be the same.

I once heard a friend who had travelled much, and whose disposition was of an ardently romantic cast, observe, that the recollections of days gone by never afflicted him so forcibly as on a distant moonlight view of the ruins of Athens. He thought of the time, when the moonbeams which then glanced lightly over almost indefinable masses of broken columns and fallen porticoes, magnificent even in their decay, glist with a silvery splen-

dour the costly domes and stately temples where was concentrated all that was illustrious in the earth for science and philosophy; and the instability of human grandeur was feelingly brought home to the heart, by the appearance of a few sickly fires, kindled by barbarians in the rudest state of savage ignorance, amid the smouldering remains, and, probably, on the scite of some gorgeous edifice, beneath whose frowning shade a Solon developed the researches of human wisdom—or a Socrates inculcated his divine precepts of morality and virtue.

I was once deeply impressed with the contrast presented, in viewing the same moonlight scene at two different times and seasons. Making one of a fishing party in the Upper Province—the theatre of our sport or rather operations was a small river that poured its tributary mite into one of the great lakes. After enjoying a day of ample amusement, we resolved, more through frolic than necessity, as it was a fine night in the earlier part of spring, and the weather was uncommonly mild, to form an Indian Camp.

Many of my readers, perhaps, are unacquainted with the system of this species of Canadian bivouac—I will briefly explain it for their information. It consists in simply making a large fire, near which, with his feet towards it, a person sleeps, wrapt up in a blanket.—In some instances, when rain is apprehended, temporary branch huts are erected, and a blanket or two thrown over the top. In the present case we did the thing in style; for we set fire to a large Tamarack tree that had fallen from age, and which, from its inflammability, blazed and crackled in so stupendous a

manner, that it would have put an English bonfire to the blush at its own insignificance. We seated ourselves at a respectful distance from this "parlour fire of an American backwoods man"; and as we had an ample sufficiency of that grand desideratum in sporting excursions—good cheer, the time flew swiftly and pleasantly by, not a little assisted, no doubt, by the exhilarating effects of a well filled bottle of Cogniac, and some prime segars. I had not indulged so freely as the rest, but had taken sufficient to make me feel somewhat uncomfortable. I could not sleep, and throwing off my blanket, I started up to try and walk my qualmishness off, if possible.

Our party had taken up their station on the green sward bank of the little river before mentioned, and from which it continued gently rising for some hundred yards in the back ground, until it abruptly swelled into an eminence of no inconsiderable height, To this I directed my steps, and with some difficulty scrambled to the summit. My exertion was amply repaid by the singular beauty of the prospect it afforded me, illuminated as it was by the light of a bright unclouded moon. The river, at this spot, suddenly bent into a direction making nearly a right angle with its former course; and I stood fronting its strait progress from hence, as it gradually widened down to its disembogement into the lake,—which took place at a little more than half a mile's distance from me. There was a straggling hamlet on its either bank, as it approached the mouth, the neat white-walled cottages of which glittered in the moonlight, that extended its pale brilliancy over an extensive tract of cleared land, stretching away behind them, till bounded by the far forest,—distinguishable

by its dusky outline, and where, in the open space in its immediate vicinity, I fancied I could discern indistinct objects moving to and fro, and which I knew to be the gambollings of deer.—These wild tenants of the woods, it is well known, often seek open fields and places when the nights are light; where, secure from interruption, they bound about, and enjoy to the utmost their short lived emancipation from the gloomy retreats of the forests, where they usually keep in the day time.

The view down the river was along a silvery vista into the vast expanse of the lake, whose surface, illuminated by the moon beams, presented the appearance of a sheet of molten silver, over which, as a relief to its pleasing monotony, a distant solitary schooner with her white top-sails glittering as they shook in the passing night breeze, glided calmly on, and seemed suspended in the transparent element. The occasional faint tinkling of a solitary cow bell in the distance, as its bearer tempted to quit its grassy couch by the inviting freshness of the dew-sprinkled herbage, strayed carelessly about; and the low shrill whistle of the night beetle, seemed only to enhance the lovely repose of a scene, the effect of which was so congenial to my feelings, that my indisposition of frame and intellect was completely banished and forgot. I sat down at the foot of a tree, with my back leaning against its trunk, and continued to contemplate the earthly Paradise—as it appeared in my estimation—before me, until the setting of the moon, when, wearied with watching and the fatigue of the day's recreation, I at last sunk into a sound sleep. I was roused from this in the early break of morning, by the shouts of my wandering companions on the bank below, who, missing me when they awoke,

were at a loss to conceive whither I had gone, or the occasion of my disappearance.

Some years after this, and two subsequent to the commencement of the late American war, I was accidentally obliged to pass near the place in the prosecution of some peculiar military duty. As the satisfaction I had derived from the summer view of the adjacent country was fresh in my remembrance, I wished to behold its winter appearance

It was the middle of January, and the sky and moon had all the cold brilliancy of the arctic regions. On repairing to my former site of observation, the contrast between its present and former mien was strangely affecting. The merciless and ravaging hand of war had been busy in this remote and hitherto peaceful valley;—A band of ruthless Indians had swept through it the preceding autumn, marking their course with devastation and violence. The white-walled cottages that once looked so beautiful, were now heaps of blackened ruins, horribly relieved by the dazzling whiteness of the snowy waste around. The land, the river, and the lake—the two latter being covered with ice and snow—were blended into a universal sameness—a dreary waste without one object on which the eye could rest for a moment with a feeling of satisfaction. The only animated coincidence with the place and season, was a solitary wolf prowling among the ruined cottages. I marked him well, as emerging from the dark shade of a pile of half burnt fragments into the moonlight glistening of the snow, that strangely set off his gaunt frame, he proceeded slowly on to the next abode of desolation. The yell of famishing despair which he sent forth at times, had an appalling influence on the

death-like stillness of the cheerless prospect around ; and the piercing rude gusts of the northern blast, as they howled through the leafless trees, seemed as a mournful requiem over the departed happiness of this once lovely spot ; and as I left it, I could not refrain from breathing a sigh to the sad demonstration it afforded of the uncertain basis on which worldly prosperity and peace are founded.

I will conclude this sketch with the relation of a little tale founded on fact—the substance of which is known in Canada at this day. Being partially illustrative of the tenor of the foregoing remarks, will, I trust, be a sufficient apology for its introduction here.—About five and thirty years ago, a young Priest, whom I shall designate by the name of St. Bernard, left France, his native country, the bearer of strong recommendatory documents to the highest ecclesiastical dignitary in Canada. St. Bernard was the second son of a nobleman, who, though his *hauteur* bore an inverse proportion to the scantiness of his financial possessions, yet, in the arrogance of that unbending pride which characterised the noblesse of the *ancien regime*, deemed the choice of a commercial profession for his sons, to supply the deficiency of pecuniary support which he could not afford them, as derogatory to their high birth and blazoned ancestry. Their only resource therefore was the Army or the Church—and Villeroy St. Bernard was educated for the latter. He, from inclination would have preferred a military life ; but his father was connected with persons eminent in clerical dignity, and from whose powerful interest he expected much would be done in his son's behalf ; and in due time he was consecrated and ordained in the duties of his sacred profession.

He was highly and lavishly gifted by nature in mental and personal accomplishments. With an uncommonly handsome figure and prepossessing address, there was combined in him a natural flow of almost irresistible eloquence, that prompted by a fervency of disposition, which amounted to enthusiasm when its object excited either admiration or interest, peculiarly fitted him for his vocation.

He bid fair for the attainment of a dignified station in canonical preferment, when the dawning horrors of the Revolution arrested his advancement, and warned him to escape ere the storm burst forth in its utmost frenzy. Taking an affectionate leave of his family, who were retiring into Switzerland, as a retreat from the violence of the approaching tempest, and to await its passing over, he, at the age of twenty-seven, left his native for a foreign land, self exiled, and I may say an adventurer.

On arriving at Quebec, he presented his credentials, and they obtained for him the requisite attention and effect. As no immediate vacancy existed at the time, he was, as a preliminary to further favour, sent up the country to a convent of Ursuline nuns, to officiate during the incapacity of their Chaplain, who was lying dangerously ill at the time, and not expected to recover.

In this Convent there was a young lady undergoing her probationship as a lay sister, previous to her taking the veil. The choice of this fair devotee had excited no little interest and conjecture at the time—She was born of one of the first families in the Province; and at an early age had been sent to France under the care of a relation, to receive her education. After an absence of some years

she returned thence, one of the most accomplished, and I might add, the most beautiful of women. Many splendid alliances were offered to her acceptance; but whether it was owing to a natural apathy, or that her heart was not interested, she declined them all—and on her mother's death, which took place a short time after her return home, she declared her intention of bidding adieu to worldly vanity and temptation, and devoting the remainder of her life to the exercises of religion within the gloom of a convent cloister. This was a resolution which grieved her surviving parent, inasmuch as it was totally unexpected by him. That his daughter, in the enjoyment of that unbounded homage which rank and beauty ever command, should thus, suddenly, from a mistaken devotion as he deemed, forego the pleasing advantages resulting from their possession, and blight the bud of his fondest prospects, afflicted him in no small degree. Remonstrance and persuasion were employed to subvert her resolution, but without effect. Her determination was firm, and at the age of twenty one, in the dawn of a brilliant zenith which is the lot of a comparatively few to enjoy, she entered the convent I have before alluded to, and was in her noviciate when St. Bernard was attached as a temporary *aumonier* to the establishment.

Great effects, it is said, are sometimes produced from trifling causes. The correctness of this apothegm as applicable to common place circumstances, I am far from disputing;—although it may seem a singularity that the mere incident of a change of individual in the office of heir Chaplain should induce the inmates of a cloister to become most wonderfully exact in their devotions. Cer-

tain it was, whether influenced by the graces of his fine formed person, conspicuously attractive even though arrayed in the loose folds of a surplice, or fascinated by his commanding eloquence, the good sisters paid the most flattering attention whenever St. Bernard officiated. Indeed, the elder *Religieuse*, and particularly the old Abbess herself, could not help calling in question the inconsiderate, as they thought, providence of *Monseigneur* at Québec, in sending so young and attractive a man to superintend the spiritual concerns of the flock under so sacred a charge, the youthful part of whom might, from the circumstance, be tempted to cast a retrospective glance of regret to a world whose enjoyments and endearments they had alike resigned. But, be this as it may, St. Bernard worthily fulfilled his various duties as became their sanctity, undisturbed by the gaze of still sparkling eyes which he often detected fixed on him, when the deep veil of some kneeling angelic figure would be discomposed or blown aside, whether by accident or intention it befits me not to determine, and blushing betrayed the truth, —that its possessor, not yet perfectly purified from human frailty, had been absorbed in contemplation of the creature more than the Creator.

“We are not stocks or stones,” to use Corporal Trim’s eloquence, —St. Bernard was doomed not long to retain his apathetical indifference to the kindling charms of terrestrial loveliness which daily met his view. Sister Louisa, the lady I have remarked as undergoing her noviciate, had not beheld the handsome and accomplished young *Aumonier* with a more unconcerned stoicism than many of her companions. The impressive expression of his flashing dark eye, combined with the persuasive fascina-

tion of his deep and mellow toned voice, elicited from her an unconscious admiration ; and which imperceptibly gave way to a train of feelings, that threw a spell upon her soul which she attempted to shake off in vain.

She was possessed of strong and superior intellectual endowment, but she possessed likewise a forcible intensity of feeling, which had hitherto remained dormant in her bosom ; but kindling now, despite of the imperative obligation she was violating, she felt for him all that a woman's soul can feel for the hallowed object of its fondest love.

She was also gifted with a person that was moulded in all that we can conceive of the perfection of feminine beauty ; and which could not be gazed on by the torpid chill of age unwarmed or unmoved—how much less than by one whom nature and youth had endowed with an impassioned sensibility, and which, more heightened than subdued by the restriction of a monastic life, would burst forth at times, when highly excited, with a fervour as boundless as it was uncontrollable. He had seen her—but it was only to add another to the many testimonials of human frailty in the dark record of moral obligation. He felt himself drawn to the brink of a precipice, which he vainly strove to avoid ; and in the frenzied infatuation of the danger by which he was menaced, he determined to anticipate the fate that to him seemed inevitable.

Yet St. Bernard, although the child of passionate impulse, was not altogether so subject to its sway, as to blindly obey its dictates without a thought or presentiment. In this instance, the authoritative arguments of Religion,—the voice of reason with her calculating seve-

ity, were alike brought forward to combat the vehemence of that which absorbed every faculty of his soul; but, alas! the erring nature of humanity predominated: and madly forgetful of the respect which was due to his own sacred character and profession, he was impelled by his passion to trample on every tie and consideration that interfered with its impetuosity.

The nature of the duties incidental to his sacerdotal office, placed in his power the means of obtaining many interviews with the lovely Louisa, whose heart, though it throbbed with a kindred impulse to his, yet revolted at the first mention of the course he proposed. But if his eloquence was seducing when employed on the common place topics of life, it surely lost nothing of its fascination and effect when prompted by the tender and soul-subduing theme of love—Suffice it to say, it was more than successful, and an elopement to the United States was the consequence.

Seven years had rolled by, and were passed by this "fond erring pair" in a delightful retreat on the banks of the flowing Delaware. The maddening rapture of their passion had subsided into a more serene, though not less fervent, temperament; and now, when its wild impetuosity had given place to a more tranquil state of feeling, retrospection, tinged with a sensation approaching to remorse, would dwell in spite of their efforts to subdue or dispel it, on the enormity of their equal transgression in having violated the awfully sacred bond which had bound them both.

It was in the evening of a late autumnal day, during which both had been unusually agitated by reflections like these, that they strolled into their little garden, to

lose, if possible, the painful intensity of their thoughts in contemplating the effects of the waning year on the decaying beauties of nature. There was a melancholy expression in the withering and blasted appearance of shrubs and flowers, which but a few short weeks before were in the height of bloom and brilliancy, that together with the slight rustling voice of the dry leaves which the slightest breath of wind showered down in profusion, and which to a troubled spirit would seem like the pensive sighs of departed happiness—that jarred with a boding knell on the finer chords of souls susceptible to an excess. Night came, and found them still wandering there dejected and silent,—it was one of those nights which when once impressed on the memory can never be forgotten.

The moon shone with a softened brilliancy; and the faint blue sky illuminated by its mellow light, seemed almost transparent from its clearness and purity, and strongly relieved a rugged line of dark grey mountains in the distant horizon. At the foot of these, a lengthened gleam of silvery light denoted that it slept upon the bosom of some lake or river. In the fore ground, the waters of the lordly Delaware flowed silently on, the rippings of its surface gaily glittering in the dancing moonbeams; and the emerging of a fishing boat into their silvery brightness, from the dark shadow caused by the reflection in the pellucid element of the masses of trees that in some places crowded to the edge of the river, gave a delightful relief to its otherwise placid monotony. As the eye wandered over an extent of country which lay enveloped in peaceful repose, farm houses and cottages from the glistening of their white shingled roofs in the rays of the

moon, were easily distinguishable,—some situated in the midst of fertile and extensive fields; others peeping from out the gloomy grandeur of dark forests.

The plaintive note of the American night songster—the Whip-poor-will, as its faint cadence died away in the distant echo, was the only break on the stillness of the scene, and seemed congenial to the feelings its loneliness would naturally inspire. It was one of those moments of mournful delight, which in an indefinable language of sympathetic sensation; speak volumes to the heart. St. Bernard felt it such; and a long deep sigh which he drew was echoed by one fully as expressive from her, who was leaning on his arm. A kindred feeling actuated both, though they knew it not.—After a lengthened pause, during which their faculties appeared concentrated in the prospect before them, St. Bernard broke silence,—“Louisa, my love.” he said, “in an hour like this, when under its hallowed inspiration, I gaze on the angelic serenity of the scene around, enwrapped as it is in the charming illumination of that sweet planet above, and which indeed makes it appear a terrestrial paradise, I am led to think how transcendantly beautiful must that Heaven be, which the same Almighty wisdom that framed this comparatively insignificant lower world, has destined for those who deviate not from the paths of piety and virtue;—and bright and happy as that Heaven is, yet, alas! I more than fear we have given cause for its portals to be forever closed against us.. There was a time when my Maker, and the divine perfection displayed throughout his works, was a theme on which it was my delight to expatiate. I was then free from the corroding reflections of a guilty conscience; but now—oh! how I

feel my despicable state—how unfitted I am to think or speak of that God whom I have so glaringly offended.

There was a despairing agony in his tone and manner as he uttered this, that impelled the conviction of its truth as applicable to herself, with the celerity of an electric flash, to the heart of his companion in error.—She was ever keenly alive to impulsive impression, and from peculiar circumstances particularly so at this moment—It was too much for her to sustain, and she fell senseless in his arms. Distractedly alarmed, he bore her into the house, and by the help of strong restoratives succeeded in recalling the spirit of being, which, when it was restored, seemed in an unconscious agony to waver in its beautiful tenement. Her health and spirits had been much preyed on by previous mental agitation, and the susceptibility of her nature being overcome by the shock it received, she was thrown into a delirious fever, from the lengthened sufferings of which she was in appearance slowly recovering, when one fine day, a short time after she was able to sit up, she sunk into a lethargic reverie of some hours, her head reclining on her lover's bosom. She at length suddenly roused herself from this, and in a manner which evidently indicated the effort it cost her to assume, she addressed St. Bernard thus :—" St. Bernard!" said she, " we have loved each other with a vehemence of passion that impelled us to forego our every hope in earth and heaven.—We have loved—We do still love, and (laying the trembling hand which was warmly clasped in her's upon her heart,) we will ever love,—but it will be with that purity of feeling which Saints are said to possess for those to whom they are drawn by ties of worldly passion.—But we must

part—nay, start not! nor think me harsh in proposing this, our only means of reconciliation with heaven. I can well appreciate the painful sacrifice it will cost us both:—but there is an urgent, an imperious necessity for this our last agony, which admits neither of alleviation or appeal.—Although we have both peculiarly and deeply erred, atonement may not yet be too late; and for that there is but one slight glimmering of hope left us—arising from a sincere repentance.

“In a few days I think I shall be sufficiently recovered, and strong enough to bear the fatigue of a journey; and my resolution is firmly fixed—it is this—to return to the sacred abode whose holy protection and happiness I have alike forsaken; there to expiate, if possible, my flagitious defection. If, as I much fear, I am denied admission beneath its hallowed roof, there is a parent left, one who will not deny a refuge to his sorrowing and penitent daughter, wherein to weep the remnant of her life away. And you, St. Bernard”——but she could proceed no further, for excess of mental exertion and emotion brought on a fainting fit.

I will pass over intermediate circumstances. St. Bernard accompanied her back to the Convent whence he had seduced her to elope with him, and her reception contradicted her fearful anticipations. The good sisters, imitating the benevolent mercy of him to whose service they had devoted themselves, welcomed the repentant sinner back again with an affectionate and forgiving kindness to their community; and the worthy old Abbess shed mingled tears of joy and sorrow over the recovery of this her favourite lamb which had strayed from the fold of her protection.

She became exemplary for her rigid piety and devotion—but her course of earthly expiation was soon brought to its close. For, in one little year after her return, the same voices which hailed it with joy and gladness, chaunted almost inarticulately the funeral anthem over her bier. She had mistaken her heart, when she thought she could calmly relinquish its dearest impulse; and a lingering spark, in despite of her every effort to quench it, consumed her quickly away—like the lurking worm in the stem of some beautiful flower, which gnaws its way on, until its lovely victim, blasted by its ravages, withering droops—decays away—and dies.

She made it her particular and last request to be buried in a certain spot in the Convent garden which she pointed out, and which request was attentively complied with.—They little surmised the real reason of her dying wish, but attributed it to that strange caprice which influences some in the last moments of mortal existence.—it was this—in this spot she had the first of her many interviews with St. Bernard, which ultimately ended in her ruin and elopement. How unaccountably strange are the fond workings of a woman's bosom, so devotedly true to the cherished object of its love, until the latest pulse of life has throbbd itself away!

A simple slab of white marble, with a plain black cross on its either side, denotes the spot where repose the remains of the beautiful and unfortunate Sister Louisa. It has often attracted the notice of strangers visiting the Convent; but a strict silence is observed regarding the frailty of her who sleeps beneath.

As to St. Bernard, after delivering Louisa up to her Convent, he repaired to Quebec, and throwing himself

at the feet of his former patron, the Bishop, declared his willingness to submit to and endure the most rigorous punishment that could be awarded him; but the good prelate to whose mercy he committed himself, felt that he had been much to blame in exposing the youth and appearance of the man before him to the temptations which had led him astray;—and further, his voluntary submission and sincere repentance predisposed him to pardon, on the condition that he devoted the remainder of his life to the instruction of the Indians in a distant part of the country—a proposal which St. Bernard gladly acceded to. And his conduct to the latest period of his life, (which he lost in zealously undertaking to extend the Gospel to a distant tribe of Savages,) was such as could not but be acceptable in the sight of that Providence whose delight is in well doing. He was deeply regretted by the poor Indians among whom he sojourned, and to whom he indeed proved a blessing; and to this day, they cherish a grateful remembrance of the good missionary, (as they term him,) Father St. Bernard.

LILLA'S TEARS.

"Oh! droop not thus," she said, and flew
 To wake the strain I lov'd so much,
 Yet still the trembling harp-string grew
 Less pleasing to her hurried touch;
 She tried her voice, but like her lute,
 So faintly died each faltering tone,
 That both at last seem'd doom'd to suit
 Their silent sadness to mine own.

"Alas! that I should fail to cheer
 "The gloom that hangs thy brow above;"—
 And, as she spoke, a glistening tear
 Bedimm'd her glance of light and love;—
 "Yet since my song cannot impart
 "The spell of former witchery,
 "Oh! come to this devoted heart,
 "And I, at least, will weep with thee."

Poor Lilla wept,—but all in vain
 The tear drops from her angel eyes
 Fell thickly, softly—as the rain
 Will fall from clouds in summer skies
 Upou some parched and barren spot,
 Absorbing all its grateful dew,
 Yet nothing changed in soil, and not
 The less a desert to the view.

And thus with Lilla's tears—they shed
No freshness o'er a burning brain,
And tortured heart, which inly bled
Its crimson drops of anguish'd pain,
So rack'd with one dark thought alone—
The pang that would not—could not part
The baseness that was all its own, —
The ruin of her trusting heart.

I know not if she lives to weep,
As once she wept—poor blighted thing!
Yet if the dreams of memory keep
Sad vigil o'er the thoughts they bring;—
Alas! those dreams must waken woe
Which fades not with the lapse of years,
For time can never quench the flow
And darkling source of Lilla's tears.

TO HELEN.

Thou art all beauty—to the eye
Of him, who fain would take from thine
One lonely beam of light and joy—
One little beacon-star to shine,
And show, that in the gloom of fate
He is not wholly desolate.

Thou art all beauty,—and I feel
A chilling recklessness of aught
Beside thee in this world of ill,
In ev'ry pulse, and pray'r, and thought,—
A love so deep, it scarce is less
Than anguish in its wild excess.

Thou art all beauty,—and one ray
Of light from those resplendent eyes;
To chase my soul's dark gloom away,
And bid my prostrate hopes arise,—
Would bless the heart I feel to be
Absorbing all this world in thee.

EXTRACT

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LOUNGER.

