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AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.

Mr. Harrington and his brother remained sitting up in the drawing room until a late hour—they said little while we were present, but I knew that they were anxious, not only for Blanchard, but for Lindsey, who had not yet returned. I had just yielded to an overpowering weariness, and was sleeping most soundly, when a voice awoke me suddenly and in alarm—I started up, and beheld Belinda in a loose white robe, pale as monumental marble, standing at the foot of the bed.

“Gracious Heaven, what has happened?” I exclaimed.

“Did you hear nothing?” she replied in a hollow tone; “listen, there it is again.”

I did so, and distinctly heard the report of fire arms—they fell like a knell on my heart; but I tried to hide my feelings from the unhappy girl, who I held locked in my arms, while I endeavoured to reassure her.

“My child, place your trust in that God who has never yet forsaken you,” I said; “remember that Blanchard is in the performance of a duty, and therefore will be watched over by the same Almighty power who so miraculously preserved us all. Belinda, I have beheld fine traits in that young man this night—he is a noble creature—rest assured he will live to become all that you wish—he is too good to be lost.”

“Oh, may God grant it,” cried the agonized girl, as she sank on her knees by the bed side, and burying her face in the clothes each time that the firing recurred, which continued at intervals for some little time, when all became hushed and silent.

“Now raise your head, for it is over, my beloved Belinda,” I continued; “and tomorrow will bring you glad tidings, rest assured. These are the moments when your religion should shine forth in that reliance on God’s mercy, which is so pleasing to Him, who never afflicts willingly, or beyond what is needful; Belinda, I may safely say, that in all His dispensations, from my youth up until now, He has been merciful as a father to his child, nor would I

change one decree that he has willed, painful though it might have been at the time. Let this encourage us for the future, to trust Him in all things, for we have only to review the past, when countless mercies will rise up to our remembrance, and rebuke our ungrateful fears.”

“Ah, dear Mrs. Mary, I feel the truth of all you say, and most fully does my heart respond to it,” replied Belinda, resting her soft and tearful eyes upon me, “and when all is sunshine around me, and those who I love are near, I think I will never again yield to one unworthy fear; but they leave me, dangers encompass them, and alas my strength fails, and I am miserable—then does the cry of drowning Peter, rebuked by the Saviour’s words: ‘Oh ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt,’ resound in mine ears, and I am humbled that I have evinced so little of that Christian fortitude, which the religion I revere inculcates.”

Marion at this moment entered, she had also been alarmed by the report of fire arms, and had hastened to her sister’s room, where not finding her, she came to mine trembling.

“Can you tell me what all that firing means?” she said; “I have learnt your evening’s adventures only in part; is it true that you encountered a band of smugglers?”

I answered her by relating all that had occurred since we last met, and that Blanchard was even now employed with the coast guard in endeavouring to secure them.

“I trust he may be more fortunate than the last party who were engaged with them,” replied Marion; “when a young midshipman was dangerously wounded, and found laying in a dying state at Mr. Fortescue’s door, whither he had crawled in all his agony.”

“Do not add to our anxiety, my dear Marion,” I said, as a heavy groan from Belinda expressed the intensity of her sufferings; “is your father still sitting up with Captain Harrington?”

“No, I rather think not, they retired when the

men returned who had accompanied Mr. Lindsay; they informed my father that he had gone in another direction, while they, by his desire, had searched for you in the old ruin, which he knew was one of your favourite haunts."

"Alas, alas, and he is in all probability gone to the cliff," exclaimed Belinda, clasping her hands; "alone and unarmed—when will the miseries of this night be over?"

To think again of sleep was now impossible, and we all sat waiting, watching and listening, until the first streaks of daylight appeared in the east; Marion then left us, while Belinda threw herself by my side on the bed, when exhausted nature at length yielded to repose.

The sun was shining brightly into the windows of my apartment when again she awoke—it was the Sabbath day, and the church bells were chiming for morning service. I looked wistfully out, but the fatigues and alarms I had suffered the preceding night, precluded my attendance, and indeed I felt too anxious for my poor Belinda, to have left her. After a slight breakfast, which I prevailed on her to take, I read aloud to her what I conceived would calm and compose her troubled spirit, and I was rejoiced to mark a returning serenity gradually take place of that agonised countenance which had so pained and distressed me. Yes, hope must indeed revive under the blessed influence of God's holy promises: who can still despair and read these words traced by the inspired pen, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;"—"If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you." Deep is the pity I feel for all those who, in the hour of affliction, know not this strong hold as their refuge. In the days of their mirth and laughter, religion has been thought of, perhaps, as the gloomy resort of the enthusiast; their imagination paints her a melancholy image, whose study would speak to them only of the destruction of every earthly enjoyment, of every thing cheerful and happy in life. Mistaken beings, lift but the veil, and with the eye of faith behold the glories which lie beyond the tomb, that vista will shed a light over thy darkest hours. Can the knowledge of Him be gloom, who is the source of all real happiness and of the purest joys? Oh, never, never—in the words of a pious and powerful writer, believe that there is "no melancholy in religion, and no religion in melancholy."

Mrs. Harrington had sent to make frequent enquiries for her daughter and for me, but I was informed that she was still in her own apartment. Marion accompanied her father to church, and it was with considerable interest we awaited her return, when we hoped to gain some intelligence of our friends. I was sitting at the window of Belinda's pleasant room, whither we had adjourned,

when the carriage drove up to the door. Belinda could not speak, but remained motionless as a statue, in a listening attitude, her lips trembling from emotion. Marion's quick light step was soon heard approaching, and when she entered, a smile played over her countenance; I thought that she had never appeared so beautiful as at that moment.

"All then is well, dear Marion," I exclaimed.

"Yes all, or nearly all," she replied; "why Belinda, child, you look like the spirit of the white lady—I protest I will tell you nothing, for you know I hate scenes, and you seem disposed to favour me with one."

"Marion, I am perfectly prepared to hear any thing you may have to say," said Belinda, whose expressive face portrayed intense eagerness, controlled only by a wonderful and painful effort; "I beseech you keep me not in suspense, my sister."

"Well then, I have seen both Blanchard and Lindsay—nay, I knew how you would immediately become agitated, sit still, else I am gone," and she held her down, while she placed herself by her side. "Now listen, Lindsay preached as usual at church, and I confess, when I beheld his calm placid face as he walked up the aisle, I was relieved, even though his discourse lasted fully an hour. On our departure, we met him at the church gates, when he informed us that Blanchard was at his house, having received a slight wound in the shoulder, from the cutlass of one of the smugglers."

Here Belinda uttered a faint scream, I pressed her hands in mine, as I entreated her sister to proceed.

