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THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

VOL. V.

JULY, 1847.

No. 7.

CANADIAN SKETCHES.

NO. IV.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

TOM WILSON'S EMIGRATION.*

CHAP. II.

"My dog! You would not rob me of my dog?"

It was late in the evening before M—— and his friend Tom Wilson returned from Y——. I had provided a nice hot supper and a cup of good coffee to refresh them after the fatigues of their long walk, and they both did ample justice to my care.

Tom was in unusually high spirits, and seemed wholly bent upon his Canadian expedition.

"Mr. C—— must have made use of very eloquent language, Mr. Wilson," said I, "to engage your attention for so many hours?"

"He did indeed," returned Tom, after a pause of some minutes, during which he seemed to be groping for words in the salt-cellar, having deliberately turned out its contents upon the table cloth. "We were hungry after our long walk, and he gave us an excellent dinner."

"But that had nothing to do with the substance of his lecture?"

"It was the substance after all," said M——, laughing, "and his audience seemed to think so, by the attention they paid to it during the discussion. But come, Wilson, give my wife some account of the intellectual part of the entertainment."

"What! I—I—I give Mrs. M—— an account of the lecture. Why, my dear fellow, I never listened to a word of it."

"I thought you went to Y—— on purpose to get information upon the subject of emigration to Canada?"

"Well—and so I did; but when the fellow pulled out his pamphlet and said that it contained the substance of his lecture, and would only cost a shilling, I thought that it was better to secure the substance than endeavor to catch the shadow. I bought the book and spared myself the trouble of listening to the bad oratory of the writer. Mrs. M—— (turning to me) he had a shocking delivery, a drawling vulgar voice, and was so ugly withal that I hated to listen to him or look at him. He made such ungrammatical blunders that my sides ached with laughing at him. Oh! I wish you could have seen the wretch. But here is the document; if it is written in the same style in which it was spoken, you have a rich treat in store."

"But how did you contrive to amuse yourself during his long address?" said I, highly entertained by his description of Mr. C——, against whom I had formed a very uncharitable prejudice.

"By thinking how many fools were collected together, to listen to one greater than themselves. By the way, M——, did you notice Farmer Flitch?"

"No. Where did he sit?"

"At the foot of the table. Oh! you must have seen him, he was too big to be overlooked.—What a delightful squint he had. What a ridi-

*Continued from page 286.

culous likeness there was between him and the roast pig he was carving. It was funny. Do you know, M——, I was wondering all dinner time how that man contrived to cut up that pig, for one eye was fixed upon the ceiling and the other was leering very affectionately at me. It was very droll—was it not?”

“And what do you intend doing with yourself when you arrive in Canada?” said I.

“Find out some large hollow tree, and live like Bruin in the winter, by sucking my paws. In the summer there will be mast and acorns sufficient to provide for the wants of an abstemious fellow like me.”

“But joking apart my dear fellow,” said my husband, anxious to induce him to abandon a scheme which appeared to him so hopeless; “do you think that you are at all qualified for a life of toil and hardship?”

“Are you?” returned Tom, raising his large, heavy, black eyebrows, and fixing his leaden eyes steadfastly upon his interrogator, with an air of such absurd gravity that we all burst into a hearty laugh.

“Now, what do you laugh for? I am sure I only asked you a serious question.”

“But you have such an original method in asking,” said M——, “that you must forgive us for laughing.”

“I don’t want you to cry,” said Tom. “But as to our qualifications, I think them pretty equal. I know you think otherwise, but I will explain. Let me see. What was I going to say? Oh, I have it now. You go with the intention of clearing land, and working for yourself, and doing a great deal. I have tried that before, in New South Wales, and I know that it won’t answer. Gentlemen can’t work like labourers; it is not in them, and that you will find out. At this moment you expect, by going to Canada, to make your fortune. I anticipate no such results. Yet I mean to go, partly out of a whim, to see if it is a better country than New South Wales, and partly in the hope of bettering my condition, which at present is bad enough. I mean to purchase a farm with the three hundred pounds I received last week from the sale of my father’s property; and if the land yields only half the returns that Mr. C—— says it does, I need not starve. But remember the refined habits in which you have been brought up, M——, and your unfortunate literary propensities. I say unfortunate, because you will seldom meet people in a colony who can or will sympathize with you in these. They will make you an object of mistrust and envy to those who cannot appreciate them, and will be a source of constant mortifica-

tion and disappointment to yourself. Thank God! I have no literary propensities; but in spite of the latter advantage, in all probability I shall make no exertions at all. So that your energy, damped by disgust and disappointment, and my laziness, will end in the same thing—we shall both return like bad pennies to our native shores; but as I have neither wife nor child to involve in my failure, I think, without much self flattery, that my prospects are better than yours.”

This was the longest speech I ever heard Tom utter, and evidently astonished at himself, he sprang abruptly from the table, overset a cup of coffee into my lap, and wishing us good day, (it was eleven o’clock at night,) he ran out of the house.

There was more truth in poor Tom’s words than at that moment I was willing to believe. But youth and hope were on our side in those days, and what the latter suggested we were only too ready to receive. My dear husband finally determined to emigrate to Canada, and in the hurry and bustle of a sudden preparation to depart, Tom and his affairs for a while were forgotten. My husband was absent in London, making the necessary arrangements for our voyage, and a favorite sister was staying with me at our sweet little marine cottage, in which I passed the first happy year of our wedded life, in order to assist me in the melancholy task of preparing for our final separation from home and country.

Oh, God! how dark and heavily did that frightful anticipation weigh upon my heart. As the time for our departure drew near, the thought of leaving my friends and native land became so intensely painful that it haunted me even in sleep, and I seldom awoke without finding my pillow wet with tears. The glory of May was upon the earth—of an English May. The forests were bursting into leaf; the meadows and hedgerows were flushed with flowers, and every grove and copsewood echoed to the warbling of a thousand birds. To leave England at all was dreadful—to leave her at such a season was doubly so. I went to take a last look of R—— Hall, the beloved home of my childhood and youth, to wander once more beneath the shade of its lofty oaks, to rest once more upon the verdant sward that carpeted their roots. It was reposing beneath those noble trees that I had first indulged in those delicious dreams which are a foretaste of the enjoyments of the spirit land, when the soul breathes forth its lofty aspirations in a language unknown to worldly minds, and that language is Poetry. Here annually, from year to year, I had renewed my friendship with the first primroses and violets, and listened with the untiring ear of

love to the spring roundelay of the blackbird, whistled from among his bower of May blossoms. Here I had discoursed sweet words to the tinkling brook, and learned from the melody of waters and song of birds, the music of natural sounds. In these beloved solitudes all the holy emotions, which stir up the human heart in its depths, had been freely poured forth, and had found a response in the harmonious voice of nature, bearing aloft the choral song of earth, up to the throne of God. How hard it was to tear myself from scenes endeared to me by the most beautiful and sorrowful recollections, let those who have loved and suffered as I did, tell. However, the world had frowned upon me—nature arrayed in her green loveliness had ever smiled upon me as an indulgent mother, holding out her loving arms to enfold to her bosom her erring but devoted child.

Dear, dear England! why was I forced to leave you? What crimes had I committed, that I, who adored you, should be torn from your sacred bosom, to pine out my joyless existence upon a foreign shore? Oh! that I might be permitted to return and die in your arms, and rest my weary head and heart beneath your daisy-covered sod at last. Ah! these are vain out-bursts of feeling—melancholy relapses of the spring home-sickness. Canada! thou art a noble, free, and rising country. The offspring of England, thou must be great, and I will and do love thee, land of my adoption, and of my children's birth, and oh! dearer still to a mother's heart—land of their graves!

* * * * *

Whilst talking over our coming separation with dear C—, we observed Tom Wilson walking slowly up the path that led to the house. He was dressed in a new velvet shooting jacket, and carried a gun across his shoulder—an ugly pointer dog followed at a little distance.

"Well, Mrs. M—, I am off," said Tom, shaking hands with my sister instead of me. "I suppose I shall see M— in London. What do you think of my dog?"

"It is an ugly beast," said C—. "Do you mean to take it with you?"

"An ugly beast? Duchess a beast! Why, she is a beauty—beauty and the beast—ha! ha! I gave two guineas for her last night. (I then thought of the old adage.) "Mrs. M—, Miss S— is no judge of a dog."

"My knowledge of their merits or demerits only embraces puppies," returned C—, laughing. "And you go to town to-night, Mr. Wilson? I thought as you came up to the house that you were equipped for shooting."

"To be sure—there is capital shooting in Canada."

"So I have heard—plenty of bears and wolves. I suppose you took out your gun and dog in anticipation?"

"True," said Tom. "Well, that's good. I really thought that I was going to Canada by the mail. Only imagine my surprise at landing in London to-morrow. Ha! ha! ha! that's a capital joke. Isn't that funny?"

"Very," said C—. "A most quixottish journey. But you surely are not going to take that dog with you?"

"Indeed I am. She is a most valuable brute. The very best venture I could take. My brother Charles has engaged our passage in the same vessel."

"It would be a pity to part you," said I. "May you prove as lucky a pair as Whittington and his cat."

"Whitting! Whittington!" said Tom, staring at my sister and beginning to dream, which he invariably did in the company of a pretty girl. "I surely have heard something about Whittington! Who was the gentleman?"

"A very old friend of mine—one whom I have known from a very little girl," said my sister; "but I have not time to tell you more about him now. If you go to St. Paul's churchyard and enquire for Sir Richard Whittington and his cat, you will get his history for a mere trifle."

"Do not mind her, Mr. Wilson, she is quizzing you," quoth I. "I wish you a safe voyage across the Atlantic. I wish I could add a happy meeting with your friends. But where shall we find friends in a strange land?"

"All in good time," said Tom. "I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you and your husband in the backwoods of Canada before three months are over. What adventures we shall have to tell one another! It will be capital. Good bye. Good bye, Miss S—; don't refuse a good offer for my sake."

"Not very likely," said C—, laughing. "Well, there they go, master and dog. What a pair. Shall we ever see their like again?"

"Before twelve months are over," said I, "he will be back to W—, or never call me a true prophet again."

CHAPTER III.

—
"We met—'twas in a crowd."

"WELL, Tom has sailed, Mrs. M.," said Captain Charles Wilson, stepping into my little parlor a few days after Tom's last visit. "I saw him and

his dog safely on board. Odd as he is, I parted from him with a full heart—I felt as if we never should meet again. Poor Tom! he is the only brother left to me that I can love. Robert and I never agreed very well, and there is little chance of our meeting in this world. He is married and settled in that confounded New South Wales, and the rest, John, Richard, George, they are all gone—all.”

“Was Tom in good spirits when you parted?”

“Yes, in capital spirits. He is a perfect contradiction. He always laughs and cries in the wrong place. Charles,” says he, with a loud laugh, “tell the girls to get some new music against I return; and hark ye! if I never come back, I leave them my kangaroo waltz as a legacy.”

“He is a strange creature.”

“Strange indeed. You know, Mrs. M——, that he has very little money to take out with him, but he actually paid for two berths in the ship that he might not have a person who might chance to snore to sleep under him. Thirty pounds thrown away upon the mere chance of having a snoring companion. Besides,” quoth he, “Charles, I cannot endure to share my little cabin with others. They will use my towels and combs and brushes, like that confounded rascal who slept in the same berth with me coming from New South Wales, who had the impudence to clean his teeth with my tooth brush. Here I shall be all alone, happy and comfortable as a prince, and Duchess shall sleep in the other berth and be my queen,” and so we parted, said Captain Charles. “May God take care of him, for he never could take care of himself.”

“That puts me in mind of the reason he gave for not going with us,” said I. “He was afraid that my baby would keep him awake of a night with her squalling. He hates children, and says he never would marry for fear of having one.”

The brothers never met again. Captain Charles, a brave officer and a most accomplished man, died shortly after by his own hand.

But to return to our emigrant. We left the British shores on the first of July, and after a very disagreeable voyage cast anchor under the castle of St. Louis, at Quebec, on the second of September, 1832. Tom Wilson sailed in May, had a speedy passage, and was, as we heard from his friends, comfortably settled in the bush, had bought a farm and meant to commence operations in the fall. All this was good news, and as he was settled near my brother's location, we congratulated ourselves that our eccentric friend was in good hands, and that we should soon see him again.

On the ninth of September, the steamboat

William IV. landed us at the then small but rising town of C——. The night was dark and rainy. The boat was crowded with emigrants; I had suffered much from sickness during the voyage, and was ill and fatigued. When we arrived at the inn we had the satisfaction of learning that there was no room for us, not a bed to be had; nor was it likely, owing to the number of emigrants that had been poured in for several weeks, that we could obtain one by searching further. M—— requested the use of a sofa for me during the night, but even this produced a demur from our landlord. Whilst we stood in the passage crowded with strange faces, a pair of eyes glanced upon me through the throng. Was it possible! Could it be Tom Wilson? Did any other human creature possess such eyes, or use them in such an eccentric manner?

In another minute he had pushed his way to my side.

“Tom Wilson, is that you?”

“To be sure it is. I flatter myself there is no likeness of such a handsome fellow to be found in the world. It is I, I swear,—though very little of me is left to swear by. The best part of me I have left to fatten the rascally mosquitoes and black flies in that infernal bush. But where is M——?”

“There he is, trying to induce the landlord for love or money to let me have a bed for the night.”

“You shall have mine,” said Tom; “I can sleep upon the floor of the parlour in a blanket. It's a bargain. I'll go and settle it with the Yankee directly. In the meanwhile here is a little parlor, which belongs to some of us young hopefuls, for the time being. Step in here, and I will go for M——. Oh! I long to see him—to tell him what I think of this confounded country. But you will find it out all in good time—ha! ha! ha!” and rubbing his hands together with a most lively and mischievous expression, he shouldered his way through trunks and boxes and anxious faces, to communicate the arrangement he had very kindly made for us, to M——.

“Accept this gentleman's offer, sir, till to-morrow,” said mine host. “I can then make more comfortable arrangements for your family. But we are crowded, sir, crowded to excess. My wife and daughters are obliged to sleep in a little chamber over the stable to give our guests room. Hard that, I guess, for decent people like us to locate over the horses.”

These matters being settled, M—— returned with Tom Wilson to the little parlour in which I had already made myself at home.

“Well, now, is it not funny that I should be

the very first to welcome you to Canada?" said Tom.

"But what are you doing here, my dear fellow?" said M—.

"Shaking every day with the ague," replied Tom. "Pleasant work that! But on my soul, M—, I could laugh in spite of my teeth, to hear them make such a confounded rattling in my jaws. You would think they were all quarrelling with my tongue to get out of my mouth. But this shaking mania forms one of the great attractions of this new country."

"How thin and pale you are!" said I. "This climate cannot agree with you?"

"Nor I with the climate. Well, we shall soon be quits—for to let you into a secret, I am now on my way to England."

"Impossible!"

"True!"

"And what have you done with the farm?" said M—.

"Sold it."

"And your outfit?"

"Sold that too."

"To whom?"

"To those that will take better care of both than I did. Ah! M—, such a country—such people—such rogues! It beats Australia hollow. You know your customers there. But here you have to find them out. And such a take in. Well, well, God forgive them! I never could take care of money, and one way or other they have cheated me out of all mine. I have scarcely enough to pay my passage home. But to provide against the worst, I have bought a young bear—a splendid fellow—to make my peace with my uncle. You must see him, M—; he is in the stable."

"Tomorrow we will pay a visit to Mr. Bruin," said I. "But do tell us something about yourself and your residence in the bush."

"D—n the bush!" was the slow and deliberate reply. "You will know enough about the bush by and bye. Well," he continued, stretching out his legs and yawning horribly, "I am a bad historian, a worse biographer; I don't know how the deuce you contrive, Mrs. M—, to write romances, when I can scarcely find words to relate facts. But I will try what I can do,—but don't laugh at my blunders."

We promised to be serious—no easy matter, by the bye, while looking at and listening to Tom Wilson, and he gave us at detached intervals, the following account of himself:

"My travels began at sea. We had a fair voyage and all that; but my poor dog—my beautiful Duchess—that beauty in the beast—died.

I wanted to read the funeral service over her, but the Captain interfered—the brute, and threatened to throw me into the sea along with the dead bitch, as the unmannerly ruffian called my canine friend. But I never spoke to him again during the rest of the voyage. Nothing happened worth remarking until I got to this place, where I chanced to meet your brother, and went up with him to the woods. Most of the wise men of Gotham I met upon the route, were bound to the woods; so I thought it was as well to be in the fashion. S— was very kind; he did nothing but praise the woods. Their beauty, their comfort, their independence; and he so inspired me with the theme that I did nothing all day but sing

"A life in the woods for me!"

until we came to the woods, and then I soon learned to sing that same, as the Irishman says, on the wrong side of my mouth."

Here succeeded a long pause, during which friend Tom seemed mightily tickled with his reminiscences; he leaned back in his chair, and from time to time gave way to loud hollow bursts of laughter.

"Tom, Tom, are you mad?" said M—, shaking him.

"I never was sane that I know of," returned he. "You know that it runs in the family. But do let me have my laugh out. The woods, ha! ha! ha! I tell you what, M—, when I used to be roaming through those woods shooting, though devil a thing could I ever find to shoot, for birds and beasts are not such fools as our English emigrants, to love the woods, and I chanced to think of you and Mrs. M— coming to spend the rest of your lives in the woods, I used to stop and hold my sides and laugh until the woods rang again. I tell you that it was the only consolation I had."

"Good heavens!" said I, "let us never go to the woods."

"You will repent if you do," said he. "Well my bones were well nigh broken before we got to D—. The roads for the last twelve miles of the journey were nothing but a succession of mud-holes, covered with the most ingenious invention for racking your limbs asunder ever thought on, called corduroy bridges—not breeches mind you,—for I thought whilst jolting up and down over them that I should arrive at my destination minus of that indispensable covering. It was night when we got to your brother's place. I was tired and hungry, my face disfigured and blistered by the unremitting attentions of the mosquitoes and black flies that rose in swarms from the river. I thought to get a private room to wash and dress in, but lord! there is no such

thing as privacy in this country. In the bush all things are in common; you cannot even get a bed without having to share it with a companion. A bed on the floor in a public sleeping room! Think of that, M——! A public sleeping room! men, women and children, only divided by a paltry curtain. Oh! ye gods! think of the snoring, squalling, grumbling, fussing. Think of the kicking, elbowing and crowding; the heat, the mosquitoes with their infernal buzzing, and you will form some idea of the misery I endured. And then to appease the cravings of hunger, imagine fat pork served to you three times a day. No wonder the Jews eschewed the vile animal; they were people of taste. Pork morning, noon and night, as salt as brine, and swimming in its own grease. The bishop who complained of partridges once a day should have been condemned to three months of pork in the bush, and he would have become an anchorite, to escape from the horrid sight of swine's flesh forever spread before him. No wonder I am thin. I have been starved—starved upon *pork and fritters*—and that disgusting specimen of unleavened bread, yclept cakes in the pan."

"But these," said M——, "after all are but minor evils, and easy to be borne."

"Easy to be borne! Do go and try them, and then tell me that. But I did try to bear them with a good grace. But it would not do. I offended every body with my grumbling. I was constantly reminded by the ladies that gentlemen should not come to this country without they were able to put up with a little inconvenience; that I should make as good a settler as a butterfly in a beehive; that it was impossible to be so nice about food and dress in the bush; that people must eat what they could get, and be content to be shabby and dirty like their neighbors in the bush, until that horrid word bush became synonymous with all that was hateful and revolting in my mind.

"It was impossible to keep anything to myself. The children pulled my books to pieces to look at the pictures; and an impudent bare-legged servant girl, took my towels to wipe the dishes with, and my clothes brush to black my shoes, an operation which she performed with a mixture of grease and soot. I thought I should be better off in a place of my own, so I bought a farm that was recommended to me, and paid for it double what it was worth. When I came to examine my estate, I found there was no house upon it, and I should have to wait until the fall to get hands to clear a few acres for cultivation. I was glad to return to my old quarters. Finding nothing to shoot in the woods, I determined to

amuse myself by fishing, but there was no canoe to be had. To pass away the time I set about making one. I bought an axe and went to the forest to select a tree; about a mile from the lake I found the largest pine I ever saw. I did not much like to try my maiden hand upon it, for it was the first and the last tree I ever cut down. But to it I went, and I blessed God that it reached the ground without killing me in its way thither. When I was about it I thought I might as well make it big enough; but the bulk of the tree deceived me in the length of my vessel, for when it was finished, and it took me six weeks hollowing it out, it was as long as a sloop of war, and too unwieldy for all the oxen in the neighbourhood to draw to the water. Yes! after all my labor, my combats with those wood-demons, known commonly as black flies, sand flies, and mosquitoes, my boat remains a useless monument of my industry and folly; and worse than this, the fatigue I had endured working at it late and early, brought on the ague, which so disgusted me with the country that I sold my farm and all my traps for an old song, purchased Bruin to bear me company on my voyage home; and the moment I am able to get rid of this tormenting fever I am off."

Argument and remonstrance were vain, Tom was as obstinate as his bear.

The next morning he conducted us to the stable to see Bruin. The young denizen of the forest was tied to the manger, quietly masticating some Indian corn, the cob of which he held in his paw, and looked half human as he sat upon his haunches, regarding us with a peculiarly solemn and melancholy air. There was an extraordinary likeness, quite ludicrous, between Tom and the bear. M—— and I looked at each other. Tom understood our thoughts.

"Yes," said he, "there is a strong resemblance. I saw it when I bought him. Perhaps we are brothers," and taking the chain which held the bear in his hand, he bestowed upon him the most extravagant caresses, which Bruin returned with low, and to my mind very savage growls.

"He can't flatter. He is all truth and simplicity," said Tom. "A child of nature and worthy to be my friend. The only Canadian I ever mean to acknowledge as such."

About an hour after this poor Tom was shaking with the ague, which in a few days reduced him so low that I began to think that he never would see his native shores again. He bore the affliction very philosophically, and all his well days he spent with us.