I WAS up this blessed morning, October, 1829, before six o'clock, doing the amiable to a parcel of ladies who went to see the ceremony of conferring the black and white veil on a couple of Novices, in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent in the good City of Quebec. The morning was bitterly cold; and when we reached the place the moon was still shining as bright and clear as at midnight. My fair companions heartily agreed with me in finding it a bore to trudge forth in the sharp frost, and at this early hour; but the grand incentive—curiosity—soon absorbed in itself the little discontent and grumbling that was at first manifested. We were among the first in the chapel, and few were yet there; and you may judge how pleasant it was to lounge in the aisles of a cold church, still dark within, except where the occasional streaming of the glittering moonlight through the white drapery of a tall window partially “touched the fretted roof with silver,” and playfully reflected its brightness down on the chequered pavement beneath—and at times on the sweet soft countenance of a very lovely little girl by my side, from the sunny light of whose fine bright eyes I cared not to part in the chilling and cheerless gloom around me,

“Morning’s garrish ray,” however, intruded apace upon the shadowy scene; and after a few preliminary

arrangements, the entrance of a number of clerical functionaries identified with the sacred ceremony, was quickly followed by the withdrawing of an immense black curtain behind the lofty grate, forming the angular separation between the body of the church, and the detached portion of it or chancel solely appropriated to and occupied by the nuns, and of whom we could distinguish through the grate a most goodly array within. The effect was now certainly imposing, as both parts of the church were lighted up; and the splendour of the altar and of the various robes of the individuals officiating before it, were seen to the best advantage; while through the huge and gloomy grate, the eye was carried along a seemingly dim-lighted vista, and in which a great number of the holy sisterhood were congregated.—I do not, nor will I pretend to give a description of the ceremony that followed, for I believe few in this country but are acquainted with the customary forms attendant upon ‘taking the veil,’ as it is termed; yet, connected with it, there was a circumstance which affected me much, and which I believe to be the most touching portion of it, the ritual—I advert to that part of it where the Novice appeared at the wicket in the grate, and in answer to certain interrogatories put to her by the venerable and dignified Bishop, pronounced a solemn abjuration of the world—its fleeting joys and specious vanities.

I confess that however obtuse I am generally now to these things, yet, whether it was the romanceful feeling of younger and brighter days tinting my imagination with its rainbow hues, and I but merely supposed the thing, or possibly—it was really so—I thought I never heard the tones of a female voice with such interest

and effect as in this instance. There was such a strange and melancholy fascination in their sweet and silvery softness—so tremulously sad, and yet so clearly audible throughout the sacred stillness of the hallow'd place, and in which they breathed the emphatic words of a voluntary doom almost as awful and relentless in itself as the one whose fiat is the grave and eternity. And yet, after all, I was sorry to see so little of sympathy displayed around me by the female portion of the spectators at this, or indeed any part of the ceremonial. The affair seemed to be looked upon in the light of a mere *spectacle*, and beyond this; the splendid fancy needle-work, bordering the muslin portion of the Prelate's sumptuous robes, and a fine handsome young fellow of a priest, appeared to divide and attract equal, if not more, attention from "ladies' eyes around," than any object or proceeding within the black grate. I would not have you understand me as wishing to pay an ill compliment to the finer feelings of the gentler sex, knowing as I do, that at least they are *amateurs* for the most part in the "tender and pathetic." And, as far as relates to the handsome priest, I give them credit for their taste. By the bye, in my own humble opinion, I perfectly agree with that of all the young ladies of my acquaintance, that no handsome man should be a priest. All such should, if possible, be drafted into the army; for, in truth, a fine, handsome, manly-looking young fellow is the fittest, and it may be added, the only proper block for a red coat—being in appearance alike creditable to the service and to their tailor. However, I but speak an opinion communicated in confidence to me in a pew at church last Sunday, by a pretty hale prudish fairy, who, strangely enough, at the same time expressed

a determination on her own part to marry none but a parson! This is at best but a digression—and once more to the argument—There is something deeply and feelingly impressive in the idea of a young heart's voluntary abandonment of this world and the many tender and winning ties that so fondly and closely entwine them together.—To see the young, the beautiful, and the gentle-hearted, turning from the smiling sunshine and bloom of the flower-clad paths of life, to seek the cold, and silent, and cheerless inhumation of a dreary cloister; and if that dark and shadowy veil which has been placed over, and typically and virtually between them and the sunbright and speciously beautiful world they have forever relinquished, proves not indeed a "veil of oblivion" to their hearts, and memory broods in its "silent prison house" over the by-past loves and joys identified with that world,—how painful must its sacrifices and its consequent deep struggle be; and which can only be subdued by a fortitude—exemplifying that duty where exalted faith and good works must render the high-priced offering acceptable in the eyes of that God to whom it is devoted.

TO HELEN.

There is a heav'n above,
We must not—dare not doubt it,
But, oh! thy looks of love
Seem bliss enough without it :
Yet still, beyond the skies,
I oft', in idle dreaming,
Believe the beauteous eyes
We lov'd will there be beam'ng.

Alas ! I know no light,
So pure, and bright, and holy,
As that which shines to-night
O'er smiles that are mine solely ;
And, when convinced of this,
How plain the matter lies, love,
“ Where ignorance is bliss,
“ 'Tis folly to be wise,” love.

THE YOUNG CUIRASSIER.

A SONG.

Oh! lady, look forth from thy bower,
 And list to the trumpet's loud swell,
 For it wakes in this lone silent hour
 The wail of a lover's farewell —
 I go from the light of thy smile, love,
 To the blood-crimsoned war fields of Spain
 And a strange dreaming voice all the while; love,
 Says I never will see thee again.

And here is thine own true-love token,
 As bright as my moon-silvered crest,—
 The pledge of a faith never broken;
 It is clasp'd to this mail-covered breast:—
 Thy fair hands in fondness entwin'd it
 From the plume waving now to thee here,*
 And a pray'r from thy pure heart hath shrin'd it
 Over that of thine own Cuirassier.

Thro' my corslet of steel, hark! how loudly
 That heart wildly beats to be free,
 And the eyes, which on others bend proudly,
 In tears look their last gaze on thee:—

* Alluding to a custom in the earlier days of French Chivalry, for ladies to weave a cross from their lovers' helmet plumes as a love-spell in the battlefield.

Again—to the night-breeze is given
The war-note which sounds forth my knell,
I part—but to meet thee in heaven,
God, shield thee, my true love !—Farewell !

And swiftly thro' peril and danger
The young soldier spurr'd his bold steed,
From his home to the land of the stranger—
From his true love to combat and bleed ;
And still to that lov'd one he cherish'd
His faith in a brightened career
To the red field of strife where he perished,
The young and the brave Cuirassier.

THE UNFORTUNATE.

'Tis a strange casting of men's destinies,
 That some should tread a path bestrewn with flow'rs,
 A sunny heaven forever smiling on them ;
 Whilst others doomed to grope their devious way
 Thro' the dark shadows of a lowering world—
 Their span between the cradle and the grave
 A mingled scene of sorrow, sin, and suffering!

My own MSS.

I once happened to be on a summer visit of some duration to an intimate friend, residing in one of these romantic little villages that adorn the banks of the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Montreal. There was a profusion of wild and magnificent scenery in the neighbourhood, and my usual and almost only recreation was to ramble with my sketch book in my hand, and delineate the different points of landscape that excited my admiration.

In the daily walks I used to take in the prosecution of this favourite pursuit, I frequently met with a young man of a sickly, care-worn appearance, whose emaciated figure and visage, though the one was arrayed in what appeared to be the shabby remains of former gentility, and the once handsome features of the other were strongly marked with a ghastliness of expression, as if the ravages of sickness, poverty, and despair, had combined to trace their workings there, yet evidently denoted their pos-

possessor to be something above the common class.

I seldom saw him other than reclining under the shade of some wide spreading tree, and lost, apparently, in a sort of apathy or lethargic indifference to exterior objects.

I could not account for it, but this poor stranger interested me in an uncommon degree. I made enquiry concerning him in the village, but nothing more was known than that he had arrived there about a fortnight before, seemingly worn down with ill health and fatigue; and being too weak to resume his journey had remained there ever since. Disappointed in obtaining the information I sought—not from the cravings of an idle curiosity, but a heart-felt wish to alleviate, if in my power, the complication of afflictions under which this child of sorrow, it was more than probable, was labouring,—I determined on acquiring a personal knowledge of him the first opportunity—and which occurred shortly after.

It was a fine still summer evening, and he was half sitting, half reclining at the foot of a large maple that grew on the river's bank, when I accosted him with a commonplace salutation, of which he took no notice, till on its repetition, slowly raising his head to observe the person addressing him, he returned it in a mild but rather petulant manner, as if he considered it an intrusive civility, and then sank into his customary listlessness. Not daunted however by the repulsive indifference he displayed towards me, I seated myself by his side, and after making a few trifling observations merely to engage his attention, and to which he paid but little heed, I at length ventured to remark on the unhealthiness of his appearance—my doubts as to the possibility of his receiving the care and attention

so requisite to one in his situation, in the humble abode where he lodged, (for it was one of the poorest in the place) —at the same time delicately intimating that if the reduced state of his finances was the cause of his seeking refuge in the dwellings of poverty, my services in a pecuniary point of view were gladly at his command.

There was a soothing kindness in my tone and manner —for I was indeed prompted by a sincerity of feeling—that roused and singularly affected him. It seemed to touch a chord in his heart that had long ceased to vibrate—that the dormancy of his chilled feelings had been shaken off at the awakening voice of sympathy and friendship; and although at the offer of pecuniary aid, the hectic glow of offended pride suffused his wan countenance for a moment, it was but a momentary excitement,—and I thought —though I might probably have been mistaken—that I perceived a tear trickle down his sallow cheek. After a short pause he replied, “I thank you warmly for the kind commiseration, which, as a stranger, you have shown me, and the compassionate benevolence of your offer.—I am far from being well as you may plainly see; but the people with whom I live, though poor, are very good and attentive to me, and as far as their humble means extend to make me comfortable, I have no reason to complain.—I decline your kindness,—for which, notwithstanding, accept my grateful acknowledgements,—because I feel confident it would benefit me none.”

After this introductory interview, our acquaintance became gradually more intimate from subsequent meetings; at which, when roused at times from the deadened reserve that enveloped his faculties, he would discourse with fluency on topics that embraced an extensive knowledge of

the world, and which astonished me on account of his youth, for he was not seemingly past his twenty-fifth year.

It was with regret I perceived, instead of mending he daily grew worse. His visits to his accustomed haunts became less frequent, till at last they entirely ceased.— And conjecturing—truly as appeared in the sequel—that he at last had sunk under the heavy weight of mental and bodily affliction by which he was oppressed, I resolved on laying a false delicacy aside, to seek out this child of sorrow in his wretched abode, and administer that consolation and relief, of which, from the nature of existing circumstances he could not but be destitute.

On arriving at the shattered tenement which contained the object of my solicitude, and which was situated in an obscure part of the village, and at a glance denoted the poverty of its possessor, I was shewn into a small closet or room, if it deserved the name, so confined in space that it scarcely admitted of an old broken chest and chair, that besides a miserable bed, comprised its only furniture.— He was sitting at the little airhole that served as a window to this miserable apartment, and which was open for the benefit of the fresh air. His back was turned to me on my entrance; but the lifting of the latch—which from some cause or other was attended with more noise and bustle than common—caught his ear, and turning round to see what occasioned it, a gleam from the setting sun at that instant shot into the place, and falling across his features, displayed a death-like alteration in them that struck me with surprise and alarm.

“Ah! is it you?” he exclaimed with a faint smile that waned into a bitter expression.—“you are welcome, tho’

I wish I could bid you so in a happier situation and more imposing circumstances; but as it is, I repeat you are welcome,—for I was wishing much to see you.”—I seated myself on the broken chest, and at once explained the motives of my visit. I represented the urgent necessity there was for his having immediate medical assistance; and announced my intention of sending off to the next village (this being too poor to maintain a physician,) to procure it as soon as possible; and in the meantime, remove him where he would enjoy more attention and accommodation. After a silence of some minutes, during which his enfeebled frame trembled with an excess of emotion, he took my hand, and fervently pressing it, replied,—“Your goodness almost overpowers me, but it would be of little avail were I to allow of its being put in practice. I feel that I am past the skill of Hippocrates, were he on earth; and can medicine assuage the anguish of a broken heart? As to the little remnant of a miserable existence that is left me, it matters not how or where it is spent. And for your benevolent intentions towards a poor destitute being in a foreign land, may you be rewarded here and hereafter.

And it is probable you will not think your sympathy misplaced, when I give you a brief abstract of my short, but eventful pilgrimage through, what has indeed proved to me in the fullest sense, a world of sin and suffering.

Ireland is the land of my nativity; and in one of the large manufacturing towns in the northern part of that kingdom, I drew my first breath; and I had scarcely entered into being ere I was an orphan. There were circumstances connected with my father's death, which took place but a few days before I was born, that befits

me not to mention here, but suffice it to say, they were to me the cause of a premature existence. And my maternal parent lived but to see and bless her unfortunate offspring, whom she brought forth under the most trying and heart rending affliction, when her mild spirit winged its flight from this changeful world to a better, and I was left in forlorn helplessness to the compassionate mercy of strangers. Fortunately in a manner for me, my father's partner in trade—(for he was extensively connected in a commercial way)—was a man largely endowed by heaven with the finest feeling of humanity. He pitied, and took charge of my tender infancy; and promised that from him I should ever experience the warm affection of a parent—And in truth he sincerely kept his word. I was not left so destitute as to be an incumbrance on the generous benevolence of my self-constituted guardian; for the industry of my father had secured me an ample sufficiency to support a gentlemanly sphere, had not improvidence, and I may add, misfortune wasted it to its last shilling.

I was placed, when at a proper age, at a public Seminary, where no expense was spared on my education; and remained there some years, and was to have staid for a longer period, when my guardian intended to place me in his counting house, and finally, when qualified by age and experience, to admit me as partner in the concern, to whose capital a part of my fortune would be joined.—These were his views regarding my future prospects and profession in life, and which he often explained to me after my comprehension was mature enough to appreciate them. But they were limited by a waywardness of disposition on my part, for which he was in a measure, alone

blameable. As I remarked before, he was ever kindly affectionate; but he was indulgent to a prejudicial degree at a period of life when the fostering hand of parental restraint was more than necessary to check the growing impetuosity of opening passions.

From a mistaken fondness, I had the command of money at an early age; and habituated to having my most capricious wishes gratified, and unknowing of either admonition or controul, it is not to be wondered at, that when at length they were made use of, I should revolt from and set them at defiance.

Our academy being situated in the vicinity of a seaport, I became acquainted with a number of young lads about my age, Midshipmen in a Man-of-War then lying there. As my allowance of pocket money was liberal in the extreme, and the severity of school discipline was by special direction relaxed towards me, I had both the means and opportunity of joining their wild frolics.

I soon acquired a partiality for their way of life, which was determined by a letter of remonstrance from my guardian, in consequence of a representation made to him by the head master of the school, stating the increasing irregularity of my conduct, and observing that if I was not to be subjected to the usual regulations of the establishment, he declined all further charge of me. I immediately wrote back in answer, sarcastically thanking him for the interest he took in my welfare, and observing that being tired of school, and anxious of embracing an active profession, as my inclinations were directed to the Navy, requested him to favour them by his concurrence and interest in obtaining me an Admiralty warrant; adding, that if he did not think proper to do so, I would take the

liberty of choosing and acting for myself. The result of this procedure was a ready compliance, though, not before he had affectionately pointed out the advantages I would forego by the step I was about to take, and the great disappointment of the sanguine expectations he had entertained for my future prosperity. But perverseness and self-will caused me to turn a deaf ear to all he said, and I launched forth on my career, if not with his approbation, yet with his blessing.

At the age of fifteen, I entered as a Midshipman on board a frigate belonging to a squadron under sailing orders for the East Indies. I did not take leave of the man who had been the fostering protector of my infancy and youth, and who, if he erred in the duty which he had voluntarily assumed, did it from a pardonable motive, without feeling a compunctious conviction that the obstinacy I evinced in opposing his wishes was but ill requiting the paternal tenderness which ever actuated them.

Our voyage out was rather tedious; and I must confess my nautical ardour was somewhat abated by the taming effect of a long confinement on shipboard. And I found by experience, that a sailor's life there, and the one he leads ashore, are rather different things. However, we arrived in safety at Bombay, which was our destination; and remained there but a short time, when a circumstance occurred which was the occasion of my being exposed for a time to the buffeting tempests of adversity in their wildest forms.

Our first lieutenant was strongly suspected of having connived, whilst he had the command of the ship, during the absence of the captain ashore, with the person, who, as contractor of works, furnished timber and different

stores for the ship's use, allowing inferior and damaged articles to be substituted for the proper sort.

A Court of Enquiry was ordered to examine into the affair, at which I was called upon to give my evidence respecting the delivery of some of the articles in question, which in some point of duty I had superintended. But from a deficiency of proof to substantiate the charges brought against him, or some other cause, he was acquitted with a slight reprimand. But from that hour I became the victim of his persecution; as he regarded my testimony as tending to criminate him; and he never left an opportunity pass without making me in some shape or other feel the weight of his implacable resentment.

This was both galling and mortifying to my haughty spirit; and it would break forth at times, but only to provoke fresh indignities and insult.

At length, as if fate ordained that my unfeeling oppressor should have me completely in his power, he received the command of a vessel ordered to sail on some particular service to Bencooleen in the Island of Sumatra; and I was among those drafted out of our ship to accompany him. Our voyage thither was to me a continued scene of tyrannic oppression: But it was decreed that matters should soon come to a crisis.—One afternoon I was ordered to man the pinnace for the purpose of taking my persecutor ashore to the Fort, and to await his return. On coming back to the boat, he was evidently intoxicated, and, as was his usual practice, finding fault with my arrangements, without the slightest reason he commenced abusing me in the grossest and most outrageous manner, and concluded with striking me across

the face with his rattan. My temper was sufficiently heated before by the wanton brutality of his language, but this insult, given as it was before the whole boat's crew, was too much for me to bear, and irritated to a degree of madness, I seized a boat hook and stretched him senseless on the sand. Although this was but the work of a moment, yet the consciousness of the offence I had committed against the laws of discipline, and the punishment that inevitably awaited it, flashed as instantaneously across my mind; and throwing down the instrument of my vengeance, I fled into the country, and concealed myself until the vessel sailed, which she did shortly after,—her detested commander yet suffering under the effects of the blow I had given him. He caused a strict search to be made for me, and even went so far as to offer a reward for my apprehension.—But I continued to elude his vigilant pursuit, and baffled his every attempt to get me again into his power.

After his departure, I was put to many shifts to avoid falling into the hands of the English belonging to the settlement, lest they might seize me as a deserter, and give me up to the next ship as such. I became wearied with skulking about among the natives, depending on their charity for a precarious subsistence, and at last made my escape to a Batavian trader lying in the offing. My services were accepted; and I became a kind of slush or cabin boy. I will pass over the three subsequent years of my life, merely observing that they were replete with misery and suffering. I fell into the hands of Malay pirates, who spared my existence but to waste it with cruelty and torture. Escaping from their sanguinary clutches, and after wandering from clime to clime, expe-

riencing hardship in its every form and situation, I once more trod my native soil, and breathed the air in which I first drew being.

My guardian was shocked by the toil worn alteration in my appearance, but the happiness of seeing one whom he had given up as lost, counter balanced this; and the affectionate attention received under his hospitable roof, soon recruited the exhaustion of my health and spirits.— After I had recovered from the effects of my wandering life, he earnestly proposed my acceding to his former wishes for my establishment. Although he fancied the buffets of adversity had something fretted my self-will away, yet in this he was mistaken: The obstinacy of my disposition had been bent to the dust, it is true, by the trials I had undergone, but its spring of action was never broken.—

And when the dark clouds of misfortune had gone by, and the smiling sunshine of prosperity again brightened on me, its renovation kept pace with my weakened frame, and both alike regained pristine vigour, and even more hardened than before. I was determined to have my own way still; and abhorring the confinement of a civil profession, and from past occurrences feeling no relish to resume my naval career, my thoughts turned to the army; and I purchased a Cornetcy in a regiment of Dragoon-guards then stationed in Dublin.

Owing to the independence of my finances, I was enabled to launch forth into a style of living that approached extravagance; and which far eclipsed my brother officers, who were confined to little beyond their pay alone, compared to myself. As may naturally be supposed, this excited their envy; and produced a system of conduct in

them which involved me in many disagreeable consequences. And the willfulness of my temper being attributed to a vanity arising from pecuniary superiority, they found no difficulty in branding me with the distinction of a purse proud upstart. The Captain of my troop was a widower, and had an only daughter nearly my own age. She was beautiful and accomplished, and I was not insensible to her charms. Being much in each other's company, an intimacy took place which soon ripened to a tender, and what I fondly believed, a mutual attachment. And I had already begun to cherish dreams of the felicity which a union with my beloved Maria would bestow, when that fatality which seemed to have hung over me from my birth intervened, and dashed the cup brimming with anticipated happiness from my lips.

At a gala-ball given at the Castle, Maria danced with a young officer who had formerly been my unsuccessful rival in her affections; and had ceased to pay her his addresses till this unfortunate night, when he resumed his assiduities in a manner which convinced every one that to pique me was his only object.

His attentions seemed to please her, or at least I fancied so, for love ever beholds its object with a jealous regard: and out of a ridiculous spite, wishing to mortify her if possible, I attached myself to another lady, to whom I transferred my attentions, and paid her the most marked indifference and insulting neglect. This did not pass unnoticed, (—for the relation in which we stood to each other was generally known,)—and particularly by the father of my dear Maria. He apparently felt deeply my treatment of his daughter, and which, indeed, was deprecated by all who observed it,

When the ball concluded, as I was handing out my partner to her carriage, I passed Maria as she sat in the recess of a window, solitary and deserted by the flippant coxcomb who had occasioned the change in my conduct. She was pale and agitated; and there was a reproachful expression in her tearful eyes as she turned them upon me, which cut me to the very soul—I felt that I was wrong, and hoped, yet doubted to make her reparation. I remarked before, that her father was deeply incensed at my inconsistent conduct, and, fatally for him, he had soon an opportunity of making this known to me.

The day following the ball, our regiment was reviewed in the Phoenix-park, and performed a number of evolutions. In that of charging by squadrons, some confusion took place, which was attributed to a false movement by the troop to which I belonged, and was warmly reprehended by the Colonel on the spot.

At the mess-table in the evening, after the cloth was withdrawn, and superior officers had retired, the affair was canvassed; and condolence began to flow in on my Captain for the mortification of the reprimand he had received. When, smarting with a twofold indignation, and looking sternly at me as he spoke, he replied "that such an occurrence need not be a matter of wonder when a beardless jackanapes, who had more pretensions than wit, and could scarcely tell the difference between a bridoon and a holster-pipe, should by his presumptuous conceit, interfere with, and thwart the commands of his superior officer, and subject him to be rated for its consequences."

Although the ostensible tenor of his allusion was without foundation, I plainly perceived his drift was to fix a

quarrel on me for what had passed the evening before. I would willingly have passed it over, did I not consider that to pocket so glaring an affront as his inuendo implied, would subject me to unpleasant suspicions from those around. I therefore retorted his observation with severity; and being both heated with wine, a short but vociferous altercation ensued, which terminated in his giving me the lie, and throwing his glass into my face. What was to be done?—there was no alternative. Forgetting that he was the father of my offended Maria, and frantic with rage, a challenge was immediately given, and as immediately accepted and decided on the spot. We fought across the table; and firing together, his brains were blown out over the room, and I was shot through the body!

After a lapse of many weeks, which was a blank in my mental and a continued excruciating agony of my physical existence, I awoke to the heart-rending reflection, that I had deprived the aimable object of my fondest affection—the being in whom my very soul was concentrated, in an unguarded moment of intoxication and passion, of a parent—and I may say of her reason together. Think you a reflection like this affects me lightly, now that I am standing on the brink of eternity?

As soon as I was enabled to bear it, my trial came on, and a short imprisonment was awarded me as a punishment.