"It appears," continued Marion, "that Lindsay having sought for you in those spots, where he conceived it likely you might have wandered, suddenly remembered the widow's cabin at the cliff, and thither he proceeded. All was perfectly still for some time, when presently the sound of fire arms, accompanied by loud and angry voices, struck on his startled ears; he heard oaths and execrations, and groans as of those in pain, and he shuddered; he associated your image with the terrific scene, and he wildly called on your name as he rushed forward, a brilliant moon guiding him to the spot. On reaching it, he beheld the coast guard engaged with the whole band of smugglers, who were apparently making a desperate resistance—the commanding figure of Blanchard rose in the midst of them, brandishing his drawn sword, while their vessel appeared in the distance in flames—several wounded men were lying on the beach. It was an awful sight, from which, (being unarmed,) he would have turned away, had he not at that moment seen the uplifted arm of one of the ruffians, prepared to plunge his cutlass into Blanchard's back—the impulse to save him was irresistible, and he darted towards him, exclaiming: 'Blanchard, for heaven's sake, turn and defend yourself.' With the rapidity of light-

ning he did so, and clove the wretch to the ground, but not without receiving the point of his weapon in his shoulder. 'Whose voice called me?' vociferated Blanchard. 'Mine, Lindsay's, are you much hurt?' 'It is nothing, thanks to your prompt assistance,' returned Blanchard, dismounting; 'but, good God you are unarmed, here take this,' and he drew a pistol from his bosom. 'My weapons are not carnal,' said Lindsay smiling, as he folded his arms; 'is Belinda, Miss Harrington safe—where have you left her?' 'She is safe and at home.' 'May heaven be praised,' exclaimed Lindsay, with emotion. By this time the smugglers were entirely discomfited, and those who were not killed had been secured; Lindsay marked the cheek of Blanchard suddenly become pale, while his countenance expressed pain. 'You are wounded, Blanchard,' he said; 'suffer me to conduct you to a cabin not far from this, where your arm can be looked to.' Resistance was vain, for a faint sensation stealing over him, he was glad to lean on Lindsay for support, while one of the naval officers led his horse. The poor widow was called up, and his arm was bandaged, and vinegar applied to his temples. Aye, weep on, Belinda, that is quite right love—now would you not give worlds had you been there to do all this for him—it would have made so romantic a scene. Behold him, however, recovered from his swoon, again mounted on his horse, and conducted by Lindsay to his little parsonage, where he remained all night, and from whence my father and I are just now come, as we conceived it but an act of charity to pay him a visit—picture him to yourself, stretched on the sofa, attired in a most exquisite chintz dressing gown and embroidered slippers, no doubt the work of some fair damsel, looking so interesting, with little Gertrude sitting by his side. 'Now this is very kind in you,' he said, on our entrance, while his cheek flushed, and he would have risen, had we permitted him; 'you see I am doing penance for my sins, but considering their magnitude I have escaped very well—why the Parson has metal in him after all, he quite surprised me last night—ah, Lindsay, you are there; your little girl has been sounding your praises, and confiding to me all your secrets.' 'Has she so?' replied Lindsay, smiling, while his pale face instantly crimsoned; 'I hope she has not tired you.' 'Oh no, she is a most amusing little lady, I trust Belinda, your sister,' he continued, turning to me, 'has not suffered from her alarms, I am afraid she did not think me very complaisant last night, but it was not a moment in which I could attend to forms—one scream from her would have ruined us.' 'My sister feels most grateful to you,' I replied; 'but I am sorry to say that she is far from well today—her anxiety for you and Mr. Lindsay has been very great—she reproaches herself as the cause of placing both your lives in danger.' He smiled, and then

asked for my uncle; I told him that I had left him sleeping; 'at least,' said I, 'if I might judge from certain portentous sounds as I passed his door, which indicated that uncle Sam's slumbers are as noisy as his conversation. I hear he was railing most bitterly against all womankind last night; I know not what he will say when he finds you have been a sufferer through their inadvertence.' 'I hope he will consider it a most providential circumstance that a horde of villains, who kept the whole neighbourhood in constant alarm, have been discovered,' returned Blanchard, a sensation of pain convulsing his features as he spoke. 'Blanchard, your arm must be looked at,' said Lindsay, immediately on observing it; 'your old friend Bertha is ready to attend you.' This was our signal to depart; my father, on taking leave, was most profuse in his thanks for the good service he had rendered to you: I never saw him so animated, except when studying the corn laws and inveighing against ministers. 'And now, my pretty nun,' continued Marion, rising; 'your mind, I hope, will be quite at rest—and if you wish to prove yourself a *sœur la charité*, you will perform a pilgrimage to the parsonage, and dress the wounds of your valiant knight with your own fair hands; but of this rest assured, that Lindsay is as careful and attentive as you could be, and their room had such an air of comfort, with the table spread for an early dinner, and a bright fire, that I was almost tempted to exclaim: 'oh that a home like this would smile for me.' Do you think I should suit Lindsay as a wife, and employ myself in making flannel garments and gruel for all the old women in the parish?'

Belinda smiled—"dear excellent Lindsay," she said; "how have the beauties of his Christian character shone forth in his self forgetfulness for one from whom he has received nothing but constant unprovoked slights—may God bless and reward him."

"And, dearest Belinda," I rejoined; "you now perceive how much good may result from what to us appeared replete with misfortune—no doubt the advantage that Lindsay has gained, will be followed up by all that his own good sense, and zeal for the welfare of another, will prompt, aided by the well timed and persuasive eloquence for which he is so famed as a minister. I prognosticate great happiness from our late adventures," and I looked cheerfully as I spoke, on the sweet girl, whose upturned eloquent eyes, and hands meekly crossed on her bosom, expressed the devout gratitude she felt.

Late in the afternoon we descended together to the drawing room, rather with the fear which two culprit children might be supposed to feel, who had played truant, and were not quite sure of the reception they would receive; we encountered uncle Sam in the hall, who shook his cane at us; this certainly did not increase our courage, although I

could not forbear smiling, as he said with an ominous frown :

"You may well be ashamed of yourselves—but come," he continued kindly, on observing poor Belinda's pale check, and leading us forward ; "there is no harm done after all—I have just returned from seeing your friend Harvey Blanchard, Bell."

"Have you, indeed, uncle—and is he still going on well ?" enquired Belinda, with a quivering lip.

"Yes, my child, I found him reclining on an easy chair, smoking a cigar, with his feet upon the table, looking as happy and unconcerned as if he had been sitting on the quarter deck of a frigate, with a fair wind and every sail unfurled to catch the breeze."

Belinda painfully recoiled from the allusion.

"Alas, that picture may be too soon realized," she said in the lowest tone.

"Did you find Mr. Lindsay at home ?" I asked.

"No, he had not returned from the afternoon service. Aye, Lindsay is a fine fellow, Bell ; which of the two do you prefer my girl, for both have shown equal solicitude for you, the greater fools they. Well, well, I perceive I must not ask you, time will tell—yet remember this piece of advice from uncle Sam—if you are wise, take Lindsay, and stay at home in peace—if you are the simpleton I believe you to be, choose the handsome soldier, who will lead you many a wild dance over brake and over mountain—yet he has a noble heart too, and I should love him if it were only for the attentions and kindness he showed to my dear old mother."

Mr. Harrington affectionately greeted his daughter, and expressed solicitude for us both. Mrs. Harrington, we were informed, was unable to make her appearance at dinner, for which she sent me an apology.

"I trust Mrs. Harrington is not seriously indisposed," I enquired anxiously ; "and that we may not have to add her illness to our delinquencies."

"Oh no, do not distress yourself," replied Marion ; "mamma is only extremely nervous, the slightest alarm will affect her ; I remember once her being seized by a violent hysterical affection at a ball in Paris, merely from Baron Feldbach burning off his mustache as he was leading her through a crowded vestibule into the supper room—such a scene of confusion as it caused—ladies flying in all directions, lest their light dresses should become ignited—I have considered a mustache a most dangerous appendage ever since."

"Marion, shall I ever behold you in a serious mood," I replied, as I pressed her hands in mine ; "I delight in your gaiety, but there are times and seasons when I would gladly see it give place to reflection. Is this not a day suited to the latter, my child ?"

Mrs. Harrington admitted us to her boudoir in the evening, when we found her in all the languid indulgence of a *malade imaginaire*. Belinda ex-

pressed her deep regret, that anxiety for her should have caused her indisposition.

"I am so sensitive a creature," returned Mrs. Harrington affectedly, as she turned to me ; "I feel every thing so keenly, if I had no distresses of my own, those of my friends would overwhelm me. It is a great misfortune, my dear Mrs. Mary, yet it is more amiable than total apathy."

"Both are to be avoided," I replied ; "and are equally baleful, since the one unfits us for the performance of our duties, while the other pronounces us devoid of heart. Had all possessed your excessive sensibility last night, my friend, poor Belinda and I would have been left to the tender mercies of the waves."