One day my husband was absent to inspect a farm (which he afterwards purchased) in the

neighbourhood, for Tom had so frightened me with his account of a bush life that I had no great inclination to become a denizen of the woods.

M—— happened to agree with me on this point, and it was nearly two years after that we unfortunately changed our minds on the subject. Well, M—— was away, and I had to get through the long day at the inn in the best manner I could. The local papers were soon exhausted—the baby thought fit to sleep like a dormouse, and books I could find none. I wished that Tom would make his appearance and amuse me with his oddities; but he had suffered so much with the ague the day before, that when he did enter the room to lead me to dinner he looked like a walking corpse—the dead among the living! So dark, so livid, so melancholy, it was painful to look upon him.

"I hope the ladies who frequent the ordinary won't fall in love with me," said he, grinning at himself in the miserable toilet glass. "I look quite killing. What a comfort it is to be above all rivalry."

In the middle of dinner the company was disturbed by the entrance of a person who had the appearance of a gentleman, but he was evidently much flustered with drinking. He thrust his chair in between two gentlemen who sat near the head of the table, and in a loud voice demanded fish.

"Fish, sir!" said the obsequious waiter, a smart Irishman, and a great favorite with all the customers. "There is no fish, Sir. It is all eaten, Sir."

"Then d—n you, fetch me some."

"I'll see what I can do, Sir," said Tim, and went out.

Tom Wilson was at the head of the table carving a roast pig. He was in the act of helping a lady when the rude fellow thrust his fork into the pig, and called out:

"Hold, Sir! You have eaten among you all the fish, and now you are going to appropriate the best parts of the pig."

Tom raised his eyebrows and stared at him in his peculiar manner, then very coolly lifted the whole of the pig upon the stranger's plate.

"I have heard," he said, "of dog eating dog, but I never before saw pig eating pig."

"Do you, Sir! do you mean to insult me?" cried the stranger.

"Only to tell you, Sir, that you are no gentleman. Here, Tim," calling the waiter, "go to the stable and bring in my bear; we will place him at the head of the table to teach this man how to behave himself in the presence of ladies."

A general uproar ensued. The women all left the table, while the entrance of the bear threw

the gentlemen present into convulsions of laughter. It was too much for the human biped; he was forced to leave the room and succumb to the bear.

My husband concluded his purchase of the farm, which I have endeavored to describe in my last sketch, and he invited Wilson to go with us into the country and try if the change of air would be beneficial to him, for in the weak state he then was, it was impossible for him to return to England. His funds were getting very low, and Tom thankfully accepted the offer. Leaving his bear in charge with Tim, who delighted in the oddities of the strange English gentleman, he made one of our party, as the reader will remember, on that memorable day.

After reducing the log-cabin into some sort of order, M—— contrived, with the aid of a few boards, to make a little closet for the poor invalid. There was no way of admitting light and air to this domicile, which opened into the general apartment, but through a square hole cut in one of the planks, just wide enough to admit a man's head through the aperture. Here I made Tom a comfortable bed, and we did the best we could to nurse him during his sickness. His long, thin face, emaciated with disease, and surrounded by huge black whiskers, and a beard of a week's growth, looked perfectly unearthly, and he had only to stare at the baby to frighten her almost out of her wits.

"How fond that young one is of me," he would say; "she cries for joy at the sight of me."

Among his curiosities, and he had many, he held in great esteem a huge nose made hollow to fit the face, which his father had carved out of box-wood; when he slipped this nose over his own it made a most perfect and hideous disguise. Numberless were the tricks he played off with this nose. Once he walked through C—— with this proboscis attached to his face. "What a nose! Look at the man with the nose!" cried all the boys in the street. An honest Irish emigrant passed at the moment, and with the courtesy natural to his nation, he forbore to laugh in the gentleman's face, but after he had passed him, Tom looked back and saw the poor fellow bent half double in convulsions of mirth. Tom made the man a low bow, took off his nose and gravely put it into his pocket.

"There, Mrs. M——, said he to me, on his return, "my nose, which is only a piece of wood, can give more notoriety in a day than the best article you can write could do in a month."

The day after his frolic he had a dreadful fit of the ague, and looked so ill that I really entertained some fears of his life. The hot fit had

just left him, and he lay upon his bed bedewed with a cold perspiration, and in a state of complete exhaustion. "Poor Tom!" said I; "he passed a horrible day, but the fit is over and I will make him a cup of coffee." While preparing it, old Satan came in and began to talk to my husband. He happened to sit exactly opposite to the aperture which gave light and air to Tom's berth. The rude fellow, with his accustomed insolence, began abusing the old country folks. "The English were great bullies," he said. "They thought nobody could fight but themselves. But the Yankees had whipt them, and would whip them again. He was not afeared of them. He never was afeared in his life."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a horrible apparition presented itself to his view. Slowly rising from his bed, and putting on the fictitious nose, while he drew his white night-cap close over his ghastly and livid face, Tom thrust his head through the aperture, and uttered a diabolical cry—then sank down upon his unseen couch as silently as he had arisen. That cry was like nothing human. It sounded more like the extravagant neigh of some fear-stricken horse in his agony, and it was echoed by an involuntary scream from the lips of my servant and myself.

"Good God! what's that?" cried Satan, falling back in his chair, and pointing to the now vacant aperture. "Mr. M——! Mr. M——! did you hear it? did you see it? It beat the universe. I never saw a ghost or the devil before."

M——, who had recognized the ghost, and who greatly enjoyed the fun, pretended profound ignorance, and very coolly insinuated that old Satan had lost his senses. The man seemed bewildered. He stared at the vacant aperture, then at M—— and me, as if he doubted the accuracy of his own vision. "'Tis tarnation odd!" he said. "But the women heard it, too."

"I heard a sound," said I, "a dreadful sound; but I saw no ghost."

"Sure an it was himself," said my lowland girl, who now perceived the joke. "He was a seeken to gie us puir bodies a wee bit fricht."

"How long have you been subject to these sort of fits!" said I. "You had better speak to the doctor about them. Such fancies, if they are not attended to, often end in madness."

"Mad! I guess I am not mad."

"Perhaps troubled with an evil conscience?"

"Good God! woman! did I not see it with my own eyes, and as to the noise, I could not make such a devilish outcry to save my life."

Again the ghastly head was protruded—the dreadful eyes rolled widely in their sockets, and a hollow laugh, more appalling than the former

shriek, rang through the cabin. The man sprang from his chair, which he overturned in his fright; he started back and stood for one instant with his starting eye-balls riveted upon the spectre—his cheeks deadly pale, the cold perspiration streaming from his face,—his lips dis severed, and his teeth chattering in his head.

"There—there! look—look! the devil—the devil!"

Here Tom, who still kept his eyes fixed upon his victim, gave a diabolically knowing wink, and thrust his tongue out of his mouth.

"He is coming! he will have me!" cried the affrighted wretch, and clearing the open doorway with one leap, he fled for life across the field. The stream intercepted his path, he passed it at a bound, and plunging into the forest, was out of sight.

"Ha! ha! ha!" muttered poor Tom, sinking down exhausted upon his bed. "Oh! that I had strength to follow up my advantage; I would lead old Satan such a chase that he should think that his namesake was behind him."

During the six weeks that we inhabited that wretched cabin we never were troubled by old Satan again, and this respite we owed to Tom Wilson's extraordinary nose.

As he slowly recovered and began to regain his appetite, his soul sickened over the salt beef and pork, which, for want of a near vicinity to town, formed our principal fare, and he positively refused to touch the sad bread, as my Yankee neighbours very appropriately termed the unleavened cakes in the pan, and it was no easy matter to send a man on horseback eight miles to fetch a loaf of bread.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. M——, for God sake, give me a bit of the baby's bread, and try, there's a dear good creature, to make us some bread. The stuff your maid gives us is uneatable," said Wilson to me in most imploring accents.

"Most willingly, but I have no yeast, and I never baked in these odd bake-kettles in my life."

"I'll go to old Joe's wife and borrow some rising," said he. "They are always borrowing of you."

Away he went across the field, but soon returned.

I looked in his jug—it was empty. "No luck," says he. "Those stingy wretches had just baked a fine batch of bread, and they would neither sell nor lend a loaf. But they told me how to make their milk-emptyings."

"Well, discuss the same." But I much doubted if he could remember the Yankee recipe.

"You are to take an old tin," said he, sitting

down on the stool and poking the fire with a stick.

"Must it be an old one?" said I laughing.

"Of course; they said so."

"And what am I to put into it?"

"Some flour and some milk. But, by George! I've forgot all about it. I was wondering all the way across the field why they called the yeast milk-emptyings, and that put the way to make it quite out of my head. But never mind, 'tis only ten o'clock by my watch—I have nothing to do—I will go again."

He went—would I had been there to hear the colloquy between him and Mrs. Joe! He described it something to this effect:

MRS. JOE.—"Well, stranger, what do you want now?"

TOM.—"I have forgotten the way you told me to make the bread."

MRS. JOE.—"I never told you how to make bread. I guess you are a fool. People have to raise bread before they can bake it. Pray, who sent you to make game of me? I guess, somebody as wise as yourself."

TOM.—"The lady, at whose house I am staying."

MRS. JOE.—"Lady! I can tell you that we have no ladies here. So the woman that lives in the old log shanty don't know how to make bread. A clever wife that! Are you her husband?"

Tom shook his head.

"Her brother?"

Another shake.

"Her son—do you hear?" going close up to him.

TOM.—"Mistress, I'm not deaf, and who or what I am is nothing to you. Will you oblige me by telling me how to make the *milk-emptyings*?"

MRS. JOE.—"*Milk-emptyings*! So you expect me to answer your questions, when you don't choose to answer mine. Get you gone! I'll tell you nothing about it."

TOM.—"Thank you for your civility. Is the old woman, who lives in the little shanty near the apple-trees, more obliging?"

MRS. JOE.—"That's my husband's mother. You may try. I guess she'll give you an answer;" and, slamming the door in his face, the virago retired into her den.

"And what did you do then?" said I.

"Oh! went of course. The door was open and I reconnoitred the premises before I ventured in. I liked the phiz of the old woman, although it was sharp and inquisitive, a deal better than that of her daughter-in-law. She was busy shelling

cobs of Indian corn into a barrel. I rapped at the door and she told me to come in, and in I stepped. She asked me if I wanted her, and I told her my errand, at which she laughed heartily.

"You are from the old country, I guess, or you would know how to make milk-emptyings. Now I always prefer bran-emptyings; it makes the best bread; the milk I opine tends to give it a sourish taste, and the bran is the least trouble."

"Then let us have the bran by all means," said I. "How do you make it?"

"Oh, I put a double handful of bran into a small iron pot or kettle—but a jug will do—and a tea-spoonfull of salt; but mind that you don't kill it with salt, for if you do it won't rise. I then add as much warm water at blood heat as will mix it into a stiff batter. I then put the jug into a pot of warm water by the fire side, and keep it at the same heat until it rises, which it generally will do if you attend to it, in two or three hours. When the bran cracks at the top and you see white bubbles rising through it, you may strain it into your flour and lay your bread. It makes good bread."

"My good woman," said I, "I am greatly obliged to you; but we have no bran; can you give me a small quantity?"

"I never give anything," said she. "You Englishers, who come out with stacks of money, can afford to buy."

"Sell me a small quantity?"

"I guess I will," says she; but edging quite close up to me, and fixing her sharp eyes upon me, she said, "You must be very rich to buy bran."

"Oh! very rich!"

"How do you get your money?"

"I don't steal it."

"Perhaps not. I guess you'll soon let others do that for you if you don't take care. Are the people you live with related to you?"

"I could hardly help laughing in her face," said Tom; "but I answered in the negative."

"And do they keep you for nothing?" continued the old gossip; "or do you work for your meat?"

"I do neither; they are my friends. Have you that bran ready?"

The old dame went to a binn and measured out a quart of bran into my jug. "What am I to pay you?"

"A york shilling," quoth she.

"Is there any difference between a york shilling and an English shilling?" said I, wishing to try if she were as honest as the rest.

"I guess not. Is there not a place in England called York?" The old creature leered up into

my face with her cunning black eyes, and I laughed outright.

"You are not going to come York over me in that way, or Yankee either," said I; "there is three-pence for your pound of bran—you are gloriously paid."

"But the recipe," said she, running after me to the door. "Do you allow nothing for that?"

"It is included in the price of the bran," said I, and I came laughing across the field to think how I had disappointed the avaricious old crone.

"Well now," says I, "the next thing to be done is to set the bran rising." By the help of friend Tom's description the bran was duly mixed in the tin coffee-pot and placed within an iron pot full of hot water by the side of the fire. I have often heard it said that "a watched pot never boils," and there certainly was no lack of watching on our part, in order to see the bran rise. Tom sat for hours regarding it with his large heavy eyes. The maid inspected it, and Tom, from time to time, with great interest, and scarcely ten minutes elapsed without my testing the heat of the water and the state of the emptyings; but hour after hour passed away, and night came, and the bran gave no sign of vitality. Tom sighed deeply when we sat down to tea upon the old fare.

"Never mind," said he. "We shall get some good bread in the morning. I will wait until then. I could almost starve before I would touch this."

The tea-things were removed and Tom took up his flute and commenced a series of the wildest voluntary airs that ever were breathed forth—mad jigs to which the gravest of mankind might have cut the most eccentric capers. We were all convulsed with laughter. In the midst of one of the most extraordinary movements, Tom suddenly hopped like a kangaroo (which feat he performed by raising himself upon tiptoes then flinging himself forward with a stooping jerk) towards the hearth, and squinting down into the coffee-pot in the most quizzical manner, exclaimed: "Miserable chaff! If that does not make you rise, nothing will."

I left the bran all night by the fire; early in the morning I had the satisfaction of finding that it had risen high above the rim of the pot and was surrounded by a fine crown of white bubbles. "Better late than never," thought I, as I emptied the emptyings into my flour. "Tom is not up yet. I will make him so happy with a loaf of nice home-baked bread for his breakfast." It was my first loaf; I felt quite proud of it as I placed it in the odd machine in which it was to be baked, and not understanding the nature of

these ovens, or that my bread should have risen in the kettle before I fired it, and that it required some experience in order to know when it was in a proper state for baking, I put it at once into the cold oven and heaped a large fire of embers above and below it. The first intimation I had of the success of my cooking was the disagreeable odour of its burning, filling the whole house.

"What is that infernal smell?" cried Tom, issuing from his domicile in his shirt sleeves. "Do open the door, Mrs. M——; I feel quite sick."

"It is the bread," said I, taking off the lid of the oven with the tongs. "Dear me, it is all burnt."

"And smells as sour as vinegar," returned he. "The black bread of Sparta."

"Alas! for my maiden loaf," said I, as with a rueful face, I placed it on the breakfast table. "I hoped to have given you a treat, and now I fear that you will not find it eatable."

"You may be sure of that," said Tom, as he struck his knife into the loaf and drew it forth covered with dough. "Ah! Mrs. M——, you make better books than bread."

My dear M——, who was a little disappointed, too, took it so good naturedly, and made so many droll puns upon my failure that, vexed as I was, I could have kissed him out of gratitude. In short, I could have borne the severest cut up from the pen of the most formidable critic with more fortitude than I bore the cutting up of my first loaf of bread. After breakfast M—— and Wilson rode into town and when they returned at night I received several long kind letters from home. Ah! those first letters from home. Never shall I forget the rapture with which I grasped them; the eager trembling hands with which I tore them open, while the blinding tears which filled my eyes hindered me for some minutes from reading a word which they contained. Fourteen years have slowly passed away. It appears half a century, but never, never, can home letters give me the intense joy which those letters did. After seven years' exile the hope of return grows feeble; the means is often still less in our power, and our friends give it up as a bad job. Their letters grow fewer and colder, their expressions of attachment are less vivid, the heart forms new ties, and the poor emigrant is almost forgotten. Double those years, and it is, as if the grave had closed over you, and the hearts that once knew and loved you know you no more.

Tom, too, had a large packet of letters which he read with great apparent glee, and after he had re-perused them he declared his intention of

setting off on his return home upon the morrow. M— tried to persuade him to stay until the spring and make a fair trial of the country; his arguments were thrown away; the next morning our eccentric friend was ready for a start.

"Good bye, Mrs. M—," quoth he, shaking me by the hand as if he meant to sever it from the wrist. "When next we meet it will be in New South Wales, and I hope by that time that you will know how to make better bread."

And thus ended Tom Wilson's emigration to Canada. He brought out three hundred pounds of British currency; he stayed in the country just four months, and he returned with barely enough to pay his passage home. If our readers feel interested in his fate I will detail all I know of him since, in a few words: Tom and the bear arrived safe in England, and good uncle John again received the wanderer, forgave all his follies, and set him up in a chemist's shop in a large town. How he succeeded in trade I never knew, but he married a very pretty girl whose face was her only fortune. She died in her confinement with her first child, and Tom returned to his brother in New South Wales, a melancholy and heart-broken man for the loss of his wife and child. Of his career since that period I know nothing, but I rather think that among a list of home news, my sisters informed me of the death of poor Tom! Peace be to his memory! He has caused me many a hearty laugh. Odd as he was, he possessed many noble and redeeming good qualities, and greatly ameliorated by his quiet drollery the first sad months of my sojourn in Canada.

"GAUN BACK AGAIN."

An emigrant Scotchman, landing on the wharf at Montreal, before it was a wharf, and wading up to the knees in the delectable mud in the days of yore so prevalent in that now beautiful region, in the midst of a pelting shower of rain, met a friend whom he had known in earlier days at home. The new-comer, when the first greetings were over, began bemoaning loudly his unhappy fate in having left his native land. His friend interrupted him before he had got half through his tale. "Haud your tongue, Jamie! Ye dinna ken yet what ill luck is! If ye could only think what has befaun me. Oh, Jamie! its awfu'." "What can it be?" said Jamie, with the most unfeigned concern—"what dreadful ill has happened?" "Oh! Jamie, man," said the other. "Oh! Jamie, Jamie, man—I'm—I'm gaun back again!"

CONVERSATIONAL EXCELLENCE

BY W. P. C.

Few estimate the power over others, and the intellectual enjoyment that excellence in conversation gives to its possessor. It is of far more importance than the eloquence of the forum or the writing-desk, inasmuch as it is more frequently than either called into requisition. While those are made subservient to rules of art and systems of instruction, scarcely a thought is bestowed upon this. Any attempt at general improvement in the *conversational art* is considered of trivial consequence; as if that which affords the most extensive communication between man and man, the primeval method of expressing thoughts, could be otherwise than worthy of the most assiduous cultivation. Yet haply there are some who view this matter in a different light.

It is somewhat remarkable that upright manly sentiments are less frequently assisted by conversational eloquence than wicked and gross ones. From the different nature of these one might reasonably expect the contrary; yet an honest man relies more upon the intrinsic merits of the doctrine he professes to follow, than upon his skill in expounding it. Forgetting that all men do not comprehend the truth as readily as himself, he takes very little trouble about its exposition, and hence often fails in obtaining the desired result. One of depraved morals, on the other hand, who embraces a theory the falsity of which he well knows, in order to establish it and render it popular, must exert every energy of his mind. He must employ all means, great or small, that tend to accomplish his purpose. He necessarily cultivates the peculiar faculty of exhibiting his subject in refined and beautiful language, such as produces its end notwithstanding the grossest errors in the principles embodied. He can do this to much better purpose, as we find, in private conversation than on the stage or through the public prints. Those false ethics, that to a cool and unbiassed judgment reveal sufficiently their own absurdity, if advanced and defended by one versed in the mysteries of the conversational art, stand forth clothed apparently with truth, and based on the most incontrovertible arguments that reason itself can suggest. The most notorious free-thinkers that the world has ever seen, have made more converts to their pernicious theories, by that artful reasoning which familiar conversation favors, than by their most labored and erudite written disquisitions.

The intriguing office-seeker amuses his patron with promises of self-devotion, and dwells so for-

cibly and yet so modestly, as it appears, upon his own claims to honor, that, despite the obvious disadvantages resulting therefrom, he is immediately successful. In this manner he goes on step by step until he himself attains the position of his former friend. His eminence is not the reward of patriotic toil, nor yet of true integrity, but of a subtle and effective eloquence, a superior power of exaggerating or repressing truth, of enforcing a knowledge of one's own merits, and rendering absurd the claims of others. To him who covets success in politics, this is almost indispensable. Whether the principles that govern the actions of a man be good or evil, his power depends almost wholly on the ability he possesses of explaining those principles in a manner satisfactory to others. Neither, as we have remarked, is such explanation made so fully or so well elsewhere, or by other means, as within the closet and in confidential conversation. In public, the same statements and the same reasoning are subject to the scrutiny of all; but in private, language is with ease adapted to the capacity of comprehension and to the disposition of the auditor. In one case, from its very nature, the subject under consideration is dealt with less minutely than in the other. Many objections apparently trifling in themselves, yet forming together an insuperable barrier to the success of a doctrine, are not so easily advanced nor so easily refuted in public as in private. This assertion need not be repeated, for its truth is found in the history of almost every successful statesman.

But for the sake of social enjoyment, more than influence, should the conversational powers of every individual be cultivated. The pleasure that man experiences in the companionship of his fellows is heightened in proportion to the degree of intellectual refinement found in their mutual interchange of thoughts and feelings. For one of refined sentiments to hold communion with another, whose mind bears only the impress of nature, although his heart be noble and endued with every virtue, is unsatisfactory, nay, even sometimes revolting. A kind and generous thought, if clothed in awkward language, meets no similar response from him to whom it is addressed, while the most unmeaning, if magnificently garbed, receives a hundred times its proper meed of attention.

Now, if all who in any degree possess this talent which gives to life such peculiar charms—this great stepping-stone to influence and respectability in the world, would properly attend to its application—there are probably few things that would contribute more than this to universal happiness. The faculties of the human mind would

be found to expand individually, and the whole mind increase its power. Those who enjoyed the society of Samuel Johnson derived no doubt, from the frequent exercise of his great conversational abilities, more instruction and amusement than they could have done from a thorough perusal of his works. A certain stateliness of diction frequently enters into a written composition that is wanting in extemporaneous expressions. This kind of stateliness, oftentimes approaching bombast, is the least pleasing characteristic of Johnson's style. The anecdotes of him that Boswell has preserved for us, show that in a measure at least his language in private was free from this, while his *sayings* exhibit the same originality and independent way of thinking as do his *writings*.