Although popular opinion was divided on my case, and I had been acquitted in a manner by the laws of the land, yet an accusing spirit within continually whispered me that all had not been right with me,—that excessive folly on my part was the blameable origin of this melancholy catastrophe.

When I was perfectly recovered from the effects of my wound, and liberated from the dreary confines of a prison, I sold my commission, and went to the Continent. And to drown the bitter pangs of remorse, I plunged into the alluring dissipations of the French Capital; and for a time retrospection was lost in an excess of riot and debauchery.

Among the number of my gay companions, there was one whose fascinating manner influenced me so much in his favour, that with him I became unusually intimate. This young man, it seems, was deeply implicated in a conspiracy against the government, and their seditious designs being betrayed by the treachery of one of their number, he, with several others, was arrested; and I, from the known intimacy of our friendship, being suspected for an accomplice, was also seized and thrown into a dungeon. I languished for some months unnoticed and forgotten, until by chance an opportunity offered of addressing the English Ambassador in my behalf; and an investigation taking place, my innocence was completely proved from the testimony of the imprisoned conspirators themselves, and I once more regained my liberty.

In the dreary loneliness of my solitary cell, where I was forced to think from the absence of ought that could divert my thoughts, I could not help reviewing the past occurrences of my life—and I did so with the sincerest feelings of contrition. I resolved if ever I obtained my freedom, to endeavour to make an atonement if possible, by my future conduct. On my liberation I directly quitted Paris and its vortex of allurements and crime; and hastened to that paternal roof, which in all my follies and aberrations from rectitude had never refused me a kind

and welcome shelter. To its delighted master I made known my intentions, and my willingness to accept the kind offers he had before this repeatedly made without success. Suffice it to say, after a year's probationship, during which with indefatigable industry I had acquired an ample share of commercial knowledge, I was admitted a partner in a concern which bore no mean character in the mercantile world, and in its interests I embarked the remnant of my once ample fortune; and which now even in spite of the encroachments of dissipation and extravagance was far from being inconsiderable. I was quickly after sent to London, to act as agent there for our house: But this last step was destined to put the finishing hand to the climax of my destiny.

I had been but a very short time in the English Capital, when I unfortunately met my Parisian friend,—who having escaped from prison, came over to London, and kept a gaming table for a maintenance.

This man resumed his influence over me, and by degrees drew me into a love of play. I was unsuccessful, which only served to stimulate me to perseverance; and after losing large sums which I had at immediate command, possessed by a frenzied despair, I continued to draw on the extensive credit of our firm until our bills were protested. Bankruptcy of course followed; and myself and my ill-fated partner and his family were reduced to poverty, and ruined beyond redemption. My first and only interview with him after the heavy misfortune which my ungrateful extravagance,—to call it by its mildest term—had drawn upon him, was to me a greater trial than I had ever yet endured. I would not have voluntarily dared to meet the man to whom I had

made so base a return for all that he had done for me ; but on the first intimation of the sad disaster, he had posted to London with the hope of finding things not so bad as they were reported, but alas ! he was cruelly disappointed. He sought me out, and the parting admonition he gave me pierced my very soul. " Young man," said he, " I come not here to upbraid you with the misfortunes you have brought on me and mine ; for that and the preceding infatuation of your career, and which has marked your progress through life, I am in a great measure blameable.—My heart was smitten with compassion for the helpless offspring of those who were dear to me as my own soul. I adopted you, reared you with the tenderest affection, but through a mistaken sense of that affection a wilfulness of disposition was fostered, the first fruit of which was an open opposition to the kind admonitions of one who had your welfare sincerely at heart. The result of that step I need not dwell on now, it was almost more than an atonement for the unnatural feeling by which it was actuated. But I will proceed no farther.—

For what you have done, may God forgive you, as I do from my soul ; and may it be a warning to your after life."

Had he breathed revilement or abuse, I could have borne it with a callous indifference ; but this appeal to my better feelings was too much for me,—the ingratitude of my conduct appeared in its blackest colouring, and overcome by the poignancy of my thoughts, I gave vent to their burning anguish in a paroxysm of tears. My resolution was quickly formed, I embarked in a vessel bound to South America, with the intention of joining

the Patriots there ; but in this expectation I was frustrated. Our ship being old and seaworn, foundered within a week after leaving the land. And I, and a few more, escaping in a boat, after being tossed about in a stormy ocean for a number of days, and nearly perishing with fatigue and hunger, were picked up by a brig bound from Madeira to Quebec. The agitation of mind I suffered, together with the hardships I had recently endured, combined to undermine my constitution, which at last gave way ; and by the time we arrived in Quebec, I was nearly expiring under the effects of a slow fever. I was put into the Nunnery Hospital there, from which at my own request, I was discharged whilst I was yet convalescent. I had accidentally heard of an old school-fellow, who was well settled in a military department in the Upper Province, and I resolved to make my way up to him if I could ; hoping, that as he was reckoned a man of some consequence there, he would befriend me for old acquaintance-sake. As my finances were but very scanty, from motives of economy, to save the expense of the ordinary conveyance, I set out on foot to travel up to Montreal, and had arrived thus far on my journey, when the over exertion of my debilitated frame, not sufficiently recovered from the racking effects of the fever to bear fatigue, brought on a weakness which prevented my further progress—and I believe you are acquainted with the rest.”

“ My earthly pilgrimage is drawing near to its termination ; for I feel that I have not long to live. Nor does the thought excite the slightest sensation of regret in my bosom ; for I regard the moment of my quitting this world as a happy release from an existence which though

comparatively short in its duration, has been replete with painful vicissitude. I have often thought, and even now do think, that from my very birth there was a peculiar fatality attached to me, and which has never left me for a moment. I was in the days of infancy and childhood exempted from those soothing endearments arising from parental affection—I never experienced the softening sympathy of a mother's embrace, nor the fond anxiety of a father's watchful restraint. And I well remember, that often in the mad gait of boyhood, when I beheld my companions enjoying that of which I was and felt myself destitute, the conviction of my forlorn loneliness in the world would strike as it were into my inmost soul, and I would retire into some secluded corner and weep as though my heart were breaking.

I have erred it is true, but my errors have proceeded less from intention than from situation and circumstance. And may that Almighty Being in whose presence I shall shortly stand, in his divine goodness and compassion extend his forgiving mercy to my frailties, in consideration that I have undergone a partial expiation of them here below—and admit me to a place in that heavenly kingdom, where sin and sorrow are unknown—where the mourner shall cease from weeping, and the weary be at rest!

An Amen responded from my heart—for it was full at the sad tale of this child of affliction and error:—And dead indeed must those feelings be, and flinty as adamant that heart, which could remain unmoved at its recital.—The sigh of sympathy may rise, and the tear of pity freely flow for the aged victim of sorrow and misfortune;—but surely, youth, ere it had well reached its

meridian, and adorned with talent and accomplishment, sinking into the grave under a complication of mental and bodily afflictions, must touch the most obdurate and unfeeling bosom!

After a long pause, during which his feelings appeared to be lost in their excess, he resumed,—“I remarked to you before, that I was desirous of seeing you,—the reason is simply this: Knowing that the inhabitants of this place with few exceptions, are French Canadians, and consequently of a different persuasion from mine, and that they observe a superstitious rigidity in such cases I wished to see you, to make it my last request that you as a friend—I call you such, for you have evinced it by your kindness—would, after I am gone, pay that attention to my poor remains which is indeed the truest test of friendship between us mortals—That you would prevent their being left to the discretion of an uncharitable belief. In that”—(putting a pocket-book in my hand)—“there will be found sufficient to reimburse the poor owners of this miserable dwelling for the trouble I have given them, and to defray the expence of my interment.”

Poor unfortunate! as he truly predicted, he survived his narration but a few days; and his dying request was devoutly complied with. As a Protestant, his remains were not allowed burial within a Catholic cemetery; but he sleeps beneath the pendant branches of a weeping willow in the corner of my friend's garden—And charity and reason alike forbid us to suppose, his rest can be less sound or sweet than if laid in a more consecrated spot. His short career of suffering and frailty here found its termination in the silent oblivion of the grave. And humanity is tempted to cherish the hope, that if he

drained the cup of existence to its bitterest dregs in this changeable world, he is enjoying a recompense in a happier and a better beyond it!

TO _____

Oh! let the smile of former years
 Light up those eyes so purely bright—
 'Twill tempt me to forget that tears
 Have ever dimm'd their holy light.

Oh! let the music of thy voice
 Once more in joyous strain spring free—
 Its tones will make the heart rejoice
 Whose life-pulse throbs alone for thee.

Yes,—loved and deeply injur'd one,
 Thy griefs have wak'd a sympathy
 Within *that breast* which shrines alone
 Its warmest, purest pray'rs for thee.

Then banish from that beauteous brow
 The gathering gloom of vain regret,
 And I, while fondly gazing now,
 Will feel thou may'st be happy yet.

THE NAME OF HARRIET.

*After the manner of Lord Byron's famous Apostrophe
to the name of Mary.*

I have a *penchant* for the name of Harriet,
 Bearing its date ev'n from my boyish years,
 Slumbering on blissful memories, which carry it
 Still in my dreams embalm'd in smiles and tears,
 And strangely do I fondly hope to marry it
 At some kind future day, when fate appears
 To stay her persecuting hand, and let
 Me dream, at least, I may be happy yet.

I dearly love the name,—and never knew
 It bless a being whom I could not love,—
 The fair and fond—the gentle and the true—
 The bright and beautiful—as if to prove
 A seeming fate combining ev'ry hue
 And trait of charming feeling, far above
 All blandishment link'd with another name,
 And wanting this, seem'd common place and tame,

God's blessing on all Harriets!—from my heart
 I breathe the pray'r with fervor,—and alone
 With life can the affection—spell depart,
 Which fondly mingles with the thrilling tone
 A simple name so strangely doth impart
 To that sweet music which is all its own—
 The name so priz'd all other names above,
 Link'd with my earliest and my fondest love.

LIONEL HAMMOND.

Those heav'nly lineaments
 Glanc'd in their radiance like a flash of light
 Upon his doubting vision—yet impress'd
 Their deep remembrance on his very being ;—
 The foad but fiery cherish'd thought of them
 Was the canker-worm that ever prey'd upon
 His soul and its frail tenement, and swept
 Him in the youth of years away.

ANON.

THERE are many in the world, who profess to doubt the actual existence of that keen susceptibility of impression—that imperative sway of feeling, so frequently and so vividly portrayed in the florid details of romance ;— but allowing some little for their exaggerated emblazonment, there are numerous instances in real life from which they can be drawn, and which prove that “the poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling” and “glancing from heav'n to earth,” might, if it could brook confinement to the terrestrial realities of the latter sphere, “embody forth the form of things” curious in the annals of human passion, and give to them a justly bestowed ‘local habitation and a name’ ; and which would competently rival the tissued materials derived from the fairy fields of fiction and imagination.

Although the following delineation may appear to be highly tinctured with the extravagance of poetical feeling

and romantic perception, it is nevertheless the romance of reality—to call it such—founded on one of those occurrences which sometimes jut out from the commonplace incidents of life, and their ordinary routine, and by their singularity of character acquire a distinctive attention.—One of those luminous specks in the monotonous gloom of existence, that gleam with a melancholy yet pleasing splendour, and shed a brightened glow of sublimity on the purer attributes of our existence.

Lionel Hammond was the son of an American Loyalist, who, with many others, was driven to seek a refuge and a home in Canada, by the struggle which separated the Colonies from the mother-country. He had contrived, however, to save as much from the wreck of his property as enabled him to improve a large and advantageous tract of land, granted him by the Government in the Upper Province as a remuneration for the severe losses he had sustained by the sacrifice to which he was prompted by a patriotic attachment to his country's cause. Land at that time was, compared with its present estimation, of but little value in the Canadas; and when a grant was then made, it was generally liberal and the most beneficial situations—and such was Mr. Hammond's. And when landed property gradually became of more consideration, his estate, from the pecuniary means he possessed of adding to its worth, improved even in a more favorable ratio, and secured to him an affluent independence, to which every succeeding year made considerable addition.

About the time that he was beginning to derive benefit and ease from his toilsome exertions, he was blessed with two sons. The eldest of these was of a reserved, close disposition; and cold and spiritless in his inter-

course with those around him, formed a striking contrast to his younger brother Lionel, the subject of this sketch, and to whom as my hero, I shall particularly confine it.

He was frank, warm hearted, and generous—ardent in temperament, and enthusiastic to an extreme; but the ruling principle of his nature—its very fault indeed, was an acute susceptibility of impression, so deeply fixed in its every impulse that it could never be overcome, and which rendered him the suffering creature of an impassioned dreaming to which he lived and died a martyr. Owing partly to a then-existing deficiency in the country of the means of a public course of youthful instruction, and partially, if not principally, to that antipathy which parental fondness naturally entertains at a separation from its beloved object at so tender an age, Lionel's father had his sons' education perfected at home under the superintendence of a tutor.

This was a person perfectly adequate to the task he had undertaken; and a reciprocal satisfaction existed between him and his pupils, though the younger was somewhat wayward in his predilections. His was not the choice to pore over the dusty tomes of classical research, or to bewilder his faculties in the mazing calculations of abstruse problems;—with him they were matters of coercive study. His soul was too luxuriantly warm in its perceptions—too expansively elastic in its tone, to allow him to feel a moment's ease while picking his steps along a rugged and toilsome path, and from which he would ever diverge to catch at every wild flower that dazzled him with its fleeting hues. The deeds of martial enterprise—the heroic devotedness of love,—all that gave a colouring of romance to the distant ages of the

world he would dwell on with an avidity of delight ; but once the visionary charm was broken, a strange and deepening gloom would seem to shadow his soul, and the dreaming boy was at once changed, and his sun-bright spirit appeared engulfed and lost in the black melancholy of a misanthrope.

His home was situated in the vicinity of much wildly beautiful and stupendous scenery ; and bred up in the midst of it, its spirit was imparted to his nature, and tintured it with something of its own romantic sublimity. And unchilled—unresisted as was the impulsive excess of his feelings, they increased in their influence with his years and stature ; and while even yet a boy, he became a thing of vain imaginings—a being distinct from others, the slave of his own fond visionary speculations, and the pictured realities it embodied forth. He was a father's favorite, and no restraint was imposed on the indulgence of his every strange fancy and capricious thought.

To skim in his birchen canoe over the translucent bosom of his native lake, and suspended in its clear waters, in the sweet stillness of evening to commit the soft tones of his flute to the passing and gentle breeze, to be wafted along to the distant shores ; and the superstitious woodman, though hungered and weary, would retard his homeward steps ; and listening with a fearful pleasure to the floating melody, fancy it to be the voice of some water spirit in its holy chaunt ;—and the wild deer, as it timidly stole forth from its leafy home to taste the cool waters of the lake, would start when the soothing sounds swept past it in the wind, and, as if loth to quit the sweet enchantment, would linger in returning to its

native solitudes—to recline on the banks of some gurgling stream, or beneath the shade of some lofty tree and absorbed in the sunny fictions of an ideal world, portray some fair form in all the warm colouring of a youthful imagination, till the lovely vision clung to his soul with an intensity of interest which its reality could scarcely have inspired—To participate in all the joys and sorrows—the extremes of empassioned bliss or hopeless misery having date and existence alone but in the creation of the novelist.—These were his sole enjoyments—and I might add employment, until that period of his dreaming existence was attained, when a father's solicitude deemed it an incumbent duty to call the attention of its object to the prospect of his future destination in life.

Lionel was ever particularly addicted to the historical relation of Naval prowess—a propensity which gave him a decided inclination for a seafaring life. His resolve jarred with his father's wishes; but he acceded to his son's choice of a profession—and the latter was placed in his country's navy with every possible advantage in the prospect of its service.

The bustling roughness of a sailor's life abated much, it is true, of the ostensible romance of his disposition; but though it sparkled but seldom now, the fire at heart was still unquenched—decayed nothing in fervor and little in effect—It was only smouldering there, and ready to blaze again at the first kindling excitement.

Lionel Hammond was not handsome—that is in the eyes of a coxswain's connoisseur in dandyish proportions; but his figure was tall, rather inclined to the robust, and decidedly manly in its contour—the expression of his

face was the same; and the dark flashing eye, 'the index of the soul within,' that was in despite of its occasional fire, at times as meltingly tender as a loving girl's, and the sweet soft cast of a dimpled mouth and chin characterized a countenance that a woman or a physiognomist would turn to gaze upon with delight.

After much and severe service in various quarters of the world, Lionel was promoted to a lieutenantcy in a frigate on the Halifax station, and which was detached to cruise off the banks of Newfoundland for French privateers, which were then of considerable annoyance to our fishing trade.

He had been on this station but a short time, when one day two strange sail hove in sight, to which immediate chase was given. On coming up with them, they were found to be an enemy's ship, in company with a prize she had taken.

A severe engagement ensued, and was continued for some time with great vigour on each side, until the Frenchman was grappled, and a boarding party headed by young Hammond leaped from their nettings on his deck. Here the contest was desperate; and a pitch of the sea freeing both ships from their lashings, Lionel and his brave associates were left alone and unsupported in the midst of their infuriated enemies. The struggle was sanguinary but brief. Nothing dismayed at his perilous situation, he led his men gallantly on; and animated by his example, and excited to a state of desperation by their accidental abandonment, they drove their opposers from one end of their vessel to the other, and ultimately below.

It was just at this critical moment that one of the sur

living officers—the French Captain being killed early in the engagement, and most of his officers disabled in its progress—who had commanded the now captured ship, advanced towards Hammond, who, bidding him surrender and receiving no answer in return, raised his cutlass to cut him down, but lowering it on seeing him make a motion as if to tender his sword, he was put off his guard, and the weapon of his treacherous enemy was instantly plunged into his body and he fell senseless on the deck.

The work of death had ceased—the din of roaring canon, the fiendlike shouts of an enraged enemy and the exulting cheers of their victors were alike hushed; and the occurrences of the past conflict would have seemed like the harrowing incidents of a troubled dream, but for the long deep groans of bodily anguish that rose at times from those who had the least reason for forgetfulness, from the wounds received in the recent vindictive encounter.

As the faint sigh which Lionel drew, as his wandering senses were slowly returning to life and consciousness, was repeated as soft and sadly by some person near him, his opening eye rested on a countenance that bent over his in an expressive agony of interest and suspense. And that countenance was so angelically beautiful, so heavenly in its mild and delicate expression, that his scarcely renovated faculties were bewildered at the bright vision, which, believing he was now an inhabitant of the spiritual world, he deemed a sister spirit come to welcome his entrance into its happy abodes. He essayed to speak, but nature from her great exhaustion was not competent to the effort—yet taking the hand that slightly prest his throbbing temples, and pressing it to his bleed-

ing bosom, he cast one wildly energetic glance on the lovely object before him—for a moment his gaze was fixed,—it was a convulsive concentration of his soul and being in a brief, yet intense contemplation of the transcendent beauty that hung over him—the exertion was too great for enfeebled humanity, and he again sank into a state of insensibility.

Lionel Hammond was deservedly a favorite with all ranks in the ship, and every attention that could be used was shewn and applied to his recovery; and which was partially effected after a lingering of many months on the threshold of the grave, for his wound was of a severe and baffling description—I say partially, because the subsequent period of his existence was little more than a continued convalescence. And though his frame gradually acquired a portion of its former vigour, his intellect never recovered its pristine elasticity.

The mental effervescence of his nature had been volatile and uncontrolled, and had hitherto rioted in a wasting excess; but it was for the want of some settled object on which to fix its rapturous dreaming—that object was now found and it wandered no more. Softened down to a placid enthusiasm, yet powerfully intense in its seeming serenity, like the calm surface of metal in the furnace which is all fire beneath, his soul unceasingly dwelt upon it with a hallowed and quiet devotion, yet, in reality, so fervid as to absorb and consume in itself all other feeling and excitement.

His anxious and frequent enquiry after the transient vision whose brightness flashed upon him but to identify her remembrance with his every thought and dream, enveloped the circumstance of its occurrence in an unsa-

tisfactory and mysterious uncertainty. The vessel captured by the French ship, and which was retaken by the surrender of the latter, was a merchantman bound from Boston to the Thames. The only passengers in her were a single family, and a young lady who under its protection was on her voyage to England. They were, when their ship was made a prize, removed into the French man-of-war, possibly for the purpose of enlivening the society of their brilliant captors. When the British flag was hoisted in the conquered ship, and the victors were reinforced from their own, their heroic young leader was lifted from among the dead and dying of his own and the adverse party into the vessel's cabin : and it was in the intermediate space of time between the close of the battle and the arrival of the frigate's surgeon, that Hammond experienced a temporary revival from his death-like swoon, and beheld the loveliness that interested itself so deeply in his situation—It was the young lady passenger before mentioned, one of the now liberated prisoners.

She was too deeply interested in the issue of the conflict, not to overcome the timidity of her sex so far as to snatch a fearful and hasty glance at its progress, through a carelessly barricadoed window of the state cabin, in which she and her associates in captivity, were placed for security from danger previous to the commencement of the battle. She beheld the desperate heroism of her deliverer and its eventful success ; and had also seen the treacherous act beneath which he fell in the moment of his triumph. With a heart in which gratitude was lavishly mingled with a thousand softly dawning sensations, she eagerly watched the returning pulses of life, and

with her own fair trembling hand, had staunched the crimson tide of life that flowed from his bosom;—and it was while thus employed that the object of such tender solicitude gazed on her for a few short moments, to form, as it were, an epoch in his being.

On the day following that of the recapture, the Captain of the Merchant-ship being put in possession of it once more, proceeded with his passengers on his voyage; and from existing circumstances, from them little knowledge was sought after or acquired in regard to any subsequent interest in their fate.

As was remarked before, Lionel partially recovered from the effects of his wound; but his complete restoration to health, from its severity, was questionable. Being much debilitated in frame, and also given to an abstraction of thought which alike now entirely unfitted him for either the bodily or mental exertion incident to the duties of his profession, he retired on the Half-pay list; and returned to the home of his childhood in his native land.

I will pass over the months and years numbered by this victim to a romantic passion, for what to him was scarcely more than the idle phantom of a dream.—Day after day went unheedingly by, and brought nothing to divert his thoughts for a moment from that on which memory had fixed them forever. His parents—kindred—friends,—all who had known him in boyhood, frank, lighthearted, and free as the wind, even in his phantasmical disposition, beheld the sad contrast with heartfelt regret. They were inclined to impute it to that diseased melancholy of mind—the attribute of a hypochondriac;—but, alas! they were much mistaken in the conclusion.

They would try every little means to amuse and engage his attention at whiles, and sometimes with apparent success. A smile would light up his pale brow—his languid frame would experience a transient exhilaration—he would struggle with himself to please those whom he saw were doing so much for his sake—But it was merely a forced exertion :—A something would flash upon him like lightning, and be as instantaneous in effect, The lambent expression of his features would vanish—for a few moments his eye would brighten and fix its keen glance on vacancy, as if in earnest contemplation of some indistinct object—and then deaden, and become vague in its expression as before—his voice would falter, and he again was lost in an apathetical reverie.