"Very true, it would have been quite shocking," returned the lady ; "Marion, love, only conceive Madame Carçon has disappointed me in my cap—I sent Sparkes to see if it had arrived, and she brought me a note, saying that I could not have it until the end of next week. Is it not provoking ? I wished for it particularly tomorrow, as Baron Feldbach is such a connoisseur in ladies' dress."

Poor Mrs. Harrington ! how constantly did her vain frivolity call forth my pity. "Alas," said I mentally, as I gazed upon her ; "and is this a being fitted for the mansions of glory ! would she, with her tastes and feelings, be happy if she were even there ; has not our life been given us as a preparation for a better, and ought we not to follow those things which would improve rather than deteriorate our fallen state ? Yet are there not thousands who, like Mrs. Harrington, devote their time, their thoughts, their talents, month after month, year after year, to absurdities which would be blameable even in a child, but when years and experience are added, appear to us so devoid of reason, that we can only account for it by supposing that they labour under some fearful delirium—to such we would affectionately repeat the words of our blessed Saviour : 'Watch, therefore, for you know not what hour your Lord doth come.' It is difficult to spend the Sabbath day in the house of a worldly friend, with satisfaction to ourselves ; the conversation we hear, the neglect of those duties we are accustomed to pursue, is painful to us ; yet frequently the double guard this obliges us to keep over our hearts, lest we might be drawn into that we might afterwards regret, may render it equally beneficial, since we are too apt to rest upon human means, and to be satisfied with frames and feelings called forth by momentary impressions. Belinda did contrive to collect the servants for prayer on Sunday evenings. She was much beloved by them all ; they respected her motives, and felt grateful for the interest she evinced in their welfare, and there was not one amongst them who would have refused to encounter any difficulty for her sake."

The following day, Mr. Lindsay called at St. Margerets. Mrs. Harrington had driven out with Mr.

tion to pay visits in the neighbourhood, and Belinda came to me, entreating that I would see him.

"Under existing circumstances, it would distress me to do so," she said. "Can you enter into my feelings?"

"Most truly, my dear girl; I will attend him instantly."

Lindsay was standing at the window on my entrance; he turned quickly round when the door opened, and a slight look of disappointment crossed his features, but he advanced and cordially accepted my hand; I thought him looking far from well.

"I trust Miss Harrington is not still confined to her room?" he enquired anxiously.

"Not entirely, but she has scarcely recovered from the effects of her alarm and anxiety," I replied.

"We both owe much to you and to Captain Blanchard?"

"To me, nothing—nor do I think that Blanchard takes credit to himself for what any would have done, placed in the same circumstances."

"He is still progressing towards recovery, I hope?"

"Yes, I am happy to say. Last night he appeared restless. He finds it difficult to remain in one position, and to which he is obliged to submit."

"You find him an intractable patient, I fear?"

"Much less so than I expected; indeed I can scarcely regret an accident which has made us better known to each other; has removed a prejudice on his part, and given me a better insight into his character than I could have gained in a year, by merely meeting him in society."

"And is that increased knowledge in his favour?" I enquired, with a degree of concern which I could not disguise. He looked at me a moment ere he replied.

"Decidedly so; his chief errors have been strengthened by a faulty education and a want of control in his childhood. His heart is warm—but oh there is much, very much, I could wish to see changed. Mrs. Mary," he continued, while the hectic colour on his cheek, and his faltering voice, expressed the emotion he felt, "the interest I entertain for Blanchard is of no common kind. I know him to be dear to one for whose well-being my prayers have been offered for years, and although this discovery has destroyed hopes which (I hesitate not in confessing to you as her most intimate friend) were once mine, yet would it rejoice me to behold hers consummated with a reasonable prospect of happiness."

"Such sentiments from you surprise me not," I replied, gazing with admiration on the noble minded young man; "yet do they add to my regret that the realization of Belinda's wishes should destroy yours."

"Ah, Mrs. Mary," he returned, in a tone slightly mournful; "offer not praise where none is due—

ere my wishes can be realized, I must go home," and he waved his hand upwards emphatically; "even had Belinda felt for me what I once dared to think, it would have been cruel had I linked her fate with mine, when after a few brief years of happiness, we must have been divided."

I looked astonished and pained while he proceeded:

"You do not comprehend me; but it requires no prophet to foretell that the same malady which has swept away nearly all who were near and dear to me, is ready to seize upon another victim; it creeps slowly and unperceived, like the worm into the bud, but its course is as sure and destructive."

"My dear friend," I exclaimed, while tears filled my eyes; "I trust you are mistaken."

"Oh, heaven forbid," he replied, clasping his hands with a fervency which was startling; "since I have long viewed that hour with the yearning desires of one who rests for mercy on Him who can never fail—who accepts me, and gives me a blessed assurance of eternal happiness, in his own written word. But I came not to speak of myself," he added, after a short pause, which I had no power to interrupt; "I thought it might interest you or Belinda, to hear how Blanchard passed the Sabbath in the parsonage," and he smiled.

When I was enabled to answer him, for I confess that his speech and manner for the moment affected me beyond measure, I expressed my eagerness to hear all that he had so thoughtfully come to recapitulate, and which I record in nearly his own words.

It was not until the evening that Lindsay's duties permitted him to attend exclusively to his guest—he then entered his room and threw himself into a chair. 'You look fatigued,' said Blanchard; 'I hope your labours for the day are over.' 'They are, and for your sake I am glad, I fear you have found it a tedious one.' 'I have certainly felt somewhat like the lion in the net,' replied Blanchard, yawning; 'and never was I more heartily tired of my own company.' 'You are not often alone, I imagine?' 'Never, when I can help it.' 'But is not that paying an ill compliment to your own thoughts and resources?' 'I do not trouble thought much, when I do I am depressed.' 'But in the course of your career, you may be placed in circumstances where you cannot command society; what would you do then?' 'Possibly I might drown or shoot myself,' and he smiled. 'That was indeed said without thought,' returned Lindsay; 'now what would you give to possess a charm, which would render the most desolate spot a paradise, where independent of all earthly fictitious means, you could be supremely happy, and if even borne down by affliction, by pain, by sorrow, your mind would be staid in peace.' 'Such a charm, were it in existence, would undoubtedly be beyond all price.' 'It is beyond all price, my friend, there—

fore is it given us by a gracious God, merely for the asking; 'Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye buy and eat.' Yes, Blanchard, religion can alone procure you these inestimable blessings—have you ever for one moment experienced the truth of my words?' 'I have never viewed religion in the light of an enthusiast or a fanatic; I detest all species of cant, and the phraseology approaching to methodism, and yet I conceive myself to be a Christian in its orthodox sense, though I certainly may not be termed a saint,' and his lip slightly curled. 'Ah, my friend,' said Lindsay; 'you are nominally a Christian, that is you mentally assent to the truths of religion, without having attained a spiritual reception of its power in your heart; is this sufficient, think you? I will propose to you a metaphor, which you will comprehend. Suppose you with an army had besieged a city, would it satisfy you to gain only the outworks, while you left the citadel in the power of the enemy; until this also had surrendered, would you conceive yourself victorious?' 'Assuredly not.' 'Then in like manner, my friend, will the great God, who formed you for himself, to be an inheritor of those glories which he has even sacrificed his own son that you might attain, will He be satisfied with any thing short of your whole undivided heart—will He deem it sufficient that you offer him the outward forms of homage, the lip service—the occasional attendance in his temple—at his altar—when your best energies, your affections, your thoughts are exclusively devoted to the world, which is his enemy. Alas, is not this profanation, and the blackest ingratitude—can you defend it?' 'Perhaps viewing it as you do I cannot, yet in what differ I from thousands; I am not aware that I commit any flagrant crimes, why am I then condemned?' 'Is it because the temptation to commit them may not have been yours, that you are exempt from their taint. No, Blanchard, the moralist plumes himself upon being superior to the vices by which a poor man falls, when it is his refinement, his education, which render them distasteful to him; but will he be preserved from the commission of those which are equally baleful to society, ruinous to his own best interests, and sinful in the sight of God? Undoubtedly not, unless His restraining grace checks the propensity to evil, which is alike spread throughout all the fallen race of Adam. Worldly morality is satisfied with the outward semblance of good conduct, religion demands the purity of the heart—can you say that this is yours, or that your present mode of life in all things is such that if you were suddenly called to appear in the presence of your maker, you are prepared?' Blanchard shrank from the earnest gaze of the young minister, as he uttered this in a tone of solemnity. 'Lindsay,' he said after a few minutes silence, and with a gesture of impatience; 'you have beguiled