In conversation, a look, a tone effects its purpose; in writing, everything depends upon the peculiar force and felicity of the expressions employed. To prescribe rules for the government of either were of course absurd. But in the former more particularly, a careful observance, upon all occasions, of that propriety of thought and diction which a moment's reflection will suggest, will surely prove the precursor of ultimate excellence.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

BY G. C.

Hark! Sprites their airy harp have strung,
Heard'st thou how wildly sweet it rung?
As thro' the chords the breezes sung,
 And mournful sighed;
Or sinking low the vales among,
 In whispers died.

In solemn murmurs now they rise,
Its utmost art the zephyr tries,
Each varying gale alternate plies,
 With tuneful skill,
And wakes each nerve that sleeping lies,
 With rapture's thrill.

Methinks 'tis haply such a strain,
As Angels breathe to soothe the pain
Of dying Saints until they're ta'en
 To Realms above,
On high the glorious meed to gain,
 Their Maker's Love.

'Tis thus the charms of Pleasure steal,
O'er the young mind with joys unreal;
They last, while blows the balmy gale,
 Then with it fly,
And leave behind them sorrow's wail
 And plaintive sigh.

THE IRISH STUDENT.

BY S.

CHAPTER I.

— 'Tis hard to lay into the earth
A countenance so benign! a form that walked
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!

WILSON.

Come near! ere yet the dust
Soll the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!
Come near! once more let kindred lips be pressed
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

HEMANS.

It was the eve of battle. The besieging army lay beneath one of Spain's proudest cities. The camp presented the scene which generally precedes the day of battle. The toil-worn veterans, to whom the prospect of the morrow's conflict conveyed no novelty, lay extended on the green sward sleeping calmly, as if this night might not be the last which would ever throw its dark shades around them. To them the approaching death struggle was nothing new. They were prepared to risk their lives again as they had so often already done.

But there were younger and more sanguine spirits among that warlike host, whose hearts beat tumultuously at the prospect of the coming strife. Though toil-worn and weary no sleep was permitted to rest upon their eye-lids. They sat apart in groups talking of the eventful morrow, and many a youthful soldier in imagination beheld the laurel to crown a head, which, before another sun should set, would lie cold and lifeless as the sod upon which it should rest. There were fair-haired boys there also, the darlings of fond mothers, and heirs to lordly domains, whose thoughts might be read in the proud exulting smile which lit up their faces as they imagined the joy with which many a loved maiden would listen to the recital of the gallant part they bore in the morrow's conflict, whose glowing cheek and tearful eyes would bear witness to the interest she felt in the fate of the far-distant one. Alas! such is the dream of life in peace as in war! Where imagination pictures the future she exhibits to our view all that is bright and beautiful, but reality, when the dread moment

arrives, draws the curtain aside and points to a—
tomb!

Apart from their comrades and engaged in conversation, sat two officers. One was still youthful in appearance, while the other had hardly yet passed the prime of life, and both were distinguished by their noble mien even among the martial forms around them.

The countenance of the younger wore an air of deep dejection, and his mind was evidently engrossed by less sanguine hopes than those which occupied his brethren around. His companion had marked the vacant eye, and observed the absent air with which he listened to the conversation which he endeavoured to maintain, with a view to draw him from the deep dejection so unusual to him. At length, failing in all his efforts to arouse his usually cheerful companion, Fitzgerald ceased in his attempts, and allowed his gaze to follow that of his friend, which rested on the bright moon as she calmly and silently sailed through the blue heavens above. As he looked upwards he also fell into a deep reverie, and visions of his island home came thronging upon him. He thought of his fair young wife whom he had left there, and of his only child, but it was with a confident hope that he would soon again behold and embrace them. Lost in a pleasing dream of home and happiness, Fitzgerald forgot even the anxiety which his silent friend had occasioned, till he was roused by the pressure of a hand upon his shoulder, and turning he beheld his brother officer looking in his face with a solemn earnestness which awed him.

"Why, O'Donnel, what ails thee to-night," he exclaimed. "I never beheld thee in such a mood as this. We have fought side by side in many a bloodier conflict than the morrow promises to witness. Thou hadst always the brightest eye, and led the foremost charge in every battle. Surely you cannot expect a defeat to our arms."

"On the contrary," replied O'Donnel, "I feel confident that we shall conquer. But, Fitzgerald," he continued, looking sadly into the face of his friend, "did you never experience a chill creep over the heart, a dark presentiment of coming evil? But, no! you have not; such gloomy

anticipations have never cast a dark shadow over that happy face of thine. Enough, I feel that I will not survive the conflict of to-morrow. Do not ridicule this idea, nor endeavour to persuade me that it is merely a phantom of the brain. Ere yonder moon again looks down upon this beautiful but unhappy land, you will be convinced that it is no chimera. But it was not anxiety for myself that engrossed my mind when I was deaf to your kind attempts to cheat me of my solemn meditations. I thought of my boy, my motherless child, who will soon be left to the mercy of a cold-hearted world. I am about to confide a trust to you, Fitzgerald, to implore you by the careless, happy days of boyhood which we have spent together,—by the dangers which in manhood we have shared,—by all that you hold dear, to supply a father's affection and care to him who will soon be an orphan. Twice in the height of battle has your arm interposed between me and death. Be a shield to my boy as you have been to his father."

"Fear not, O'Donnel," replied Fitzgerald, grasping the hand of his friend with warmth, while a tear glistened on his sunburnt manly cheek. "I will be all that you can desire to your boy, should the fate which you so despondently predict await you. But you must not entertain such gloomy forebodings. I trust that many happy years are yet in store for both of us. In a short time this unhappy war must terminate, and then we will be enabled to return to our native land, and again behold those dear ones, who, though absent, are ever present to our thoughts. Come, O'Donnel, be yourself once more. Who knows but I may have to consign to your care those who will mourn for me when I am gone. The bullet that speeds harmlessly by you to-morrow may find a home in my heart. But a truce to such thoughts, O'Donnel, let us banish them."

O'Donnel replied only by a grateful pressure of his hand, and saying:

"Fitzgerald, I am satisfied."

He rose and joined a group of his brother officers, and apparently the most cheerful in that circle during the rest of the evening was Charles O'Donnel.

* * * * *

It was night once more, but ah! how changed. The conflict was past—the deeds of daring had been achieved—the heart which had panted for glory was stilled forever. All was hushed, except that here and there a dying groan or a prayer for mercy to the God of Peace, might be heard ascending from a parting spirit, breaking upon the dread stillness of the night. Those plains

which but last evening had teemed with life, upon whose surface had reposed many a proud, manly form, were now covered only by the disfigured, mutilated remains of humanity. Ghastly figures in which even a fond mother might have shuddered to recognize the babe she once hushed in her bosom. The duty of interring the dead had already begun, and silent, dejected groups moved about conveying their comrades to their last places of rest. Not to the sod-covered grave in their native village church-yard where their kindred repose, and over whose congregated dead the vesper bell nightly "tolls the knell of parting day." They lay them in a foreign land, in one promiscuous heap, thus outraging those melancholy but pleasing feelings with which man loves to regard the consecrated spot where his unconscious form shall rest.

Two soldiers were hastily digging a grave under the shade of an orange tree, which scattered its sweet scented blossoms on the earth at every passing breeze. Leaning against the tree, with his arm in a sling, and pale from loss of blood, stood an officer directing their task, while his eye rested upon a motionless figure which lay upon the turf before him enveloped in a military cloak. The labour was soon over, and the narrow resting place was waiting for its kindred dust. Gently as a mother lays her sleeping babe within its cradle, did Fitzgerald place Charles O'Donnel within his last bed, then slowly withdrawing the cloak, he gazed once more upon the rigid features of his friend, and turning away burst into tears.

The grave was hastily filled up, and naught but a little mound of earth told of the place where O'Donnel reposed; but a passing breeze came sighing mournfully through the branches of the orange tree, and strewed the pale blossoms over the newly made grave. As Fitzgerald turned from the spot in sadness and loneliness of heart, he looked upwards, and there again was the silvery moon, smiling and placid as yesternight when he and O'Donnel gazed upon her beams together.

CHAPTER II.

—That house was his.

The portal gates have fallen from their hinges,
The windows are unshaded, the roof lacks leading,
And docks and nettles in the court grow rank,
All witness to the noble master's absence.

THE MISANTHROPE.

—
THE Angel of Peace passed over Europe, and her soft silken wings had dried the tears from the maiden's eye, and her gentle voice had bid the

long-absent one return to the hearth which he had made desolate. The harsh voice of war was silenced and was remembered only by those aching hearts which must mourn their blighted hopes till they should cease to beat. The fields again waved with yellow corn and the grass grew fresh and green over the unconscious forms of foes, once met in the deadly conflict, but who now lie side by side beneath the green sod.

"Home! home!" exclaimed the Colonel, who had left his native land but a few years ago, with an ensign's commission and a maiden sword, with which to carve a proud name in the annals of his country. Fate had been kind to the brave boy, and had turned aside the showering bullets which spared not those of noble birth and lordly wealth who stood by his side. "Home! home!" shouted the shrill voice of the drummer-boy, as gaily he tossed aloft the cap from a head which had looked upon dismal scenes of carnage and horror, and had reposed calmly on many a battle-field which a grey head might shudder to contemplate. "Home!" echoed Fitzgerald, as a smile flitted across his pale care-worn face, while enfeebled by the many wounds he had sustained, and in broken health and spirits, he once more sought his native land.

As Fitzgerald approached his ancestral home he pictured the joyous reception his return would meet, and anticipated the welcome repose he would once more enjoy in the bosom of his family. Captain Fitzgerald's estate was situated in one of the northern counties of Ireland, amid the rich and varied scenery with which some of that portion of the Emerald Isle abounds. It had come into his possession only about two years previous to the time when we introduced him to the reader. He was a younger son, and had inherited literally the portion of that superfluous member of a family, namely, an ensign's commission in the army. He had distinguished himself upon many occasions during the long continental war in which he had fought, and to his own bravery he owed the rank which he had attained. Upon the death of his elder brother he had succeeded to the ancestral estate. Since that period he had anxiously desired to retire from the army and to reside at Ardmore, but he would not return thither till peace should be proclaimed, and his services no longer be required by his country. He had married while abroad, and Constance was a child of the sunny South pre-eminent for beauty even among the lovely daughters of Italy. She was descended from a noble and distinguished family of Florence, but her house, like her country, had fallen from its ancient greatness. Fitzgerald had wooed and won her for his bride, and she had accompanied him through the vicissitudes

which attend a soldier's life, till fearful that her health and that of her child might suffer by the frequent dangers to which they were exposed, he had conveyed her home to Ardmore, where she had continued to reside anxiously expecting the return of her husband. A stranger in the land, though tolerably versed in its language, and easily adopting the customs of those around her, the time passed heavily away, and to one of such an ardent nature as Constance, life would have been insupportable, had it not been for the incessant cares which her child demanded, and the cherished hope of Fitzgerald's speedy return. She had lately received a letter from him, informing her of the death of O'Donnel, and intimating his intentions towards the son of his departed friend. He also spoke of his near prospect of seeing her again, and the step of Constance became light, and her dark eyes shone bright and happy, as when in the careless untroubled days of her girlhood, she had lightly touched her guitar by the banks of the Arno.

Again Fitzgerald trod his native soil, and with as much haste as his enfeebled health would permit he journeyed towards his home. It was night when he reached the portals of Ardmore. As if mourning the absence of its lord, even the mansion wore a cheerless, gloomy aspect. The spacious hall which, in former days, was brilliant with lights, and across whose windows light forms were wont to glide, was now forsaken and left in utter darkness; but above, from the chamber which he knew was tenanted by Constance, there shone a solitary lamp clear and bright as the star of love.

The old and faithful servants hastened forward to greet their master as soon as his arrival was known, but hardly waiting to return their joyous welcome, Fitzgerald hurried onwards to meet his wife. Imagination alone can picture the delight with which Fitzgerald was received by her, whose heart had never been free from alarm while her husband was absent and exposed to countless dangers, which, with woman's love, she multiplied and exaggerated.

"But, dearest Constance," interrupted Fitzgerald ere he had replied to half her anxious enquiries regarding his health, "I have not yet beheld our child."

"Nay, forgive me, Edward," she replied, "in my joy at seeing you again, I selfishly forgot that another dear one must share your caresses."

So saying, and leaning on Fitzgerald's arm, Constance led the way to the chamber where the child reposed. Conducting her husband forward, she raised the lamp so as to throw the light upon the face of her babe.

"Is she not lovely, Edward?" exclaimed the

fond mother, as she watched the delighted expression which stole over the bronzed sun-burnt face of Fitzgerald; as he bent forward and kissed the slumbering child.

After having contemplated his child with gratified emotion, and after having again kissed the rosy cheek which was half hid by clustering curls, Fitzgerald was about to retire, but Constance detaining him, with a mysterious smile, led him into an adjoining apartment, and drawing the bed-curtains aside, threw the rays of the lamp upon another childish face.

"Charles O'Donnell!" exclaimed Fitzgerald, as he regarded his wife with a look of mingled gratitude and love. "Dear Constance! you have anticipated my every wish. I see that the orphan boy already enjoys a mother's love. How very like his father he is," contemplating the sleeping boy with a look of sadness. "The same lofty forehead, the proudly curved lip, the open expression which even in sleep his young face wears! May thy life be longer than his, and happier, poor boy!" he continued, as he fondly pressed his lips to the cheek of his adopted son.

"You will leave us no more, dear Edward," exclaimed Constance, as they repaired to the supper-room, and she gazed in his face with her dark lustrous eyes, in which a tear trembled at the apprehension of another such separation. "You know not how unhappy I am when you are absent. If for one moment my heart felt light, and in my gaiety I touched my guitar to the songs of my native land which you loved so well, the thought that while I was thus happy and careless, you might be dying in a strange land, without a hand to smooth your pillow, has struck my heart, and reproaching myself for my momentary forgetfulness, my gay song has ended in tears. Edward, you know not how sad I have been!"

"Be sad no longer then, Constance," replied Fitzgerald. "I will not again leave you or Ardmore, towards which, in my wanderings, I have cast many a lingering look. Next to you, dear Constance, my tenantry demand my solicitude. I fear that in my absence they have been harshly treated. But I trust there is time enough in store for us to do all this. I must remain at home and do all in my power to atone for bringing you away from your own sunny land, and planting you in this ruder soil."

"Do not speak of that, Edward," replied Constance. "Italy, though the land of my birth, possesses now no charms for me. I am happy, perfectly happy. My world is now here."

CHAPTER III.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

HEMANS.

WHAT happiness now shed its light upon the inmates of Ardmore! Captain Fitzgerald's health was completely re-established, and his wife's fears on that account were allayed. All was sunshine since he had returned, and that heartfelt cheerfulness, which virtue and contentment impart, pervaded the domestic circle of this happy home. But it was not to his own family alone that Fitzgerald limited the kindness of a generous heart. The condition of his numerous tenantry, since his return, had been greatly improved, and although his residence had been but brief, his name was already breathed in accents of the deepest gratitude and respect. Providence had bestowed wealth upon him, and he did not abuse her gift. Riches, like genius, can either be converted to the most noble or the basest purposes, and either is a powerful agent in whatever manner it may be employed. A school-house was beginning to rear its walls in the neighbouring village, and everything upon the estate began to wear an appearance of improvement. The small gardens which had formerly run to waste, and through neglect had become perfect wildernesses, were being brought into a state of cultivation. Houses, which through indolence were falling into ruin, were repaired, and an air of plenty and comfort was diffused around.

The house of Ardmore, itself, was an ancient structure. The main building had originally been lofty and correct in its proportions, but each succeeding lord had added to or diminished from its dimensions, as munificence or caprice dictated till it now stood as faithful a record of the dispositions of the successive proprietors as the dim portraits which adorned the hall, represented their outward appearance. Before the house, and stretching down to the banks of a small lake, over which glided two stately swans, was a lawn smooth as velvet, over which a few venerable trees cast their dark shadows. In the distance, gently sloping hills relieved the landscape from tameness, and thus presented that variety which is so charming to the eye. To complete the scene, a merry little group are emerging from the wood behind the house, laughing and talking with the careless glee of childhood, Constance mounted on a diminutive pony, and receiving from Charles

O'Donnel her first lesson in horsemanship. Despite the oft-repeated admonition of Charles, to sit perfectly erect and hold the tiny whip in the proper position, whenever the pony hastened its pace all his orders were forgotten, and Constance, in childish fear, would cling around the neck of the docile animal.

On a rustic seat beside the lake sat Captain Fitzgerald and his wife, watching the children with that look of interest and fondness which parental love imparts. At length the pony was led forward, and Constance, lifted from the saddle, was caught in the arms of her mother, and Charles, vaulting lightly upon the back of the diminutive steed, rode off at full gallop to the stables.

As mother and child now sat together, how much alike they seemed! Both possessed the same lustrous dark eyes, with their long jetty fringes, and beautifully pencilled eye-brows. The rich sunny complexion and exquisitely chiselled features were alike, with only that difference which distinguishes childhood and mature years. Both were beautiful and the father thought so, as he looked upon them. But Charles came bounding over the lawn, and Constance ran off to join her young playfellow.

"See what a brotherly care Charles takes of our little Constance, my dear," said Fitzgerald, as he watched the boy carrying his companion across a small brook. "It is astonishing how that child has already endeared himself to us all."

"Yes, he is, indeed, a noble boy," replied Constance, with a deep sigh, for she felt that Fitzgerald possessed no son to inherit the family honours. "Would Heaven but grant me such a child," she mentally said, "I would be perfectly happy. But it is sinful in me to complain when I am surrounded by so many blessings," and her cheerful smile returned.

"Dear Constance!" continued Fitzgerald, "it is perhaps foolish in me to look so far into the uncertain future; but when I see those children thus early attached to each other, and reflect that their childhood, the period in which the strongest and most enduring predilections are formed, will be spent together, I cannot prevent myself from forming a hope that, if the man becomes all that the boy promises, Charles O'Donnel may yet be to me a son in reality. Their dispositions are also calculated to improve each other. Charles is too fearless and daring, while Constance is timid and thoughtful beyond her years. He is the creature of impulse—she of reflection. But they are still only children. Their characters will yet doubtlessly alter greatly. I vow it is foolish in me to anticipate an event so distant and remote—but after all, who knows!"

Here Fitzgerald paused, and an echo, whose mocking tones the children loved to awaken, caught up the words, and "who knows!"—was whispered back in tones so gentle and so hopeful, that, though but a creation of his own, Fitzgerald listened to them as to an oracle. Yes! "Who knows!"—we hopefully exclaim, after having in vain sought to dive into unrevealed futurity with our dim perceptions. "Who knows!"—we again repeat, when years have passed away, and we still look forward to the same delusive hopes. Deceitful words!

CHAPTER IV.

He hath a tear to pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH what swiftness does time pass onwards when we are happy! How tardy and lingering is its progress when sorrow depresses the heart! Ask the miserable wretch, who pines in a dungeon, what is an hour? He will reply, 'tis an age, a long dull period, whose every moment is marked by a sigh and a tear. Ask the happy lover, as he is seated by his mistress, listening to her soft musical voice, and gazing into the depths of her azure eyes, what is an hour? He will answer, 'tis but a brief moment,—would that I might recall it! But Time, regardless alike of the happy and the wretched, contracts not its hours for the one nor recalls them for the other.

Thus years upon years sped away at Ardmore, while its happy inmates hardly marked their flight. Charles and Constance during this time had been daily in the society of each other. When the low, silvery laugh of Constance was heard in the garden, or echoing through the old and intricate passages of Ardmore, the more boisterous glee of Charles quickly responded. When Constance, mounted on her little palfrey, at the height of its speed, playfully endeavoured to outstrip her companion in the chase, Charles on his mettled steed would pass her like lightning, but ere he gained the goal he would slacken his pace till his fair companion reached it first, when with a look of triumph she turned back, and laughingly called him a laggard knight. Together they had climbed the neighbouring hills, had traversed the wild romantic country around, had received the same chiding for juvenile delinquencies, and had listened together with mingled terror and delight to Nora, their aged nurse's recital of ghostly traditions and warning banshees. But these happy days

of childhood were gliding swiftly away, never to return. Charles had now arrived at the age of sixteen years. In personal appearance he had amply fulfilled the promise of his boyhood, and no one could look upon the noble youth without admiration. He was tall for his years, and, accustomed to athletic sports, his figure displayed a careless grace and ease in every motion, while the glow of health shone rich and warm through the dark complexion. His features were regular, though rather strongly defined, and the expression of pride and determination which the haughty curve of the upper lip bespoke, which glanced from the eye and pervaded even the expressive forehead, lent to his face a character beyond his years. Impatient of control, proud and wayward in his disposition, Charles O'Donnell possessed that spirit which may be influenced by affection, but which spurns a more harsh control. Such were the prominent faults in a character which displayed many redeeming qualities, conspicuous amongst which was a frank, open disposition, which scorned deceit, a lavish generosity towards those whom he could assist, and an utter absence of those selfish motives which too frequently mar a character. Captain Fitzgerald loved the boy the more dearly for his high spirit and noble bearing, and often as he looked upon him, when, some trivial occurrence having irritated him, his eagle eye flashed with indignation, and his slender form was drawn up to its full height, he thought, with the spirit of the soldier which yet lingered in his bosom, how nobly the boy would distinguish himself by his daring in the service of his country.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, however, regarded with other feelings and with more anxiety, those strong traits in the character of Charles, and her influence had been exerted, and not in vain, to soften them. She contemplated with pain how unquiet his future life might be, if subjected to the influence of such stormy passions, which, if not curbed, would become yet more violent in the man than in the boy, and might prove the ruin of his own happiness as well as of that of others.