His fond mother would hang with affectionate solicitude over this, her favorite son ;—and when, as in a kind of waking slumber, he would convulsively start and wildly exclaim, “ I have seen her once more,” she would feelingly enquire—“ Seen who, my child ?”—He would look steadfastly in her face for awhile, as if to pity her unavailing attempt to alleviate his sorrow ; and then a silent flood of tears would gush forth to allay the fevered excitement of his burning brain.—At times he would rouse himself ; and his sole and favorite occupation then was to sketch roughly with a pencil. He would cover whole sheets of paper, but it was ever with the same subject—the delineation of a female face ;—and in this peculiar employment he would pass hours, or until his accustomed dreaming stupor came on.—There was another peculiarity in this mental malady—as indeed it was—that strangely characterized its nature. Whenever a stranger of that sex, to an individual of which he was so in-

tensely bound by memory, was introduced to his notice, —he would start up, and contemplate the lineaments of her countenance with a wild sternness of manner, that, to an indifferent observer would seem the maddened glance of raving insanity ;—but the fierceness of his gaze would instantly relax into a mournful softness of expression—and turning away, would exclaim “it is not her” in a low despairing tone of voice, hurried and broken; but yet so sadly sweet, that few of those whom he addressed in this way but were much affected—many of them even to tears.

Human nature could not endure this long. His strength and spirits, feeble and depressed as they were, were decreasing rapidly—when a change of air and situation was recommended.—Lionel’s mother had a sister married to an affluent merchant in Philadelphia; and to her care she therefore consigned him—for awhile, hoping that a diversity of incident would divert in some degree the gloomy depression that preyed upon him.—It was of trivial effect.—His was the hidden fever of the mind that no exterior means could assuage,—the insanity of the soul that could not be soothed into a less extravagant temperament.

Lionel Hammond had been an inmate of his kinswoman’s house for some weeks; when on the day her eldest daughter completed her thirteenth year, she gave a little family *fete* to celebrate the circumstance.—The invitations to participate in which extended to a few of her neighbours and their families.—After a day of festivity and happy enjoyment, the mimic ballroom was lighted up, and almost as immediately filled by the delighted ‘fairy-footed throng’ for whose recreation it was design-

ed.—Lionel, at the earnest desire of his aunt, who was affectionately attentive to him, and to the means of cheering away his habitual despondency, consented to her placing him in the retired recess of a window; where she hoped he would derive some pleasure from the busy gaiety and brilliancy of the scene. It did produce something of the effect she wished;—but the evident though abstracted species of satisfaction he displayed,—from that instinctive sympathy inherent to the external sympathies of our nature, which compels us to be gay or gloomy according to the hilarity or depression around us,—would be checked and overcast, whenever, as was often the case, some lovely form came near,—and with an eye beaming compassion, and in accents the most soft and engaging, enquire how he felt himself.

The conjecture which could alone be drawn from the exterior symptoms of his malady, concentrated itself in the definite and general opinion that love—unhappy love, was the wasting ailment—It was enough to impress every female bosom in his favour.—All was hilarity and glee; and bounding feet were fast chasing the glowing hours away,—when the mistress of the mansion, rather wearied with the pleasing fatigue of superintending the busy enjoyment of her juvenile guests, by way of retirement from its immediate bustle, seated herself by the side of her nephew.—Pleased to see the effect the scene appeared to produce upon his habitual listlessness, and unwilling to interrupt its duration, she turned to an elderly lady near her, the mother of several of the light hearted beings before them, and observed that she felt disappointed in the promised pleasure of her friend's company, which, from the fame of her beauty and accomplishment, she had anxiously expected.

"With regard to that" rejoined the lady, whom she addressed, "I assure you the disappointment is not confined to you alone; and I am certain my own Maria, as I usually term her, is not in fault, whatever may be the cause."—"As you have frequently expressed your interest in a person of whom you know nothing but by hearsay, grant me a few minutes of your attention, and I will give you a slight outline of her little history."

"Maria Austin is the daughter of an old schoolfellow of mine who married for love; and as is usually the case with most matches of the description, incurred the displeasure of her kindred by doing so. The object of her choice was in worldly possessions far beneath what they had anticipated in a husband for her—poor fellow! his poverty was his only fault.—He was a young Englishman of a family more respectable than wealthy; and with what little means could be afforded from the parental stock, had emigrated to this country to try his fortune amid the host of adventurers who were daily swarming to it."

"The narrowness of his circumstances was, as I before said, his almost only fault. He was handsome, well tempered, and well informed—in short every thing that could please or win upon the affections of those who knew him—but he was poor.—He was not long in America, when he chanced to be introduced to my friend—a reciprocal attachment took place,—and was followed by a clandestine union."

"They went to reside in the Southern States, where Maria was born. In a few years her father died: The unhealthiness of the climate, and the indulgent excesses peculiar to it, his constitution could not support,—and he

became their victim. The disconsolate widow with the little Maria returned to reside among her friends, who had relented of their former harshness towards her.—But she soon followed the loved one who had gone before her to the grave; and with her dying breath bequeathed her child to my care, and the guardianship of my husband. The little property possessed by her parents at their marriage was much improved; and secured a decent competence to Maria, and at least placed her above total dependence.—We reared and educated her with our own children—and indeed she was and is to us as one of them,—and being naturally gifted with a fine understanding, its cultivation was fruitful in the extreme. Believe me, the accounts you have heard of her are not in the least exaggerated; for she is no less beautiful in person than accomplished in mind.—About five years ago, which was just before we came to reside in this city, and when Maria had attained her nineteenth year—a sister of her fathers, who had long been a widow, and possessed an affluent income, wrote over to us, ardently intreating a compliance with the request for her niece to go to England and reside with her, being infirm and alone. Maria left it to our decision; and much as we loved her, and loath as we felt to part with one so dear to us, yet the imperative duty which obligated us to forego nothing that might tend to her welfare, as this promised to do, induced us to bear with a separation of at least a few years.—In the letters I received from time to time from the aunt, she complained that Maria, tenderly affectionate and dutiful as she was, and attentive to her many wants and caprices,—and which she assured me were not a few—that she appeared to be

strangely melancholy, and was evidently unhappy, and from what cause she could never prevail upon her to disclose."

"The spirit of her own letters to us sufficiently indicated this—but we thought it strange; for though she was of an enthusiastic disposition, she was far from being saturnine. Her aunt departed this life some six or seven months ago, and rewarded her niece's care by bequeathing to her the whole of her fortune. After settling her affairs she left England, and landed in her native soil but a few weeks back. I was in New York when she arrived; and in my opinion she was much altered. Her countenance and figure were much emaciated; and though a faint glow suffused her pale cheek, I was convinced it was the hectic implanted by some secret care."

"She would have immediately accompanied me home, but some particular business relative to the property left to her, rendered it indispensably necessary she should remain in the Capital for a time. She is, however, to accompany my husband home, who has been absent you know on some commercial business relative to our great Western Canal. I expected her to-day, and that she would have made one of your guests, but from some unknown cause she has disappointed me in my wishes."

The lady had scarcely finished speaking, when a carriage drove up to the door, and both were immediately after summoned out.—

The lights—the music—and the gay tripping of the sylph-like forms that twinkled in the mazy evolutions of the dance before him, had, as was previously remarked, produced a slightly cheering effect upon the desponding Hammond—and, he seemed to be pleased, if not happy.

A young lady who had taken her place in a set formed near him, made some enquiry of her partner in a low tone of voice; and on a reply in the same indistinct accent, with the heedless exclamation of "and he is then dying of a broken heart, poor soul!" uttered with an unfeeling levity of manner, she turned to gaze with an unrestrained coarseness of curiosity upon him who had called it forth.—Her unfeeling conduct disgusted those who observed it—and they were many;—and its singularity even forced itself on the customary apathetical perception of the unfortunate Lionel. It jarred with a harshness on the awaking chords of a heart which had been so long unstrung and dormant, and dispelled the reviving influence of the scene around him.

He withdrew his eyes from the brilliant throng, and from her who had so thoughtlessly marred his enjoyment of its gaiety; and sinking his head upon his hand, was again absorbed in the unwavering depth of his reflections.—He continued in this attitude and state, until roused from both by the tones of his aunt's voice, who had entered with the expected stranger.

"My dear Lionel, allow me to introduce Miss Austin to your acquaintance,"—was repeated twice, ere he was conscious he was spoken to, or by whom he was addressed. He raised his head—a lady in deep mourning stood beside his relative.—A lustre near him, whose brilliant light had been hitherto partially obscured by the waving drapery of the window, and had left him in a depth of shadow, freed by a gush of air from the obstructive curtain, suddenly flashed upon his features and also upon hers.

That steadfast and soul-absorbing glance—that trem-

ulous shriek of mingled despair and joy,—as fast clasped in each other's embrace, they sank senseless into the arms of those around—What were they?—They were in one the effect of the sudden realizing of an impassioned dream, after a lapse of years spent in the fond imaginings of its feverish illusion—The overcharged excess of a soul worn down and weakened with the ravages of a more than mortal passion.

In the other—it was the impulse of a tender and devoted love, long cherished and hopeless; and which after its long vigil of doubtful expectancy, was overpowered at beholding its object in the wasted victim before it—the overflowing of a woman's heart loving to distraction she knew not whom—but loving still in the deep shadowed loneliness of her heart's fond retrospection.

The last week of Lionel Hammond's life—and he lived but that short space of time after this strange meeting—he seemed but to exist in the contemplation of the features of that countenance, on the memory of which he had dwelt and suffered so much and so long.—Its lovely possessor, from the peculiar circumstances which characterized their first meeting, felt her heart disposed to sympathize with and pity the deplorable case of him who had such strong claims on her gratitude. This feeling soon gave place to one more tender; and which, combined as it was with the romantic mysteriousness of their short lived personal acquaintance, and his subsequent doubtful fate, tinged her after life with a softened melancholy that preyed deeply upon her. And when after she had again beheld him, the particulars of his abstracted devotion to her memory were made known to her, it stamped her passion with the same intensity which had marked his as its ruling principle.

She acceded to his last request of being united by the holiest of earthly ties in this, as a preparative to that indissoluble union which would be their lot in a happier world.—It was on a fine calm evening,—every thing in nature seemed serene and happy ; when, in the presence of a few relatives and friends, the marriage ritual took place. Lionel's strength appeared renovated for the occasion—and he stood by her who was about to become his forever, without support or assistance. His eye beamed with an unusual lustre, and an expressive animation wildly played across his features.—The last blessing was pronounced that closed the much wished for rite,—and he turned to clasp to his throbbing bosom as his own, the being who had concentrated its every feeling in herself—his head drooped,—they thought he had fainted, and flew to his aid—their efforts were of no avail—his soul in the fullness of its bliss had fled to heaven !

TO _____

“ O think not of him” !

Oh! think not of him—who so gaily dissembles
 In smiles the deep passion which preys on his heart,
 And fitfully starts to the life-pulse which trembles
 In homage to thee,—all beloved as thou art—
 Oh! yes,—it were better by far he should shun thee—
 The light of thy looks for the gloom of despair,
 Ere the madness which tortures his bosom brings on thee
 The doom of a sorrow thou never may'st share.

Oh! think not of him, when the harp-string is sounding
 Spells over soul-breathing numbers of thine,—
 Or yet, when the light step of beauty is bounding
 To measures of joy that would seem half divine!—
 Then—let not a stray dream of him rise before thee,
 To darken a moment thy gaze on the scene,
 Let his be the sorrow, unknown, to adore thee,
 The deep, silent frenzy, unpitied—unseen.

Oh! think not of him,—or the madness he cherish'd,
 The wrong of his heart's dark offending to thee,
 Far better its dreams were all blighted and perish'd,
 Then waking wild fancies which never can be—
 Forget him as thou wouldst the fate of a stranger,
 Nor let a remembrance of him ere entwine
 With aught, save thy prayers for his soul's deepest danger;
 The sin of his heart's wild devotion to thine.

TO _____

I know not how that thus my lute,
 Whose voice once breath'd in tones of glee,
 Now seems so sadly hush'd and mute,
 Or wakes alone to tears and thee.

And when I look into the pure
 Angelic light of those dark eyes,
 Within mine own I'm strangely sure
 To find the gathering grief-drops rise.

It is to feel how thy young heart
 Hath suffer'd in its earliest spring,—
 How joy and hope have dwelt apart
 From love and thee, thou beauteous thing :

Yes, lovely still—as flow'rs that bloom
 More beautiful when day is fled,
 And all their sweetest, best perfume
 Is to the evening twilight shed.

And through the gloom of sorrow's night,
 So shading that pale brow of thine,
 Those tearful eyes beam forth a light
 As from some fair and holy shrine.

Oh! thou art lov'd—I know not how
 Such madness to my heart is given—
 Beyond aught else of life below
 The bright and burning stars of heaven.

A Leaf from the Koran of a Bachelor.

MODERN COURTSHIP.

To begin,—we will select a pretty faced, tight-laced, small waisted girl, who goes gigling along the street, fancying every one she meets is in love with her; and who is all smiles and simpering at a “tea-and-turn-out” concern, and all action and attraction at an evening hop. I use this latter term in preference, as my black slavey Congo, regularly patronizes a *ball*, twice a month.

Then for the male biped—Shall it be a long, shambling, round-shouldered, lanthorn-jawed, caricature of God’s image, dependent for his *soi-disant* influence with the fair, on the strength of a tolerable coat, the tie of a cravat, or the trim of a ruffianly whisker,—or perhaps, his peculiar tact of grinning a smile, or murdering a stanza of some favourite song, while his long, hairy, bony, freckled digits are jerking pieces of pasteboard round him, in his capacity of dealer at a card table—No, we will not take such an “affliction to the stomach of humanity” as this.—

It shall be a smock-faced, whiskerless, caky, pudding-cheeked boy of twenty, going it hard for distinguishment in smashing defenceless lamps, and twisting off inoffensive knockers, and sundry similar daring exploits, diversified occasionally with a sound kicking from a watchman—which last being of such trivial note, is entirely omitted in the narration of nocturnal ‘spree’ by this puling amateur of Tom-and-Jerryism.—This being our

man,—the lady first hears of him as coupled with some immensely important affair of daring that has lately taken place,—perhaps, such as seizing an old crippled watchman in a by-lane, and obliging him to eat the candle in his lanthorn—the informant to “the listening ear of curious woman” is her brother, or may be her cousin, a crony of the hero’s.

An introduction takes place, to the delight of all parties. The youth takes manifest pleasure as well as merit to himself, in his relation of sundry acts of blackguardism; and withal, possessing that just portion of self conceit, as leads him to believe in the possibility of the lying tales of his success among the women, he is perpetually and brazenly recounting to his companions—it may be judged that his want of diffidence does not intrude too particularly in this, his first positive essay at lovemaking. When away we go,—such sighing, and crying, and dying on the lady’s part, and such feeling, and kneeling, on his.—Such melting glances from her blue eyes, and such goggling returns from his.—And hands are slyly squeezed,—and what I honor the fellow for from my heart, for being the spirited thing—tasting her pouting lips behind the window-curtain, when Pa or Ma are out of the room, and little sister Ellen is playing with the cat on the sofa. Such an affectation of mystery too—for a confidant is resorted to by Miss, and who, it is likely, being a quiet sensible girl, laughs passively in her sleeve at the game that is playing.—Then letters are left under the window blinds, or thrown up with a leaden weight into her chamber window. Pa pops on one of these latter evidences against, as he terms it, “the honour of his family!” A row takes

place in the best parlour, the next time the lover makes his anxious visit—Miss is sent off, pouting and sobbing, to her room—Ma says nothing, but looks black as the coal she is stirring in the grate, to hide her sulks at the posture of affairs, for the love business has been known and favoured by her for a length of time. Pa expresses an opinion of the young man to his face, that not being particularly equivocal, brings forth a replication, that is followed by a cuffing match between the father and his hopeful, self-intended, son in law, the finale of which is the ejection of our gay Lothario out of doors, with his daylight in a very proper mourning for the death of all his hopes from the ‘beast of a father.’

And after a time the lovers meet in secrecy;—and again, and again, they meet through the kind manoeuvring of the kitchen-maid, who has been promised a spick and span new yellow calico gown, with a large pattern—being her heart’s delight, as the baker’s man “as sarves the house with bread” swears she is pretty,—Pa goes some where on business; and Ma is a kind good soul—And the short of the matter is—the precious pair bolt off and are married. And then, such a honey moon—ye gods and little fishes!—And a few months, and pouting and whimpering begins;—and then a beautiful lip is swoln with little bites of vexation; and discontent clouds deeply in eyes that now look with a jaundiced hue on the probable causes of late hours, and smiles, and nods, and winks of recognition—that pass between certain people and her ‘soul’s dear partner’ in places of public resort. Recrimination, unjust in itself, is very soon the order of both day and night;—hints are given and taken with a like asperity—And thus things go on from month to

month. The gentleman, it has been long obvious to all, has not cared a fig for his wife all the while—and glories in shewing you how dashing a rake can be made out of the materials of a married man.—The Lady, poor thing, is left to “droop and languish so lost and lone”—but she is more beautiful now, because she is more interesting from the destitution of her lot—And some handsome, or what is far more dangerous, an insinuating scoundrel is thrown by the devil in her way—And a blackened tale urges on, and, as possibly,—a more blackened fate awaits the speed of an infamy, that alas! but too frequently caps the climax of many a wamby-pamby Modern Courtship.

SNOW-SHOES.

Go sell your shirt—pawn off your batter'd watch,
 Turn tinker with your buttons—any thing
 That smacks of honest thrift, to raise the wind,
 To buy a pair of Snow-Shoes.—

Tr. of an Indian MSS.

Few things are more common at this season of the year, than to hear people complaining of the tedium of winter times, and of a sluggish *ennui* that seems to clog around the very wheels of existence. It is very fine, no doubt, to hear of balls, and plays, and *soirées*, and the thousand other "means and appliances" brought to bear upon the crippled speed of the veteran with the hour-glass, urging his tardy flight over this region of frost and snow, during our lengthy, keen, and blustering nights; and also of tandem and random driving by day, with the attendant chances of dislocation of the back-bone in *cahots* by the 'mark seven' in depth—and sundry other evils sleigh-riding is 'heir to.' This is very well, but we cannot all move in the latitude of quadrille, guinea loo, or 'coming the pretty thing' in the *amateur* line, whether it be before the curtain or behind, or behind a grand piano; nor can we 'each and every one of us' handle the ribbons behind a shambling pair of 'roarers,' and do tandem to both the amusement as well as terrification of His Majesty's pedestrian subjects.

Want of taste—of the requisite *caste*!—of that essential in the shape of credit, which goes farther with a man

than the *dibs* themselves—being ‘down on the flat’—‘hard up for a while,’—‘cleaned out,’ possibly—‘dumb-founded at a shine’—‘no go at another shave,’ and regularly at a dead set with Mounsiour Tick—in short, being slap-dash driven to nonplus point, or in plainer words—sent to the devil! I quote these latter possibilities, if a fellow has been ‘cutting a little too high’; but if not, other motives and disqualifications may be adduced, for a man’s not blearing his eyes out, blasting his constitution, or dissipating his money in a world of wax-lights, fancy dancing, or more fanciful squalling; or breathing an eternal atmosphere of cards, candlelight, and coffee. If you can exist in the routine of such a life,—why well; do so if you will;—but if you cannot, you are to be pitied—for what resource is there left from the misery of so hard and destitute a fate?

You are of a studious disposition—How pleasant it is to pore over a book for hours together, with the wood in the stove singing dolefully in time with the deep bass of your own occasional snoring; and then you sneak off to bed half frozen; and when there scarcely a half hour, alarming the house by repeatedly bawling out “Murder!” “Fire! &c.”—from an oppressive night-mare, the product of a dinner stufocation on an unexercised system.

Are you a dandy, an exquisite, and a lady killer—tramp the round of a few paltry streets from morn till night, displaying your latest new caparison to the same set of gazers, till the cut of your coat has been analyzed for the twentieth time by every tailor’s ‘trot’ in the place;—ogle the same set of quizzing faces at each milliner’s window so often, that at last your presence on the *paré* is quite merely recognized with a passive

“Here comes ‘lath and plaster,’” or “little dumpling,”—or some such similar *non de fantasé* by way of distinction, to let the tittering girls in the back shop know you are on the accustomed beat.—Crawl on in this listless, worthless, attenuating mode of existence, varied only by the dribbling debauch at night over sandwiches and weak negus—till at last you become such an object, that any sturdy stump of an urchin, just let loose from the thralldom of birch and syntax at mid-day, will turn to and absolutely and positively, ‘mill your jacket,’ if you chance to kick his top or marbles in a direction that does not exactly suit or please the whim of little bully—there is no false painting in this, for the picture is *dead coloured from the life*, and I am constrained to say materials of the description can be picked up at every corner.

Are you spindle shanked,—hatched-faced,—snipe built,—short winded,—and crabbed and crusty as the devil. Or, are you bolster-legged,—pudding cheeked,—squatty made,—thick-breathed as a cracked organ bellows, and as plethoric and morose as that cursed thing, a lady’s favourite cur of a lap dog?—

If you wish to get your calves (of your lower man F mean) into killing order—if you covet the happy possession of a face that savours not of a charnel house in contour and hue—if you have the slightest idea of measuring twenty one and three quarters over the bread basket, three feet across between your shoulder blades, and but sixteen and a fraction by your Schneider’s measure just above the hips—If you wish to place your lungs upon such an establishment as will enable you to run a mile up hill without a single stop, and when at the top of it, to sing Patrick’s day in the morning with variations, ac-

ording to its latest set, without missing a single trill or grace in the cadenza—If you at all covet the muscle and capability of either giving or taking a ‘flooer’ from a friend or foe, with the pith of a man and the bearing of a gentleman—If you esteem cheerfulness of both soul and body, a mind unclouded, sunny, and bright, and competent to any undertaking—in short, and in *de facto* to sum up the question in its briefest condensation—if you possess a wish to be of that peculiar frame of body, with sinews, and muscle, and nerve, so firmly and beautifully knit together, that little can affect and less shake them asunder; and you feel in your every day experience of life, that you, at least, are respected and unmolested by those whose maxim it is ‘to drive the weaker to the wall,’—and you stand in the pride of your nature “a strong man before the people,” a trait of physical character which even the allwise and mighty Solomon has so frequently touched upon. And woman too, who loves so fondly and with such devotion—from the weakness of a nature which prompts her to cling with an indistinctive energy of hope and affection to him who affords her the protection of his stern, unbending strength—for her sake, for whom you would dare so much, and to ensure you the capability of defending her, is it not worth the cost of some little exertion?

Few of my readers, I am well aware from the context of my essay, but are by this time in a state of rampant enthusiasm in regard to the effect I have laboured to prove,—it is high time to touch, simply if possible, on the plain, the certain, and the unpretending cause—Go to, and buy you a pair of Snow-Shoes!

Yes, true—that all this and much more may be attain-

ed by a continued perseverance in this most delightful of all exercises. But recollect that to do the thing properly, you must have a befitting costume for the pursuit. The expence of a 'fit out' is a mere *bagatelle*—even including an extravagantly stylish pair of Snow-Shoes—(not the turned up kind, for they are exclusively used by the cits in back yards and by-places, and an Indian flouts at them)—the whole cost is a sheer nothing. But none of your leather coats to keep you a whole day encased in the steaming atmosphere of your own exhalation—Paugh! upon the very idea! Get a good blanket *capôt* lined all throughout with strong shaloon, and with a hood similarly trimmed. It is as well to have it cut across the waist, it fits better to the shape, and meets the girdle—no silk sash or *céinture*, as is foolishly worn, for you draw them into a rope by tightening them on, and they hurt you—a good broad, caribou belt and buckle, for it is soft and keeps you quite compact and snug about the power region. You must have either red, blue, or blanket leggings, trimmed with the same edging as your *capôt*, with straps to the front button of your braces, and to fall in full wrinkles down over a good moose mocassin. This with caribou mittens, plain as your mocassins, and a soft fox, or racoon skin skull-cap, with the tail of the animal pendant for ornament, and which from its shape easily admits the hood over it in stormy weather—and should you wish to be quite the thing—killing to the last degree—dash a little vermilion on either cheek, and you are the *ne plus ultra* of perfectibility and beauty in your adopted garb.—I leave it to the fascinating Julia ——— of Quebec, or the lovely Caroline ——— of Montreal, whose opinion I would love to quote here from the fact

of their being the "handsomest of the many" within twenty miles around them, whether the numerous Sunday beaux who pass in weakly review before them, possess half the tact of impression, in all their finery of bróadcloth and tiptop fashionable *toggery*, that is attendant on the costume I have described—the proper, real, and only dress of a downright *amateur* of *la belle raquette*.