me I know not how into this conversation; it is one which I always endeavour to avoid.' 'And yet remember that the day *must* come, when such thoughts and reflections will pass in fearful array before you; would it not be well to stand prepared. De you not punish the soldier who is found sleeping on his post in an enemy's country, will you admit of any excuse he may have to offer? No, he is tried and he is condemned to the punishment he merits; and will not this be your case, if, like Felix, you postpone to a convenient season, the duties you owe to your maker, who has given you life for no other end. Why is religion the only science which requires no study; if man aims at distinction, as a statesman or a soldier will he think any time mispent which he devotes to its attainment?' 'But I can assure you, Lindsay,' said Blanchard; 'I have remarked that those young men who have arrogated to themselves more religion than their neighbours, make very bad soldiers; it has repeatedly been observed, they become abstracted and unfit for their military duties, frequently so morose as to withdraw themselves unseasonably from their companions.' 'The religion of such is without doubt defective and mistaken,' returned Lindsay; 'where it is genuine and consistent it quickens us in the performance of our duties, since all is then done upon principle, and with a view to God's glory. Yet can I make many excuses for the youthful convert; the scales are but just fallen from his eyes, he beholds every thing around him in a new light, he is dazzled while his mind, confused, unsettled and in a state of probation as it were, becomes abstracted and filled with the one grand and most sublime subject—but this will gradually compose itself, like the troubled waves after a storm, then how great will be his peace, and if he has sense and judgment, his usefulness, his religion, he will adorn by a more strict attention to every earthly duty, for he unites it inseparably with each action of his life—he will view with charity the faults and failings of his companions—he will separate himself undoubtedly from their vices, but he will never disgust them by fanaticism or gloom, or exclude himself from their innocent recreations. Is it reasonable to dispraise that which we do not understand; you consider theology as the morbid reasoning of the ascetic, debarring you from every thing joyous in life; but take the Bible as your guide, and you will soon learn that the self denial it inculcates is for your truest happiness—since the indulgence of those passions and appetites which its pure tenets condemn, would destroy your peace, your health, and your soul.' As the conversation continued, the manner of Lindsay became more animated; Blanchard gazed on his flushed and eager countenance for a moment, and then said, smiling: 'I thought you tired, but even now where is the weariness you exhibited on your entrance?' 'It is absorbed in the interest I feel for

You, Blanchard,' replied his friend; 'to prove the instrument of leading you to a better knowledge of divine things, I would sacrifice my life. Nay, look not so incredulous—you cannot imagine the feelings of a minister, or the weight of responsibility he endures, when he faithfully considers the high trust which is committed to his keeping; but I have an additional object in view—the happiness of one, dear to us both, is connected with your eternal welfare.' Blanchard started, while a frown darkened his fine face. 'Ha, what mean you sir,' he said, 'with a return of that hauteur he used to show towards Lindsay. 'I mean,' replied Lindsay, mildly, 'that a mind constituted as Belinda's, would be miserable, were she allied to one whose sentiments are so completely dissimilar.' 'But with Mr. Lindsay her happiness would be insured, is that what you would say?' and the words were spoken in a tone of bitter irony. 'Blanchard, this is not a time to talk lightly,' returned Lindsay, with agitation; 'in me you behold no rival, but a most sincere friend. I would not have ventured to touch upon this last subject, did I not feel that my earthly days were numbered. Belinda I love as a dear sister, and I should I beheld a fairer promise of happiness opening before her, than that which I fear me is in store for her.' This announcement seemed to forcibly strike Blanchard; his manner underwent a rapid change, his countenance instantly became illumined with an expression of pained surprise and regard. The eyes of Lindsay had never rested on so beautiful an object as at that moment, and he mentally said: 'Can this being be formed to moulder into dust forever, and the spirit to be cast into outer darkness—oh, God forbid.' The door now opened, and little Gertrude entered the room; she ran towards her uncle and knelt before him, clasping her hands to say the accustomed prayer, ere she retired to rest. Blanchard watched her with interest, and listened with attention to her petition, simply and naturally expressed—her fairy figure so exquisitely formed, and the too delicate complexion gave her almost the appearance of a seraph, and as she rose after receiving the blessing affectingly bestowed by her youthful guardian, Blanchard drew her towards him, and pressed his lips on her snowy forehead in silence, while a tear stood in his eye. 'More worth to me at that moment,' continued Lindsay, rising; 'than the richest diamond, the coronator of the eastern Rajah, for I felt that his heart was touched; and now, Mrs. Mary, lest I should weary you, as I feared I might my patient, I will say farewell. He will remain with me until tomorrow, when I regret to say he leaves me, as his surgeon finds it inconvenient to attend him at so great a distance. A few days, I trust, will see him quite recovered—pray tell Belinda so,' and he extended his hand, which I warmly pressed. He saw that my feelings were much affected, and that I with dif-

iculty answered him, and with a benignant smile on his countenance he hurried away, while I rejoined Belinda. With what absorbing interest and devout gratitude she listened, as I narrated to her in full our interview, I need not say, or how copiously her tears fell at the prospect of losing a friend such as Lindsay. Alas, where was she to find another like unto him?

The important arrival of Baron Feldbach took place this day—my expectations in so august a personage had been rather elevated; but I was disappointed on beholding a short stout man, with very florid complexion and most heavy unmeaning countenance, which was however in great part concealed by the mustache of flagrant memory. He was presented to me in great form by Mrs. Harrington, who appeared charmed with every thing he said or did. I soon discovered that he was considered in the light of an accepted lover, by Marion; I felt surprised, but when I learnt that he was supposed to have great possessions in Germany, my surprise vanished, since these were sufficient to endow him with a thousand charms. Uncle Sam, who was essentially of the old English school in his prejudices, viewed him most suspiciously.

"He is one of my lady sister's foreign friends, I suppose," said he, in what he intended as a whisper to me; "I should laugh if he proved to be a school-master."

But it was evident from his discourse, that the acquaintances of the Baron were persons of high rank and pretensions, and that he had been accustomed to move in the best society abroad. What more could a parent like Mrs. Harrington desire, and with much pride and delight was he introduced by her to all her friends, amongst whom the intended marriage of her daughter soon became a topic of conversation. I shall be forgiven if I seldom allude to Baron Feldbach, he fills but a dull back ground in my *tableau vivant*, yet to complete my group, his presence cannot be dispensed with.

"Belinda," said Mr. Harrington to his daughter, as we were separating for the night, "I would wish to speak a few words to you;" and he led her into his library. "My dear girl," he continued, as he closed the door and placed a chair for her, "you have always been a good and dutiful child; and the last year, during which we have been constantly under the same roof, has, I confess, endeared you much to me; you have proved my solace and have made home an abode of domestic peace, which, for ages, was a stranger to me. Must I then relinquish this newly discovered treasure and part with you?"

"My dear father, what can you possibly mean?" replied Belinda, with a look of pained astonishment; "Surely you are not going to send me from you again?"