There was one being at Ardmore, however, whose power over the wayward boy was unbounded. When agitated by the most violent passion and deaf to admonition, if Constance but placed her small hand upon his arm, and looked up into his face with her earnest, imploring eyes, the dark cloud would vanish from his brow, the angry features would relax, and Charles would become himself again. It was astonishing how his impetuous nature would in a moment subject itself to her gentle control. Notwithstanding his many faults, there was not a cottage for miles

around Ardmore in which the name of Charles O'Donnell was not pronounced with the deepest gratitude and love. Few could be found on whom he had not conferred a benefit, who had not received some proof of his generosity. Such were the faults and virtues of Charles O'Donnell at the age of sixteen years.

But Time, which had converted the laughing boy into the handsome youth, had wrought a change also upon the personal appearance of Captain Fitzgerald. The snows of age were already shining upon his head, and although he still retained his erect, military carriage, his figure was much thinner and his step less elastic than of old. But Constance, his wife, the partner of his joys and sorrows! Alas! she is again seated on the lawn beside the smooth, placid lake where we last beheld her, but how changed! Though it is a sultry summer's evening, and the sun has not yet sunk to rest behind the distant hills, her shadowy form is enveloped in a heavy Indian shawl, which Charles with the fondest care has wrapped around her. She reclines upon the rustic seat, her face pale, except where the bright hectic tinged her sunken cheek, and with a hand almost too transparent to belong to earth, resting upon the head of her child, who knelt on the grass at her side.

"Constance, my love," said Fitzgerald, "all our arrangements are completed, and to-morrow we leave for your native land, upon which you desire so much to look again."

"Yes, Edward," she replied; "I would gladly see once more the bright spot where the days of my childhood were spent, and wander again by the stream, upon whose banks we first met. I think that if I could only breathe the mild air of my own land, and look upon her bright, unclouded skies, that health and strength would revive within me—that weakness and lassitude would forsake this weary frame, as I wander again through her orange groves, and inhale the odour-laden breeze which bears health and life on its wings."

"Yes, dear mother," said Constance, "you will no longer feel ill and sad when you are in Italy, that beautiful country that Charles and I have always longed so ardently to behold. I will take my guitar with me, and as you and my father rest, fatigued with wandering among its lovely scenery, I will seat myself beside you and sing the songs of your own land which you have taught me, while Charles will take sketches of every hill and valley, that we may bring back with us to Ardmore when we return."

The mother smiled, as she listened to the con-

dent tone in which her child spoke of the future, and she also looked forward with bright hope.

The health of Mrs. Fitzgerald had for some time past been gradually becoming enfeebled, but the change was so imperceptible as hardly to be observed by those around her. She herself did not complain, for she felt no actual illness. A sensation of weakness and lassitude was all she experienced, but when her apprehensions were aroused by this, her spirits were so gay, her cheek so bright with that hue which imitates the roseate tinge of health, she laughed at the supposition of danger. But of late a sudden change for the worse had taken place, and she drooped and languished like a fair exotic, whose life can be recalled only by its native, genial clime.

Her medical attendants had ordered her immediate departure for Italy, and trusted to the air which she had breathed in infancy to recall the life which was becoming chill and cold within her breast.

This opinion was no sooner expressed than Captain Fitzgerald, with all the haste which newly awakened apprehension suggests, began his preparations for conveying his wife to Italy. Constance and Charles were to accompany them, for they would not consent to be separated from their mother, (for Charles had always bestowed upon her this endearing name,) when she was in sickness, perhaps in danger. And then, would it not be delightful to visit the land of their childish dreams, of which their mother had told them so many tales to beguile the long winter evenings. The land of orange groves, of banditti, ethereal skies, of poetry and romance! The indulgent father consented, and soon the whole family were on their way to that salubrious clime, to which, when all other hope is lost, the victims of disease turn for renewed life.

They soon arrived at their destined port, and immediately proceeded to a village in the neighbourhood of Florence, the birth-place of Mrs. Fitzgerald. But alas! like many others, she had come to that fair land only to find a grave. It was ascertained that consumption, that fell disease which coils itself with such a gentle, yet deadly grasp around the vitals, had made a far greater progress than had been anticipated. Life might be prolonged, but no hope of ultimate recovery could be indulged. And so it proved. For months she lingered, fading away gradually but surely, as the decline of a summer's day darkens into twilight. At length she died. She passed away from this earth, and mourning with a grief that refused to be comforted, dreading to return to a home in which every object must remind

them of their great loss, the unhappy survivors wandered about from land to land till time should kindly heal the wound which death had dealt, and bid them return to Ardmore.

CHAPTER V.

What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

CYMBELINE.

AFTER having wandered through many strange countries, and viewed the wonders of foreign lands, Fitzgerald and his family turned their steps homewards to Ardmore. The loss which he had suffered was still keen as ever in the breast of Fitzgerald, and nothing could win him from the grief with which he still mourned the dead. Constance, with that elasticity of mind which happily belongs to youth, had regained her former cheerfulness, and she entered with interest and pleasure upon the duties which now devolved upon her as the youthful mistress of Ardmore.

To Charles, however, it was no easy task to resume the quiet uneventful tenor of his life in which it had formerly passed away. He found it impossible to enter again upon those occupations which had formerly yielded him so much gratification. During the lengthened period which he had spent abroad, intercourse with the world, from which he had hitherto lived so secluded, had wrought a great change upon his sentiments. Naturally observant and gifted with a quick perception, he had, while abroad, studied the various characters with which he had been brought in contact, and he had narrowly observed the motives which directed each in his pursuits. He saw that in that great theatre, the world, none were idle, and that each had an object in view which all his bodily and mental powers were directed to attain. In Holland, he had left the merchant absorbed in the pursuit of wealth. In the German University, he had seen the student consuming the bright years of his youth in poring over ponderous volumes which contained, after all, only the germ of the boundless knowledge he so eagerly sought. In Switzerland, he had beheld the hardy mountaineer peril life and limb in the pursuit of the fleet chamois; and in Italy, he had seen the young artist, with flushed cheek and triumphant eye, surveying the rude and hasty sketch—the design of a painting which might yet confer upon him a proud name that would cause him to forget the dreary years of poverty and misery which had darkened his early life.

But Charles had now left that busy world, the scene of human passion and turmoil, and again

breathed the calm untroubled atmosphere, and had resumed the uneventful state of existence, in which his early years had been spent, at Ardmore. But the life which he had formerly thought so happy, the rural pursuits and amusement in which he had once so enthusiastically engaged, had now become tame and distasteful. He felt listless and uninterested in all that was passing around. He had had a glimpse of the gay and busy world and he had become conscious that a life of action, where he would mingle with the human crowd and there struggle for distinction, where the talents which he felt conscious of possessing would be called into service, was better suited to his ardent temperament than the sphere in which he now existed. Dreams of ambition, to which he had hitherto been a stranger, disturbed his mind and wrought a great change in his disposition. Influenced by such feelings, Charles of late had become reflective and even moody, while he had lost that buoyancy of spirits which had formerly distinguished him.

Fitzgerald, engrossed by his own grief, marked no alteration in the demeanour of Charles, but Constance, with quicker perception, saw that some particular idea engrossed his every thought, and rendered him careless and absent. She did not, however, question him concerning the cause of his abstraction, but she endeavoured by every means in her power to beguile him from it, and planned excursions and amusements to divert the channel of his thoughts. In the simplicity of her heart she did not dream that he could ever entertain the idea of leaving Ardmore, even for a time. To her, home was the happiest spot that earth contained, and she knew nothing of that restless ambition which causes man to forsake present felicity for a vain shadow which yields only disappointment. While abroad, Constance had beheld many a lovely, many a magnificent scene, but her heart had always sighed for the well-remembered haunts of Ardmore. By her gentle and amiable disposition, Constance was also peculiarly adapted to the retired but useful sphere in which she moved;—by her affectionate solicitude and watchful kindness, striving to divert her father's grief, speaking words of comfort to the humble cottagers around, and relieving, by the uninterrupted flow of benevolence and sympathy, those sufferings which the fitful generosity of O'Donnel would have but partially mitigated. The more Charles allowed his mind to be occupied by such dreams which are so dear to youth, the more resolved he became to go forth into the world and there win fame and independence. Another powerful motive lent additional strength to his resolution. Towards Constance, the gentle

companion of his boyhood—the being who had exerted such a powerful influence over his wayward disposition, he entertained feelings of deep affection. But not as the dependant upon the bounty of her father would he consent to woo her. No! every feeling of his proud heart revolted from the idea. He would leave the home which had sheltered his unprotected childhood—he would seek the haunts of men—he would exert every energy of his powerful mind to acquire fame and independence, and when successful he would return and win her for his bride. He would then feel conscious of being more worthy of her love.

“I will continue in this state of existence no longer,” he exclaimed, as one day he stood looking forth from the window upon one of the loveliest scenes that the eye could rest upon. “I will forth to the busy world, and there win a name. In the many paths to which ambition points I will surely find one congenial to my abilities. Then farewell to thee for a time, Ardmore! the home which sheltered my unprotected boyhood, from which I will soon depart, but to which I will ere long return, my efforts crowned with success. Farewell to thee —!” But here the eye of Charles rested upon the face of Constance, so mild, so undisturbed by human passion, and yet so expressive in its angelic repose, that it appeared to upbraid his unquiet thoughts, and a sharp pang went to his heart as he thought of the separation which he meditated. Constance had never appeared so dear to him as now, when by his own act he was about to banish himself from her presence. Yes,” he continued, resuming his soliloquy, “Constance, although in my struggle for fortune I shall be absent from thee, thou wilt still be the star which will direct my course, which shall shed its light through the many hours of darkness which perhaps await me. To thee I will ever turn, and though thou art unconscious of the homage which my heart pays thee, when Fame and Fortune have smiled upon me thou wilt know all.”

One morning Captain Fitzgerald sat alone after breakfast in the deserted apartment. Charles was pacing to and fro upon the lawn, evidently sunk in profound meditation. Constance had gone to visit her flower-garden, to which she had added many rare plants from foreign lands, tender nurslings which demanded her peculiar care. Left thus silent and alone, Fitzgerald fell into a melancholy reverie, which might have continued long, had not a gentle arm wound itself around his neck, and a soft hand half playfully, half in earnest, withdrawn his hand from the forehead which leaned upon it so dejectedly, and eyes youthful and winning looked into his face and

whispered, "Father!" Roused from his melancholy, Fitzgerald shook off his dejection and turned with a smile towards his daughter. As he looked upon her happy young face, and listened to her gentle words, he felt that he still possessed something which made existence dear. That while there lived and moved around him the living image of the departed one, happiness had not altogether fled. If Heaven had dissolved one tie it had mercifully left another to cheer his declining years.

"Dear father! will you accompany me to the village this morning?" said Constance; "such a time has passed since we last were there! I long again to visit the school-house and my old pensioners. They will think I have grown careless of their welfare and forgetful of their wants; and this is such a lovely morning. Father, you will not refuse my request."

"Indeed, my child, I could not say thee nay," replied Fitzgerald, as he rose from his chair and prepared to accompany his daughter.

"But what has become of Charles to-day, that he is not with us?" enquired Fitzgerald, as his daughter, happy at having won him from his thoughts, conducted him through her favorite bye-paths to the village.

"He is taking his usual solitary walk," replied Constance.

After a long pause she continued, while she vainly tried to suppress the rising tears:

"I know not what of late has occurred to disturb the happiness of Charles; but father, he has become greatly altered, and I cannot discover the cause of such a change. In vain I attempt to win him from his abstraction. Even at midnight, when all have retired to rest and every light is extinguished, from his chamber window his lamp still shines bright, and I can see him pacing hurriedly to and fro. I fear his health may suffer if he continues in this frame of mind?"

"And how does my Constance know all this?" replied her father, smiling. "Methinks she must also deprive herself of rest through anxiety for the welfare of another. However, I must endeavour to ascertain the cause of this strange behaviour in Charles. He is a noble fellow, and shall not be unhappy if I can help it."

When Fitzgerald and Constance returned from the village, they were met by Charles at a short distance from the house, who, after attending Constance to the door, returned to Captain Fitzgerald, and taking his arm, requested a few minutes conversation.

"Well, my boy! I am ready to listen to you," said Fitzgerald, hoping that he was about to be

informed of the cause of the depression which had for some time characterized Charles.

"Dear father," began Charles, hesitating and confused, but as he proceeded he became more confident, and his open ingenuous face, showed how important the subject was to him. "I am about to request you to sanction a step in life, a very important one, which I have long contemplated." Captain Fitzgerald here surveyed Charles with a look of surprise and anxiety, while he continued, "Father, you need not, I trust, be assured of the boundless gratitude, the love, the filial respect which I entertain for you—for you who took me, a homeless orphan, to your heart, and sheltered me from the coldness and neglect which would otherwise have been my portion. I knew not the extent of the debt of gratitude I owed you until lately, at my request, you related to me the particulars of my father's death, and his dying injunctions, which you have so nobly fulfilled. Do not think me ungrateful, do not imagine, I entreat you, that I am wearied of the society of the only beings upon earth who possess my affections, when I say that I desire to leave the home which has so long sheltered me, and that I wish to enter the busy world, which to my disposition possesses so many charms. It is not that I am tired of the quiet, yet happy life which we lead at Ardmore, but it is that I have at length found the element congenial to my taste. I am no longer the thoughtless boy I so lately was, and I desire to attain that independence which the education your generosity has bestowed upon me, and the talents I feel conscious of possessing, entitle me to expect. I feel a desire for an active life; I long to tread the path to independence, and ambition whispers, perhaps distinction. Father, I only await your sanction."

For some time Fitzgerald did not reply to the words of Charles, but stood silent, immersed in deep thought. It was evident that what he heard had pained him, but still he could not blame O'Donnell for his desire to engage in a more active life than that in which he had hitherto existed, or to obtain that independence which is so dear to every young and ardent mind. In these sentiments Fitzgerald could sympathize with Charles. He felt, however, that it would be a great trial to part with him, and he had already, to his own satisfaction, decided so differently regarding the future prospects of his adopted son. Upon his own death the extensive domain of Ardmore would descend to Constance, his only child. He already experienced the infirmities of age creeping over him, which were accelerated by the grief in which he still indulged,

and he earnestly desired to behold Charles and Constance united before he should be laid in the grave. This thought had yielded him much pleasure, for he would not then leave his child without a protector. He could not but be aware of the love which they entertained towards each other, an affection which had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength. But Charles and Constance were as yet so young, that years hence it would be time enough to speak of such a project. He also thought that the intervening time could not be better employed by Charles than in completing an education which hitherto had been but desultory.

As these ideas rapidly chased each other through his mind, Fitzgerald's aversion to the proposal of Charles gradually vanished, and addressing him, he said:

"Charles, I need not say how unwilling I feel to part with you, even for a period, no matter how brief; but if you think that such a measure would conduce to your happiness and benefit, I will not withhold my consent. Reflect, however, that you will meet with many trials and difficulties in such a course of life, of which you at present know nothing, and which, seen with the eye of youth and inexperience, appear easily surmounted. But tell me, Charles, to which particular line of study your inclinations lean?"

This was a question which Charles was quite unprepared to answer, although he had already

given it his mature deliberation. He could not decide to which profession his talents were suited. He had engaged in almost every pursuit, and with equal success in each. By turns he had been a painter, a poet and a philosopher, and the masterly style in which many of the paintings which adorned the hall of Ardmore were executed, evinced no small degree of genius and industry in the artist. To his literary talents various metropolitan periodicals bore witness, and the critic had forgot to dip his pen in gall as he analysed the productions of the young author.

Fitzgerald smiled as he observed the disconcerted look with which Charles replied to his question, and immediately said:

"My dear boy, you need not at present decide upon this subject. You can attend the University of E— during the coming winter. I will give you a letter of introduction to a talented and much esteemed friend of mine who resides there, who will perhaps assist you with his advice in coming to some determination."

Charles gladly acceded to this proposal, and gratefully thanked Fitzgerald for his ready acquiescence in his desires.

It was finally arranged that Charles should immediately depart for the distant University of E—, there to spend the following winter, and that he should return in spring to pass the summer months at Ardmore.

(To be continued.)

IMPROMPTU WELCOME

TO HER EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF ELGIN.

BY R. E. M.

Thou art welcome, Lady, welcome to our own Canadian shore,
And welcome is the gallant barque that hath borne thee safely o'er,
Thou comest with the summer bright, with sunny June's sweet flowers,
When earth is lovely to the sight, and in sunshine glide the hours.

'Tis meet our forests now should wear their richest, brightest hue,
Our summer flowers their fairest tints, our sky its clearest blue,
To welcome her, who, leaving all, hath crossed the ocean foam
To dwell within a foreign land, and mid strangers make her home.

Then gladly do we welcome thee, in speech devoid of art,
No! thine's a nobler welcome, 'tis the welcome of the heart;
And ere the winter's storms have robbed the earth in dazzling hue,
Thou wilt have learned, though cold our climate, our hearts are warm and true.

And He, who's watched thy coming long, with many an anxious fear,
For whom thou hast forsaken home, and friends, and kindred dear,
Who oft, when dreary winter reigned in stern majestic pride,
Has turned his thoughts to England fair, to his young and gentle bride,
Must feel, indeed, he's well repaid for each care that crossed his brow—
For every sad and lonely hour—his Bride is with him now.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR.*

BY DR. DUNLOP.

CHAPTER II.

"Cockneys of London, Muscadines of Paris,
I pray you ponder, what a pastime war is."

BYRON.

I JOINED my regiment at Fort Wellington, and a fine jovial unsophisticated set of "wild tremendous Irishmen" I found my brother officers to be. To do them justice (and I was upwards of four years with them) a more honest-hearted set of fellows never met round a mess table. No private family ever lived in more concord or unanimity than did "Our Mess."

Irishmen though they mostly were, they never quarrelled among themselves. They sometimes fought, to be sure, with strangers, but never in the Regiment, though we rarely went to bed without a respectable quorum of them getting a *leettle* to the lee side of sobriety.

"Tempora mutantur," says Horace, but I very much doubt if "nos" (that is such as are alive of 'nos') "mutamur in illis." The Army is very different from what it was in my day—sadly changed indeed! It will hardly be believed, but I have dined with officers who, after drinking a few glasses of wine, called for their coffee. If Waterloo was to fight over again, no rational man can suppose that we would gain it after such symptoms of degeneracy. Such lady-like gentlemen would certainly take out vinaigrettes and scream at a charge of the Old Guard, and be horrified at the sight of a set of grim-looking Frenchmen, all grin and gash, whisker and moustache.

I was not, however, allowed to enjoy the festivities of Fort Wellington, such as they were. The enemy being extended along the line of the right bank of the St. Lawrence, and the Luke of the Thousand Islands, it was necessary that we also should extend and occupy points that might enable us to keep up a communication, and maintain a correspondence with our rear. Besides it was considered highly expedient and necessary, that small bodies of the line should be stationed in defensible positions, to form a nucleus, in case of invasion, for the Indians and Militia to rally round and form upon. Accordingly, a garrison had to be maintained in a block-house in the woods

of Gananoque, between Brockville and Kingston, and our Grenadier Company being ordered for that service, I was detached to accompany them. A block-house is a most convenient and easily constructed fort in a new country. The lower story is strongly built of stone, and the upper, which overhangs it about eighteen inches, (so that you can fire from above along the wall with out being exposed,) is built of logs about a foot square. Both stories are pierced with loop-holes for musquetry, and in the upper are four port-holes, to which are fitted four 24-pounder caronades, mounted naval fashion, the whole being surrounded with a strong loop-holed and flanked stoccade, and this makes a very fair protection for an inferior force, against a superior who are unprovided with a battering train, which of course in a few rounds would knock it to splinters.

Except in the expectation of a sudden attack, the officers were permitted to sleep out of the block-house, and a small unfinished house was taken for their residence. The captain and senior lieutenant being, as Bardolph hath it, better *accommodated* than with wives, we, that is the junior lieutenant and myself, gave up our share of the quarters to them, and established ourselves in what had been a blacksmith's shop, for our winter quarters. In the ante-room to this enviable abode, a jobbing tailor had formed his shop-board, and his rags and shapings proved highly useful in caulking its seams against the wind. By means of a roaring fire kept up on the forge, and a stove in the outer room, we managed to keep ourselves tolerably comfortable during an unusually rigorous winter; and it being on the road side, and a halting station in the woods, we were often visited by friends coming or going, who partook with great *gout* of our frozen beef—which had to be cut into steaks with a hand-saw. Being on the banks of a fine stream, we never were at loss for ducks, and in the surrounding pine woods the partridges were abundant, and the Indians brought us venison in exchange for rum, so that we had at least a plentiful, if not an elegant table, and we were enabled to pass the winter nights as pleasantly over our ration rum as ever I did in a place with much more splendid "appliances and means to boot."

*Continued from page 270.

We passed the remainder of the winter as officers are obliged to do in country quarters. We shot, we lounged, we walked and did all the flirtation that the neighbourhood of a mill, a shop, a tavern, with two farm houses within a reasonable forenoon's walk, could afford. We were deprived, however, of the luxury of spitting over a bridge, which Dr. Johnson says is the principal amusement of officers in country quarters, for though we had a bridge close at hand, the stream beneath it was frozen. Early in spring we were relieved by two companies of another Regiment, and having received orders to join, we joined accordingly.

I had the good fortune to be quartered with two companies of my Regiment at the then insignificant village of Cornwall. It is now a flourishing town, and sends a Member to the Provincial Parliament, though it then did not contain more than twenty houses. Here we found ourselves in very agreeable society, composed principally of old officers of the revolutionary war, who had obtained grants of land in this neighbourhood, and had *settled down*, as we say in this part of the country and its neighbourhood, with their families. An affectation of style, and set entertainments that follow so rapidly the footsteps of wealth, were then and there unknown, and we immediately became on the best possible terms with the *highest circles*, (for these exist in all societies, and the smaller the society, the more distinctly is the circle defined.) We walked into their houses as if they had been our own, and no apology was offered, though these were found in such a litter as washing or scrubbing day necessarily implies. The old gentlemen when in town came to Our Mess, and when they had imbibed a sufficient quantity of port, they regaled us with toughish yarns of their military doings during the revolutionary war. And when a tea-drinking party called a sufficient number of the aristocracy together, an extemporaneous dance was got up, a muffled drum and fife furnishing the orchestra.