To conclude, though the expression is a strong one, in a few years, a man may as well be a non-entity—a very walking thread paper in this land of snowstorms and frosty winds, as not to be a proficient in this beautiful accomplishment, as I am confidently informed the ladies intend to patronize it by their own practice, and then, it is easily foreseen we poor men will have nothing left us but to stride into their little hearts on a pair of

SNOW-SHOES.

TO FLORANTHE.

(Written in a blank page of Lalla Rookh.)

Sweet girl, I know thee not—save by a dream
 Of light and life identified with thee,
 And thoughts of years long vanish'd—for they seem
 Once more to weave their specious imagery
 Around a heart that strangely woos a theme
 Which still is dear, ev'n while it is to me
 Madness to feel that dark and hopeless pain,
 I fondly hoped I ne'er should know again.

I know thee not,—save by a sunny brow,
 And sunnier eyes' soft beaming, which I see
 In all their melting light before me now,
 As when I fix'd my fervid gaze on thee—
 That burning glance—It turned, I know not how,
 My idlest dreaming to reality,—
 As in my soul's deep passion I then felt
 I could have kneel'd, and worship'd as I knelt.

Sweet girl, I know thee not,—yet should thine eye
 O'er these warm, glowing pages ever stray,
 Know that a stranger-heart hath learn'd to sigh
 In anguish at its own dark, devious way
 Thro' this cold world,—to feel how dear the tie
 Thy beauty links around its hopes' decay—
 Ev'n while he looks his last on thee to bless
 With prayers that mock his own deep hopelessness.

LILLA'S SONG.

TO _____

Oh! couldst thou sing as Lilla sung,
Fair lady, I would list to thee,
But ev'ry other lute seems strung
In discord and despair to me.

Yet, do I not condemn thy skill,
Whose witching sweetness must impart
Its tender touch of feeling still
To all—but my poor torpid heart.

For I had fondly learn'd to cling
To that wild theme, which seem'd to move
My Lilla's gentle voice and string
In one unceasing song of love.

For ever as that strain she sung,
Her flashing eye told how she knew
And felt the fire which strangely flung
Its fever o'er the list'ner too.

And voice and charming lute are gone,
Yet shrin'd within my soul's deep cell
Is memory of her song—the one
I only lov'd; and lov'd too well.

And often doth its numbers steal
In dreams from yon celestial spheres,

And then I wildly wake to feel
Reality in burning tears.

Alas!—I know 'tis idly vain
To breathe a grief like this to thee,—
Yet, Lady,—can thy dulcet strain
Match Lilla's song of love to me ?

Oh ! no, thou lov'd and beauteous thing,
The voice of music can impart
No tone to touch a kindred string
Of feeling in a blighted heart.

SONG,—FOR MUSIC.

Oh ! heed them not—the idle throng,
Light hearted and unfeeling,
But list thee, dearest, to the song
Which from my lips is stealing—
That song is all of one true heart
Within this bosom swelling
With love that fondly lives apart
From all but thee, dear Ellen,

From all but thee—thou cherish'd one,
Life's loadstar ever beaming
New joy—as still 'tis shining on,
To cheer with happiest dreaming,—

To wake my glowing soul to bliss,
When dark cares are rebelling
Within a heart as fond as this—
So much thine own, sweet Ellen.

And should'st thou doubt I am sincere,
Oh! know it by this token,
My trembling voice, while thou art near,
Seems strangely hushed and broken;—
And thus tis passion e'er denies
True love the power of telling,—
Then let your heart judge from mine eyes,
How much I love thee Ellen.

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THE TUSCAN PEASANT GIRL.

I had been but a few days in Florence, when, one morning as I was idly lounging away my time in a coffee-house—I had seen all the lions of the place years before—a smart tap on the shoulder, with a kind “Ah! my dear fellow, is it you—is it possible you are here?” roused me from a rather somnolent position, and quite dissipated a delightful reverie in which I had been indulging in respect to the pretty widow of an Officer of the Ecclesiastical Guard, whom I had met under somewhat shy circumstances in Rome a month before, and more oddly still, found her now a lodger in the same hotel with myself. It was strange, I thought; but vanity had its full share in such an idea, and naturally enough I drew conclusions that——are at present perfectly irrelevant to the subject in hand.

“And who would have thought it!” I exclaimed, as I wrung rather than shook the emaciated hand held out to me—“to see Jack Wilson, the pride of the whistlers, the very pink of Riflemen, in a suit of sables like a downright Militia chaplain, and a phiz as chalky as a young Sub’s at his first smocking match—the lad who pnt a dozen French dandies to flight the night before we embarked at Bordeaux—do you recollect that scrape, Jack?”

“Yes, as well as I do the consequent lecture from Old Grog, our Brigadier of blessed memory—but d—m the affair! I lost the chance of a company through it, so let

it pass.—Aye, you see me a little altered, sure enough, but hard living, and one villainous bivouac in the Pyrenees has done me up—with fever in my heart, my blood, brain—I have come abroad to die. Merry England and four shillings a day did not agree either with my broken constitution or my many wants;—and I am here travelling with a hopeful brother of mine, who is collecting pictures for the gallery of some Lord Tom fool or other—his patron. You have it all now; and sick at heart as I am, my old *Bon Camarado*, with you I shall live one day again, if there is virtue in the brimming cup that embalms the memory of ‘Auld lang sine.’”

Poor fellow!—within a very few weeks after this he was laid in the chapel garden of the British Consulate at Leghorn.

Wilson, during his stay in Florence, introduced me to his brother, and by means of the latter I gained admission to the *studio* of an eminent Italian Artist. He had lately painted a picture for which large sums had been offered him in vain; for he would not part with it, so much was he fascinated by the splendid production of his own genius—It was a matter of favour to see the work, and I felt complimented in having it conferred on me.

The subject was a simple one—a Peasant girl resting with her pitcher beside a fountain. The garb in which she was arrayed was of course homely, and the minor keeping of the composition common place;—but it was the transcendent beauty of the female portrayed that gave this picture its peculiar charm and the consequent high celebrity attached to it.

I have stood for hours before this fine specimen of that

noble art which can almost impart a Promethean-like existence to the works of its creation, and give the breathing of life to its spell-fraught delineations. This was beauty, concentrating in itself all that the fondest and most glowing fancy could imagine, or the heart feel of woman's loveliness—the very *beau ideale* of the soul's dreaming materialized.

And yet in my mention of this picture, taken from the life; for exquisite as it seemed, it was, as the artist expressed himself, but a faint copy of the original—the question of what my individual opinion as well as that of the admiring crowds who daily thronged to behold it—I observe, the question will naturally be asked as to which particular style of beauty it was indebted for the extraordinary effect it produced.—And female fascination bears such a variety of constructions in the world's estimation, that the real 'line of beauty' has never yet attained a definition carrying with it a principle from which comparison might be deduced. We have fine women, it is true—I mean the noble, tall, queenlike forms that we sometimes see moving past us, it might be, remarkable only for the certain admiration they attract from our sex, and which a manly heart will never compromise. And we have pretty women enough in the world, God knows!—blooming cheeks, and sparkling eyes—dimpled chins, and rosy lipped—all fascinating enough in their way, and beautiful no doubt, at least in their own opinion, where the concomitants of a proper doll are concentrated. And we have your little, fairy figured creatures, so sylph like, and so enchantingly fragile in their pretty slight proportions.—We, men, generally place them in the corners of tilburies as a fanciful relief to their lining; or

keep them, it is too frequently the case, as a prettier ornament for a bachelor's drawing room or dinner-table. With them are generally identified 'declines' and 'broken hearts,'—shame that I should speak the truth! Dumpty women, too, must be noticed; but Byron says 'I hate a dumpty woman';—and though my prejudice does not bear so deep a colouring of inveteracy as my noble lord's, yet I confess I never yet was enraptured with one.—Pretty women, and fascinating women, and charming women, sounds with a pleasing effect on the ear.—But your 'fine woman',—mind you I am speaking of the mere animal all the while—is the woman of ten thousand with us lords of the creation.—With her lies that potent spell and its powerful efficacy at which we smile when attempted by your pretty women, who also, it must be confessed, contrive to smile and simper at times with such effect.

And so much for a delectable disquisition on the *Je ne sais quoi* of female attraction; but which, absurd and disjointed as it may appear, I venture to affirm contains about as much of candid compliment as a chapter replete with all the nonsensical rhapsody about heaven, and light, and bloom, and purity, that tag off the rhymes of our legions of amatorial doggrelists.

It was a broad pale brow, with a long silky wreathing of soft black hair, I might say literally of a raven hue, that was intensely contrasted with the clear white surface on which it rested, not in modern corkscrew ringlets, but in luxuriant tresses; eyes dark, full—but not prominent, with a shade of pensiveness about them that won your sympathy and heart together. The nose slightly aquiline, the mouth beautiful but not small—

who ever found a small mouth attractive?—and lips, not the full bolster lip of a dairy maid, but the flexible even lip, tinted with its proper carnation, which so materially gives a force to expression of feeling.—And there was a form, so tall, so finely rounded—a neck and bosom so exquisitely moulded!—But I would madden over the recollection to pursue it here. Reader, should you ever visit Florence, go to the Signor Franconi, in the *Strada di Cavallo bianca*, and at one single glance you will feel more than I could inspire, were I to scribble on till doomsday.

Franconi himself, told me that the picture had its origin in the circumstance of his having seen, when on a country excursion, a peasant's daughter in the attitude therein delineated; and her extreme beauty prompted him to request her sitting to him for a portrait, and which, after much hesitation on her part, was consented to. That he vainly attempted to come up to the loveliness of the original much as was thought of his work. The girl's name he farther informed me, was Camella Sevigui; and a lady of rank having seen the picture, it interested her so much that she sought out the young Tuscanese in her homely dwelling, and materially assisting her parents in a pecuniary way, had taken her to Milan to reside with her there, with the intention of having her instructed in those accomplishments to which her exquisite beauty would prove so high an adornment.

Two years or more had passed over me subsequent to my quitting Florence; when one night in London, as I was returning with some friends from one of the Theatres, more elated and noisy than possibly we might or should have been, a rencontre with a party of others in

the same state of insubordinate gait took place. A row, with a regular 'bundling off' to a watch-house of all concerned took place as, a matter of course—I was implicated in the sufferance of this 'durance vile' as well as the rest; and I knew the only remedy was patience with my situation till the morning light, when I could send for a friend, and so be released, and take the necessary steps preparatory to my attendance at the levee of 'His Worship at Marlbro' Office.'

The riotous revellers had one and all sank around me in sleepy forgetfulness, and comparative quiet had become the inmate of the place, for it was nearly two in the morning; and I was myself beginning to feel rather inclined to take a short doze, when a bustle, created by two watchmen entering, bearing a burthen between them, roused me up and excited my curiosity.

It was the form of a female carefully enwrapped in one of their rough night-coats. They had found it extended before the stone steps which led up to a noble mansion in their beat, nearly covered with an encrustation of freezing sleet and rain—for it was winter—and apparently frozen to death. The body was laid on some benches before a large fire; and the wife of the constable of the night being at hand, she was sent for, and most humanely and assiduously was every means tried that could be thought of at the spur of the moment, to recall the spark of vitality, fast becoming extinct in the object before us but without effect.

I had drawn away the cape of the watch coat from her face, and gazed for a moment on its cold and stiffened features, beautiful even amid their distortion—I started, for I never beheld a countenance, altered as it was, like

that before me but one—and that was never forgotten for a moment. Was I mistaken—or how was it that my steadfast scrutiny carried conviction the more to my bosom—Yes, it was the resplendent being whose linear and inanimate resemblance I had looked upon with a feeling of idolatry—aye, it was her, that once breathing redolence of beauty, now dead or dying before me.

She was, when brought in, 'not quite gone,' as the poor kind fellow who had first discovered her observed; and exertion was not spared in every possible form to bring her to life. For a few moments she opened her eyes, and gazed around her,—I know not in consciousness of aught that was by; but I thought just then to venture the exclamation of 'Camella Sevigini'—alas! it proved my first and only conjecture correct; for she started at the mention of her name, and turned her face to me as if in recognition of the appellation—but it was an effort and her last, poor unfortunate creature! and a minute more saw her a 'thing of clay.'

The inquest on this ill-fated girl brought circumstances to light, which, together with other information I took the pains to seek out, gave me her history as far as it was connected with her untimely end. An Englishman of rank had seen the picture before alluded to, and was so much interested by it that he lost no time in forming an acquaintance with the family in Milan with which she lived. He won upon her affections in the intimacy, which followed his introduction, so much as to induce her to elope with him to England.—Remorse for her lost state, or unkindness on the part of her protector, after a time preyed upon her intellect so far as to bring on slight fits of derangement. In one of these she had, unperceiv-

ed by her attendants, escaped into the street ; and being thinly clad, and the night a severe one, had perished as I have described.

I saw her seducer in the course of the day subsequent to the finding of this unfortunate young woman. He was a pale, serene looking man, about forty, as I might judge ; and who came to identify the ill-fated victim of his arts. He was deeply affected, and seemed to feel his situation and the opinion of those about him exceedingly.

To this day many gaze with admiration at the picture in Florence, who little dream, as they hang over its eminent loveliness with delight, of the sad and unhappy history of the being whose living beauty gave the canvas its charming celebrity—They little think that sin and suffering were identified with her—that in a strange land she perished in the gloom of night, a poor lost creature, as things that are mean, and guilty, and wretched perish—The once lovely, idolized, and still celebrated Tuscan Peasant Girl!

AN ODE TO THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

(MILITARY PAY DAY.)

Day of a thousand joys!—to those
 Who hail with hope thy monthly round,
 How fondly thy glad welcome flows
 From lips that are no longer bound
 To hold the word of promise out
 To ev'ry teasing, sniping, scout,
 Whose ear lends to that "word" full scope
 To find it broken to his hope.

Day of all other days!—the sun
 That ushers in thy morn of joy,
 Beams far more glorious than the one
 That rises o'er some bridegroom boy;—
 For beauty palls, and raptures soon
 Grow tame within the honey moon,
 But ever fair and kind are they
 Whose hands 'shell out' our monthly pay.

Day of delight!—with holy peace
 Are thy fast fleeting hours so blest,
 'The wicked from their troubling cēāse,
 And ev'n 'the weary are at rest';—
 For hush'd is all the knocker's roar
 With duns at the well bolted door,
 Nor tired-out catchpoles dodge, and plan
 Fresh schemes to 'nab' their wary man.

Day of the blest!—the mystic light
Thy glory sheds around us here,
Glow's like the splendour of a bright,
Pure, spell-star from an angel.sphere,
Beneath whose keen and charming ray
Blue devils meanly skulk away,
And bear with them each quacking trick
That kept alive expiring tick.

Day of the joyful heart!—no care
Can shade thy bright and blissful hours,
For sparkling smiles—no matter where—
Are beaming in love's rosy bow'rs
For gallant hearts who nobly pay
Old scores up from last muster-day,
Then 'one and all' their dibs combine
To finish with a 'glorious shine':

Day of all days!—the first and last
That in my bosom's joy doth rank,
When Time's rude wing hath brush'd thee past,
Existence seems a darkling blank,
Uncheer'd by aught of 'lark or spree',
To wake it from dull apathy,
Shrouding my torpid heart and brain,
Till "*pay-day*" brings its joys again.

THE GRAVES OF THOSE WE'VE LOVED.

HAVE the affections of your heart, the kindlier, and better feeling of your soul and nature—been twined round forms of humanity, but to be chilled, and blighted, and crushed back upon you by the dreary, black, hopeless-ness of the grave—That dark and awful profound, the receptacle of thousands and millions,—but which never gives forth from its silent, unfathomable depths, one echo, the slightest sound of which would defeat and hush forever the wailing speculations of scepticism, and the gathering doubts and sneers of incipient infidelity ;—A tangible point, however minutely defined, for hope to rest its beacon light upon, to cheer us for the fate of those who have launched before us on the mighty ocean of eternity !

Have you ever bent over the grassy clod which covers the mortal remains of a dearly loved and respected parent—A father, whose chastening care and providence from infancy up to your manhood was so linked with the smiles and joys of affection—so identified with every feeling, and thought, and action of virtuous propriety you were taught by him to appreciate and practice, that recollection of him in after years is the blessing and the tears given to his hallowed memory.—Now then, think of the hand that led on your tottering, straggling steps in childhood,—the hand whose fond solicitude provided for the amusement of your boyish hours of play and merriment,—and that hand, Oh ! you cannot forget its grasp the soul of a father's love within its pressure,—no touch

so fond and fervent in this earth, as when you meet a father's approving gaze in the pride of your manhood's prime, and the love of a parent with the warm greeting of a friend are mingled in the one beaming glance of affection,—a tear,—nay, brush it not away, for it is a diamond drop—a pearl bearing its birth in the depth of your soul's holiest attributes—the tear which falls from a son's eye on the grave of a departed father.

Do you deplore a mother's irretrievable loss, then go kneel beside her 'last lonely dwelling,' and pour forth your sorrow fully and freely there, for your nature is in the act. Care may have touched you with forgetfulness, —sickness may have somewhat weakened the force of your intellect;—possibly the broils and brunt of much difficulty in your progress through life has tinged your bosom with a partial indifference,—the din and fray of battle have deafened the voice of your better impulse—But Oh! how vivid will the glow of memory be now, as you kneel by her grassy couch, just as you knelt at her feet in infancy to repeat your little nightly prayer—and you think of the affectionate tenderness which care, nor sickness, nor the trials of this world could overcome or alter from you—Weep on, for there is virtue in those tears; for the heart that swells with the recollections of yours at this moment, cannot harbour a thought derogatory to the precepts of that kind one to whose memory such a pious tribute is paid.

Perhaps it is a bright haired, once sweet smiling sister, whose laughing voice and gentle blue eye are hushed and darkened in a dreamless slumber beneath the narrow mound before you—You think of childhood's little pains and pleasures, so much identified with every

wish of hers in that halcyon season of your existence—and, the victim of decline, she drooped, and withered, and died—as a beautiful blooming flower will perish when touched on its verdant stem by the blighting cold wind—you were far from your home when this affliction came over it, and she has gone the way of the young and innocent before her, to that heaven whose hopes sweetly soften your heart's sorrow and repining at her premature decay!

A brother it may be, who had been your twin in every joyous and happy hour that threw its pure, though transcendent brightness over the ripening career of youthful maturity—It may be the friend scarcely less dear to your bosom than a brother,—the friend whose faith was the pride of your heart in its deep devotion to your dearest interests—You have ridden side by side through the crimson tide of many a desperate conflict, a host in the mutual confidence it inspired amid the rush of charging squadrons—and he sleeps the warrior's glorious sleep; in the lowly but fame-brightened spot where the hand of a true and weeping comrade laid him.—Spare not your tears upon the heath clad hillock which covers the noble form that woman loved and man respected,—there is a sublimity in them, when shed by a soldier to a soldier's memory.

Yet, parents, and kindred, and friends will fade from us—and time and vicissitude will at last throw a partial oblivion over regrets like these; and though they can never cease to be remembered and felt, still a mitigating softness will veil them in the distance of by past years, and the heart is kindly wooed to a more contentful endurance.

But the grave of her you loved!—aye, start in agony now! for retrospection with you is but the silent phrenzy of your soul and brain,—it is the torture of a wound that death can only heal—that life possesses not in its varied round of specious enjoyments, one capability of assuaging. Nay, nay, stern man, turn not away:—If he who has felt, and feels it all, can nerve himself to the expression of those feelings, can you do less than listen? Yes, I repeat it—there is an unchangeable and hallowed eternity in your heart, while its life pulse is in motion, to the intense and searching recollections centered in the spot—of all this earth to you the most sacred—which entombs the once worshipped form of the woman you loved.

Give your glowing memory but indulgence for a little, and imagination will lead you through the maze of that waking heavenly dream which once was yours, but which faded away and perished in the cold gloom of your loved one's grave. Do you not think of the moments so bright and blissful, and whose contrast with your previous life made that portion of your existencoe a dark and unmeaning void,—and which were as swiftly stealing your breathing interest from this world and all else that it contained, to place it in her lone keeping. The calm and beautiful evenings—the soft and balmy moonlit nights you have strayed along the paths of blooming flowers, whose odours lent their fragrance to the breeze that waked the harmony of nature's silent music to your soul's, when slumbering creation gave nothing of its waking turmoil or impurity to intrude on the exalted character of affection such as yours. And in such moments you have gazed on her beautiful face, 'bathed in the moonlight gleam' with

a radiance so holy, you almost doubted that her angel loveliness was of mortality's texture. You will think of the moment—it may be one like this, and at such a time, when you spoke in the hurried fervour of your devoted affections in language that had your heart mingled with its every tone;—and the hand that was closely clasped in yours trembled as tears were streaming from eyes that sought to shade their melting light upon your bosom;—and with your arm fondly twined round the form of her whom you thus knew to be your own, you raised her beauteous brow from its loved resting place, and imprinted on her lip the first long—long, soul breathing kiss, the earnest of your heart's deep mutual compact, ere you knelt with her, and by her side, and with an overflowing gratitude invoked the blessing of your God upon it!

And hours of absence—oh! how dull when from her loved presence. The meeting too,—the watchful and fond countenance at the window,—the light fleet step, the quick hand on the lifting latch, and then the smiling, affectionate, half chiding,—how winningly sweet from lips whose reproachful accents were so quickly silenced with the expected kiss. And gloom gathered darkly over the vista of your fitful fortunes, and the cold blast of adversity blew chill and dreary around your humble dwelling;—but you felt it not yourself, for she was by your side to be shielded from it, and be blest for her cheering, happy smiles under its trying endurance. Error,—it might be misfortune, shaded the bearing of your name in the estimation of society; and you were shunned as a loathsome thing, and eyes were averted from, and tongues but mentioned you with curses and reviling,—but you could smile in bitter derision at all this, for the opinion you

prized was more than the world to you in your isolated home among your kind, and the sunshine of an approving heart given you by one who wept over the injustice and uncharitableness of others, cheered you to view with a calm serenity the blackening and hostile array of the world's regard.

And sickness worked its secret blighting on her lovely, and cherished, and delicate frame, and she sank in gradual decay before its stern and ravaging hand. Do you recollect how she would not take from my hand but yours the medicine cup, so vain and impotent in its benefit—Do you remember the dim beaming of her beautiful eyes, still so intense in their constant gaze—for that gaze was fixed on you—Do you not think you hear the low, fond whispering of her weakening voice, as she spoke of the hopes beyond this world, and a blissful meeting in that heaven to which every action of her pure existence was but a closer bond,—Yes, you must not, you cannot forget,—nay, but a moment more, and I will drop the veil I have raised from the shrine of hallowed recollections like these—Can you forget, as her arms entwined around your neck with a convulsive pressure which affection lent to the last energies of expiring nature, and you bent over her worn features, and kissed the lip around which the faint breath of waning life was slightly playing—And do you not now feel the misery,—oh! God,—the dark, hopeless wretchedness that was yours in that moment, when you felt one low, murmuring sigh pass from her cold lip to yours, and enter into your very soul,—and one clasping, struggling embrace,—and her thin wasted arms fell like lead away, from their last fond hold,—and you locked with a burning and tearless gaze on the life-

less clay, whose animate beauty had for years been the altar of your heart's idolatry.—And months of alternate stupor, or wild madness shrouded darkly over your scorching brain—and at last you wakened to consciousness and a world, whose very atmosphere was teeming to your soul with misery and despair.—And your heart—it lies in the grave with her whose head was placed with gentleness there.—Men speak of devotion, of Religion as a thing confined within certain forms and observances—Well, let it be so;—but tell me at what altar, however consecrated, can you kneel with such feelings towards your God, and the holy and eternal rest of his dwelling place, as are yours when kneeling beside the grave of the woman you loved; and you pray that in his bright mansions of peace your wounded and bleeding heart will at last rest from its anguish—that there your soul's deep faith in the mercies of its Creator will again unite you in love through a boundless eternity.