"Certainly not, unless by your own desire; but after all I have heard and witnessed since the return

of Harvey Blanchard—your attachment to each other is evident; nor does it surprise me. This morning I conversed with him a long time about you, when he confided to me the state of his affections, and urged my consent for your union.”

Belinda now became extremely agitated.

“My dearest father,” she said, throwing herself on his bosom. “I cannot deny my attachment for Harvey. You have long known in what manner it was first called forth; but I am not prepared for this sudden announcement. He cannot expect me to decide so hastily. Tell me, oh tell me, how you answered him?”

“I told him what I now repeat to you,” returned Mr. Harrington, affectionately; “that I could not consent to part lightly with such a daughter; that he must leave the army ere my consent could be gained.”

“And what said he to that, my father?”

“He explained to me his circumstances,” replied Mr. Harrington; “which were sufficiently satisfactory to me, considering your unambitious views; but he added that his honour required him to go abroad with his regiment, as it was supposed to be for active service, and that not even to gain you would he hold back at such a moment.”

“He is right, quite right,” returned Belinda, while a noble enthusiasm sparkled in her eye; “and I love him the more for such a sentiment. Go on, my father?”

I expressed my approbation,” returned Mr. Harrington; “at the same time I said that I could not agree to expose a child so tenderly reared as you had been, to the uncertainties inseparable from the life of a soldier, and that he must be patient until a few more years were passed; but patience appears not a quality much understood by my friend Blanchard. He became so distressed, so agitated, that I was fearful of evil consequences in his condition, and I begged him to postpone the conversation for the present; but he continued to urge his plea with such eloquence, that I was at length compelled reluctantly to say that if it was *your* wish to be united to him previous to his departure, I would yield mine to your decision.”

“Can I have a wish, my father, which would oppose itself to yours,” said Belinda, kneeling, while the expression of an angel’s shone upon hers. “Oh, no, no; all I desire is to perform my duty. Let me only feel certain where this lies, and if the way were all dark before me, I should have no fear to follow it, with God’s arm to shield, His spirit to guide me.”

My excellent child,” replied her father, clasping her in his embrace; “well do I know that such are your sentiments, and to see your religion so consistently and beautifully enforced by your practice, does indeed incline me more towards it. But tell me truly, Belinda, the strength of your feelings towards Blanchard. Fear not to confide in your father.

Are they sufficient to carry you through dangers, through difficulties, for his sake—your answer will not be given in the spirit of a silly, romantic girl, whose vivid imagination pictures happiness in privation, which is never realized—but it will come from a heart impressed with the importance of those risks you engage to share with one who may repay you by ingratitude and neglect and unkindness?”

“My dearest father, I well know that if I were to go forth with Harvey, unblest by you, and against your expressed desire, that I should meet nothing but misery, disappointment, and remorse—for how can that child dare to expect happiness, who wilfully breaks the high commands of God, and abandons her parents’ home; but with your approval gained, I confess that the debt of gratitude which I now owe to him, has so added to my former feelings, that I would follow him through any dangers, any sufferings, even unto death.”

A short silence ensued, during which Mr. Harrington paced the room, while his countenance expressed deep anxiety. He then approached her, saying:

“Belinda, I faithfully promised Blanchard that I would not influence you; but oh, my child, I scarcely expected your answer would be thus given. Have you weighed the consequences of such a resolve?”

“I have prayed earnestly for Divine guidance, my father,” replied Belinda; “I have endeavoured to view the probable results, and I think I should not act wrongly in giving my hand to him, who watched over the dying bed of my beloved uncle, as a son, whose kindness soothed the last days of my own dearest grandmamma, and who has risked himself and endangered his own life to save mine.”

“These are powerful incentives, certainly, in his favour, and have had their due weight with me; yet how can I part with you, Belinda, to be carried I know not where, to encounter I know not what, and with so short a time to prepare me.”

Never had the feelings of Mr. Harrington been drawn forth so strongly before. Belinda was surprised and distressed. She pressed his hands in hers as she replied:

“Your heart goes not with your consent, my father, nor shall it be extorted from you; I will never leave you thus—and bursting into a violent flood of tears, she threw herself into his extended arms—“I was peaceful and contented before he returned,” she continued, sobbing; “and so I shall become again after a while. It will be a heavier trial to part with him this time; but God will support me under it, and I shall return to all my duties, and be your own cheerful Belinda again, if you will only bear with me and have patience.” And she tried to smile.

The more Mr. Harrington gained an insight into the beauties of Belinda’s character, the greater was

his reluctance to confide her to Blanchard; but he could not, in honour, rescind the promise he had given.

"No, my dear child, I dare not be so selfish or so unfaithful to my word," he replied; "if I could only prevail on him to leave the army, we might all be happy."

"Not for worlds, my father, said Belinda, vehemently; "not for worlds. There could be no happiness in a measure so opposed to his sense of honour and for which he might hereafter most justly reproach me. No, no, his duty calls him hence. Mine is to obey, my father."

"Belinda," said Mr. Harrington, gazing with astonishment upon her; "can it be possible that you love Blanchard to the extent you have said, and make this sacrifice to duty?"

"Can I give a stronger proof of love than to say I would leave country, friends, all else dear to me on earth, for his sake; yes, all," she continued, clasping her hands, and gazing upwards with an expression of devout fervour; "save Him who died for my redemption."

Mr. Harrington was much affected. He mingled tears with his embraces, as he said:

"Yes child, most beautiful, most beloved, the religion which produces such practice *must* be perfect. Go, Belinda, to your rest; I would wish to be alone. May Blanchard prove deserving of a treasure whose full value I never knew till it is about to be lost to me. Go, dearest, I can speak no more tonight."

Belinda would have lingered, for a thousand painful emotions crowded on her heart, but her father waved his hand to her, when she slowly and sorrowfully retired.

On gaining her own room, she threw herself on her knees and wept long and bitterly. The situation in which she was placed, to one like her, was indeed trying, yet she knew that she had but one course to pursue, which was fervent prayer for Divine help, and a steady purpose to obey the influence of God's Holy Spirit, for whose guidance her petitions were offered up in humble faith. On the following morning, she confided to me all her thoughts, her hopes, her fears. I fully anticipated, after the fearful night which had called the strength of her attachment for Blanchard so prominently forward, that if he urged it, she could not refuse to reward the self devotion which he had exhibited. Is there one who will feel disappointment in her decision?—if so, they expect more from human nature than it will ever afford. I do but trace that which I know, and have felt, and have seen. Perfection is reserved for another and a brighter world.

Mr. Harrington had promised to see Blanchard again before he left the parsonage, he having expressed an earnest desire for an interview with Belinda, but this, under existing circumstances, was

difficult, since delicacy and consideration for the feelings of Lindsay, forbade her accompanying her father to his house, but she wrote a few hurried lines, which she intrusted to Mr. Harrington, and then confined herself to the privacy of her own apartment until his return. In a few hours she was summoned down stairs, when she perceived a carriage standing before the hall door; she almost trembled as she turned the lock to enter the library, how was her emotion increased on beholding Harvey Blanchard, his cheek pale from the pain he had suffered, and from want of rest, yet there sat on his fine countenance an expression of triumphant happiness, which revealed his thoughts. She flew towards him, unable to trust her voice, and placed herself by his side on the sofa—his wounded arm rested in a sling, but with the other he pressed her in silence to his heart.

"This intractable friend of yours would not pass St. Margarets without seeing you," said Mr. Harrington, smiling; "but his surgeon waits for him in the carriage, and forbids him more than five minutes. I will go and keep watch that he does not exceed them," and he left the room as he spoke.

"You are then recovering, dear Harvey," said Belinda, now venturing to look up. "Oh, what an awful night it was; I would not suffer what I then did again for worlds."