Towards the end of June our two companies got the route to join head quarters, the Regiment being ordered to the Niagara frontier. But though the troops were relieved, I was not, but ordered to remain till some one should arrive to fill my place, and in the interval between that and my departure a Field Officer, who was sent to command the Militia of the district, arrived.

He was an old acquaintance of mine, and a real good fellow. He had highly distinguished himself during the war, particularly at the storming of Ogdensburg, where he commanded. He was of Highland extraction, and though he had not the misfortune to be born in that country, he had,

by means of the instructions of a Celtic moonshee, (as they say in Bengal,) acquired enough of their language to hammer out a translation of a verse or two of the Gaelic Bible, with nearly as much facility as a boy in the first year of the Grammar School would an equal quantity of his Cordery. To all these good gifts he added the advantage of being of the Catholic persuasion, which rendered him the most proper person that could have been selected to take charge of a district the chief part of whose Militia were Highlanders, Catholics, and soldiers, or the sons of soldiers.

I have never met with him since the end of the war, though I might have seen him in Edinburgh at the King's visit; but who could be expected to recognize a respectable Field Officer of Light Infantry, masquerading, disguised for the first time in his life in a kilt, and forming a joint in the tail of the chief of his barbarous clan?

It struck this gentleman that supplies of fresh provisions might be got from the American side, and accordingly he sent emissaries over the river, and the result justified the correctness of his views.

While sitting after dinner one day *tête-à-tête* with the Colonel, his servant announced that a gentleman wanted to see him. As the word *gentleman* on this side of the Atlantic conveys no idea of either high birth or high breeding, nor even of a clean shirt, or a whole coat, my friend demanded what kind of a gentleman,—as, like a sensible man as he was, he did not wish to be interrupted in the pleasant occupation of discussing his wine and listening to my agreeable conversation, by a gentleman who possibly might ask him if he wished to buy any eggs, as many species of the *genus* gentleman on this side of the herring pond might possibly deem a good and sufficient reason for obtruding on his privacy. His servant said he believed he must be a kind of Yankee gentleman, for he wore his hat in the parlour, and spit on the carpet. The *causa scientiæ*, as the lawyers say, seemed conclusive to my Commandant, for he was ordered to be admitted, and the Colonel, telling me that he suspected this must be one of his beef customers, requested I would not leave the room, as he wished a witness to the bargain he was about to make.

Accordingly, there entered a tall, good-looking, middle-aged man, dressed in a blue something, that might have been a cross between a surtout and a great coat. He was invited to sit down, and fill his glass, when the following dialogue took place:

YANKEE.—I'm Major _____ of Vermont State, and I would like to speak to the Colonel in private, I guess, on particular business.

COLONEL.—Any thing you may have to say to me, Sir, may be said with perfect safety in presence of this gentleman.

MAJOR.—I'm a little in the smuggling line, I reckon.

COLONEL.—Aye, and pray what have you smuggled?

MAJOR.—Kettle, (cattle,) I reckon. I heard that the Colonel wanted some very bad, so I just brought a hundred on 'em across at St. Regis, as fine critters, Colonel, as ever had hair on 'em. So I drove them right up; the Colonel can look at 'em hisself—they are right at the door here.

COLONEL.—Well, what price do you ask for them?

MAJOR.—Well, Colonel I expect about the same as other folks gets, I conclude.

COLONEL.—That is but reasonable, and you shall have it.

The Commissary of the Post was sent for, and having been previously warned not to be very scrupulous in inspecting the drove, as it was of infinitely more importance to get the army supplied than to obtain them at the very lowest rate per head, he soon returned with a bag of half eagles, and paid the Major the sum demanded. The latter, after carefully counting the coin, returned it into the canvas bag, and opening his coat displayed inside the breast of it, a pocket about the size of a haversack, into which he dropped his treasure, and then deliberately buttoning it up from the bottom to the throat, he filled and drank a glass of wine, to our good health; adding, "Well, Colonel, I must say you are a leetle the genteelst man to deal with ever I met with, and I'll tell all my friends how handsome you behaved to me; and I'm glad of it for their sakes as well as my own, for just as I was fixing to start from St. Regis, my friend Colonel—— arrived with three hundred head more. The kettle arnt his'n; they belong to his father, who is our Senator. They do say that it is wrong to supply an innimy, and I think so too; but I don't call that man my innimy who buys what I have to sell, and gives a genteel price for it. We have worse innimies than you Britishers. So I hope the Colonel will behave all the same as well to them as he has done to me; but there was no harm in having the first of the market, you know, Colonel." So with a duck that was intended for a bow, and a knowing grin that seemed to say, "It was just as safe to secure my money before giving you this piece of information," he took his leave and departed, evidently much pleased with the success of his negotiation.

At this time the expense of carrying on the war was enormous. Canada, so far from being

able to supply an army and navy with the provisions required, was (as a great many of her effective population were employed in the transport of military and naval stores,) not fit to supply her own wants, and it was essential to secure supplies from wherever they could be got soonest and cheapest. Troops acting on the Niagara frontier, 1000 miles from the ocean, were fed with flour the produce of England, and pork and beef from Cork, which, with the waste inseparable from a state of war, the expense and accidents to which a long voyage expose them, and the enormous cost of internal conveyance, at least doubled the quantity required, and rendered the price of them at least ten times their original cost. Not only provisions, but every kind of Military and Naval Stores, every bolt of canvas, every rope yarn, as well as the heavier articles of guns, shot, cables, anchors, and all the numerous etoeteras for furnishing a large squadron, arming forts, supplying arms for the militia and the line, had to be brought from Montreal to Kingston, a distance of nearly 200 miles, by land in winter, and in summer by flat-bottomed boats, which had to tow up the rapids, and sail up the still parts of the river, (in many places not a mile in breadth, between the British and American shores,) exposed to the shot of the enemy without any protection; for with the small body of troops we had in the country, it was utterly impossible that we could detach a force sufficient to protect the numerous *brigades* of boats that were daily proceeding up the river, and we must have been utterly undone, had not the ignorance and inertness of the enemy saved us. Had they stationed four field guns, covered by a corps of riflemen, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, they could have cut off our supplies without risking one man. As it was we had only to station a small party at every fifty miles, to be ready to act in case of alarm; but fortunately for us, they rarely or never troubled us. If they had done so with any kind of spirit, we must have abandoned Upper Canada, Kingston and the fleet on Ontario included, and leaving it to its fate, confined ourselves to the defence of such part of the Lower Province as came within the range of our own empire, the sea.

I would do gross injustice to my reader, no less than to myself, were I to quit Cornwall without mentioning a most worthy personage, who, though in a humble station, was one of best and most original characters I ever met with in my progress through life. This was no other than my worthy hostess, of the principal log hotel, Peggy Bruce. If you could conceive Meg Dodds an Irish instead of a Scotch woman, you would have a lively conception of Peggy. She possessed all the virtues

of her prototype, all her culinary talents, all her caprice with guests she did not take a fancy for, and all powers, offensive or defensive, by tongue or broom, as the case in hand rendered the one or the other more expedient.

Peggy was the daughter of a respectable Irish farmer, and had made a runaway match with a handsome young Scotch sergeant. She had accompanied her husband through the various campaigns of the revolutionary war, and at the peace, his regiment being disbanded, they set up a small public house, which, when I knew her as a widow, she still kept. The sign was a long board, decorated by a very formidable likeness of St. Andrew at the one end, and St. Patrick at the other, being the patron saints of the high contracting parties over whose domicile they presided, and the whole surrounded by a splendid wreath of thistles and shamrocks.

Bred in the army, she still retained her old military predilection, and a scarlet coat was the best recommendation to her good offices. Civilians of whatever rank she deemed an inferior class of the human race, and it would have been a hard task to have convinced her that the Lord Chancellor was equal in dignity or station to a Captain of Dragoons.

It was my luck, (good or bad as the reader may be inclined to determine,) to be a prodigious favourite with the old lady; but even favour with the ladies has its drawbacks and inconveniences, and one of these with me was being dragged to the bedside of every man, woman and child who was taken ill in or about the village. At first I remonstrated against my being appointed physician-extraordinary to the whole parish, with which I was in no way connected; but Peggy found an argument which, as it seemed perfectly satisfactory to herself, had to content me. "What the d— does the king pay you for, if you are not to attend to his subjects when they require your assistance?"

I once, and only once, outwitted her. She woke me out of a sound sleep a little after midnight, to go and see one of her patients. Having undergone great fatigue the day before, I felt very unwilling to get up. At first I meditated a flat refusal, but I could see with half a glance, that she anticipated my objections, for I saw her eye fix itself on a large ewer of water in the basin stand, and I knew her too well for a moment to suppose that she would hesitate to call in the aid of the pure element to enforce her arguments. So I feigned compliance, but pleaded the impossibility of my getting up, while there was a lady in the room. This appeared only reasonable, so she lit my

candle and withdrew to the kitchen fire, while I was at my toilet. Her back was no sooner turned, than I rose, double-locked and bolted the door, and retired again to rest, leaving her to storm in the passage, and ultimately to knock up one of the village doctors, whose skill she was well persuaded was immeasurably inferior to any *Army* medical man who wore His Majesty's uniform. But though I chuckled at my success at the time, I had to be most wary how I approached her, and many days elapsed before I ventured to come within broom's length of her. At last I appeased her wrath by promising never "in like case to offend," and so obtained her forgiveness, and was once more taken into favour; but Peggy was too old a soldier to be taken in twice, or to trust to the promise of a sleepy man that he would get up. After this, when she required my services, she would listen to no apology on the score of modesty, but placing her lantern on the table, waited patiently till I was dressed, when tucking up her gown through her pocket-holes and taking my armb, away we paddled through the mud in company.

After reaching the house of the patient, and after the wife and daughters had been duly scolded for their neglect in not calling her in sooner, we entered into consultation, which like many other medical consultations, generally ended in a difference of opinion. To a *military* surgeon, much sooner than than to any other surgeon, there were certain great leading principles in the healing art, to all impugning of which Peggy was flint and adamant and when these were mooted I much question if she would have succumbed to even the Director General of the *Army* Medical Board himself.

At the head of her medical dicta was that it was essential to "support the strength." That was to cram the patient with every kind of food that by entreaty or importunity he could be prevailed upon to swallow, (a practice by the way of more learned practitioners than Peggy.) A hot bath with herbs infused in it was another favourite remedy, and on this we were more at one, for the bath would most likely do good, and the herbs no harm. Her concluding act at the breaking up of the consultation was generally to dive into the recesses of a pair of pockets of the size and shape of saddle bags, from which, among other miscellaneous contents, would she fish up a couple of bottles of wine which she deemed might be useful to the patient. After we had finished business I escorted the old lady home, where there was always something comfortable kept warm for supper, which when we had discussed together,

with something of a stiffish horn of hot brandy and water, we departed to our respective dormitories.

Peggy, like many of her country, possessed a keen vein of sarcastic humour, which often made her both feared and respected. A Colonel, as good a man, and as brave a soldier as ever drew a sword, but too much of a martinet to be a favourite with the militia of whom he was Inspecting Field Officer, received a command in a division that was then going on actual service. Peggy, who respected his military talents at least as much as she disliked his hauteur, meeting him the day before his departure, addressed him with—"Och! Colonel dear, and are ye going to lave us—sure there will be many a dry eye in the town the day you quit it." When the American Army, under Wilkinson, were coming down the St. Lawrence, a company of Glengarry Militia were placed at Cornwall to watch their movements, and act as might be most expedient. The Captain the of the band was named John McDonald, a very good and highly respectable name, but of no earthly use to distinguish a Glengarry man, as there some hundreds in that part of the world—nor would the prefix of his military rank much mend the matter, as there are probably some score Captain John McDonalds. In this emergency therefore, a *soubriquet* becomes indispensable. This Captain John had in his youth served in the revolutionary war as a corporal, in the same brigade as Peggy's husband, therefore they were very old friends, and to distinguish him from the clan, she named him *Captain Corporal John*. When it was known that the invading army had abandoned the attempt, and had crossed the river, the men, wisely considering that their services were no longer required in Cornwall, and would be highly useful on their farms, disbanded themselves during the night without the formality of asking leave, so that at morning parade only six appeared on the ground. Such an unheard-of breach of military discipline could not fail to excite the fierce indignation of the worthy veteran; accordingly he vented his wrath in every oath, Gaelic or English, within the range of his vocabulary. Peggy, who witnessed the scene from her window, consoled the incensed commander with "Och! John dear, don't let the devil get so great a hold of ye as to be blaspheming like a heathen in that fearful way; things are not so bad with you yet, sure you have twice as many men under your command as you had when I knew you first."

Having at last been relieved, I proceeded to join on the Niagara frontier, and therefore marched with a detachment of the Canadian Fencibles to

Kingston, where I was joined by a friend of mine, an officer of the 100th, who was bound for the same destination. We accordingly waited on the Deputy Quarter Master General, and stated the necessity of being furnished with land conveyance, as the battle which must decide the campaign, was hourly expected; but that gentleman having newly acquired his dignity, it did not sit easy upon him, and with great hauteur he flatly refused us, and unless we chose to march it, (about 200 miles,) we had no shift but to embark in a batteau loaded with gunpowder, and rowed by a party of De Watteville's regiment. This gentleman, by the bye, afterwards distinguished himself as a naturalist in Sir John Ross' first Polar Expedition, and as a most appropriate reward had the honour to stand god-father to a non-descript gull, which bears his name unto this day.

In the batteau, therefore, we deposited ourselves, and with six more in company proceeded on our way, with such speed as a set of rowers, who probably had never had an oar before in their hands, could urge us. The wind though light was a-head; but when we got about six hours distance from Kingston, which perhaps might amount to eighteen or twenty miles, all we could do was to make head-way against it, and as it looked as if there would be more of it, sooner than less, I (who, from my superior nautical experience, having been born and bred in a sea-port town and acquired considerable dexterity both in stealing boats and managing them when stolen, was voted Commodore,) ordered them under the lee of a little rocky island, and carried their dangerous cargo about a hundred yards from where we encamped, that is to say, put the gunpowder at one end of the island and ourselves at the other, hauled up the batteau, lighted fires, and forming a camp of sails and tarpaulins, waited the event. A squall did come down the lake in very handsome style, embellished with a sufficiency of spindrift to make us thankful that we were under the lee of a rock and covered overhead. The squall subsided into a good steady gale, accompanied by a sea that made it utterly impossible that we could have proceeded even if the wind had been as favourable as it was the contrary; we thus had the advantage of enjoying two days of philosophical reflection on a rock in Lake Ontario. On the third it began to moderate, and my comrade and I took one of the empty batteaus with a strong party, and made as directly in shore as we could, and had the good fortune to land about twelve miles above Kingston, determined to make our way on horseback, *coute qu'il coute*.

Any one who has only seen the roads of Ca-

nada in the present day, can form but a very inadequate idea of what they were then between Kingston and Toronto; for a considerable part of the way we were literally up to our saddle-flaps. In those days all the horses along the roads were taken up for Government, and an officer receiving the *route*, gave the proprietor an order for so many horses so many miles, and the nearest Commissary paid it; or he paid it, taking a receipt which, when he showed it to the Commissary at the end of his journey, was refunded. We necessarily took the latter mode, seeing we had no route to shew, and therefore paid our way ourselves. The officer who accompanied me being like myself a subaltern, we found we uniformly got the worst horses, as Major A. or Colonel B. or some other "person of worship" was expected, and the best must necessarily be kept for him. It struck me therefore that if "Captain" was a good travelling name, "General" must be a much better; I proposed to my companion that he should have the rank of Major General "for the road only," and I volunteered to act as Aide-de-camp. He liked the plan, but objected that he was too young to look the character, but that as I had a more commanding and dignified presence, I should do General and he Aide-de-camp, and as we were dressed in our surtouts and forage caps, we were well aware that we might easily pass with the uninitiated for any rank we might think proper to assume. Accordingly, when we approached a halt where we were to change horses, he rode briskly forward and began to call lustily about him, as "one having authority," for horses, and pointing to a very active, stout looking pair, peremptorily ordered them to be brought out and saddled; but the man of the house excused himself by saying that he "kept them horses for the sole use of Major B. the Deputy Quarter Master General, and as he had the conducting of the troops on the line of march through which the road lay, and had it in his power to put good jobs in his way, he was not a man whom he could offend on slight grounds."

"D——n Major B!" exclaimed the irreverent and indignant A. D. C. "Would you set his will, or that of fifty like him, against the positive orders of the great General D. who has been sent out by the Duke of Wellington to instruct Sir Gordon Drummond how he is to conduct the campaign? Sir, if by your neglect he is too late for the battle that must soon be fought, you will be answerable for it, and then hanging on your own sign-post is the very mildest punishment you can expect; it is the way we always settled such matters in Spain." To this argument there could be no answer, so the horses were led out just as I came

up—my A. D. C. with his hat in his hand holding my stirrup as I mounted. This to those who knew anything about the service would have appeared a little *de trop*; but to the uninitiated, of whom mine host was one, it only served to inspire him with the higher respect for the great man his horse was about to have the honour to carry.

So far things went on as well as could have been wished; but in turning a corner in a young pine wood about a mile from where we had started, who should we meet full in the face but Major B., (commonly called Beau B.) who was also a captain in my own regiment. After the first salutation he expressed his surprise that the man should have given me *his* horses. I assured him that I should not have got them, but that he had a much better pair for him. This pacified him, so after a few minutes' conversation, (the A. D. C. and guide keeping a respectful distance,) I told him I had been made a general since I last saw him. He did not see the point of the joke at the time, but on taking leave he took off his hat and bowing till his well brushed and perfumed locks mixed with the hair of his horse's mane, said, loud enough for the guide to hear him, "General D., I have the honour to wish you a very good morning." If there had been any misgivings in the mind of the guide, this could not fail to remove them. Immediately after he rode up to me, and said that if I had no objections he would ride forward, and make such arrangements that there should be no delay in mounting me at the next stage. To this I acceded with the most gracious affability, so he rode on accordingly. His zeal for the service might account for this eagerness, yet I hope I will not be accounted uncharitable when I suspected that the importance, which attaches to the person who is first to communicate an extraordinary piece of news, may have had something to do with all this alacrity. However this may be, it served my purpose, for at every stage not a moment was lost, the news flying like wild fire. I found horses ready at every house, and never was for one moment delayed.

With my friend Beau B. the result was somewhat different, for on arriving at the stage there was nothing for him but our exhausted dog-tired horses to mount, which in the state of the roads would have been utter madness; so he had to wait in a roadside inn, consoling himself with what philosophy he could muster till they were sufficiently recruited with food and rest to continue their journey.

On this journey there occurred a circumstance which, as it is intimately connected with the secret history of the Province, deserves to be related. It will be news to most of my neighbours

that the Province of Canada has a *secret history* of its own, or they may suppose that it may contain some such tit-bits as the secret history of the Court of St. Petersburg in the days of Catharine; but I am sorry to say that our secret history affords nothing so *piquante*; it only relates to the diplomacy of the Court of St. James, with its effects on the Court of the Chateau St. Louis.

In those days Sir George Prevost filled the vice-regal chair of Her Majesty's dominions in British North America, and a more incompetent Viceroy could hardly have been selected for such trying times. Timid at all times, despairing of his resources, he was afraid to venture anything; and when he did venture, like an unskilful hunter, he spurred his horse spiritedly at the fence, and while the animal rose he suddenly checked him—balked him in the leap he could have easily cleared, and landed himself in the ditch. Thus he acted at Sackett's Harbour and thus at Plattsburg, where he was in possession of the forts when he ordered the retreat to be sounded, and ran away out of one side of the town while the enemy were equally busy in evacuating it at the other. But to my story. Late on the evening of our first day's journey, and therefore somewhere midway between Kingston and Toronto, we overtook an officer of Sir George Prevost's Staff. He asked us why we were riding so fast? We told him, to be present at the coming battle. He told us we might save ourselves the trouble, as there would be no battle till he was there, and hinted perhaps not then; and strongly recommended that, instead of pushing on through such roads during the night, we should stop at a house he pointed out to us, and where he was going. Thinking, however, that a battle was not always at the option of one party, we determined to push on, while he turned up to a good looking two story white framed house on the lake side of the road. Many years after, the late Mr. Galt was employed to advocate the War Losses in Canada with His Majesty's Government. In one of his conferences with the Colonial Secretary, the latter stated that everything that could be done had been done for the defence of the Province, and that it never had been the intention either of the Imperial or Colonial Government to abandon it. Mr. Galt then placed in his hands a paper, purporting to be a copy of a despatch from Sir George Prevost to Sir Gordon Drummond, ordering him to withdraw his forces from the upper part of the Province, and to concentrate them to cover Kingston. The Secretary then, turning to Galt, said rather sternly:

"Sir, you could not have come fairly by this copy of a private despatch?"

Galt calmly replied, "My Lord, however this paper was come by at first, I came honestly enough by it, for it was sent to me with other papers to assist me in advocating the claims of those who have suffered in the war; but I thank your Lordship for admitting that it is a copy of a despatch, whether private or public."

His Lordship felt that, in his haste to criminate, he had allowed his diplomacy to be taken by surprise.

Galt told me this story, and I then told him my meeting the officer, who undoubtedly was the bearer of the despatch; he confessed to me that it was at that house and on that night that the despatches were abstracted from that Staff Officer's *sabre-tasche*, copied, resealed and returned. Of course he never would tell me who were the perpetrators; but if a certain Colonel of Militia (who was not then present, but attending his duty on the frontier) were now alive,—poor fellow! he came by an untimely end—I have no doubt but he could throw some light on the subject.

We continued to be furnished with good horses till we arrived at Toronto, (then York,) for there being then moonlight we rode twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and it appeared that we had advanced for the two last days (for the first day we only made one stage) at the rate of seventy-five miles per day, which, considering the state of the roads, was far from being amiss.