"I SAW HER DROOP."

I saw her droop from day to day,
 Fast fading like a blighted flow'r,
 I mark'd her pulse's slow decay
 And last throb in her dying hour—
 Yes—in that moment I was nigh
 To catch the low, faint, trembling sigh,
 That issued from her lips on mine,—
 The last gift to affection's shrine.
 I follow'd in the funeral train
 Which gave her back to earth again ;—
 I stood beside the chill, dark tomb,
 My soul enwapt in sorrow's gloom ;
 I heard the rustling cords which sped
 Her form to its last narrow bed ;
 I saw the spade the dust-clod sever,
 Which hid her from my sight forever.

* * * * *

There was a time to me was given
 All that could make this earth a heaven
 A lovely scene of calm delight—
 So softly pure, so purely bright,
 That fancy seem'd to realize
 This word into a Paradise,
 And make life's varied scene to be
 A more than state of bliss to me.
 But there was *one* who made life then
 What it can never be again—

Whose presence gave a tinting warm,
 Like to the rays of morning's sun,
 Whose bright'ning beams bestow a charm
 On all their radiance shines upon ;—
 A fairy spell made all around
 Seem as it were enchanted ground
 And nature's dullest scenes assume
 A warmer glow and fresher bloom.

Oh! memory dwells on days when oft
 I used to roam with her at eve,
 To watch the gath'ring clouds, so soft
 And light, their golden tissues weave—
 And the resplendent gems of skies
 Whose starry splendours shone above
 A being, from whose mild dark eyes
 Beam'd goodness, gentleness, and love,
 ' Twinkling so silently and bright,
 In their own pure *refulgent* spheres,
 They sparkled 'mid the dews of night
 Like womans' glance enshrined in tears :—
 Oh! we have fix'd our raptur'd gaze
 On those bright isles of heav'n for hours,
 And fondly thought celestial rays
 From them were mix'd with souls like ours ;
 And in such blissful moments deem'd
 That Angels scarce could love so much,
 Or so intensely,—nor yet dream'd
 Our lives would e'er be aught than such—

* * * * *
 * * * *

THE SUICIDE.

Drown'd, say'st thou, Valence?

Val—Yes, my good Lord!—'twas but an hour ago
That, walking in the garden, I inclin'd
My steps near to the fairy pond, and look'd
Thro' the clear water that like chrystal shone
Down to its pebbly pavement—

There' in sooth,
Lay sweet Floranthe, pale, yet just as fair
As all her living loveliness had been
On yestermorn—

Two fathoms deep she lay
Beneath the silent water that crept on,
As fearful to disturb the seeming sleep
Of one so truly good and beautiful!

My own MSS.

The summer of 1821 I spent as happily as a cordial association of friends in a country party on the banks of the Hudson, could speed the lagging pinions of old father Time. Our occupation and amusements were as diversified as the tastes of the different individuals who adopted them.

My principal and favorite pursuit was fishing in a trout stream on our worthy host's estate; or, when tired of this solitary species of recreation, to ramble over its magnificent demesnes, and lounge about for hours with scarcely either a wish or thought connected with the bu-

sy world from which I seemed in a manner unliked, to distract the placidity of contentment I enjoyed.

One beautiful morning, I set out to enjoy my customary angling stroll to the rivulet beforementioned, and which proceeded from the bosom of a thickly wooded chain of hills, about two miles from the home of our entertainer. I sauntered along its prettily flowered banks, whose luxuriant growth of willows in some places nearly covered the silent stream which stole without a murmur through the long water grass beneath their shade. Occasionally I followed my sport at eligible spots, but more frequently musing over some fanciful dream my imagination had conjured up, I continued my wandering until the abrupt rising of the path, and dashing noise of falling water, told the immediate neighbourhood of the eminence before alluded to.

I am extravagantly fond of mountain scenery; and, as the place bore a sort of miniature similitude to it in its features, I determined on proceeding some distance farther to examine it, ere I retraced my steps home.

For some hundred yards the brook now assumed an appearance different from its noiseless course through the valley below; for it flew on down the acclivity, which was not directly steep, in continued cascades, but on reaching a ravine that ran for a considerable length between two lofty hills, it was characterized by the same quietude as before. I pursued my way through this ravine or dell, which was gloomy and silent as the grave; for shrubs and trees from the opposite sides meeting thickly above, scarcely allowed a ray of light to penetrate into it. I was becoming displeased as well as fatigued

with the darkling monotony of my ramble, when I suddenly emerged on a scene that highly interested me, as it certainly excited my curiosity.

The fishing stream, whose source I had followed up to this place, had its origin in a deep natural basin or pool, into the area of whose situation the glen opened and apparently terminated. This basin was rounded in shape as though it had been artificially formed, and as I might judge something like a dozen yards in diameter. Its border was a fine, soft, mossy turf, for a few feet back from the water's edge, but there an almost impenetrable thicket of underwood mingled with the lofty trees, covering the sides of the acclivity around, and which extended to a great height, I could not account for it, but whether it was owing to the gloom thrown over the spot by the deep shadow of the trees growing from the high ground which encircled it, or to its own natural hue, I thought this pool was peculiarly revolting to look on. It might, possibly, have been the vagary of imagination at the time, but I could not help thinking so. It had not that blue tint which usually pleases the eye when gazing on such an object, but a dark, sluggish colouring, that, combined with the glassy calmness of its deep waters, so clear as they were, notwithstanding, led one to infer and dread that treachery, and death, and even worse lay concealed under its dusky bosom.

A thought like this startled me in a manner; and in raising my eyes from an object that gave them but little for pleasurable speculation, my glance rested on one I had not noticed before, and which taxed my surprise in no small degree.

I have omitted to mention, in my description of the

place, that a large tree, a part of whose roots shot down into the black depths of the pool, stood in solitary ruin—for it had been blasted by lightning or some other cause near its edge,—and added much to the peculiar character it held in my estimation.

With one hand resting against its withered trunk, and the other prest on her bosom, stood a female in a position slightly forward in inclination, gazing apparently with much intensesness on the gloomy water before her. There was nothing particularly singular about her, if it might be with the exception of her very superior personal appearance, for she was a superbly fine woman, and a young one too, as I could observe. She was drest in the then fashionable style of morning *negligée*; and her figure was so beautiful, and so peculiarly impressive in the attitude in which I first saw it, that I can now, at this time, fancy I see her still standing beside the “fairy lake,” as the place was termed. I stood for some moments gazing on her, and uncertain whether to advance or not. She did not appear to notice my intrusion into the place; but after some time spent in looking on the little basin, as I have before mentioned, some thought flashed upon her that touched her feelings to the quick—some recollection whose deep searching sorrow she could not sustain; for, starting back from the attitude in which she stood, she extended her beautiful arms to heaven, and with the exclamation of “Great God! in thy mercy forgive me the sin of this dark thought, and take me to thyself; for oh! my heart, my heart, what is there left thee in this drear world to live for now!”—and she burst into a flood of tears.

I really felt my situation a delicate one. There was

a hallowed sublimity, if I may so express it, in the grief, deep and heart rending as it must have been, of this interesting being, seen as she was under its agonizing influence, and in such a place. I would fain have stepped forward and addressed her, but I thought my presence would clash rudely in its intrusion on feelings so sensitive as hers at that moment, and I remained fixed to the spot, even though the dictates of my own bosom told me there was a colouring of impropriety in doing so.

Her paroxysm of sorrow after a while abated; and with the exception of an occasional convulsive sob that seemed to violently shake her frame, her appearance regained its previous quiescent tone, and she once more bent her gaze on the smooth surface of the pool. She looked on it for some moments, and then slowly drawing a ring from off her finger, dropped it into the depths of its black waters, and calmly turned away. She left the place by a wild kind of path in an opposite direction to the one which led me to it; and which, I ascertained by following it on for a distance, led to the grounds of a wealthy neighbour of the gentleman whose hospitality I was enjoying.

The scene altogether made a great impression on me; and rejoining our party in the course of the day, I mentioned the circumstance, but was generally laughed at. I was then but just verging into manhood, my disposition something ardent, I may in candor add, I was then as I have ever been, constitutionally romantic; and as my whims and fancies had savoured of this during my stay among them, the things was looked upon as the fond foolish dreaming of a cracked-brained boy, and I was in a manner ridiculed for my pains. I was mortified in no

slight degree, but concealed my chagrin and determined saying nothing more on the subject.

On the evening of this day, I attended our host with others of his guests, to a ball forming part of a family *fête* given by the gentleman, his neighbor before alluded to. He was a man of large fortune ; and the scene possessed all the fascination and attraction which wealth could command, and everything which might, to the last degree, delight and dazzle the senses of a young dreamer like myself. But I did not enjoy it. The occurrence of the day was uppermost in my thoughts. The 'fairy lake' in the hills was ever before me, with the tears and sorrowing agony of the splendid being who had so forcibly stamped it on my imagination. I was frequently rallied for my absence and indifference to the festivity around me, but I could not shake off the spell in which I was enwrapped by the morning scene I had witnessed ; and I lounged through the earlier part of the evening more in the style of an automaton, that what possibly became a lad of eighteen with "beauty's bounding train" sparkling in all its magnificence of effect before him.

Some hours had crept over me in this way, and would probably have been followed by others of a similar languid monotony, had not a friend stepped up to the seat where I dare say, I was reclining unconsciously in some very elegant attitude, or what was intended for such, somewhat in the style of the *elegantes* of the present day. "Come, young man," said he, "if you will be dreaming with yours eyes open, its a pity but your waking phantasies should have a more tangible pursuit than your speculations in the clouds can afford you.—Come rouse yourself up, and I will show you the beautiful English girl that

has excited so much admiration since her arrival here; and after seeing her, if you can or will return to your lair to play the dormouse again, you are welcome for me."

With a smile, taking my arm, he goodnaturedly dragged me along from the ante-room where I had fixed myself, and in our way to the upper end of the ball room whither he was taking me, informed me in a few words that the lady in question was a stationary guest in the family celebrating the *fete* to which we had been invited. Indifferent health had been pleaded as an excuse for her late appearance in the room; and even that was considered merely in compliment to the mistress of the mansion, who prided herself highly on the celebrity which the charms of her English friend had attracted to its festivities on that evening. We pressed on through the gay throng, to where this fair stranger was seated to receive the homage of adoration which, to judge from the looks and whispered ejaculations of those near me, was paid to her by all—I started, though it was not in surprise alone, for many thoughts crowded on me then which I may not define,—but I beheld her whom I had seen that morning in the hills beside the fairy fountain.

Beauty has been so often portrayed in its different stiles, and grades, and peculiarities, that it appears in the guise of plagiarism to attempt its description.—But the beauty of this young woman was of a kind that, I may affirm, identified itself from its peculiar tone of superiority. It seemed as if the splendour of her sex's nature, shone in her beyond the glowing light of its more soft and winning attractions,—and yet, you felt that she possessed all the witchery of its fascination.—I speak of her personal charms alone, and of their peculiarity; of course, stran-

ger as I was, I could but confine myself to their effect and impression on myself and others, They called her the 'English beauty' by way of distinction, I presume, from the many of native growth around her. And indeed, in comparison with the fragile, lovely forms with which she was contrasted, her transcendent superiority was manifest.

She was an English girl, they said—and England's daughters are beautiful, if there is beauty under the canopy of heaven;—and this one was pre-eminently so. There was a deep toned feeling in the flashing of her large eyes which spoke of high thoughts and proud resolve—but yet there was an angel softness in their expression too, which convinced you that if fire beamed in their glance one moment, the next would see it quenched in a tear. There was a stamp of goddess-like mould in her fine features—The fine acquiline nose, the dark and full arching eyebrow, the high and polished forehead with clusters of soft, dark, glossy ringlets playing over it—And the waxen fairness of her cheek, with one little glow of carnation—the hectic of some hidden blight that had not of this world in it. Her form was tall, somewhat, I may say, voluptuous, but yet strictly proportionate and beautiful in its contour.

Her voice was soft and rich, yet very faint when she spoke, which was but little; and in deference to her appearance of delicate health, conversation was not much intruded upon her. She appeared to feel the effect which her own depressed spirits had on those about her, and with a smile, seating herself at a harp, she proffered to sing.

Her song was a plaintive little Troubadour ballad.—E

forget the words now—but its purport must have been touching, or her singing and accompaniment peculiarly so—for the result was magical in its influence.—She was in tears herself, and every one in the room beside before she had got half through it.—The exertion distressed her almost to fainting, and she shortly after retired.

The hour of midnight had gone by, and still the sound of revelry continued. I sauntered about, lost in abstract speculation on what my youthful fancy deemed the mystery that appeared to hang about the charming creature whom I had seen twice in situations so strangely contrasted, and each time to interest me so highly. I had been standing in this mood for many minutes, leaning against a pillar in a trelliced gallery which looked in upon the ball-room.—A long and deep drawn sigh near the spot occasioned me to turn my head that way, and I again saw this lovely yet singular female. She was standing before a latticed door in the gallery, that gave her, unseen, a complete view of the brilliant throng before her, and which she seemed to be serenely yet anxiously contemplating. Her ball-dress was not changed; and a large, loose mantle or shawl thrown carelessly over her arm, as if she were about to expose herself to the night air, was the only difference from what her appearance had been in the room. A slight noise that I made startled her, and caused her to turn her gaze towards me, and perceiving she was noticed, she vanished through a side door into the garden. I had half an idea of following, but the same impulse that influenced me in the morning at the pool still prevented me. The night was a dark one, and a person could not at a distance identify an object; but I felt certain I saw a figure in

white passing quickly along to the extreme of the garden, which was an extensive one, till it was lost in the dark shade of the shrubberies.

“The brightest of moments must still have a stop,” as the Poet truly observes, and so it was with the gaiety of this night. We separated as people separate who have deadened their faculties of enjoyment in extreme indulgence, and until pleasure itself becomes wearisome.—The next morning, as the early risers of us, or those who have not over fatigued themselves the night before at the ball, were assembling for breakfast, a horseman arrived at speed from the next estate, with the news that Miss ——, the English lady, was missing, and could no where be found; and the circumstance was considered the more alarming, as it was ascertained that she had not been in the house for some time previous to the retiring of the guests.

A thought flashed across my brain;—and communicating my suspicions, a party of us immediately set out for the hills—It was too true. Her shawl lay near the old tree—a spangled slipper, soiled with grass and leaves, just touched the bank—and over the blackest and deepest part of the pool floated the lily-looking wreath she had worn in her beautiful hair at the ball. I have seen many strange, and a few affecting sights in my life, but none—nothing that touched me more than the appearance of this lovely but ill-fated female, when lifted out of the dark waters beneath whose depths she sought refuge from a sorrow which never was known beyond conjecture.

She was laid upon the mossy bank of the basin until the usual forms in such cases were gone through. Her hands were firmly clasped together across her beautiful

bosom, as if to resist any struggle nature might make to repel or prolong her fatal intention. The long wet tresses of her fine hair were wreathed, some of them around her fair neck, while others lay scattered on the grass upon which her head rested. Life had not parted without a strong and painful struggle, as might be seen from the writhing of a lip yet highly tinted with a portion of its living rosiness, and the deep distortion of her once lovely features. She had been, as before remarked, slightly ailing in her health, but nothing to affect the strength of her frame so redolent with youthful vigour and freshness; and it is natural to suppose its physical tenacity of existence must have strongly combated her design, and prolonged her suffering.

Oh! it was a sad sight to see a being, who but a few fleeting hours before, was in the prime of life—of beauty's most glowing splendour, a magnet of adoration to all that approached within the sphere of its bright fascination.—To see her whose exquisite loveliness but added a lustre to the luxuriance and light of the stately halls in which it had been nurtured, lying on the damp tangled grass, a cold and stiffened corpse, whose very beauty in death was horrid to look on. And there, as if in mockery of the inanimate figure they had once so splendidly adorned, shone and sparkled in the morning's sun the diamond clasp of her zone, and the rich setting of her costly necklace and bracelets—for her costume was precisely as it was the previous evening at the ball—It seemed a mockery of the awful debt which had been thus voluntarily paid, and I sickened to contemplate it.

She was interred in consecrated earth; for to their praise be it spoken, our American neighbours are truly

charitable on points of a description which, in other countries, are carried to an absurd and unfeeling nicety.—Peace to her soul! in that dread eternity of being into which it was so daringly plunged. To look on the angel-breathing of her transcendent beauty when in life, you could not believe for a moment that the stain of sin—the contamination of guilt, had touched a form so resplendently pure in its bearing;—and yet, if it was so, that God alone must judge, before whose dread tribunal she stood uncalled for, to plead her deep wrongs in a world from whose suffering existence she was emancipated by suicide.

It was never, at least to my knowledge, rightly ascertained what the reason or cause was of her committing the awful act of self-destruction. A conjecture was formed, it is true, but from subsequent circumstances indifferently and incorrectly known. It was said that, in her own land, she had been betrothed to one whom she dearly loved. She had a sister, not so highly gifted as herself in charms and accomplishment, but who was greatly her superior in point of fortune, from an extensive property left her solely by a female relative.—And during her absence in America, whither she had accompanied her brother,—who, at the time of her death was at Havanna, whence he never returned, as he perished there of the yellow fever,—this sister won over by her great wealth the attentions of her recreant lover, and they were married. It was further observed that he was a desperate gambler, and a libertine—in short a very villain in character—but I never would believe this. It was too revolting to my thoughts to dwell for an instant on the supposition, that a woman of her splendid endow-

ments, and high toned refinement of feeling, could bestow her heart on an object so worthless as he was represented—Oh! it could not be. There must have been another cause—some deep and torturing grief which could not be endured, some agonizing wound whose fiery pain could only be assuaged in the coldness and gloom of the grave. There are many who will sneer at the idea; but I cannot divest myself of the fancy, that should, in after years, my steps ever lead me near to that part of the world; and I was tempted to visit the fairy lake in the hills again, and did so beneath the shade of night—I repeat that I feel confident, and I cannot say why or from what reason I should,—if the spirits of the departed are allowed to visit this earthly sphere, I would again behold the fair form of the unfortunate suicide standing beside the dusky waters of the pool, bending over their smooth and specious bosom just as I had seen her in life.

TO AN UNKNOWN AMERICAN LADY.

(On seeing her on the *Champ de Mars*,
Montreal.)

Fair stranger,— dost thou look upon
 That bright and warrior band,
 To dream of some dear distant one
 In thine own sunny land,
 Whose form, perchance some manly brow
 Hath liken'd in thy memory now—
 A loadstar absence cannot dim,
 Each thought thy heart holds due to him.

But if that young and gentle breast
 Still holds that heart thine own,
 As yet with passion unimprest—
 Love's joys and tears unknown ;
 Then, lady, glance around and see
 The many here who worship thee,
 And fondly bow them at the shrine
 Of splendid beauty such as thine.

And such is beauty's rightful meed,
 The homage paid to thee,—
 With heart and soul, the will and deed,
 We gladly bend the knee,
 When woman's breathing loveliness
 Beams bright and pure like thine, to bless
 With all its living light and bloom,
 This darkling world of tears and gloom.

THE UNFORTUNATE.

She spoke of other days—a theme
Which waken'd thoughts that thrill'd the brain
With memory of a fitful dream—
Of joy, and hope, and pain.

And in the sad and trembling tone
Of her sweet voice there seem'd a pow'r,
I ne'er before had felt or known
In love's most blissful hour.

Her form was wasted, and the bright
Warm beaming of her eye was dead,
For grief had nearly quench'd its light
With tears that she had shed.

For treachery's blight had deeply wrung
Her heart in all that love could name,
And she, so beautiful and young,
Was doom'd to tears and shame.

Poor stricken deer! in fancy's view
I seem that grief-worn form to trace,
And joy to think, the grave to you
Was a sure resting place.

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MIDSUMMER-EVE;

A TALE OF THE OTTAWA.

————— Was it a dream—
 Or a delusion of the waking senses,
 Ting'd with the airy wildness of a fiction,
 Yet strongly mark'd with all the sombre truth
 Of nature and reality?—

Many theories have been fabricated, and not a few opinions advanced both by ancient and modern philosophers, respecting those wonderful delusions of the senses which sometimes take place; and which make so strong an impression on the faculties of the mind, that reason in her coolest moments, is at a loss to determine whether they were beguiled by a reality, or a visionary deception.

We have many instances on record, and not a few in our own times, of strange occurrences of this description which have defied the most subtle definitions of philosophical disquisition, and will, it is probable, ever set them at defiance.

It was on the quarter-deck of one of the many Steam Beats that navigate the waters of the noble St. Lawrence, that a number of the passengers were seated one mild, starlight, summer's night, enjoying a little social chit-chat, to wile away the time until the hour of retiring to rest. There was a sufficiency of light in the atmosphere to admit of the vessel's continuing her course—which she did,

gallantly stemming the deep rolling stream, her majestic progress distinguishable from the shore on either side—whose dusky outlines were relieved at times by the occasional twinkling of a taper in a cottage window—by the brilliant, plume-like appearance of the glowing sparks which issued forth in profusion from her chimnies,—whilst the low rushing sound of her dipping paddles, and the often repeated cry of the look-out man in the bow, and attendant response of the steersman, were the only intrusion on the stillness that reigned around.

Whether it was owing to the influence of the hour, or to that predeliction which some people have for whatever savours of the marvellous—it so fell out, that after a number of desultory and common-place topics had been discussed, the discourse turned on the subject of supernatural appearances and visitations. Many indeed were the terrific and heart-appaling relations of what had either been heard or seen by some themselves, or from the hearsay of others; and one story succeeded another in quick succession, until the imaginations of most of the listeners were heated to a degree of fearful enthusiasm, by the thus disclosed secrets of the spiritual world. Some few, there were, who ventured to hint their scepticism with regard to the existence of ghosts, fairies, &c. but they were immediately assailed with an overpowering torrent of matter of fact, as it was termed, and in support of which the most indisputable authority was of course advanced; so that if its substance did not exactly produce conviction in the minds of those to whom it was addressed, the vociferous vehemence with which it was uttered, constrained them at least to confine their infidelity of belief to themselves in future.

After some time had elapsed, during which the subject had been sustained with a vigour that only flagged from the want of something new to incite its renovation; and the narrators had seemingly exhausted their budgets of wonder, and, to use a sporting phrase, were completely at a dead stand, when an elderly gentleman of a sedate and respectable mien, and who had hitherto paid a silent but marked attention to all that had been said, requested the attention of the company to what he was about to communicate.

"Gentlemen," said he, "some of you have to night recounted many certainly very singular and surprising incidents, some of them, it appears, from a personal experience. Permit me to relate an occurrence of the kind which happened to myself; and which, although it bears a partial difference from the general tenor of your narrations; you will allow after hearing it, to be even more strange than a ghostly visit from the dead, the midnight vagaries of frisking imps and demons, or the fantastical equestrianism of witches mounted and curvetting on broomsticks."

"About forty years ago, when I was a wild stripling of eighteen, I went from Montreal to officiate as a clerk to a man superintending a potash manufactory at the *Longue Sault* of the Ottawa, or Grand River."