"To me it was one full of happiness," replied Blanchard, "since I knew not before the strength of your affection. God bless you, my own darling Belinda, for the confidence you have reposed in me. Until last Saturday, I never dared to hope that you would consent to share my fortunes, and accompany me abroad, and without that certainty I would not have asked you, as I could brook no denial."

"Proud man, must you never meet denial," asked Belinda, with a faint smile, as she gazed upon his noble and most beautiful countenance.

"Not from you," he returned, with an answering smile.

"Then, to lower that high bearing, I should have withheld a while my promise—the boy will soon forsake the butterfly which he has so easily caught, I fear."

"Belinda, you consider me unstable, fickle, wavering; nay, you need not blush so deeply, I can read well your thoughts, which are as open as your fair brow. I may have been so till I knew you, but there is something in you scarcely to be defined, which has had the power to rivet my affections; the very first evening we met, your image found a place in my heart, and in all my wanderings since I left you, there has it remained enshrined, even when I might have seemed to give my thoughts to others—aye, often amidst scenes of revelry have you stood before me, like an angel, and saved me from self reproach. Belinda, an honourable attachment is our best safeguard."

"Is there not a higher even than this, dear Harvey?"

"There may be, and it may yet be mine—press me not now on its merits, my own dearest; do you remember this?" and he drew from his bosom the little book, which she had given him on their first parting.

"Oh yes, well," replied Belinda, delighted to see that it had been so cherished; "have you read it?"

"I have, let that at present satisfy you."

Never had Belinda felt so happy as at this moment—her thoughts might be compared to that golden light which summer's eve loves to shed over hill and dale, as the declining sun wanes lower and lower, bright, beautiful, and full of promise for the morrow. Alas, why is it needful that shadows should pass over it, to darken and mar its splendour.

"Your five minutes are expired," said Mr. Harrington, re-entering, with his watch in his hand; "and that flushed cheek warns me that we may not extend them."

"This is indeed hard," replied Blanchard, rising; "Belinda love, do you consent to banish me thus?"

"Most unwillingly, dear Harvey; but we must comply with so necessary a mandate, for your health's sake. Alas, but for me, you would not have received this cruel wound."

"I can assure you it is nothing, and since you have cured the fever of my mind, none other may be feared. I shall return to you in a few days—come my fair guide, lead me forth," and he playfully rested his hand on her shoulder for support.

"Mine is but feeble help," said Belinda, smiling; "yet is it most readily bestowed."

"This is the more natural," returned Blanchard, releasing her, and then straining her to his bosom; "beloved confiding Belinda, thus should the tender ivy cling round the strong oak, and thus will I shield you from all the storms of life—farewell, my dearest girl."

The visit of Harvey Blanchard, under such interesting circumstances, was soon known throughout the house, and we all met him in the hall to greet him, as he was leaving it. Even Mrs. Harrington issued from her boudoir, and leant over the balustrade to express her pleasure at his amended strength; he raised his forage cap as he looked up and kissed his hand. The smile, the grace, which accompanied this simple action, appeared to win for him additional concern.

"Take care of yourself," said the lady; "we sadly want you amongst us again; I shall not send out cards for my intended ball, until you are quite recovered."

Mr. Harrington cordially pressed his hand, as he entered the carriage, apologising to Mr. Murray, his medical attendant, for having detained him.

"You have a fair excuse," replied his friend,

who had caught a view of Belinda's sweet anxious face, as she stood at the window; "but you must submit to a composing draught, after this wilful disregard of all rule."

"A truce with your rules, Master Murray," returned Blanchard, gaily; "I have hated them all since my school boy days, when the rule of three was my greatest enemy—*en avant*."

"And so you think to tame this wild hawk," said uncle Sam to Belinda, as the carriage drove from the door; "well, well, wisdom can never be personified by youth, that is certain; she must appear in her winter's garb, wrinkled and decrepit, and that is the reason why no one heeds her."

"Wisdom is from above, my uncle," replied Belinda softly, and taking his hand in hers; "and she is pure, gentle, easy to be entreated, without partiality, without hypocrisy, and this wisdom leads me to hope many things from one, for whom many prayers are offered."

"God bless thee, my girl," returned Captain Harrington, patting her fair cheek; "may thy hopes never be withered by untimely decay, or the blight of unkindness."

"My best hopes are not centered in aught that earth can yield," said Belinda; "else might I indeed expect bitter disappointment; they are garnered where none may rob me of them, but where they will shine brighter unto eternal day in my Father's kingdom."

Captain Harrington silently pressed her in his arms, while a tear stood in his eye; he brushed it hastily away, as if ashamed and angry at its intrusion—he then hurried past her, and left the house, to pay his accustomed visit to his frigate, which was undergoing the necessary repairs, to render her efficient for service.

A heavy care was now removed from the heart of Belinda, and her cheerfulness rose in proportion; it was delightful to me to witness her returning happiness, to listen to all her plans, her wishes for the future; though I confess at times I trembled when I reflected on what might be in store for her, placed under the guardianship of so young a man, whose religious principles were unfixed, whose moral rectitude, depending on its own strength, might be overthrown by the first gust of passion. Oh, that he possessed that saving knowledge of Christ, which would make him aware of the enormity of sin, which it required so costly a sacrifice to redeem from eternal condemnation. How would this kindle his affections, and purify every thought, every desire; how would he strive to shun, to hate all which caused the sufferings of his Divine benefactor, and love to cherish those qualities and follow those precepts which inculcate that the evil thought is sin, and the hatred of a brother, murder. Such must ever be the result of faith in Him, who to believe is life eternal, who to know is happiness; and if there

is one who would ask how this knowledge may be attained, my answer is, in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and in prayer.

(To be continued in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

TAKE BACK—TAKE BACK THE VOW YOU GAVE.

Take back—take back the vow you gave
Since newer ties have power to bind thee ;
It does not need that thou shouldst brave,
Reproof from her thou'st left behind thee.

The dream of bliss is o'er,—the spell
That bound my heart to thee, is broken,
And though my heart may sometimes swell
With pain, its wrongs shall ne'er be spoken.

Farewell—we meet no more—and thou,
May'st rove wherever fancy leads thee ;
But, oh ! think on thy broken vow,
And study well the tale it reads thee.

In passion's hour, when thou shalt kneel
To her for whom my love is slighted,
Think, think what that fond heart must feel,
Whose hopes, like mine, are "scared and blighted."

Be true to her ! and still my prayer
Shall be—although my heart were riven,
That thou may'st never learn to share
The pangs thy guilt to me hath given.

Farewell ! no tear is in mine eye,
Nor is my breast with anguish heaving,
But surely pride may own a sigh,
To one so loved—though thus deceiving,
Fare thee well.

LIBRARIES.

SYLLA, after the siege of Athens, carried with him to Rome an entire library that he discovered in the temple of Apollo. He appears to have been the founder of the first public library at Rome. The first public library in Italy was founded by Nicholas Niccoli. At his death he left his library to the use of the public. Cosmo de Medici enriched it after the death of Niccoli, with the invaluable Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, and Indian MSS. Richard de Bury, chancellor and high treasurer of England, so early as 1341, raised the first private library in Europe. He purchased 30 or 40 vols. of the abbot of St. Albans, for 50 pounds weight of silver.

A WITTY AUCTIONEER.

An auctioneer said of a gentleman who had bought a table, but never came to take it away, that he was one of the most *un-come-for-table* persons he ever knew in the whole course of his life !

(ORIGINAL.)

LEAVES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

II.

THE APPOINTMENT.

"Such ones 'ill judge of love, that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame ;
For—thy they ought not, thing unknown reprove,
Ne natural affection faultless blame,
For fault of few that have abused the same,
For it of honour and all virtue is,
The root, and brings forth glorious flowers of fame.
That crown true lovers with immortal bliss ;
The meed of them that love, and do not love amiss."
Spenser.