(To be continued.)

RICHES.

Who are the rich? They who have gathered gold
 By any means, and wallow in such pleasure
 As gold can buy? Is this the narrow measure
 By which the wealth of our great world is told?
 Deem ye the dullard rich, whose pampered mould
 Shuts in a paltry soul, who feels the pressure
 Of hoarded cares, and whose most hidden treasure
 Is shining dross alone? Are such enroll'd
 The favour'd ones? No: only in the mind
 Can we be rich or poor. The living power
 Of loftier thought and feeling is alone
 Worthy the name of wealth: in these we find
 All that adds worth to life; and thus each one
 That hath those gifts may smile, though fortune lower.

ARIOSTO.

BY T. D. F.

"Our laughing climate and our air serene,
Inspired our Ariosto. After all
Our many long and cruel wars, he came
Like to a rainbow, varied, and as bright,
As that glad messenger of summer hours;
His light sweet gaiety is like Nature's smile,
And not the irony of man."

THE sight weary traveller in Italy, when he wanders forth to view, by the soft twilight, the wonders of that storied land, where every stone has its historical association, and the memory is ever more busy than the eye; where the violets of Pæstum and the laurel leaf of Vacluse are invested with a charm which no other land can give, will be refreshed and soothed by the sweet music which breaks upon his ear from every quarter, in all the varied dialects of the many provinces; the sonnets of Petrarch, the barocoles of Boccacio, the stately strophes of the Gerusalemme Liberata, will while away the evening hours.

Poetic and refined in their natures, the Italians have always delighted in thus making themselves familiar with the great masters of poesy, and their musical voices and exquisite taste give them that natural grace and appreciation, which it must be the study of the English or the American to acquire. A foreign ear can scarcely detect a false emphasis or mispronounced word, even in the lowest classes of Italian speakers, and yet Petrarch was so disgusted by hearing his verses in the market place marred by the common voice that he would not write in the 'lingua vulgare.'

"I feared the fate which I see attending others," he said, "who have written in Italian—Dante more particularly, whose poems I have heard ruined in the lowest places of public resort; and I had no hope I could render my verses more pliable or of easier pronunciation."

This custom, then, which the modern traveller finds in Italy, is proved to be a relic of the olden time, and comes down consecrated by the knowledge that Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto listened with perchance a vexed ear to their own sweet stanzas, chanted by the gondoliers of Venice, the porters of Florence or the Lazzaroni of Naples. In each quarter of the different cities was perhaps one, more famous than the rest among the humble inhabitants for power of voice, who could gather by his door the loiterers of the neighborhood, as he busily pursued his handicraft, and varied his monotonous work with snatches from the different poets.

In the gay city of Ferrara, which Tasso and Ariosto have so celebrated, dwelt a potter, whose busy hours were passed in moulding the dull clay into classic forms for garden vases, fountains, water-pitchers and the like. He had a good conception of the beautiful, as many a well turned vase and graceful urn could testify; and he had prided himself not a little upon his superiority to his brother potters, not only in the excellence of his taste in the works of his hands, but upon his poetical genius, the melody of his voice, and the beauty of his recitations.

Many a dark-eyed daughter of Ferrara had sighed for the handsome young potter who sang the praises of Laura and of Beatrice as well as Dante or Petrarch could have done. Indeed it was often whispered that had the potter been Petrarch, or Petrarch been the potter, he would not have mourned the coldness of his lovely mistress.

A picturesque looking establishment was the potter's studio, with its classic moulds and variously moulded forms, and many an idle citizen did he gather in the morning or towards eventide under his low walls, to listen to those melodies, which printing was even then too rare an art to have placed in the hands of the people.

One day quite a crowd had gathered about the potter, who was just putting a finishing touch to a beautiful vase he had been making for the gardens of Ippolito, Cardinal D'Este. It was tall and delicate; the model of the Grecian form was before him. Animated by the success of his work, and gratified by the praises lavished upon it, he had chanted with more than usual spirit many of the thrilling scenes of the "Inferno;" then gaily sung of Boccacio and his gardens of pleasure. As he paused for a few minutes the gathered crowd called upon him for some stanzas from Ariosto.

Ludovico or Lewis Ariosto had just begun to charm the people by the power of his muse, which, versatile and yet powerful, passed with the greatest ease from the terrible to the tender, from the soft to the sublime, enchaining all hearts by the wonderful power of his language and the lightning flashes of his genius.

The potter, yielding to the solicitude of his attentive auditors, began the introduction to the *Orlando Furioso*, and soon became so interested in it that he did not notice that one had drawn near to the window of his establishment, whose restlessness and grimaces indicated that he listened with no pleased ear to the charming poem. Once or twice he turned to leave, but an invisible spell kept him rivetted to the spot. Occasionally he raised his hand as if in deprecation of some sentiment uttered by the reciter. Finally, as if moved by some irresistible impulse, he seized a large ewer, which stood upon the window, and hurled it with great force at the potter. It dashed the beautiful vase he had just completed from his hand, and broke it into a thousand fragments! Another and another followed, and the poor potter hardly escaped being seriously wounded by the creations of his own hand.

The people rushed out from the shop to seize the madman, as they deemed him, when what was their surprise to behold Ariosto himself? The potter began to expostulate; Ariosto exclaimed: "Beware! I have not yet revenged myself!" "What mean you? What have I done to incur your displeasure?" said the poor man, who, knowing Ariosto's connexion with the noblest family of Ferrara, dared not resist him.

"Villain!" said the enraged poet, "I have only broken a few worthless pots; you have spoiled my most beautiful compositions to my face!"

In a quiet nook of one of the suburbs of Ferrara, was a sequestered cottage:

Low and white, yet scarcely seen,
Were its walls for mantling green;
Not a window let in light,
But through tall flowers, clust'ring bright;
Not a glance might wander there,
But it fell on something fair.

This was the home of Ariosto, his pride and delight; humble, but exquisitely beautiful; fit residence for such a poet. Amidst the green shades of his garden he found that repose which he needed, and derived new inspiration from the refreshing solitudes. One of his friends asked him one day how it chanced that he, who could describe such stately castles and magnificent palaces, should have built himself so lowly a tenement?

"Ah!" he replied, "it costs much less money to build houses of verse than of stone!"

This retreat was shared by one of long tried love and truth, who, on the day of Ariosto's encounter with the potter, was seated in a recess of the room that opened out upon the lawn. She was copying in a clear and beautiful hand in a

small book some poems which lay before her. Her lovely face, for lovely it was, though bereft of the first bloom of youth, was full of enthusiasm, and the words she wrote seemed rather her own inspirations than the writings of another. At her feet, upon a soft mat, and with a wreath of flowers he had been weaving, thrown carelessly upon his head, was sleeping a boy, whose rosy face upturned, drew her frequent gaze, and ever and anon she fanned his cheek and fair young brow. This was Alessandra, the beloved of Ariosto, who won his affections by her beauty, and kept them by the charm of her manners, the cultivation of her mind, and her deep sympathy with his poetic tastes. Her influence was used to stimulate him to the exercise of his talent, and for the producing of those works which have brought his name down to posterity with those of the glorious triumvirate of the previous age.

Ariosto was indolent and Alessandra was his amanuensis. Willingly had she relinquished her embroidery, (an art in which she was most skilful, and in which she was engaged when she first captivated the poets fancy,) for the delightful task of copying Ariosto's poems, and her whole time was occupied in this, and in instructing her two boys, Virginio and Giovanni Battista, whom she wished to render worthy of their father.

She was now copying one of those playful comedies, written for the amusement of the Duke of Ferrara. She had almost completed her work, when she was interrupted by the murmur of many voices approaching her quiet dwelling, mingled with sounds of lamentation and wailing. She hastily sprang to the window, and putting aside the embowering leaves, saw, as she thought, her beloved Ariosto dead. He was upon a litter, his face covered with blood and sadly disfigured. Alessandra uttered a loud shriek, which rang through the house, startling the coming crowd and arousing Ariosto himself, who feebly raised his head and asked what all this meant? but he soon relapsed into insensibility and was carried into his own room. The best leech in Ferrara was summoned to attend him, and for many days his devoted and untiring companion watched over him without hope of his recovery.

Ariosto's constitution was exceedingly delicate, and he could not bear the violent excitement to which he had that morning subjected himself. While in the very fever of his rage he had fallen, and striking his head heavily against the window nearly lost his life by the vehemence of his passion; and thus was the potter revenged for the injury done to his work, and the still greater wound inflicted upon his literary pride. The choleric temperament of the poet subjected him

often to like scenes, though perhaps not quite as violent as this, and Alessandra was the only one who had power to soothe him when under their influence. Her lute, like the harp of David, charmed away the evil spirit, and when with her, he was as gentle as a lamb.

During his illness his house was besieged by all the noblest in Ferrara, who expressed the greatest interest in his fate. His genius was idolized by the Italians, and the people of Ferrara were proud that the mantle of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio had, after so long a time, fallen upon one of their own citizens, who would make their city a second Florence in literary fame. It was somewhat remarkable, too, that he walked in the steps of his great predecessors, not only along the flowery hill of Parnassus, but in the more tortuous paths of diplomacy. While he was attached to the court of Ippolito, Cardinal d'Este, whose service was indeed a heavy bondage, but to whom he was bound by pecuniary obligation, he received an invitation from Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, to undertake an embassy to the Pope, Julius Second. The object of this mission was to avert the threatened vengeance of the Pontiff against Ferrara. He accepted the embassy and was well received by his Holiness. He failed however in his object, yet gained much credit for the tact with which he had conducted it, and he was afterwards employed in many missions by both the Cardinal and the Duke. But Ariosto loved not those things; all he desired was to live independently and be able to follow his literary pursuits, free from the trammels of a courtiers life. But his limited means would not allow this, and he was compelled to sacrifice most of his time to public employments.

Soon after his recovery from the illness consequent upon his assault on the unlucky potter, he received from Alphonso the appointment of Governor of Garfagnana, a territory which had placed itself under the Duke's protection, and which, from being infested with a horde of banditti, required a vigilant magistrate. In one of his own satires, Ariosto enquired why the appointment was given him :

"He yields and calls me to the post, but why?
 'Twere hard, I own, to give a clear reply;
 From haste perchance, perchance for greater zeal,
 To seek his servant's than his people's weal."

But however this may be, he accepted the post, and fulfilled his part so well that the condition of the people was soon greatly improved.

Many romantic incidents are recorded of the observance and respect paid to him by the wild mountain robbers, whom no fear could tame, no power awe; but who yielded to the genius of

Ariosto what Pontiff and lordly Duke would have in vain sought from them. Baretti relates a humorous incident :

'Ariosto,' says he, 'took up his residence in a beautiful castle, from which it was imprudent to venture without guards, as the whole neighborhood was filled with outlaws, smugglers and banditti, who, after committing the most enormous excesses all around, retired for security against justice to the rocks and cliffs. Ariosto, one morning, happened to take a walk without the castle in his night-gown, and in a fit of thought so far forgot himself that, step by step, he found himself far from his habitation, and suddenly surrounded by a troop of these desperados, who certainly would have maltreated and murdered him, had not his face been known to one of the gang, who informed his comrades that this was Signior Ariosto. The chief of the banditti addressed him with great gallantry, and told him that since he was the author of the 'Orlando Furioso' he might be sure none of the company would injure him, but on the contrary, would see him safe back to the castle; and so they did, entertaining him all the way with the various excellences they admired in his poem, and bestowing upon it the most rapturous praises. A rare proof of the irresistible favor of poetry, and a noble comment on the fable of Orpheus and Amphion, who attracted wild beasts, and charmed the very king of Hell with the enchanting sound of their lyres !'

These things were well suited to the romantic taste of Ariosto, and he greatly enjoyed his residence at Garfagnana, where he remained three years. Alessandra and his sons were with him, and even in that wild place he gathered a few choice spirits with whom he held literary companionship. On Ariosto's return to Ferrara, he again established himself in his dearly loved cottage, and he soon received an appointment from Alphonso, well adapted to his peculiar tastes. The Duke was passionately fond of theatrical amusements; he well knew Ariosto's talent for dramatic composition, and he therefore appointed him to superintend the regular theatre of his court. No employment could have better suited the poet, and there was no one so well qualified to supply the stage with perfect dramas. He it was who first introduced the practice of writing comedies in verse. Under his supervision a superb theatre was erected, so convenient in its structure and magnificent in its embellishments, as to draw the admiration of all Italy.

But the poet was not permitted long to enjoy this new appointment. Extremely careless in his manner of eating, his digestive powers became so weakened that he was seriously attacked with is-

digestion. The medicine which was employed to remove it acted too violently on his constitution, and his malady assuming the alarming form of consumption, on the night of the 6th June, 1533, he breathed his last, lamented not only by all Italy but by the whole of Europe, who had been charmed by the fascinating variety of his muse.

His funeral was honored by the presence of the noblest in Ferrara, and was rendered remarkable by the presence of a large body of monks, who, contrary to their order, followed his remains to the grave. He was laid in a humble tomb in the church of San Benedetto. Years after, Agostino Masti, a gentleman of Ferrara, raised above it a noble mausoleum, worthy of the poet.

ARIOSTO's life was far more happy than that of any of the great poets who preceded him. Unlike Dante, his own country appreciated his services, and rewarded his zeal and political talent. Unlike Petrarch, his life was gladdened by the devotion of the woman he loved, and the sweet ties of home and affection; early dissipation had not polluted his mind and made him, like Boccaccio, the victim of unrelenting remorse, seeking peace and finding none. His choleric temperament was his greatest misfortune, but that was incident to the peculiar constitution of his mind, which was like his own poetry, rapid in its changes, open to every feeling; now quick, impetuous, impulsive; anon gentle, tender, soft, and yielding to every emotion. He is the most beloved of the poets among his own countrymen. Foreign nations give the crown to Tasso, but the Italians themselves place it upon the head of Ariosto.

He well understood the nature of his own mind, when he refused the urgent solicitations of Cardinal Bembo, that he would write, as Petrarch had done, in the Latin language. He knew that as a votary of the Latin muse he could only rank second, but he aspired to the first rank of Italian composition; in that walk he had none but Dante to compete with, and their minds were so entirely different that it could scarce be called competition. What Ariosto wanted in sublimity he atoned for by the greater smoothness and harmony of his style and his fidelity to nature in his portraits. His heroes are heroes indeed, but violent without rashness; his heroines are feminine and lovely, and nature itself is adorned, not distorted, by his art.

The plan of the 'Orlando Furioso' was suggested by the 'Orlando Innamorato,' a work written by Matteo Briardo, who was governor of Reggio at the time of Ariosto's birth. It was an unfinished poem in imitation of the Iliad, founded on the loves of Roland and Angelica, with the seige of

Paris to represent that of Troy; and Briardo being possessed of good poetical powers, with a strong and lively imagination, it forms a fine introduction to the Orlando Furioso.

The early life of Ariosto was almost a repetition of that of his brother poets. His genius displayed itself when he was very young, in the composition of a play called Pyramus and Thisbe, which he taught his brothers and sisters to perform; but his father, though pleased with the poetical taste he discovered, dreaded its influence in his after life. He had destined him for the study of the law, hoping he might rise, by the patronage of the noble house of Ferrara, to a high station; and he deemed the love of the Muses so entirely incompatible with a proper attention to his legal studies, that he forbade him to write or read poetry or any work of the imagination, and, like the father of David, kept a jealous eye on his poetic tastes.

This thralldom galled the high spirit of the young poet, and he at times thought of throwing off his father's protection, which was rendered so irksome by this restraint upon his mind and taste; but he was relieved from it, as Petrarch had been before under the same circumstances, by the death of his parent. But to this succeeded new cares, the family were left without the means of support, and Ariosto's pride and bitter feelings called upon him to devote himself to providing for their necessary wants. Day and night he laboured for them, and he would not return to his favorite pursuits, till he was taken under the protection of the Cardinal D'Este and received from him a regular income. In one of his satires he has left a description of his peculiar feelings and situation at this period of his life.

'My father dies, thenceforth with care oppressed,
New thoughts and feelings fill my harass'd breast;
Homer gives way to lawyers and their deeds,
And all a brother's love within me pleads.
Fit suitors found, two sisters soon are wed,
And to the altar without portions led.
With all the wants and wishes of their age,
My little brothers next my thoughts engage;
And in their father's place I strive untir'd,
To do whate'er that father's love inspired.
Thus watching how their several wills incline,
In courts, in study, or in arms to shine;
No toil I shun their fair pursuits to aid,
Still of the snares that strew their path afraid;
Nor this alone, though press we quick to land,
The bark's not safe till anchored on the strand.'

The duties thus pleasantly described, Ariosto performed with the utmost care and diligence. He became indeed the father of his family. His person has been described by his biographers as being large and well formed, except his shoulders, which were disproportioned and gave him an

awkward appearance when he walked. His complexion was dark and his eyes penetrating, but his noble intellectual forehead distinguished him from the common mortals by whom he was surrounded. His voice was exquisitely melodious, like that of the Angel Israfil, which charmed all who listened to it.

The house where he lived in Ferrara is still preserved with the utmost care, and shown as a sacred thing, and many a pilgrim has bent thitherward his steps to offer his homage to the home of the poet; and, as he reads the Latin inscription penned by himself, which still remains over the door, has almost fancied he could feel the presence of the spirit which has hallowed the lowly tenement. Ferrara, now lone and deserted, is one of the saddest towns of Italy, and it would indeed be almost one of the *has beens*, without name or place, had not Ariosto there warbled his sweet lays, and Tasso consecrated it by the sad seal of suffering genius.

"HEART'S EASE."

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

"A hermit wilding—twined round oaken roots
Found i' the heart of the forest—" FORD.

"You remember that beautiful Scotch girl, who created such a sensation at the ball at Brussels—you must—she was chaperoned by that odious *vieille*—with her green spectacles and gold filagree snuff-box—Lady D——, and you were at the time deeply impressed with her appearance. She died at a religious house (to which she had retired after the battle,) about six weeks ago, of a slow consumption. I remember an affecting incident occurring during the hurry and confusion of our leave-taking. She was leaning in humid despair upon the shoulder of the gallant and unfortunate Norman Ramsay, Major of the —, while he, with an effort at cheerfulness, plucked a bunch of 'Heart's Ease' from one of the vases, and placed it in her bosom. It seems they were betrothed. 'Remember the words of the prophet, Mary,' said he affectionately,—'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' The withered flowers were found in her bible between the leaves opening upon that text, long after he had perished."

A. L. P.

Seek not for me in the lighted halls,
Mine is no garland for festivals;
Look not for me in the wreaths they twine,
Round urns of perfume, or cups of wine;
Though torn away from my forest lair,
To deck their banquets—I perish there,
'Neath the heated lip and the flashing eye,
I smile—but smiling, I die—I die.

Yet some come there with their cheeks of bloom,
Like roses wreathed round a marble tomb,
Or the soft pink tints in some Indian shell
Lit with the glance of the sun's farewell;
With locks, like the first light clouds of dawn,
With the dreamy gaze of the woodland fawn.
They come to seek me—alas, for all,
Who seek "Heart's Ease" in the masquing hall!

The feast and the feaster have passed away—
The lamps are winking in morning's ray,
And the wither'd chaplets hang idly down,
And the mirror is mocking its faded crown;
And they, that stood 'mid the festal cheer,
Like the wounded palm, or the "stricken deer,"
With their strange bright eyes and their fatal bloom,
Have passed from the revel away—to the tomb.

They found me, they found me, but all too late,
Young Hope had died in the grasp of Fate—
The rich bloom fled, like the last bright streak
In the darkening west, from the blighted cheek;
And the pallid taper and holy hymn,
Were there for rite and for requiem;
And "Heart's Ease," strewed on their bosoms, lay,
When the young heart's longings were hushed away.

Seek ye for me—oh! seek ye for me,
In the bowery shade of the forest tree,
Where the far-off tones of the ranger's horn
Rouse not the fawn from its rest at morn;
Where the joyous brook goes singing by,
Feeding the echoes with melody,
And the lilies, like Brahmins at eventide,
Are bent, as in worship, its streams beside.

Seek ye for me—oh! seek ye for me,
Where the summer birds most love to be,
Where the worn-out wind, with a feeble sigh,
Comes oft, like a love-sick youth, to die;
And, gather'd the old oak boughs among,
The wild-wood doves, like a vestal throng
In some ancient cloister, all dark and dim,
Are lifting to heaven their evening hymn.

Seek ye for me—oh! seek ye for me,
On the morning track of the joyous bee;
Follow the streamlet through wood and glen;
Follow the glow-worm, you'll find me then—
For it loves to roam through bowers at night,
And wave over blossoms its elfin light.
Meet guide of those who would seek for me
In the calm of my forest sanctuary.

MONTREAL.

THE ORPHAN; OR, FORTUNE'S CHANGES.

BY E. L. E.

"JULIA, my child, come and sit down by me—I have something to say to you, and, perhaps, I may not have another opportunity."

"Yes, mamma, in a moment; but what is the matter? Do you feel worse? how pale you are!"

"I do not feel as well as I have done. I feel my strength failing me daily, and it is of this I wish to speak. You know I have been ill a long time, and I can no longer flatter you with hopes of my recovery. I fear you will, ere long, be a lonely orphan."

"Oh, mamma! do not talk so," said Julia, bursting into tears; "you have been worse than you are now, and perhaps when this cold winter is over you will get stronger."

"No, my child; I shall never see another Spring. Do not weep. Remember there is One above who careth for the orphan, and will never leave you desolate. I have for some time felt we should, ere long, be separated, and were it not for the thought of leaving you, I should rejoice that the time is so near. Yet, for your sake, I could still wish to live, were it the will of Providence; but it may not be so—my life is nearly spent, and I would that I could in some measure prepare you for the separation, and help you to devise some plan for your future support. Come, dry up your tears, my love, my forebodings may not be realized so soon as I fear, but still it would be well to talk about these things while we have an opportunity. Our little stock of money is nearly exhausted, and what will become of us then, God only knows; but if I should die suddenly, as I sometimes fear I shall, go to Mrs. Willis—she has given me her promise to befriend you."