"Some of you have seen, and few but have heard of that dreadful rapid, far more tremendous than the celebrated nine mile race of the St. Lawrence. The very pilots who, from their frequent navigations, one would naturally suppose carelessly indifferent to its peculiar dangers, yet never enter the horrible commotion of its roaving surges without dread and apprehension—In fact,

in passing through them, the strongest nerves cannot remain unshaken."

"To one accustomed to the sight, or to a stranger, they are equally terrific; and present an appearance, of which an European, unacquainted with these characteristics of our Canadian rivers, cannot possibly form an idea."

"It seems as if the noble river, roused into an indignant fury at finding its course impeded by the huge masses of rock which obstruct it here, vents its boiling rage in lashing them with its angry billows;—now rising above their summits in wreaths of foaming surf, now sinking and whirling in circling eddies around their base, and, to a fanciful mind, appearing to shriek in wild despair at the impotence of its efforts;—and this being ever attended with a deafening roar, adds much to the horrid sublimity of the spectacle."

"A person contemplating this strife of waters from the shore, would conceive it next to a moral impossibility for a boat or canoe to live in it for an instant; but they go through frequently, and with few exceptions, in perfect safety. I have often stood for hours observing them jump the *chutes*—small cascades,—which they did with the rapidity of lightning; at times partly hid by the dancing spray and foam, at others, rising to the top of a wave, and suspended there apparently to be plunged into destruction the next."

"I well recollect one Sunday morning, my watching with a strong feeling of anxious apprehension, the approach of two Indian canoes to the head of the principal and most dangerous part of the rapid. From the manner in which they were loaded, I think they must have belonged to one family. An Indian and a young lad

were in the foremost, and a squaw with two small children in that behind. The man took the proper channel, and his canoe shot with the speed of an arrow in safety through—but the poor squaw was not so fortunate. From inattention in steering or some other cause, she lost the wake of the other canoe, and by so doing missed the right course.—She perceived her error and consequent situation when it was too late for retrieval, though she struggled hard and desperately—and well she might, knowing the inevitable alternative—to regain what she had lost, but it would not do.—The impetuosity of the rushing stream prevailed against her feeble efforts, and hurried her swiftly on to destruction. I saw her plainly, as if in despair, fling her paddle away; and in that agony of feeling which the sudden certainty of a frightful death must inspire, throw herself forward, and with a maternal affection, which even on this dreadful brink of eternity was paramount, clasp her children in her embrace. The decision of their fate was but the work of a moment—they were swept by an eddying current over a shelf of rocks, against which they were whirled and dashed for the space of a few seconds, and then borne away;—the roaring billows closing for ever over them and their little span of earthly existence.”

“But to return from a digression which I would not have made, were it not in some degree connected with my story.—As I said before, our works were situated on the banks of the Ottawa, near the lower end of this terrible place. The country in its vicinity was a perfect wilderness when compared to what it is at the present. Then, it was a gloomy forest to the very edge of the river; and its dreary sameness only broken here and there by

the log hut and cleared patch of some hardy settler, and who, amid the roaring din of rushing waters, and the death-like solitude of a trackless environs, enlivened only by the howlings of their savage tenantry, toiled to obtain at the best, but the means of sustaining a miserable existence."

"As my occupation did not intrude much on my time, I had many leisure hours, and from the want of a better way of spending them, I used to visit a man settled about a couple of miles above our establishment. He cultivated but a small portion of land, which furnished him with a bare sufficiency of corn and potatoes for his family, and which, with the produce of his fishing throughout the summer season, which was in fact his great dependence, subsisted them in a plenty if not a variety of food. This man was of a reserved, shy disposition, which evinced itself in his manner and speech,—so much so as to make his society more disagreeable than otherwise; but it was not from any particular charm in him or his family, or abode, that induced me to visit them so often, but merely because it served to vary the monotony of our own circumscribed society. I happened one evening to be returning home from one of these visits rather later than was my usual practice; and my road from necessity lying along the bank of the river, I was carefully picking my steps among the masses of stone and drift-wood that lay heaped in every direction. I had not, however, proceeded half a mile, when my ears were astounded by a hideous yelling, as if all the wolves, wild cats, and devils in Canada were assembled to howl and shriek in concert—and being loudly echoed in the stillness of the dark forest behind, and possessing a frightful indistinctness.

from the adjoining roar of the rapids, had a truly appalling effect, and brought me to a stand for some moments. The noise appeared to come from the bottom of a long recess or vista that ran directly back for a hundred yards or more into the gloomy wood, and the thickening obscurity of twilight prevented me from discerning by what or whom it was produced. I had a loaded musket in my hand, it is true, yet it added little to the confidence and security of the moment; but a sudden crash and a rushing sound, as if a troop of horse were charging from the wood, tempted me to present them with its contents, and I fired in the direction of the infernal tumult. The noise was immediately hushed; but the sound of many footsteps pressing towards me becoming too distinct for my courage to await their approach, I need scarcely observe, that my farther progress homeward was far from being dilatory."

"The next time I saw my friend the fisherman, I recounted this adventure; and his wife, who was present, remarked that it confirmed what she had often heard related of that spot.—That in the commencement of the Revolutionary war, a band of Indians took a family of whites prisoners, and scalped and murdered them there with every circumstance of atrocious cruelty and barbarism; and ever since, it was said, terrifying sights and noises were often seen and heard about the place. I laughed heartily at the good woman's elucidation of what I own had frightened me at the time in no small degree; and her husband smiled, but in a manner which convinced me more at the fearful vehemence of his wife's assertions than from a disbelief of their substance. I had ever been a hardened sceptic in such matters, and:

never failed to deride all tales of a supernatural cast wherever I heard them; and on this occasion, I absolutely affronted the honest dame by the obstreperous ridicule with which I displayed my incredulity. The man shortly after leaving the house to resume his fishing, I accompanied him; and continued to banter the explanation afforded by his wife's legendary narrative, expressing my own conviction that the noise had proceeded from a pack of hungry wolves, at the same time asking his own opinion of the affair."

"Why," said he, "your conjecture may be right, but the story as it has been told you is believed in these parts, and no one acquainted with it will settle near the spot. I was once as great an unbeliever of these things as you appear to be, but my doubts have been much shaken by what I shall relate to you."

"About five years ago, I was out fishing until a very late hour one beautiful midsummer-eve,—the moon was shining clearly, and I was beginning to feel wearied and drowsy, when of a sudden I saw before me a Ship with her sails set, making her way against the raging stream, and through a part of the rapid that nothing in this life or belonging to this world could stem for an instant. I thought that I had been sleeping, and that it was a dream—and thinking it such, I made no mention of it to my wife or any other person. A few days after I was attacked by a severe illness, which I attributed to my frequent exposure to chilling damps when employed in night fishing. However, in a while I recovered, and the dream, as I thought it, had nearly passed from my memory, when by a singular chance, the succeeding midsummer-eve I happened to be at the same occupation, in the

same place, and at nearly the very same hour—when I again beheld the Ship just as I had seen it that time twelve-month. This second appearance strangely affected me. I had not been sleeping, neither had my imagination been heated by intoxication, for the use of liquor I never indulge in; and it seemed as if a curse attended the sight, for I was seized with the same illness as before, only differing from that by its greater severity.

I have not made known the circumstance to a living soul, save yourself; and since then, I have never handled, nor will I attempt to use while in this part of the country, a fish line on Midsummer's-eve—You yourself may judge whether I have not had sufficient reason?"

"This man's relation arrested my levity, and strongly impressed itself on my imagination. I knew him too well to suppose he was palming a fiction of his own framing upon me; or that it was the wild effervescence of a disordered fancy was equally improbable in one of his sober and steady temperament."

"The more I pondered on his words the more inexplicable I thought his story; till I at length resolved on having my doubts and conjectures on the subject removed or determined by watching myself the next Midsummer-eve, which was not far distant. When I informed the fisherman of my intention, he decidedly and warmly disapproved of it, and strenuously endeavoured to prevent me from putting it in practice; observing withal that he was morally certain I would suffer by my temerity.—But his words, being as they were in opposition to, served only to more firmly fix my determination; and in truth, I began to waver in my opinion of his veracity, from the supposition that he wished to prevent my de-

tection of what I felt inclined somewhat to think an imposition."

"When the eventful night arrived, I left my companions at the factory with the ostensible purpose of trying my luck at night-fishing. On arriving at my station, I seated myself with my loaded gun in my hand—a precaution I took to secure myself against the quondam visit of any straggling beast of prey from the forest behind—at the foot of a large rock, whose summit was crowned by a stunted pine, in the dark shadow of which I was enveloped beneath. The river in front of me ran smoothly over a shelving ledge of stone, and not more than six inches in depth for about twenty yards from the shore, where commenced a line of rocks and raging surf that extended quite across to the opposite side, attended with a bellowing din that was peculiarly horrible in the stillness of the night."

"The moon did not rise till a late hour, and then her light was overcast and partially lost in the floating density of a cloudy atmosphere, from which, shining at times, it caused a kind of flickering mirkiness that gave to every object a frightful indistinctness of expression. The roaring of the troubled waters seemed sometimes to be far more vehement than at others; and the occasional rushing sound of the wind, sweeping through the branches of the dark mass of forest in my rear, or the occasional near howl of a prowling wolf, impressed me with a fearful sensation of loneliness. I would start when a crackling noise in the wood, as if some voracious monster was forcing his way through to me, would arrest my attention and grasping my gun more firmly, await the anticipated attack. That I felt rather uncomfortable I cannot

deny; and more than once I wished I had taken the fisherman's advice."

"As midnight approached, I fancied things became more quiet and serene; and a sort of chilling weariness creeping over me, I was disposed to forget the purpose of my vigil in a drowsy fitful slumbering—when the roaring of the rapid seemed to be entirely hushed—and all around me to glow with an unearthly light—and at the same moment a long and prolonged shout, as of exultation, resounded in my ears, and roused my dozing senses from their stupor. I raised my head, and indeed I saw, or fancied I saw, a ship bearing gallantly up through the midst of the furious commotion before me,—with all her sails set, and her decks crowded with people!"

"A man in red apparel stood out at the end of her bowsprit—and another, whose dress denoted authority, often came from the after part of the vessel, and leaning over the bow, looked earnestly into the water, and then by the tone of his gestures appeared to communicate with him on the look-out."

"Except the person arrayed in scarlet, there was nothing extraordinary or peculiar in the dress or demeanour of the others. There were females on board, for I noted well their white drapery as it floated in the breeze,—and they kept walking to and fro on the quarter deck, sometimes singly, and at others in groupes. There was a crowd of persons in the waste of the ship, where all was hurry and confusion,—and blows, and stripes, and fearful cries would appear to predominate for a while. Loud peals of laughter would burst forth, frequently, intercepted by lamenting strains of mournful music, which would be succeeded for some moments by a deathlike silence, dur-

ing which all was motionless and still;—and then the same hideous uproar, mingled with wailing, and sorrow, and merriment would commence again.”

“Torches would gleam with a strange and fitful brightness around a spot where seemed stationary the majestic figure of a beautiful woman, whose earnest gaze was fixed on a bleeding corpse at her feet—and the flash of steel in the torchlight, indicated that warriors with bared weapons were mingled in the throng.”

“I followed this strange apparition with my eyes, as it kept on through the foaming billows and rocks, till with another terrific and long-continued cry—that cry Oh, God! I can never forget,—it melted away, and vanished from my sight I know not how.—And the darkness returned, and the rapid resumed its roaring—the wind again moaned among the bending trees—and all was as before.”

“Whilst this vision lasted, which it did for two or three minutes, my faculties were absorbed in an intensity of contemplation: but when it had past, actuated by an impulse which I cannot define, I started up—and in a frenzied agony made the air resound with my shrieks and vociferations, till, as if struck an overpowering blow by an unseen hand, I sank senseless on the ground.”

“The morning sun had been shining for some hours, when I found myself extended on the earth some distance from my seat of the preceeding night, a slight cut in my temple, which I suppose was from falling against a stone, and my gun still fast clenched in my hand. I had just strength left me to crawl home to our establishment, whence I was sent down to my friends in Montréal for the benefit of proper medical attendance: and I arose from a sick bed, after a confinement of six months,

emaciated in person to a skeleton, and a prey to a strong nervous agitation."

"Many will suppose that what I had witnessed was an illusion of the senses, arising from a distempered imagination acted upon by former impressions. But this could not virtually apply to my case. I had been told of a ship, it is certain, but no farther explanation or particulars were given, and I had never seen any other than the petty small craft that traded to Montreal in those days:—whereas, this was a ship of a size far superior to any in the mercantile trade, and was fitted and equipped in every respect like a vessel destined for war, as I have since had the fullest opportunity of ascertaining by comparison, from my vivid recollection of many peculiarities in her construction as it appeared to me—So it is evident, no prior idea had been entertained by the faculties of retention. But the marvel of this wonderful apparition did not cease here."

"Twenty years afterwards, some commercial transactions occasioned me to make a voyage to Barbadoes.—The night we made Carlisle bay, in which Bridgetown, the Capital of the Island is situated; as our vessel was standing in under easy sail, I was leaning against the taffrel rail, enjoying the freshness of the night breeze, which the sultry heat of the day in those warm latitudes makes so desirable, and which, in the present instance, was rendered delicious by the perceptible aromatic fragrance wafted from the shore, a characteristic of the vicinity of the West Indian Islands remarked by all seamen. The moon shone with a clear and mellow light in an unclouded heaven, and tinged with her silvery beams the glittering sails of our vessel, whose slow

progress through the briny flood was attended by a rippling noise, the only break on the silence around, and it had a pleasing effect on the ear at such a lonely moment, the heavenly calmness of which disposed my mind to a serene meditation. The various events of my past life revolved in quick succession before me, when the fact of its being Midsummer-eve flashed on my brain, with the consequent certain recollection of my adventure at the *Longue Sault* of the Ottawa River in Canada."

"I soon became enwrapt in a train of mental reasoning on the unaccountableness of that circumstance;—until a loud cry which I too well remembered, roused my attention—and the same ship, with the same crew, and exact in every particular as I had seen her that night twenty years before, swept past me with a swiftness that hurried her from my view ere reflection could be brought into action, and enable me to form either an idea or a conclusion. But so strongly was I impressed with the reality of what I had seen, that I turned to the man at the helm, and asked him if he had seen or heard any thing unusual. He replied that he had observed a light in the sea at some distance; and fancied he had heard at the same time a strange kind of cry, but could not account for either. I likewise enquired of the watch on deck at the time, and they gave a similar statement to that of the helms-man. This second appearance of the Spectre Ship was to me attended with the same consequence as the first;—and it was the utmost exertion of the highest medical skill and attention that rescued me from the grave. And I have a presentiment, that if ever I am cursed with another sight of that ghostly vessel and her spectral crew, it will anticipate the quick approach of my dying hour."

OH! HAD SHE LOV'D.

A MELODY.

Oh! had she lov'd—and lov'd me but sincerely,
 I had not been, what now I weep to be,—
 Oh! had she lov'd—as I lov'd her, so dearly,
 Life had not been all gloom and tears to me.

Bright eyes may smile in scenes of joy around me,
 Sweet voices spells of melody may cast,—
 Yet still they leave, as they have ever found, me,
 True to one grief—the memory of the past.

Vainly I woo—to cheat my bosom's sadness,
 Revel and wine that I may all forget,—
 Wine-cups and mirth wake not my soul to gladness,
 While thought of her so wildly haunts *it* yet.

Oh! had she lov'd—and lov'd me but sincerely,
 I had not been what now I weep to be,—
 Oh! had she lov'd—as I lov'd her so dearly,
 Life had not been all gloom and tears to me.

SPEAK TO ME ONLY IN THY SIGHS.

A MELODY.

Air—"Drink to me only."

Speak to me only in thy sighs,
 And I'll respond with mine,—
 Words cannot tell the love I feel—
 Oh! can they breathe of thine:
 Yes,—'tis alone for hearts like ours
 Love's language to define,—
 Then, dearest, speak in sighs to me,
 And I'll respond with mine.

If sighs are thoughts, and tear-drops words,
 I bless thy tears and sighs,
 So lov'd in their soul-searching speech
 From thy sweet lips and eyes ;
 Oh! dearer far thy sigh to me
 Than music most divine,—
 Then, let soft sighs thy language be,
 And kisses shall be mine.

THE EVENING HOUR.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard,—
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word ;
And gentle winds and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear ;—
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars have set,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heavens that clear obscure,
So softly dark, so darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON.

The contemplation of Nature in her various garbs and situations, has been to me, from my earliest youth, a source of delightful feeling and enjoyment. In the tender years of childhood, as on a fine still summer's evening, my sportive companions were all bustle and glee in the prosecution of some favourite game, I would steal away from the noisy throng to some sequestered spot, where, remotefully secure from their interruption and joyous tumult, I would sit and gaze for hours on the moon as she slowly pursued her majestic course along

the blue heavens, or, in her absence, on the innumerable stars that gaily twinkled above me.

I would too, quit my bed in a morning, ere it was yet day, and hie me to a distant hill to watch the opening tints of dawn; and with a devotional reverence behold the sun as it rose in refulgent splendour above the horizon, to diffuse light and gladness over a slumbering world;—and at eve I would repair to the same spot, to see the bright luminary set and sink to rest, and, as it disappeared, the bright but fast fading gleams it threw across the distant waters;—and which I have often since thought, resembled the mournful smile which a dying christian casts on those around his couch, and who though secure in the confidence resulting from a useful and well spent life, yet feels his soul yearn to those dear friends he is about to quit for that shadowed land beyond the grave.

It is to an unbounded indulgence in the excess of enthusiastic feeling to which such moments would naturally give birth, I may attribute the romanceful propensity to revel in the fairy world of ideal felicity which strongly characterised my earlier life; and which, I must candidly own, has become the second nature of my maturer years.—And illusive and trifling as it may appear to be, it is a species of mental enjoyment which I feel I would not—I could not forego, so intensely is it identified with my very being. And when the petty cares and anxieties of this world rise up in array against me, I fly to one of my own creation, and peopling it with beings of imagination—in their sweet society my troubles and their dread reality are alike forgot.

To a mind disposed to dreams of retrospection and anticipation, there cannot be a more happy inspiration

than a ramble in the placidity and stillness of evening. I pretend not to determine the effect which it may produce upon others, but to judge from my own feelings; it is an hour which elicits a peculiar sensation of pleasure and delight.

It is a delicious moment of calm repose, in which we can breathe freely after the fatigues and hurry of the day, and serenely look back on its events, and form plans for the morrow.

It is the jubilee of the soul—if I dare hazard the expression—when its better feelings freed from the shackles of restraint imposed by the cold formalities of society, and waking from the apathy induced by the common place incidents of worldly intercourse, spring into action with a renovated buoyancy, and bestow a foretaste of heavenly enjoyment, if that enjoyment can in the faintest degree be anticipated on earth,—a felicity indeed which may be felt but cannot be described.

It is at this hour, when gazing on the fading glories of the skies, as they gradually die away, and are lost in the approaching dimness—or watching the increasing faintness of the surrounding landscape, till not a gleam of light is left to display its varied hues, and which are fast blending into one universal tint,—that the remembrance of blighted hopes and blissful joys and thwarted views of ambition stealing on us. Deceitful illusions! Once bright and dazzling as that glowing radiance we had just contemplated, and like it, their transitory fascination misled our heated fancies for awhile, and then sank into the dark clouds of disappointment and despair.

And when the soul is enwrapt in the seducing melancholy which reflections like these cannot fail of inspir-

ing, the recollection of youthful joys, and friends with whom those joys were shared, causes the heart to beat with a painful palpitation; and a hallowed tear will fall to the memory of some dear departed companion, whose society was a charm that illumined the outset of our pilgrimage through life, but who, quitting the toilsome path, left us to wander on in regret and loneliness.

Thoughts like these make the hour strongly typical of the wane of human life, when the noontide fervour of youthful passion has gone by, and we can coolly give a backward glance to the past, and prepare for that future to which we are fast hastening.

The gathering shades of evening veil every object with a pleasing expression of softness, that, combined with the rich and delightful fragrance of blowing flowers, floating in the low whispering breath of the passing breeze, give a bewitching tenderness to this hour as peculiar to itself as overpowering in its influence,—an enthusiasm of sensation which the breast of a lover alone can truly appreciate. Oh! if there are beings to be envied as being blest with a more than ordinary portion of earthly bliss, it is the fond pair who roam forth in these transporting moments, to partake of their sympathy, and to hold that communion of soul of which the depraved sensualist can neither form an estimate or idea.

I have seen two such as I have here described, and who were indeed a world in themselves to each other, standing still, and lost in a delirious emotion resulting from the kindred effect of the moment, mutually gaze till the very tears streamed from their eyes from the intensity of empassioned feeling which language was denied them to express:—Reader, if ever you have fondly

and truly loved, and your affection has been returned with equal ardour, and it may be in such a situation and moment as I have depicted, you can best appreciate whether I exaggerate,—if you have not, then I pity you from my inmost soul !

But the evening hour is not sacred to love and friendship alone, and the feelings they would naturally waken into birth ;—for it is particularly calculated to inspire a strong sense of religious devotion in the man who adores his Creator through the medium of his works. His soul is turned, as it were, to a harmonic tranquility, that enables him to ponder with a serene delight on the justice and benevolence of an overruling Providence, and to beyond its dispensations with admiration and worship.—And I trust it will not be deemed a presumption to hope, that that heaven of rest which awaits the virtuous beyond this life, is as soothingly still—as calmly beautiful, as the twilight fascination of this peculiar hour on earth.

I make no pretensions to the sanctity of a devotee ; but I must confess, that often, whilst gazing on the heavens at Even, when fancy leads me to suppose I could almost look through their profound expanse, and their starry glories display in the increasing gloom their sublimity of splendour, I am lost in reverential adoration ; and an indescribable something prompts me to wish I could on the instant quit the soul-sickening nothingness of this existence for that of the bright and distant worlds above.

I feel it as the busy workings of the immortal spark within, that can never rest in its fleshly tenement, but longs to rejoin the mass of spiritual essence of which it is a particle : And, though the assertion may appear somewhat strange, it is at such a time I indeed am sen-

sible I possess a soul, and spurn at the belief that such monsters as atheists ever existed or do exist.

That there are individuals who possess an obdurate insusceptibility which can seldom be affected either by circumstance or situation and who, from the callosity of their feelings, alike defy impression or excitement I am ready to allow—To such I do not apply, for I hold them little superior in intellectual enjoyment to the brute creation; but setting them aside, there are few, comparatively, who do not feel more intensely at particular times and in peculiar situations. I make the observation merely to illustrate my context—and from this reason to me the Evening hour will ever be sacred.

Let the tempests of adversity buffet me as they will; and though thorns be lavishly mingled with the few wild flowers that may perchance bestrew my path, yet I feel contented in the consciousness of possessing an independence of felicity of which I cannot be deprived; and which, like a soothing balm, if it may not possess the power of healing the smart of misfortune, yet will assuage it in some degree, and suffer me to journey on through this world without repining.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there.

—LARA.

There is no situation, perhaps, in which man is more susceptible of the kinder feelings of his nature than when he is about to risk his existence in the tide of mortal conflict. The ties of love—of friendship—and of kindred, seem in that hour to be woven more closely round the heart, and dearer than they ever were before; and the probability, which will intrude itself on the mind, of our soon being insensible to them all gives life a thousand charms.

Agitated by such feelings as these on the night preceding a desperate engagement; and unable to take the repose which was to fit me for encountering the fatigues and dangers of the approaching combat, I strolled some distance from my tent, hoping the freshness of the night air might, in some degree, tend to calm the feverish ferment of my spirits.