It is the eve of the New Year in Montreal. The glinging tones of the merry sleigh bells are still heard, as cariole after cariole, with reverberating sound, is dashing over the ice bound street,—this containing some three or four noisy young fellows intent on "fun and frolic," the other, a more quiet party, a bachelor and his "ladye love," mayhap, hastening to some scene of anticipated pleasure and festivity ; here lines of carriages, as they meet, recklessly threading it through each other ; and yonder, in unobstructed career, skimming over the sparkling snows, others are flying along with something of the speed, and with something of the appearance of the wild bird. The sky is clear and lucid overhead, the bright moon is up, and the imaginative gazer can readily fancy that the twinkling stars, aptly denominated "the poetry of heaven," which, in festooned brightness, are suspended in the firmament, have been lighted up by guardian angels, to gladden the heart of man with the bright promises of hope, as another era in his existence has been marked out by the revolving finger of time. Lights are streaming from many a window, and merry toned music, ever and anon, may be heard issuing, alike from city domicile and suburban residence, telling a tale of mirth and enjoyment within. Everything is in accordance with the season and the hour. It is peculiarly a scene of festivity and rejoicing, unbroken, save perchance by an occasional row, ending possibly in the forced and noisy conveyance of its perpetrators to the watch house.

Enveloped in the ample folds of his cloak, and seemingly unconscious of the festive indications which we have described, Walter Montaigne, with hurried strides, is wending his way in the direction of the northern outskirts of the city. To have seen him, gentle reader, hurrying along upon that evening, looking neither to the right nor to the left, apparently occupied with some engrossing idea, you would at once have fancied that he was on his way to keep an appointment, and you would not have been mistaken. Walter Montaigne, a month or two previously to the period which we refer to, had been

foolish enough to fall in love ; we say *foolish*, because Walter, although of respectable connexions, and a candidate for a commission in an honourable profession, was greatly inferior in station to the lady of his love, and, moreover, poor in worldly circumstances, although rich in the sterling qualities of mental worth and education ; yet what business has a young man to fall in love with a girl above him in life, when withal he has nor wealth nor home to offer her ? But Walter had not weighed these considerations, when in the full flush of a loveliness, which was peculiarly her own, he met Frances Stanley, at the house of a poor and distant relation. This her first appearance to him, like the golden dawn upon the religious feelings of the eastern devotee, breaking on his mind, in all the throbbing excitement, and with all the irresistible fascination of love at first sight. It was a rare exemplification of human feeling, the love of Walter Montaigne for that fair girl ! the full effect of that passion on a mind sensitive in the extreme, and glowing with all the high and fervid aspirations which belong to youth ; nor was his passion unrequited by its fair object ; the gentle Fanny, full of confidence in the pure and honourable professions of her lover, had confessed that the lowliest lot with him would be preferable to the highest and poudest in the world's eye with another. Fanny was living with a relation in the environs of the city, whose aristocratical notions would not permit him to countenance the addresses of her humble lover, particularly when to his inferior station in life, was added the prudential consideration of his want of worldly means and expectations ; consequently the interviews of the lovers were stolen ones, and the delights of these, as a matter of course, were enhanced a thousand fold by the circumstance of their being such. It was to one of these stolen meetings to which Walter Montaigne was repairing on the New Year's eve in question. Walter had received a note from Fanny in the course of the preceding day, apprising him of the intended absence of her relations upon this evening. With all the impatience which the reader can readily imagine, the young lover was hastening to the residence of his mistress for the *first* time ; for be it remembered, that although we have admitted that they had met frequently, that they had never met *there* before.

Walter has already reached the house, and, leaning over a white wooden railing, which runs parallel with the front of it, he is gazing through a window, from which the curtain has evidently been intentionally withdrawn, where seated at a table, with her soft and glowing cheek resting on her small white hand, he beholds the beloved object of all his passionate solicitude. There she sits altogether alone, her beauty heightened by the light in the room, to such a degree that it can be easily fancied divine. She is apparently waiting *his* coming, at that instant

evidently thinking of *him*. It is the happiest moment of the young lover's life, to him replete with all the happy feelings and bright associations which at times cast over this grovelling world of ours, the very charms of the poet's brightest picturings. But he becomes impatient of this enjoyment, in which he is the sole partaker. He reaches the door ; his hand is already on the knocker, and in a moment he is admitted to her side.

Having thus conducted our lover in safety to the presence of his mistress, turn we for a time to the contemplation of a different scene, which was enacting in another part of the city. Round a table, from which the cloth had just been removed, are seated a party of some six or seven ladies and gentlemen, at which an elderly gentleman, of a peculiarly benignant appearance, is presiding. The old gentleman has risen, and is in the act of giving a toast. His features, on which the glare of a large lamp is reflected, are lighted up with a significant smile, as if inwardly rejoicing at some happy idea, which he was about to give forth. "Come, my children, ere I permit the withdrawal of any of you, I must give—the *intended nuptials*—but before my toast is drank, it will be necessary for me to give some explanation for the information of one of you, who has dropped in since I have made known my intentions on the subject which I am about to broach. Out of five daughters," continued he, "that were left me by their departed mother, while yet the eldest had scarce reached maturity, there remains but one with me, the youngest, and, it must be confessed, the best loved. They have *all* proven to me their dutifulness, in ministering to my happiness, as I have descended the vale of years, revering my injunctions for their welfare, and never at any time seriously offending me by their conduct. I repudiate the notion that indulgent parents spoil their children ; to mine I have ever been indulgent, unwilling to thwart their reasonable wishes in any matter relating to their real happiness, and the result has been what I have mentioned. The upshot of my speech, (for a speech it is going to prove,)" continued the old gentleman ; "is this :—I have determined upon giving my daughter to a worthy young fellow, who of late has been making love to her, and whose addresses she has, imprudently, I must confess, since it was without the sanction of her relations or friends, been of late receiving with an *empressement*, which, taking into consideration her ordinary correct conduct, convinces me that she fondly loves the fellow. Even now, I am informed, by my son in law there, into whose guardianship I have of late entrusted her, and whom she supposes in the dark all the time, that she is *tête à tête* with her lover in his house, while we are here enjoying ourselves over the departing year, the gypsey in the meantime supposing me at my residence up the *St.*

Lawrence. I have made every enquiry respecting her lover; he entirely meets my approbation, and although not as high in life as some of you would wish him to be, yet he is one of your lads, if I mistake not greatly, who are calculated to attain a level with the best and the proudest of us. For the matter of his having paid his addresses to my daughter, without the sanction of mine, or of her temporary Guardian's approval, I can easily overlook. 'Tis a "trick of youth," of which any young fellow, under similar circumstances, would have been guilty. I am persuaded that his intentions have been honourable, and that is sufficient palliation in my eyes for his boldness. To the *intended nuptials* then," concluded he; "for I am bent upon their union, and even this night we must give them a surprise."