"Oh, mamma, I cannot bear to hear you talk so. Perhaps we can sell some of these paintings, and then we will get some nice things which will, perhaps, strengthen you. Come, dear mamma, do lie down and try to get a little rest, and I will make you a nice cup of tea."

Julia assisted her mother to the bed, and then busied herself in preparing refreshment for her. Their means were very limited, and though Julia was but in her thirteenth year, yet her mother had been so long out of health that she had be-

come quite a proficient in domestic affairs. She soon had a cup of tea and a bit of toast, prepared with great neatness, spread on their plain pine table, which, though uncovered, was almost as white as the driven snow.

"Come, mamma, won't you try and eat something? Now do!" she continued beseechingly.

"My dear child, would that I could to please you, but I cannot—I feel a strange oppression here," laying her hand on her breast.

"Do let me run for Dr. Hammond, you do look so very sick—perhaps he will help you."

"I do not think he can help me, but if you like you may go—and step in, and say to Mrs. Willis I wish to speak with her a moment."

She spoke with much difficulty, and Julia, with a bursting heart, set out on her sad errand. She had but a few steps to go, and as she ascended the broad step that led to the noble looking house of Mr. Willis, she could not but think how little the rich know of the trials and privations of those less favored with the gifts of fortune. Her errand was soon stated, and Mrs. Willis, who was really a kind hearted person, hastened to the bedside of Mrs. Prescott, whom she found very low, much worse than she had expected.

"My dear Mrs. Willis, I feel that my time has come, and I would speak to you of Julia."

"Do not have any anxiety about her; I have promised, and now repeat it, that she shall be to me as one of my own children, and I will try and be a mother to her."

"May the God of the fatherless bless you for those words! You have, indeed, taken a great weight off my mind. I can die happy now—Julia is provided for; but I have still another request to make. I have endeavored to instill into her youthful mind those religious principles which have been my support for nine long years of trial,—had it not been for that hope, which I trust will be soon realized, I should have sunk years ago. Oh! help her to remember that the dark day will come when she will be even as I am now, and were it not for the Saviour's supporting arm how dreary would be the prospect to me!

But where is Julia?" she continued. "I would have her with me."

"She is here," said Mrs. Willis, as Julia, accompanied by Dr. Hammond, entered the room. The doctor saw at a glance that all his art would be useless—that even now she was laboring under the pangs of the destroyer.

"Oh, mamma, how strange you look!" said Julia, bursting into an agony of tears, and clasping her mother round the neck. "What does ail you?"

"It is death," replied her mother, in a low, solemn tone; "and, my child, remember, when I am gone, to regard and obey Mrs. Willis as a mother."

Her breath continued to grow shorter and shorter until life became extinct. Her last breath was spent in commending her soul into the hands of her Redeemer. Julia seemed perfectly stupefied as she looked upon the cold, pale face of her mother; she sat seemingly unconscious of her situation until aroused by the voice of Mrs. Willis, as she said kindly, taking her by the hand,

"Come, my dear, we will go home."

"Home!" said Julia, starting up, "I have no home. Oh, why did you not take me with you, mamma, and not leave me all alone!"

"You are not alone, my love," said Mrs. Willis—"you shall be as my own child. Come, Julia!"

After a good deal of persuasion she succeeded in drawing her away from the sorrowful scene. Mr. and Mrs. Willis did indeed prove themselves friends. They attended to the funeral arrangements and to the disposal of the few effects which Mrs. Prescott left, not from any worldly motive, but from a principle of duty.

* * * * *

Julia Atwood, the mother of our young friend, was of English birth and parentage; her father was of an ancient aristocratic family, stern and unyielding in his principles—haughty and overbearing in his household; yet he almost idolized his daughter Julia, and every wish of her heart was gratified as soon as expressed.

Mrs. Atwood was a mild, inoffensive person, amiable in mind and manners, whose peculiar province was home, occupied in instilling into the youthful mind of her daughter those principles of virtue and rectitude which had been her own "guiding star." She had been the mother of six children, but one after another had been taken away, and Julia alone remained to cheer the desolate heart of her parents. She had every advantage which wealth could purchase, and aided by superior natural endowments, she was at the age of eighteen all that the fondest heart could

desire. Beautiful in person, as well as gifted in mental attainments, it was not surprising that many hearts were offered at her shrine, but from all she turned coldly away: her parents loved her too well to wish to exert any undue influence over her, though she had offers which even her haughty father would have felt proud to sanction, and it was only on the return of Edward Prescott from the Continent that she was made to feel the "magic power of love." Edward had been her playmate in childhood, and a sharer in all her youthful joys and sorrows. His family were equal in rank and wealth to that of the Atwoods, Edward's prospects for future eminence were bright and cloudless, and for once "the course of true love seemed to run smooth." But, alas! in an evil hour the elder Prescott yielded to temptation, and embarked the bulk of his property in a speculation which he fondly imagined would have added to his wealth; but it failed, (as speculations so often do,) and he was left in comparative beggary. He saved sufficient, however, to insure to his family the necessaries of life, but that was all, and thus Edward's bright prospects were suddenly nipped in the bud. He knew Julia too well to think that he would be less dear to her on account of his poverty, but he also knew, or at least feared, that her father would never give his consent to his daughter's union to one penniless as he now was. However, he was not long left in suspense, for Mr. Atwood wrote him a coldly formal letter saying, that circumstances had occurred which would forever debar the projected union, and strictly prohibiting any further intercourse between the young people. The old gentleman had not calculated on the strength of his daughter's affection, or the strength of her will either; for though mild and amiable in her general deportment, she had more of her father's firmness and decision of purpose than he had imagined, and which only wanted occasion to bring into action. Though young Prescott was forbidden the house, they met in private, and after suing for the father's consent (or the hope of it at some future time) in vain, they determined to act without it. An elopement was the consequence, followed by letters intreating her parents' forgiveness. The old man raved like a madman to find himself foiled, and by his own daughter. He answered her letter saying, he had cast her off forever, and calling the curse of God to rest upon her as an undutiful child. He sent her a five pound note, with the comforting assurance that it was the last she need ever expect from him. Mrs. Atwood also wrote to her daughter according to her forgiveness and blessing, and said

that her husband was perfectly inexorable, and that any other attempt on their part to appease his wrath would but exasperate him the more.

At this juncture of affairs they determined to emigrate, and try their fortune in the new world, and a few months after found them comfortably situated in the city of New York. Edward very fortunately obtained a situation as book-keeper to a respectable house, and for a year they lived as happy as they could wish. They had one child who was the delight of their hearts; but, alas! how fleeting and transitory are all earthly joys—at the close of fifteen short months Julia was a widow, and her child an orphan, far from home and kindred; and pecuniary embarrassments added to mental trials, the future did indeed look dark and dreary to her. But she sought Him who has said, "I will never leave or forsake thee," and found comfort. She found friends in those she had least expected; through their exertions she obtained fine needle-work, and being industrious and frugal, she had managed to support herself and child until her health failed, which was about a year before her death, when she was obliged to accept of pecuniary relief. What a change had a few short years wrought in the blooming, laughing girl who had left her native shores, buoyant with life and hope, now but the shattered remnant of what she once was, with health and spirits broken, and nought to look forward to but poverty and suffering. At length she determined to make another appeal to her father in behalf of her child, but no answer ever came to the heart-broken widow, and she felt convinced that any expectation of aid from him would be hopeless; but though he, who should prove her friend and protector, had cast her off, she was not entirely friendless.

In Mr. and Mrs. Willis she indeed found warm and sympathising friends, and with perfect confidence in their integrity, did she on her death-bed confide to them her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis's family consisted (at the time our story commenced) of four children, the eldest a promising son of eighteen years, (who was away at school,) another son of twelve, and two daughters, the one nine, and the other five years of age. Julia was welcomed with delight by the children, and soon began to feel herself at home, though she grieved much for the recent loss she had sustained. Yet childhood's sorrows are of short duration; it gradually wore away, and she learned to look upon Mrs. Willis as a second mother. She was treated in all respects as one of the family, she possessed a mind of a high order, and every advantage was bestowed upon

her for her improvement, and well did she repay their generous exertions in her behalf, by a warm, affectionate disposition, cultivated mind, and great personal attractions. She was greatly beloved by her foster parents, who used often to say that it would be difficult for them to decide which of their children was dearest to them.

"My dear," said Mr. Willis to his wife, as he entered the breakfast-room one morning, "here is a letter from Charles; he writes that he will be home about the middle of August."

"Oh, dear, how glad I am," said Emma, the youngest child; "and how glad I am," was reiterated by her brother and sister.

"Are you not glad?" said Caroline, addressing a young lady at the other end of the table; "you haven't said a word since papa came in."

"I have not had a chance," replied Julia. "I hope, mamma," she continued, turning to Mrs. Willis, "that Charles is well."

"Quite well, my dear; he sends his love to you and the children."

"Oh, how I wish Charles was here now," said Emma, "for Julia always looks so pale, and now her cheeks are as rosy as Caroline's or mine."

This remark only increased Julia's apparent confusion, which Mrs. Willis noticing, strove to divert their attention to other things. Nearly three years had now elapsed since Julia became a member of Mr. Willis's family; the girls looked up to her as to an elder sister, and Frederick, though he delighted in nothing so much as teasing her, yet loved her with all the affection of a brother. With the eldest son Charles (who had nearly finished his collegiate course) she had become but little acquainted, he having been absent the most of the time since she came to reside in the family; and though he was ever kind and attentive when at home, she did not feel the same ease in his presence, or the same regard for him, that she did for the other members of the family. It was now more than a year since she had seen him, and she rather dreaded his return.

"Oh, dear!" said Emma, "what a long day this has been—I have been looking out until my eyes ache;—it does seem as if the stage never was so late before—how I wish it would come."

"Keep wishing, sissey, and you will get your wish at last," said Frederick; "I wish, too, it would come, for my inner man begins to feel the want of a little refreshment, and I suppose we shall get no tea until Charles comes, if it is not for two hours; however, it will only be another trial of my patience, and I have a pretty good stock of that valuable article generally."

"I hope, Frederick," said Julia, "your patience will not be put to so severe a test as to wait two hours for your tea; but see! is not that the stage coming over the hill yonder?"

"Well, I declare I believe it is,—yes, I can see very plainly now; but if that whiskered fellow be brother Charles, he must be strangely altered."

Frederick and his sisters stood on the landing place to greet him as he alighted, and ushered him into the parlor where Julia Prescott stood ready to welcome him. She expressed her regret that his father and mother were absent—they were gone to visit a sick friend, but would doubtless return soon.

"How much you are changed, Julia," said Charles, seating himself beside her; "I can hardly realize that you are the same person I left only about a year ago; let me see, how old are you?"

"I was sixteen last month," she replied, blushing at the abruptness of his question.

"Indeed! how swiftly time passes—it seems but a very short time since we were children, and every year appears to pass more swiftly than the preceding one."

Mr. and Mrs. Willis just then entered the room, and cordial was the greeting between parents and son; he was their eldest, and Mrs. W.'s favorite child. They were soon seated around the tea-table, and a happier family could not have been found in the city. Mrs. Willis, as she gazed with all a mother's fondness on the broad, open brow and dark intellectual eye of her son, felt that she was indeed blest beyond the lot of mortals, and raised her heart to Heaven in silent gratitude for her happiness.

"Well, Charles," said Mr. Willis, addressing his son, "I suppose you have finished your school education now; have you fixed upon any plans for the future?"

"I have not decided upon any yet; I should wish to be guided by your and my mother's advice."

"You must follow your own inclinations; neither your mother nor I would wish to influence you, though I should rather you would study a profession than follow the mercantile business, as there is too much confinement in it, and though it sometimes proves lucrative, yet it is often the reverse, and just now would be a most unlucky time for commencing in trade, as some of our best houses are failing; and, besides," he added with a smile, "I would rather you should distinguish yourself by your mental qualifications; and I flatter myself you would do so, were you to enter the lists."

"Well! I will consider upon it, and make up my mind soon, as I cannot bear to live in idleness."

The subject was dropped for the present, and other topics introduced; many questions were to be asked and answered, and it was late before they separated for the night.

"Well! Charles," said Mrs. Willis, as they were sitting together a day or two after his return. "What do you think of my *protegee*?"

"Why! I think if she is as good as she is lovely, she must be almost an angel. How much she has improved since I was at home before, I did not think her very pretty then; but now she almost realizes my *belle ideale*!"

"Yes, she has changed," replied his mother, smiling at his enthusiasm; "but when you were last here, she was very timid and reserved, and much of that has worn away. Yes! she is good as she is fair, and never have I regretted the interest I took in her, when she was left a lonely orphan to the cold charities of a selfish world, and she is quite a help to me too; the little girls consider her as a sister, and I think they love her as well as it is possible for one sister to love another; she is of such a grateful affectionate disposition, virtuous principles and heartfelt piety, that it seems as if there would have been a blank in the family had we not taken her."

"Why, what a paragon of excellence you have been describing! I must really go and find this little image of perfection. I suppose I am her brother as much as Fred; am I not mother?"

"Certainly! my son—that is if she will acknowledge your claim."

Charles left the room, and his mother fell into a fit of musing; many visions of happiness flitted through her mind, (mothers build castles in the air sometimes as well as their children,) visions in which Charles and Julia bore a conspicuous part, and she was only made aware of the lapse of time by the entrance of the subjects of her cogitations; they appeared to be upon very good terms indeed. Charles paid Julia more marked attention than brothers are wont to pay their sisters, anticipating her slightest wish, and affording her a thousand little nameless attentions, which, to an interested observer, would have looked far more like those of a lover than a brother.

Weeks passed away, and the time was fast approaching when Charles was to return to B—, where he intended to pursue the study of law; he had chosen that profession, as he thought it best suited to his inclinations, and the natural turn of his mind. Julia felt a depression of spirits, as that period approached, which she could not account for; she was not aware that she felt more

than a sister's interest in Charles, and it was only by an accidental circumstance that she was made aware of the real state of her heart.

One morning, a few days before Charles was to leave, she called upon Charlotte Stacy, a friend of hers, where she was introduced to a Miss Warton who was visiting the Stacy family. She was a young lady from B—, the town where Charles had spent the last five years. After chatting for some time, and as Julia was about leaving, Charlotte said:

"I have just heard a piece of news which surprises me a good deal, though I suppose it is no news to you—of course you know all about it."

"I can tell better when I have heard what it is," she replied.

"Well I have heard upon very good authority, that Charles Willis is engaged; now what do you think of that? For my part I am quite surprised, all the old women here have been prophesying that you and Charles were made for each other."

"Think!" replied Julia, while the blood mounted to her very brow; "I think that if it is so, the family know nothing about it, at least this is the first intimation that I have had of anything of the kind, and I can hardly believe it now."

"I assure you, Miss Prescott, it is so," said Miss Warton, "at least it is a current report in B—, and I have not the slightest reason to doubt it, though it is not likely they intend to be married at present, and then I hear that he is going back there to study law, and that looks as if there was some attraction there."

"I do not think that is any proof of its truth," said Julia; "he has become acquainted there, and of course it would be pleasanter than going among strangers; but who is this person to whom he is engaged, do you know her?"

"Oh, no! nor do I wish it," returned Miss Warton, with a toss of the head, "her name is Madeline Cameron; she is very poor and proud, and just manages to support herself and mother (who is blind.) by taking in sewing. She is called handsome, though people differ in their opinions of beauty, for my part I never saw anything very attractive about her."

"Madeline Cameron, that is really a pretty name, and quite romantic," said Charlotte. "I wonder how Mr. Willis will like it; I should think they would look rather higher than a sewing girl?"

"I do not think," said Julia, "either Mr. or Mrs. Willis would consider industry as any objection; and as to her supporting her poor blind mother I think it speaks well in her favour. But really I must not linger any longer, I have other calls to make and must away," she added gaily.

"Perhaps, Miss Prescott, it would be as well not to mention this in Mr. Willis's family, as perhaps the young gentleman would not wish it to be known, and after all it is possible there may be nothing in it, though I have good reason to suppose that there is."

Julia made no more calls, but hastened home and went immediately to her chamber, where the emotions she had so long suppressed found vent in tears. The information she had received had torn the veil from her heart, and she found to her mortification that she had unconsciously been cherishing sentiments, which, if the report proved true, would be a lasting source of unhappiness to her. She thought at first that it might all be false, and then again she could imagine no possible reason for Miss Warton reporting such a thing if it were untrue; she recalled every look and action of Charles, and she could not believe him capable of acting with so much duplicity, for though he had never expressed more than a brother's regard for her, yet, if eyes speak the language of the heart, he had told her so many times. However, perhaps, he did not mean any thing, for she would not for a moment harbour the thought that he would trifle with a lady's affections. As to Miss Warton's caution it was perfectly unnecessary; she would not have spoken of it for the world, indeed she could not, it was a subject in which she felt too deeply interested. She determined to appear as she ever had done, and strive to subdue those sentiments which she felt should not now have a place in her heart. Assuming as much cheerfulness as she could, she descended to the parlour, but her heart almost misgave her as she found Charles alone.

"Why, Julia," he said, "you have been out a long time, I had just made up my mind to go in search of you."

"I have been at home this half hour, I only called at Mrs. Stacy's."

"I wish you had told me you were going, I should like to have accompanied you; that Miss Stacy seems to be a fine girl—is she an intimate friend of yours?"

"I cannot say that we are very intimate, though we are very good friends."

In spite of Julia's efforts to appear at ease, there was a forced calmness and formality about her quite unnatural, and which Charles could not avoid noticing.

"Julia," he said, seating himself beside her, "I have been thinking how much happiness I have enjoyed in the last few weeks, but I must soon leave, though I could linger here for ever. Yet, may I not hope to take with me your good wishes, and the hope that I shall not be forgotten?"

"Certainly, I hope I shall never forget my friends," she replied. As she looked up she encountered his gaze so tender, yet so sad, that the tears started involuntarily.

"My dear Julia," he said, kindly taking her hand, "you are not well surely, how pale you are looking."

"I assure you I am not ill," she replied, withdrawing her hand; "only a slight headache which will soon pass off."

"I hope it is nothing worse," he said, "though you appear strangely unlike yourself to-day—I have been so unfortunate as to offend you?"

"Oh, no, I hardly know myself what ails me, I know I am foolish, but indeed I cannot help it," and the tears started from her eyes which she strove in vain to conceal; she had reckoned too much upon her fortitude, and the affectionate interest Charles manifested was too much for her overcharged heart to bear.

"Julia, I will not seek to pry into your feelings, though it grieves me to see you thus; but let your grief be what it may, rest assured you have my warmest sympathy."

"Oh, it is nothing, I have not felt very well all day, and I hope you will forget my foolishness. I am really quite ashamed of myself; but do not mention it to Mamma, she will think I am really ill."

* * * * *

"Mamma," said Emma, as they were seated around the centre-table that evening, "you know I have been to see Sarah Woodman to-day, don't you?"

"Certainly my dear, but what of it?"

"Why Sarah has two cousins visiting her, and we had quite a dispute about their names. Sarah thought that Ellen was the prettiest and I thought that Madeline was. Don't you think, Mamma, that Madeline is a much prettier name than Ellen?"

"Well, I think it is, though it depends much upon the person whether we like a name or not."

"Well, I think Madeline is a very pretty name indeed. Don't you Charles?"

"Yes Emma, I like that name, but, as mother says, it may be on account of the person who bears it. I know a young lady of that name in B——; have I never mentioned her to you, mother?"

"You have not; indeed, I do not think you have mentioned a young lady's name since you came home."

"Then it must be because I have found those at home so much more attractive, that I have quite forgotten them, though Madeline Cameron is not one whose friendship is to be lightly regarded."

"Do tell us all about her," said Caroline, "is she pretty?"

"That is altogether a matter of taste, sister, though she is by no means deficient in personal beauty, yet to my taste her chief attraction lies in her well-stored mind and amiable disposition; her father was an officer in the army, and died in his country's services; since his death one misfortune has followed another, and about two years ago Mrs. Cameron lost her eye sight. But all these misfortunes and afflictions Madeline has borne with truly Christian fortitude, and supported herself and mother, solely by the use of her needle. It was by employing her as a sempstress that I became acquainted with her, and never have I heard her utter a complaining word; though young, yet she cheerfully debars herself all amusement, and devotes herself solely to her mother. Indeed Madeline Cameron is one who must be known to be appreciated. I wish you knew her, Julia, I think you would find her a kindred spirit."

The entrance of Mr. Willis prevented her replying. She had never heard him so eloquent in the praise of any lady before, and it served to dissipate any doubts she might have had as to the truth of the report she had heard.

"What is the matter, my dear," said Mrs. Willis to her husband, "your countenance bespeaks a mind ill at ease. Have you heard any bad news?"

He made her no answer, but arose and paced the room in evident agitation, though he strove to conceal it.

"Husband," said Mrs. Willis, rising and laying her hand on his arm, "why will you not allow me to share in your trouble; have you ever found your confidence misplaced?"

"Do not speak so Jane, I would spare your feelings, but it is of no use, you may as well know it now as a few days hence."

He sank on a seat, and leaning his head on his hand, murmured:

"Jane! we are beggars."

"How! husband, how mean you, you are surely labouring under some dreadful mistake."

"Would to God I were! but no, it is a stern indubitable fact, and all by means of that rascally Morgan, whom I fancied the very soul of honesty. But listen and I will tell you. When I took him as a partner I believed him all that his appearance indicated, and placing the most unbounded confidence in him, I entrusted the business mostly to his care, and the result is I find myself indebted for a greater amount than I am able to liquidate. And as if that were not enough, the ungrateful wretch has absconded with most of my ready

money, leaving me to settle the demands as I best may. Bills have been coming in for the last week, but I thought I might perhaps settle them, and thus spare your feelings. But it is of no use, it must all go; it shall never be said that I cheated my creditors. Oh, it is too bad that my hard earnings should be swindled away from me in this way, and leave me no redress."