It was a delicious night in the earlier part of June; and the full moon shone with—as I thought at the time—unrivalled splendor. The camp of our army was situated along a height which gently sloped down to a small river, scarcely a musket shot in breadth; and on the opposite side of which, on a corresponding range of hills, was formed that of the enemy.—All was silent as the

grave, except when at times the shrill neigh of some impatient charger would break upon the stillness that reigned around, and then die away in the distance; whilst round the watch-fires that scantily studded either camp, and which gleamed with a ghastly lustre in the pale moonlight, might be perceived the faintly defined figures of men, who, as they passed to and fro, seemed in one's fancy like demons celebrating their orgies in anticipation of the scene of blood and carnage about to ensue.

As I gazed on the vast assemblage of tents before me, whose white draperies glistened in the beams of the moon, I thought of their slumbering inmates;—of the many who now in the arms of “nature’s balmy comforter” were forgetting past care and approaching danger, and who ere the setting of the morrow’s sun, would sink into that sleep from which the last trump only would rouse them. They were then, probably, transported in their dreams to the midst of their families and connections, where in seeming they enjoyed all that parental kindness or tender affection could bestow—endearments which, alas! they were fated never again to enjoy in reality.

From them I naturally reverted to my own situation. I thought of my home in the smiling valley,—of my aged parents—of her who might then be gazing at the lovely planet shining with a silvery radiance in its empyreal course above me, and breathing a prayer to Heaven for my safety. I thought of them—of all I held most dear on earth, till almost overpowered by the intensity of my feelings—when, as if to complete the enthusiastic sadness of the moment, a strain of music caught my ear, as floating in the night breeze it died softly away. I listen-

ed, and again it was repeated—and I could plainly distinguish in the clear tones and soothing melody of a flute, the well known pathetic air of the “Wounded Hussar.” It came from the opposite camp, and probably served to beguile away the reflections of some lonely wanderer like myself.

I have listened to music in all its forms : I have heard, with a swelling heart, the proud notes of triumph in the hour of victory—the sweetest music to a soldier’s ear ;—have yielded to the momentary exhilaration produced by a ball room orchestra ;—have experienced the fascinating entrancement attendant on the witcheries of song when warbled from the lips of female loveliness :—Yet there was a something in that simple melody, breathed in such an hour, and in such a situation, which surpassed them all.—It was so much in unison with the scene and my feelings at the time, that the enchantment it then possessed has continued to the present moment, and will to the latest hour of my existence.

I WISH I COULD FORGET HER.

A BALLAD.

*I wish I could forget her,—*I wish I could forget
 That She is all so beautiful—that we had ever met!—
 Oh! how I pray that once again this anguish'd heart were
 free
 From every thought that brings her back in memory to me.

*I wish I could forget her,—*forget the fairy spell
 That floated in each melting tone which from her sweet lips
 fell—
 The touching song of hopeless love she sang to me alone,
 Till tears would gush from eyes that caught their softness
 from her own.

*I wish I could forget her,—*the many things which make
 Remembrance of past fled hours a torture for her sake,—
 Her look—and smile—and song—and sigh—and tears—all
 haunt me yet,
 And dreaming wild as this, my heart, 'twere mercy o forget.

*I wish I could forget her,—*forget I e'er enshrin'd
 Her loveliness and gifted worth above her gentle kind
 So far—that from proud Beauty's train I ever turn'd away,
 In humbleness to kneel to her, more brightly fair than they.

*I wish I could forget her,—*could bring my heart to deem
 The bliss it knew in loving her was only passion's dream—
 A fleeting ray of joyful hue from some sweet star that shed
 Its brightness o'er a darkling dome a moment ere it fled.

I wish I could forget her,—how sad and weary years
Were fading fast the morning bloom of her young life in tears
How blighting grief had early flung her shadow over hours,
—Which should have won her gentle steps with light and
song and flow'rs.

I wish I could forget her,—and vainly fly to all
The world can give of pleasure here to satiate and pall
The grasping and the weary heart,—but mine must covet yet
A refuge from a *fierce despair* which dares it to forget.

I wish I could forget her,—could win me to forget
The thousand thoughts that fondly twine her round my mem-
ory yet,
And I would cherish hope that life at last might cease to be
A changeless scene of dreary gloom and hopelessness to me.

I wish I could forget her,—but Oh! how idly vain
To think—to hope—to pray that e'er this heart may feel
again
One pulse that breathes not all of *her*,—and dreams which
linger yet
So deeply there—that in the grave alone I can forget.

NIGHT.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most,
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
 All heaven and earth are still—from the high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
 All is concenter'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

CHILDE HAROLD—CANTO 3d.

Thou dull and heartless reveller in the garish light of merry colored day, and its many broad and coarsely tinted scenes of hollow merriment, and specious splendour, and the host of false joys and fickle smiles that at best but win the eye to the mockery of the heart,—know you that there lies embosomed beneath that soft and dusky veil which Nature nightly shadows forth upon a slumbering world, a treasured mine of contemplative enjoyment to the heart, whose silent musings in that lonely hour are awakened to the melody, and beauty, and sublimity of the language so sweetly and gently whispered then to the soul from every star in the fair blue skies, and the perfumed flowers, and the bright flowing streams of this lovely earth;—and the heavily bonded spirit springs free from its fleshly thralldom in the purity of the moment, to

mingle with that so freshly breathing of the Godhead over all. It is indeed the season when our nature's capacity of high thought, and meditative reflection holds its chosen hour of admiration and praise and worship; and the meteor-lights of fancy glow fitfully and swiftly over the mind's firmament *then* in hues more varied and brilliant than the broad and sluggish face of day can waken or display—And yet, how few,—how very few among the crowded and bustling scenes around us, feel and appreciate the night season to be other than a tale of time told off to the wine-cup or the dice-box, or possibly, at best, to that cozener of life's numbered moments—sleep.

Go to—and mingle with the anxious throng pressing to the many fanes of Pleasures idolatry.—Go, and at the festive board drain off the repeated goblet—and listen to and participate in the brawling boast, or the maudlin sorrow, or the idiot joy of besotted fools around you;—be an active partizan, while the phrenzy of intoxication is upon you, in that which the morrow's sun may hail with debility—may, it is more than probable, stamp with the damning record of a friend's life-blood—the price of some silly taunt or unmeaning and drivelling expression of insult. And this is the way of "Enjoying an evening" as the cant phraseology of society goes.

Perhaps you are a 'ladies' man', and eschew the abomination of the drunken revel. And what a treat!—To sit out an evening among a coterie of flirting young girls, too silly to be ill natured, and crabbed old ones too ugly to be otherwise. And cakes, and tea, and scandal, and cards, follow in staid

rotation, and what by courtesy are, handed round under the denominative appellation of refreshments, intermingled with the thumping of an untuned piano, and the incessant squalling of some 'genius' or gifted fair one of the company, whom the conceit of *Ma* or her own vanity, and the complaisant ears of those around, keeps eternally pounding and bawling at and to the tortured instrument. And as a pleasant *finale* to all this, you are the victim of a fate whose curse follows you still, in the shape of having allotted to you the task—the delightful doom of tramping a mile or more through dark streets and muddy lanes—that is 'seeing home' some dear creature whom you would from your soul sooner see to the devil.—Some vinegar faced, lemon-tongued, jaundice-eyed thing, all shawled and hooded, and pattened for the journey home, whose kind inuendoes on your dearest friend,—perhaps a very dear one—or an occasional wipe at follies of your own, whose mention you felt would have been more honoured in the breach than the observance,—the benefit of all which you have appreciated during the night makes it a very agreeable affair. And just think of it, as you trudge sulkily and silently on, your evil spirit clings like a 'true-love' to your arm, and tenderly, oh! patience!—affects to tenderly enquire if you are "not well"—and this, it is probable, just when you are passing the 'shop' of a bachelor chum, and you look up to the snug twinkling window, and hear—as the old fathers say of the damned souls being tormented with hearing the strains of the blessed choirs afar off—you hear the jovial hearty laugh above, and perhaps you identify in your auricular sensibil-

ity at the moment, a call for more 'hot water' and you know that the rabbit and the oysters have been discussed hours before, and you can see—yes, you can plainly see the light curling cloud of the sweet precious Havanna's sitting in beautiful shadow across the broad yellow panes!—Or, perhaps, to change the picture, your thoughts are wandering to some 'angel form', the animal magnetism of whose soft rosy lips had made the forfeit-kiss a debt of delight unto your own;—and you fancied you had made an impression when you whispered the quotation from the "Loves of the angels" into her willing ear, the instant you were behind the large window curtain, snatching somewhat abruptly the bliss redeeming your pencil-case,—and you know that the road to her home is twice as long and fifty times better than the one you are measuring with your curses; and you think—oh! torture!—of the dashing, handsome, fascinating fellow' whom you left cloaking her delicious figure preparatory to the farther gallantry of his assumed protectorship—and you remember that just as you quitted the hall door with your '*night-mare*', her gentle good night from the stair top was so tenderly reproachful in its silvery tones—Well, and you have been forced to compromise all this, whether it be the three good fellows, and the oysters, and cheroots, and the Irish whiskey,—or the *tete a tete* home with the little Houri of your heart whom you were determined to fall in love with—And for what?—You feel this and the Paradise you have lost, when, by the light of the flaring candle which is held by the drowsy slip-shod scullion wench opening the door to your thundering and impatient rap, the

Gorgon face of your companion is unhooded to leer its fiendlike accompaniment to the many thanks for your 'kind politeness', each word of which falls on your heart like a wanton mockery of its despair;—and you are invited to call, and the family will 'all be so happy to see you,' and another talon like grasp is meditated on your hand—but human nature can endure this no longer. You dash madly away, uncertain whether or where you will hang, shoot or drown yourself, and are only brought to your senses by a sturdy watchman who collars you fast as you are heedlessly rushing past his beat,—supposing you to be some retreating burglar—an opinion which he persists in maintaining until convinced of his error before the sitting magistrate the following morning; and in the interim has kindly kept you out of harms way in the watch-house.

And this is, ye Gods! another way of "Enjoying an evening!"

You are occasionally given to 'sporting a toe' a few, we will suppose;—and speak truly on your conscience, did you ever rise from your bed the morning or afternoon after a ball in the consciousness of having been perfectly amused—we will not say *happy*? Did not some stray feeling of envy, or jealousy, or mortified vanity—the unkindest cut of all—or disappointment, arise to darken, perhaps triflingly but still to darken the brilliancy of the scene alike in retrospection as enjoyment? A certain lady or ladies manifested an admiration for some fellow whom you had looked upon ever, and particularly just *then*, as a perfect beast, and you felt yourself cut out—or you missed '*cutting in*' in the figures of the last new set, and had the

benefit of being giggled and sneered at by all the flirts and coxcombs in the room. Or possibly, the 'chosen of your heart', by a provident Mama's calculating policy, was kept capering the whole night with a rich, ugly, hobbling old brute, and as you looked on the 'sorted' fair, you remember that you never before felt so infernally proud and so damnably poor in one and at the same moment.—And is, we quote you, as another way of 'spending an evening!'

Then that abomination of wasted time—cards—as they are touched and counted by three fourths of the community. Oh! your twopenny whist and penny loo, and the baize-covered table, with the prim automatons around it, Cards if you will—but let there be 'the ducats on the board'—there is excitement, all delightful excitement in their touch then;—and gold may win Old Time to bear with the wasting sands of his neglected glass. And as we are immediately on the subject of speculative amusement—by way of digression, we avow that we often thank Heaven for two things—our not being by disposition a gambler, or a married man by fate, as the chances *do run* tolerably equal—As we have observed, we have often expressed our gratitude for these, and feel it for another dispensation—that of being exempted by temperament from the moping idiocy of the book-worm.

Only think of it, to spend the fleeting and glorious hours of night over dust covered and moth-eaten tomes of the lord knows what—half dozed, and blinded, and if possible, more stupid than before.—And then there are your Musical parties—an assemblage of 'talent', as the '*provoke*' generally specifies by way of enhancing the compliment.

And they sing and play not with, but against each other, as well as the very devil with the ears of the poor unoffending *uninitiated*, but who, after all, generally have *eye* if not *ear* enough—to see that disgusting petulance or ridiculous vanity more usually *marks time* with these musical *virtuosi* than the gouty foot of *him* crustily doing the honours by the huge bass-fiddle.

No, no—if we speak of the ‘Night hour’ as it wanes in the dwellings of men—experience, reflection, the sum of men’s opinions tell us that where pleasure or enjoyment is the object—there can be but two things to bind us to a sojournment beneath the roof separating our hearts and gaze from the splendours of the lustrous skies above us—two things of this lower world, *equivocal* as they have ever been of evil as of good, and to which from the earliest tale of time to the present, and on—on while hours are numbering to eternity, few among *men* but have been, are, and will be, more or less bonded and they are—*Women* and *Wine!*—The dream of the *young heart*, or the solace of the *old* and stricken. The *one* a spell that wins us too often to forget all that, alas! we should remember;—the other a false *Lethe* mocking us still with the hope of remembering nothing of that which we cannot, we almost *dare not* forget. Yet, let us not, we in-treat, be mistaken in our subject or its motive, when we speak of the smiling eye of dear gentle *Woman*, or the generous joys of the ruby wine cup, winning us to our fireside homes in “those hours of shade,” for which both of them as well as the ‘moon’ were most certainly made—in any other guise than the pure and tender and

devoted affection of the one, or the moderate and rational discussion of the other. "Woman, the world over, and wine, wherever we find it"—an obscure commentator on Josephus tells us, was a common toast with the young gallants of the imperial legions at their mess tables, while besieging Jerusalem under Titus; but as we quote this from hearsay, and, moreover, being, it is likely, given under the cold canvass of a mess marquee, we do not nor wish we our readers to, lay any stress on the fact, beyond the antiquity of the influence possessed by the gentler sex as also the juice of the grape in the remoter ages of the world.

We have a vision of other and younger days fresh upon our heart, ere the gay scenery of life's proscenium was sadly changed with us to the stern and sombre fixtures of its more darkened background. We have a dream of a soft sweet home—and a softer and sweeter bond to that home—which no lighted halls, nor sparkling boards, nor swelling orchestra's, nor starry skies or moonlit scenery could win us to forego—away from *her* who was herself the light and joy and music of that happy and not altogether humble dwelling, and redolent of lustre and loveliness, in the glory of her young beauty, as the spangled brightness and shadowy softness of the world above and around it. The crimson curtained windows—the rich patterned carpet, amply adapted to the dimensions of that snug little parlour—the green covered table with its blandly shaded lamp—the flute, and the scattered music on the piano in the background—the portfolio of drawings recumbent on the luxurious looking sofa in the recess—two or three volumes of the latest popular

works, and possibly a nearly finished shirt collar, or wrist-band, or flowered tippet lying loosely in the neighborhood of the large tumbler of spiced and smoking negus concocted by the kindly ready hands of the fond fair being, half sitting half kneeling at the knee of him for whom *her world* was sacrificed—and while her taper fingers are lightly busy, papering up those dark silky ringlets each of them a heart's relic—her beautiful eyes, in their uplifted and tender gaze, speak that deep and all devoted affection which knows of no bond to life beyond *his* love—no trust, nor refuge, nor succour on earth but in *him*—his honour, and his truth. And tell me, then, of the man who would roam in the 'night hour' from the society of a being like this:

Lacking the spell which ever lingers round Beauty's home, and which in *this life* must be ever paramount to all else, and where we are not loved or loving in this gentle mood—Commend us to the social few, whether brother bachelors or not, who meet to feel how painful it can be for even manly hearts to sever. Where wit and jolity tempered by good nature and moderation speeds its round with the circling glass, and wakens each better feeling to a joyousness that almost hallows the tie of friendship it is more closely twining around the heart.—And the song and the glee—and the toast to those we love—and the pledge which bears a blessing from lips we feel will not deceive us; and noble and generous and high-toned souls are beaming from eyes then lit up with a splendour the cold and formal things of day can seldom waken—and all is frankness and friendship and peace—no sneering satirist, nor traitor hypocrite—nor brawling

and bullying ruffian—none whom you more than feel inclined to soundly kick at parting—are there to mar and intrude on the placid merriment of the hour.—And ye who do look back occasionally on the ‘*Nights*’ of your past lives—say whether moments like these have not been as white spots in the monotonous gloom of existence! And now, on quitting the romanceful truths of reality for the realities of romance, *We* will sink the authoritative plural, sportively assumed without design in fact or circumstance, in humble imitation of those mighty potentates among men and over the march of mind—Crowned heads and Newspaper Editors, and speak to the point in *our* own proper person.

From early boyhood up to the present hour—partly from necessity, but more from choice—I have been an inveterate night-wanderer. Night to me has ever brought that portion of existence I have most deeply appreciated, and to which I never cease to look back but with a strange and peculiar satisfaction. Solitude and independence of action I have ever courted and toiled for; and they have been mine, but rarely till the noisy tumult of day, and its thousand and fettering obligations have faded with the setting sun. And in the night season, when animal creation seemed to have vanished from the earth—and all has been silent around—I have indeed felt as though the lovely world in which I breathed was all mine own.

I remember well, while yet a boy, how I have solitarily paddled a canoe a whole night together, without any definite purpose beyond the mere propensity, over and around a small lake in the vicinity of my childhood’s home;—and how many delightful—to me—moonlit, frosty winter’s nights I have rapturously skated for hours and till morning

about the same spot.—In the earlier days of manhood, and even to a later period of life, I have quitted ballrooms, and concerts, and theatres—the supper and the gaming table—all that could fascinate, or excite, or gratify the wild temperament of a youthful and ardent heart ;—not but I have felt them all, deeply and passionately ;—but there was one enjoyment predominant over all these—the lonely meditative ramble in the silence and darkness of night without purpose or care,—and in which, at least, I was separate and free from all that I hated, or despised, or shunned, or spurned at, in the throng of that ‘world’ from which my separation thus was the pleasure I most coveted.

Beyond the merest necessity induced for the support of nature, sleep and I have been anything but sworn friends through life. And you hear people speak of their “natural rest” as they term it—but it is all habit this same somnolence ; and only reflect that each minute you sleep away is so much taken from the numbered hours of your being. I hate a bed—the very sight of it, with its luxurious temptation to one’s animal sluggishness, is to me an abomination. I *have* slept in the Indian’s wigwam—by the Soldier’s camp-fire—have burrowed in the snow with the Savage elk-hunter,—and stretched my limbs for a brief repose beneath the dark gloom of the forest pine—On the mountain top, and in the valley, and by the way-side, as among ‘the desert places’,—with the grassy earth, or moss covered rock for a couch, and the glorious skies for a canopy,—I have slept the little portion of sleep that has been mine ;—nor felt that necessity made *that* a privation which disposition and habit esteemed alike as a matter of indifference or choice.

I love the Night—I have ever loved—I will ever love it and all that belongs to it of shadowed beauty, and silent loneliness, and dim, and doubtful, and desperate purpose.—I have looked upon the march of a gallant army in the midnight hour,—the heavy measured tread of armed men, and bugle and drum were mute, and proud banners were folded,—and the deep dull rolling of the cannon wheel—and the sharp ringing of the iron shod hoof on the flinty earth told of the war-steed's progress,—and the dusky and solemn bearing of that martial panoply was ominous of terror, and blood, and death.—I have gazed upon the dying watchfires, and the wide scattered tents of a slumbering host,—and pickets, and videts, and sentinels were wakeful moving things of shadow and prowling watchfulness,—and I have looked on all this till breaking day heard the bugle sing its *reveillé* to the drowsy soldier's ear.—I have paced in the lonely hour the fortified ramparts of a garrisoned city, and marked the solitary centinel on the gloomy bastion; and the solemn-pomp of the passing rounds—and the relief, with its deep clang of the presented musket—and the *one* word demanded and given.—I have looked on that sight, above all others, possibly, the most impressive among the various bearings of warrior-life—the progress of armed and mounted men along the streets of a city at night;—and the light of lamp and torch fell brightly on helmet and plume and sabre, and each noble looking dragoon, as light and shadow fitfully flashed over the splendid figures of himself and charger, seemed individually a rich study for the painter's eye—and trampling hooves, and clanging steel, and the ringing of jingling spurs and bridle curbs, and the disdainful snorting of some impatient steed—made a music

then whose excitement could not be equalled in life beside. And all these things I have looked upon and felt;—for the dreams of my earlier boyhood, with its observance and experience, were closely identified with such spirit stirring scenes as these.

I have roamed forth in the breathing silence of a lovely moonlit world, along the margin of the silvered and sleeping lake, and through the flower-decked valley, and beneath the deep and sublime gloom of the lofty and shadowing mountain. I have looked on the blue waters, and the bright stars, and inhaled the rich floating sweetness of opening flowers—to feel *then* that such were the beautiful things of creation to win man's turbulent spirit to a peaceful rest. And in such an hour—Yes,—when earth and heaven seemed all fragrance and light and loveliness, so tenderly calm and holy and touching to the heart—I have knelt before the angel purity of soft dark eyes, to know and feel that I loved—as I never can love in life again,—to listen to the whispered melody of a voice which spoke of an affection whose depth and devotedness and fervour were only bounded by an early grave!—I have kept watch on a war ship's deck with the anxious helmsmen, through long and dreary nights of storm and peril, and privation;—and looked upon each awful and gigantic billow, as it rushed furiously on in its wrathful course, as the fearful herald of doom and eternity.—In loneliness I have watched and wandered a live-long night within the repulsive confines of a burial place;—and have listened for hours to the doleful and dirgelike sweeping of the chilling wind, among the tombs, and the long rank grass of the clustered graves around me. I have in the flickering starlight, or

by the fitful and ghastly rays of a tempest clouded moon, rambled from one head-stone to another, and idly perused the graven record above the cold and silent bed of perished youth, or beauty, or gifted and valued worth; and there, too, I have witnessed how man can lightly *jest* over sacrilege—how the audacity of the living can hold at nought our instinctive terrors of the dead.—I have strolled, without a motive beyond my nature's whim, from one deserted street of a sleeping city to another, even until I have seen the flaring lamps wane to a sickly hue, and one by one fade and die away at the approach of day.—I have in the 'noon of night' journeyed and wandered—I have ridden, and walked, and toiled over the high-ways and by-ways among men, and of their formation—and through and among the secret places that had no path but the whim of him whose footsteps intruded on their solitudes.—Through forest and dell, and ravine—along the mountain coast, as winding the shores of the mirror-surfaced lake, lonely and silently my feet have picked their weary track;—and mine eyes have looked on things, and sounds have been wafted to mine ears, of which the minion of day's broad beam 'dreameth not'—And I have been happy in all this,—and my purpose was answered.

I love the Night—for mine has been a wayward career over the stormy ocean of life;—and poverty with little respite has 'dogged unwearied at my heel,'—and stern unbending necessity has lashed my heart to the endurance of much that it has sickened and revolted at—the proud aspiring spirit, chained passively to endure the 'whips and scorns' and contumely of pride, and arrogance, and worthlessness, telling off the hours of garish day by links of that fetter whose iron *will eat* into the very soul.—But the

Night—the blessed, and glorious, and beautiful Night has ever been all mine own;—and then and there the world I have shared in *equality* with my kind, if not even in *superiority*.—And,—but no matter,—at least on that ‘vantage ground’ it were well that I have learned to moderate the ever fermenting leaven of a disappointed heart, and to feel that it is a ‘good thing’ to be *charitable in opinion* even to those who draw little but defiance from a bending brow—or the contemptuous bearing of a curling lip.—But away with thoughts like these;—their expression were better brought to a conclusion.—I love the Night—shall I again and for the last time repeat;—for its waking dreams have brought fancy the *materiel* of many of the foregoing idle SCRAPS AND SKETCHES; and now, as it is waning fast into the morning light, has afforded me the subject of, as well as the opportunity of adding, this my last contribution to the ALBUM OF A LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE END.