"My dear," said Mrs. Willis, after a silence of some minutes, "let us hope for the best, you may save more than you expect; then I can be very economical, and the girls are getting to be quite a help to me, so that I think we could manage very well without any domestic. Though I truly sympathise with you, yet depend upon it, my dear, we shall not be unhappy. You have often said that you were happier when we lived quite by ourselves, and before an increase of wealth brought an increase of cares; so cheer up, love, there are brighter days in store, and if there are not, we must learn to be patient, and we have many blessings yet for which to be thankful."

"I wish I could always look on the bright side of the picture as you do, Jane, but the children—I cannot bear that they should sink into obscurity."

"Nor need they, father," said Charles; "if we are obliged to use more exertion we shall be better able to appreciate the value of time than we otherwise should."

"Well," said Mr. Willis, "I see you are all determined to be happy in spite of our misfortune, and I hope you will, though I very much fear you will find more ills to contend against than you seem to imagine."

That night was a sleepless one to some of the members of the once happy family. Mrs. Willis, though she endeavoured to cheer her husband's spirits, could not but feel anxious about the future. Julia sympathised deeply in their misfortunes. She thought she had cause for trouble before, but now she dismissed all selfish feelings, and long after midnight might she have been seen sitting in her chamber, buried in thought, striving to devise some plan which would lighten their care and lessen their expenses.

"Oh! how I wish I were rich," she mentally said, "that I might be able to help them in their time of need, and repay, in a measure, their generous kindness to me. But," she exclaimed, as a bright thought seemed to enter her head, "if I cannot help them I can at least lighten their burthen. I saw an advertisement in the paper, 'A Governess Wanted,' and

I will apply for the situation; then perhaps I shall not only be able to support myself, but have something to spare,—thanks to their goodness that I am qualified to act in that capacity.

Full of this new resolution she laid her head on her pillow, and the sun was high in the heavens ere she awoke. Dressing herself hastily she descended to the breakfast room, where she found the family assembled waiting her appearance. She apologised for her tardiness, and after breakfast, as Mr. Willis was leaving the room, she whispered to him to give her a few moments' audience. He followed her to the library.

"Well, Julia," he said, as he closed the door, "what is your errand? Your countenance completely mystifies me; come tell me, you need not be afraid to ask any favour which I have the power of granting."

Julia did not answer, but placing a newspaper in his hand, said, "Did you notice this advertisement?"

"No I did not—what is it?"

"A Governess wanted."

"Well, what of that? I do not see why that should interest you."

"Why, I thought I might perhaps obtain the situation."

"What, Julia, do you suppose that I would subject you to the contumely and drudgery of a Governess? No, my child, while I have a home, humble though it may be, you are heartily welcome to it."

"I know it, dear Papa, words are too feeble to express the gratitude I feel for all your kindness, but I am now in my seventeenth year, and feel as if I ought to make some exertions to support myself. I am sanguine of success should I make the attempt—say that I may, and if it proves unsuccessful, be sure the dove will return to the ark again. You consent, do you not?"

"I will leave it to my wife, Julia, as you seem anxious about it, and if she thinks it best I have no more to say; but if you do leave us, remember there will always be a place for you in our home and hearts." He drew her towards him as he spoke, and imprinted a kiss on her cheek, with the affectionate pride of a father.

Julia rejoined the family, and Mr. Willis repaired to his store; he inwardly applauded her resolution, though he did not say so, as he did not wish to influence her decision.

(To be continued.)

PARISH PERSONAGES.*

OUR BEADLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY ERASMUS OLDSTILE, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is not to be supposed that a watchman, of Mr. Zachary Billikens' vigilance and address, could receive the intimation which our Beadle had called upon him to impart, without betraying a commendable eagerness to place at Mr. Crummy's disposal the whole Charley force, which was expected to be at the watch-house that night.

"If," exclaimed Mr. Billikens, "if valour and vigilance can purtect a grave, you may sleep 'appy, Mr. Crummy, in the conviction that the young 'oman in whom you take such a perticler interest shall not be surprised or kidnappd by any invasion of 'artless willains."

Oily Crum was consoled and satisfied by the promise, and with a hurried "Thankee, thankee," he prepared to leave.

But in the excess of his sympathy for the fate of poor Mary, he suddenly stopped to inquire "if his sarvices could be employd on the occasion."

"Your sarvices! and pray what good can you do?" enquired Zachary in amazement.

"Well, I thought maybe I might help you in case you should be perticlerly 'ard pressed," rejoined Mr. Crummy timidly.

"I tell you vot it is," returned Mr. Billikens majestically, "a Beadle and a Vatchman is two most uncommonly different creaturs—vun is wery well in the day light, but 'tis the t'other that's at 'ome in the darkness—vun gets his wittles by taking care of hisself, vile the t'other earns his bread by looking arter other people—vun may be wanted to keep up Parish pride, but the other is rekisite to purtect Parish property—vun makes people henwious in the day time, vile the other makes 'em feel comfortable at nights—vun is for show, t'other for sarvice—they can't 'malgamate, --leastways a Beadle ain't up to a Vatchman's business, and therefore I won't trouble you for any help, but I'm obligd to you for the offer."

Now it may be supposed that the Beadle did not like the view which was entertained by

Billikens of the relative merits of their respective offices, but as he had become rather notorious for the sentiment, "that every man should stick to his own trade," and as he knew that Billikens felt aggrieved at having been left out of the Jubilee Supper, he felt himself unable to answer the watchman, or justify his offer to assume any of the vested functions of the old Charley; he therefore retired without remark.

* * * * *

Darkness had long enveloped the city when Billikens awoke from his slumber of preparation, and humbly exclaimed, addressing his son: (we must apologize for having omitted to inform our readers that Zachary was both a husband and a father:)

"Dick, my boy, I wish you'd run and tell Mr. Mummerglum and Mr. Quaggy that I wishes to see them afore they goes to the vachus this evening."

While Dick performs his mission we may as well state that the two worthies referred to were representatives of the physical portion of the old watch—the obese faction, so to speak,—fat, burly and inanimate; they were indebted for their appointment to the bulk of their bodies, and not to the weight of their brain; although, judging from the external circle of their craniums they possessed a prodigious phrenological development. If the efficiency of the old force depended only on the size of its members it would infallibly have been condemned, but there were a few exceptions to its usual diminutive and decrepid features, and Messrs. Mummerglum and Quaggy were those exceptions in the Parish of Allhallows. Judging by their dimensions, they might have been mistaken for the stuffed figures in a Pantomime; they were certainly big enough to overawe resistance, but then, like the figures referred to, they were incapable of exertion, and the sluggishness of their naturally slothful temperaments was sensibly increased by indulgence in gross and natural tipping. Alike incapable of mental ef-

fort as of physical exertion, they were indebted for the *prestige* of their fame to the impression of strength, which the world is apt to associate with large dimensions.

By Billikens they were admired, for he appeared to believe that courage and corpulence were synonymous terms, and the senior watchman on the other hand was regarded by them with favour as being the visible embodiment of that wisdom and prudence, without which their more elaborate physical outline would have proved unavailing and valueless.

It was therefore with silent acquiescence that they listened to Zachary, when he advised them to prepare for active duty that evening, and from the circle which their tongues described around the outer edge of their lips, they instinctively understood that those important preliminaries embraced an additional pot of porter and an extra supply of "bacca." They quitted the senior Charley, in order that they might equip themselves for the perilous service which awaited them.

The approach of danger operates differently upon different constitutions; some are depressed, others are paralyzed by its proximity; some brave the storm and dispute its power; others shelter themselves for security and find protection; and there are those who, being alike devoid of the sense to inspire caution, or the energy to provoke courage, become from pure weakness or indecision of character the victims of their fears, and the prey of the power which they have not the firmness to encounter or the wisdom to elude. But Billikens was a man of far different mould; his noble soul expanded towards the face of danger, and at the approach of peril he was calm, collected and dignified.

How serene and self-possessed was his command when he desired Dick to put another coat of grease upon his boots—and though all the energies of his mind were supposed to be absorbed in the consideration of the coming contest, he was nevertheless mindful of those minute details, upon which the success of great enterprises has so often been made subservient. Influenced by prudent considerations he inquired for his warm stockings, and for the thickest bandage wherewith to protect his crippled leg. Betty his daughter was instructed to bring his cosiest night-cap and his longest comforter. And his faithful spouse procured for him the requisite "beer and bacca," without which no Charley could hope to be efficient. The rattle was personally inspected, and its lungs were tried, to the terror and consternation of the neighbours, who knew by its notes that Zachary was providing against the worst. The ancient

sabre, supposed to have belonged to a Roundhead in Cromwell's army, was inspected, and its blade, after having been sharpened upon the pavement, was oiled and restored to the scabbard with a clang, which, had its notes been heard by the parties for whose benefit its edge was sharpened, would have disturbed their sacrilegious project, and occasioned dismay and confusion amongst an army of body snatchers. His lantern also was looked to and its candle more securely fastened in the socket, whilst a sheet of whity-brown paper being carefully stuck to the frame with cobbler's wax, was placed over a space which had in more peaceable times been filled by a pane of glass. A bran new hay-band was carefully tied around his well-worn hat—his shoes we have said were greased, but we did not say that their soles were made of wood, to shew that whilst justice was compelled for the sake of her character to move with grave and solemn step towards the object by whom she had been offended, she was not obliged, by the reverend step she was enforced to adopt, to get her feet wet, and thus become confined to the house from the effects of a severe cold or a sore throat.

But how shall we describe the mantle of office which was wont to enfold the fair proportions of the redoubtable Charley—how can we delineate with the pen, what could scarcely be faithfully portrayed with a pencil; the features might perhaps be represented on canvas by a painter, but it cannot be adequately represented by a printer, nor truthfully described by a poet. A watchman's coat! Tell me, ye who remember a watchman's coat, after what design it was fashioned, by what colour it was distinguished, whether it most resembled a Spanish mantle or a Petersham dreadnought—the smock frock of the English peasant or the blouse of the German boor—a cape or a Chesterfield—the driving dress of a liveried coachman or the fustian frock of a victuallers' porter. Stultz or Willis would be sorely put to it to reproduce a *fac simile* of the great original, and we feel satisfied that if we were called upon to personate a watchman of that school we should be compelled to furbish up a costume by subsidizing a coachman for his drab capes, and appropriating our friend's Chesterfield for a foundation, whilst we plagiarised the cut in some respects of all the vestments in which the "human form divine" was ever enfolded.

But if the caste of the garment is difficult of description the colour is not to be depicted. Originally it may have been a sort of invisible drab, but the custom of the youth of that age had imprinted in indelible confusion upon its

surface every tint from which all colours are deducible, and therefore the difficulty of giving a truthful idea of the exact shade of a Charley's coat must be apparent to the ingenious reader; but we have an impression, and we rather pique ourselves upon its originality, that the colour may perhaps be arrived at by adopting the following recipe, viz: on a groundwork of gamboge and burnt senna, lay on a coating composed of all the other paints in the box in equal proportions. Do not mix them too carefully or apply them too uniformly. An infant artist would be most likely to succeed in the operation.

Although our description has occupied an unusual space, Zachary's toilet required a much longer period to complete; but at length he was robed, equipped and accoutred, ready for action; a few moments were all he required for consideration upon the management of the approaching campaign, and the result of his reflections was evidently agreeable, for he arose with a very satisfactory "Now-I've-got-'em" sort of a smile playing around his features.

"Vell! Zack, here ve be," remarked Messrs. Mummerglum and Quaggy, as they entered Billikens' dwelling; "here ve be 'cordin to 'pintment," and the two worthies entered, armed and dressed very much like the senior watchman, with this addition, however, that each was provided with a pipe, and each wore a hat which had once been of the ordinary depth, but from the repeated buffetings had had its altitude reduced to a most knowing and significant shallowness.

"Here ve be, 'cordin to 'pintment," repeated the two guardians of the night, apparently not knowing that they had made the same observation a moment before.

"Glad to see ye," returned Billikens; "and I 'ope you're vell and 'arty."

"Vell only so so—we took a hextra pot afore we left 'ome, and another vun on our vay in 'onor of *Christmas Eve*."

"And we'll take another to our success," continued Zachary, sending Dick out for the desired beverage.

And while Dick fulfils his mission to the "Ship and Compass," we will travel on to another chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

If there was one particular point of character upon which the members of the old watch were in the habit of piquing themselves, that one was their sagacity. For though it is scarcely possible to overrate the high opinion which they formed

of their physical powers, it is out of the question to insinuate that they were less than perfect masters of strategy, profoundly penetrating when promoting difficult combinations, amazingly acute in adapting the means to be made use of, to the end to be secured.

That the trio of worthies whom we have left in solemn deliberation at the close of the last chapter, formed no exception to the well established rule, will be sufficiently apparent from the plan of operations upon which they determined, and notwithstanding that our sketch has not been very complimentary to the penetration of Messrs. Mummerglum and Quaggy, still the opinion which these gentlemen had formed of themselves is not, we must candidly confess, very truthfully sustained in our comments—in their own estimation they were "cunning coves," Cunning, it was to be allowed, in a subordinate degree to Billekens, to whom they had the magnanimity to ascribe the quality of superlative sagacity, but they retained for themselves the same property in a mitigated form, for they did think themselves, comparatively, knowing.

It was our intention in these papers to confine ourselves to a narrative of those incidents of character, which, in by-gone-times, adorned our Parish. We did not intend to chronicle the history of those events, which agitated and disturbed our parochial repose. But unfortunately the offices of the Biographer and Historian are not well defined, for while the history of a country continues to be comprised chiefly of individual narrative, Biography must be the key to the interpretation of History. Again, if History is Philosophy teaching by example—it is Biography that supplies the witnesses and examines the testimony—Biography furnishes the examples—History combines the Evidence.

Having said thus much, by way of apology, it remains for us, as we have armed our heroes, to chronicle the tactics which were pursued on the night of the 24th December, 1793.

"Well, gen'lem," remarked Mr. Billekens, "let us consider our plan of hoperations. Mummerglum, give us the benefit of your adwice."

Mr. Matthew Mummerglum knocked the ashes out of his pipe, cleared his throat of the smoke, and between a groan and a sigh, inquired, "Vot bis'nness they vos a go'in ar'ter?"

And after being informed what was the value of the suspicion, and the consequences to which it pointed, remarked that he thought it would be best for each on'em to 'souse hisself in the highest box "and keep 'em bright look out," which being intelligibly interpreted, meant to provide a long candle for his lantern, to suspend the light at

the door of the box, and leave the illuminator to fulfil with flickering effort the functions of the watch, while the Charley himself snoozed away, satisfied in his own mind that the rays emitted from his lantern would convince all intruders, not only that its proprietor was wide awake, but also that if they became too "venturesome" they would infallibly be "nabbed."

Billikens, however, shook his head at Mummerglum's suggestion, and turning to Quaggy invited the expression of his view of the subject.

Quaggy, on his part, was prepared to make a sacrifice of the comforts which the watch box afforded in a winter's night, and therefore he at once suggested, that as "prevention was better than cure," and as their object was to prevent the grave from being violently attacked, he proposed that Mummerglum and himself should bestride the mound of earth, which indicated poor Mary's last resting place, and fortified with "bacca, pipes and beer, perwent the coming of the villainous 'coves.'"

"Thankee!" rejoined Mummerglum, with more alacrity than usual, "I'd rather not; I should'nt like to spend a night in the very 'art of the 'Church Yard,' and 'ave all the spirits a whispering in one's ear, or a playing at leap frog over one's body."

"In course you would'nt, nor more vud I," responded Mr. Billikens; "it ain't pleasant to be diwerted from duty in any such a vay. I ain't fond of speerits, leastways grave-yard speerits, and I ain't up to their doings; but now I'll tell you what my plan of operations is," continued Mr. Billikens, majestically. "I think, and thank you, Mr. Quaggy, for the saying, that perwention is better than cure,—and to perwent is no doubt werry good as far as it goes, yet it don't express enough for our purpose. My object, gen'lem, then is, not only to perwent them from priggig, but also to cure them of coming, and I propose therefore that Mummerglum should adopt his own proposal and sconsse hissself in the box near the church-yard. Next, I proposes, having reckoned the number of doctors in the Parish, and as I knows there be only two as would adventure upon such a 'orrid undertaking, that you and me, Quaggy, should put ourselves near the house of Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Pell, and the first man as

leaves 'arter nine o'clock, to clap him on the vatch'us on s'picion of grave stealing."

This was the grand *coup-d'état* which old Zachary proposed for the adoption of his comrades, who, it need not be added, immediately subscribed to the plan, and murmuring the language of subdued eulogy, "vunderful man," "vunderful sentiment," "purwent them from priggig, and cure them from coming," they followed Mr. Billikens out of the house.

Mummerglum repaired to the watch-box, where, after drinking a pot of beer at his own expense, and another at the expense of a friend, he snored away until he was suddenly awakened by finding himself and his watch box tilted towards the wall, and then expeditiously turned over, and himself most unceremoniously spilled on the pavement. His rattle was removed, and his hands were tied behind him while he was rolled over and over, and then left, a little the worse for the exercise, but without broken bones or injurious bruises, to make his way towards his comrades, unaided by the light of his lantern.

Billikens and Quaggy, in pursuance of their plan, had seized upon the two first persons who left the houses of Doctors Mitchell and Pell, and attempted to take them into custody on suspicion, but they only succeeded in finding themselves immediately trounced into the gutter, and complained against on the following day for being drunk and disorderly on the previous night. Of course, their coats and other garments were covered with a curious tracery of dirt and ditch-water, but Mummerglum, who was gifted with more quiescent qualities, discovered on repairing to the watch house that his mantle of office had been strikingly illuminated by stripes and patches of vermilion paint, while the immaculate rattle had been suspended around his waist.

The kind hearted Beadle was not indebted for the security of Mary Hayworth's grave to the system of the old watch, in securing it, but to the watchfulness of Mr. Ralph Lloyd on the one hand, and to a group of boys on the other, who busying themselves in making grottoes of oyster shells, were willing to rest the live long night beneath the railing of that old Church Yard, and wait unmoved for the dawn of another Christmas morning.

(To be continued.)

UNA SEGUADILLA.

ral. *A Tempo.*

own blue ri-ver, Sweeps by from sun to shade, And all is love be-
mur-muring

ral.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a 'ral.' (rallentando) marking and transitions to 'A Tempo.' The lyrics are 'own blue ri-ver, Sweeps by from sun to shade, And all is love be-'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

low - a - bove! Oh, my Anda - lu - sian Maid! Oh, my Anda - lu - sian

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'low - a - bove! Oh, my Anda - lu - sian Maid! Oh, my Anda - lu - sian'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns and chordal structures.

Maid!

Detailed description: This system contains the final two lines of music. The vocal line concludes with the word 'Maid!'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

OUR TABLE.

THE ILLUSTRATED FLORA:—EDITED BY JOHN B. NEWMAN, M. D.

THIS periodical, which is one peculiarly devoted to the science of Botany, contains many articles of interest to the general reader, on subjects not strictly botanical, though intimately related to that science. In addition to the portion taken up with an "Introduction to Botany," and other papers more purely technical, we find in the numbers before us the Floral, the Biographical, and the Medical Departments. The first of these is devoted to a history and description of the various flowers figured in each part, together with poetry, original and selected, penned in praise of these bright gems of Nature. The second contains sketches of the history of those who have been celebrated for their botanical researches; and the third treats of the medicinal properties of plants, and of their various modes of preparation.

Amongst the poetry, as may readily be supposed from the nature of the subject, are to be found several very charming pieces, and as a fair specimen we present the following:

THE WEE FLOWER.

A bonnie wee flower grew green in the wuds,
Like a twinkling wee star among the cluds;
And the langer it leevit, the greener it grew,
For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by the dew;
Oh, fresh was the air where it reared its head,
Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves shed.

When the morning sun rose frae his eastern ha',
This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'
To open its cups sealed up in the dew,
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.

When the winds were still, and the sun rode high,
And the clear mountain stream ran wimplin' by,
When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee
Was floating awa' like a clud ower the sea,
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—
The sweet child of summer—in its rocklay o' green.

And when the night clud grew dark on the plain,
When the stars were out, and the moon in the wane,
When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,
And the dews of the night the green earth pressed,
This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark green deep.

And when autumn came, and the summer had passed,
And the wan leaves were strewn on the swirling blast,
This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,
And its wee leaves shrank in the frozen air;
Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the ground,
But the rose and white lilies were drooping around;
And this bonnie blue flower hung doon its wee head,
And the bright morning sun flung his beams on its bed,
And the pale stars looked forth—but the wee flower was
dead.

ANDERSON.

The articles in the various departments are on the whole well written, and the botanist and floriculturist will find much instruction in their perusal.

We should mention that the work is largely illustrated, each number containing five colored plates and a portrait. We cannot, however, add that the quality of these plates at all approximates their quantity; we must with regret pronounce them awkwardly designed and inartistically executed.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

WE have already, on more occasions than one, given our opinion of this extraordinary publication; and in doing so, we have expressed our wonder and astonishment, which we now repeat, that so large and comprehensive a reprint, of the great mass of what is important and interesting to the general reader, from all the popular periodicals of the day, in every country in the world, should be supplied at so cheap a rate. It is, indeed, an excellent epitome of periodical literature in general, and supersedes the necessity of subscribing to more than a score of works, by transferring to its pages, and that with the most correct judgment and the nicest discrimination, the most valuable and interesting portion of their contents.

Each monthly number contains 144 closely printed pages in small type, of Royal octavo size, embellished with a beautiful engraving, and all for the trifling subscription of five dollars a year.

They are certainly an extraordinary people, the Americans. There is no country in the world in which the price of labor is so high, and yet, strange to say, there is no country in the world in which work can be done at so cheap a rate. A carriage harness, a saddle, a suit of clothes, or a publication, can be sold cheaper in the United States than in any other portion of the Anglo-Saxon world, although the cost of manual labor is higher, aye, twice as much, as in any other country alluded to.

This is certainly a strange anomaly, which can only be accounted for from the fact, that an American laborer can do twice as much work in a day as any other man. In proof of this assertion we ourselves can state that we have seen a Yankee Crispin make a pair of men's shoes before breakfast.