Return we now to our lovers, Walter Montaigne and Frances Stanley; they have been for some time together, quaffing deeply from the bright and soul-fraught glances of each other, of the intoxicating draught of love, unfevered by a single desire which would have done violence to the purity of an angel. Walter felt as if he could have knelt down and worshipped the beautiful being who was before him, so overcome was he by her confiding reliance on his honour, and due appreciation of professions, of which, from his unobtrusive and sensitive nature, ever the accompaniment of merit and intelligence, he was withal chary to a degree that might have been productive of doubt in a mind that could less correctly interpret his real feelings than could that of our own gentle Fanny. But, amid this soul-felt interchange of emotions, comes an interruption in the shape of a violent knocking and stamping at the door. Alarm takes possession, particularly of the maiden's mind, as from the startling circumstance, she anticipates the earlier than expected return of her relations; the heart of the youth the while is throbbing with apprehension at the probability of finding himself in a position particularly awkward and embarrassing. What is to be done? 'Tis useless to think of alternatives; circumstances do not admit of any. Exposure of the maiden's imprudence, and of the temerity of the youth, is inevitable, and their only plan of conduct is to put a bold face upon the matter. The hall door has been opened, and the same party to whom we have already partly introduced the reader, come pouring into the room, headed by that same benevolent looking old gentleman, of whom we have already spoken. Our plot is hastening to its *dénouement*—in the said old gentleman the reader may identify the father of Frances Stanley. "My own dear papa!" exclaims the daughter, rushing into the arms of her father, forgetting, in the unexpected pleasure of seeing him, both her lover and the confusion incident to the embarrassing exposure of her imprudence. "My dear child!" responded the

father, as his beloved daughter is pressed to his heart; the old gentleman's eyes meanwhile suffused with a moisture, which tells of the grateful emotions of pride and pleasure that are working at his heart. In the meantime, Walter Montaigne, unintroduced to the company, greatly confused by the awkwardness of his situation, yet notwithstanding gazing with interested feelings upon the affectionate meeting of that venerable father with his darling child, is standing apart, waiting the result of this unexpected interruption. A significant look from the old gentleman, and Walter is left alone with the father and child. The latter has recovered herself, and with blushing timidity has presented Walter to her father. With an open frankness of demeanour, which greatly assists in restoring the mind of Walter to a composed state, the old gentleman has offered him his hand. "Come, my dear fellow," breaks out the father, interrupting an apologetic address from Walter; "say no more about it, I know all; for various considerations, I forgive all that is past, and I here not only sanction with my full approval your suit to my daughter, but I will bestow on her a dower, which, with the talents and proper habits that I know belong to you, will not fail to secure to you a sufficient competence for the married state."

Astonished at the turn which affairs had taken, Walter could but stammer forth his acknowledgments, amid reiterated professions of an overpowering and respectful passion, which he was desirous of justly impressing on the father's mind, had been the sole incentive of his importunate suit.

It was late on the New Year's eve in question, when Walter Montaigne left that suburban cottage, his brain in a perfect whirl between delight and astonishment. He could scarcely believe he was awake, so like the phantasmagoria of a dream did the whole occurrences of that evening appear to his intoxicated senses—the idol which his heart had formed to itself, on the possession of which seemed to depend the "weal or woe" of his future fate, had suddenly and unexpectedly been placed within his reach, and deep and heartfelt were his cogitations on the subject, as he wended his way to his lodgings in the city; to his mind the entire circumstance appearing as the realization of a romantic dream, over which his imagination had fondly brooded, until, Prometheus like, it seemed to have called it into actual and embodied existence!

It was some nine or ten summers subsequent to the New Year's eve on which took place the circumstances embodied in the foregoing sketch, that the author thereof had occasion, on his way to the metropolis of a neighbouring republic, to tarry for a day or two at a delightful residence, situated at the extremity of a flourishing town in the sister province. It was an elegant cottage of spacious dimensions,

surrounded with orchard and garden, a velvet lawn of deep green in front, sloping gently down until its base lipped the lucid waters of the Saint Lawrence, and its varied embellishments of trelliced arbour and shaded piazza, clustering with woodbine and honeysuckle, bearing certain indications of the cultivated taste of its possessor. Gentle reader, this was the domicile of Walter Montaigne and Frances Stanley. It was with them, and the venerable father of Fanny, that we were sojourning during the time we refer to. They had indeed, realized the brightest hopes of their early attachment! Walter, by the easy practice of his profession, was fast acquiring an independency, and what was still more desirable, a truly enviable fame for talent, honour, and integrity; and Fanny was the happy mother of a lovely young family, the fascinating charms which had formerly characterized her, ripened into matronly graces, which left her even more beautiful than when we introduced her to the reader upon the New Year's eve of 1819.

W. S.

THE FALLS AND RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

THE good people, travellers, describers, poets, and others, who seem to have hunted through the dictionary for words in which to depict these cataracts under every aspect, have never said enough of the rapids above—even for which reason, perhaps, they have struck me the more; not that any words in any language would have prepared me for what I now feel in this wondrous scene. Standing today on the banks above the Crescent Fall near Mr. Street's mill, gazing on the rapids, they left in my fancy two impressions which seldom meet together—that of the sublime and terrible, and that of the elegant and graceful—like a tiger at play. I could not withdraw my eyes; it was like a fascination.

The verge of the rapids is considerably above the eye; the whole mighty river comes rushing over the brow of a hill, and as you look up, it seems coming down to overwhelm you. Then meeting with the rocks, as it pours down the declivity, it boils and frets like the breakers of the ocean. Huge mounds of water, smooth, transparent and gleaming like the emerald, or rather like the more delicate hue of the chrysopaz, rise up and bound over some unseen impediment, then break into silver foam, which leaps into the air in the most graceful fantastic forms; and so it rushes on, whirling, boiling, dancing, sparkling along, with a playful impatience, rather than overwhelming fury, rejoicing as if escaped from bondage, rather than raging in angry might—wildly, magnificently beautiful! The idea, too, of the immediate danger, the consciousness that any thing caught within its verge is inevitably hurried to a

swift destination, swallowed up, annihilated, thrills the blood; the immensity of the picture, spreading a mile at least each way, and framed in by the interminable forests, adds to the feeling of grandeur; while the giddy, infinite motion of the headlong waters, dancing and leaping, and revelling and roaring, in their mad glee, gave me a sensation of rapturous terror, and at last caused a tension of the nerves in my head, which obliged me to turn away.

The great ocean, when thus agitated by conflicting winds or opposing rocks, is a more tremendous thing, but it is merely tremendous—it makes us think of our prayers; whereas, while I was looking on these rapids, beauty and terror, power and joy, were blended, and so thoroughly, that even while I trembled and admired, I could have burst into a wild laugh, and joined the dancing billows in their glorious, fearful mirth—

Leaping like Bacchanals from rock to rock,
Flinging the frantic Thyrus wild and high!

I shall never see again, or feel again, aught like it—never! I did not think there was an object in nature, animate or inanimate, that could thus over set me now!

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THE best of all prayers is undoubtedly that which is commonly styled the Lord's prayer. It was composed not by man—not by the church—but by the incarnate Word himself; nothing, consequently, could be more excellent. It is adapted to every capacity; it is simple; it is sublime; it is short; it is inexhaustible. In it we pray to the father of all mankind; we address him with the familiar affection of children; we acknowledge him to be in heaven, the Lord of all things; we sanctify his name; we glorify and submit to his holy will; ask for the necessities of soul and body; implore the forgiveness of sin; pardon all who have injured us; and beg to be delivered from the worst of evils, the loss of the grace of God.

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

What then is all this pageant, sad or gay?
Its elements are seeds of mere decay.
One thing alone remaineth in the waste
Of ruined ages; which, when time is past,
Shall be: when glory's badge hath faded,
And fame shall be a shadow, shall endure:
And it is thou, Religion! bright, unshaded,
By the deep dusk of setting years, and pure.

How long have you been in this nutshell of a room?
said T. Hooke to a young ensign last week. 'Not
long enough to become a kernel,' (colonel) was the
reply.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ROYAL QUIXOTE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.—(Conclusion.)

CHAPTER IV.

Ah! gentle maid, beware!
 The power who now, so mild a guest,
 Gives dangerous yet delicious zest,
 To the calm pleasures of thy breast,
 Will soon a tyrant o'er thy rest,
 Let none his empire share.

Scott.

The next morning the king visited with Prince George the apartments of the Princess, whom they found in high spirits, and quite removed from the fatigue and agitation she had suffered on the preceding day. After again thanking the king for the service he had rendered her, (she, as her brother had predicted,) led the conversation round to her favourite topic.

"You are a Swede, noble Count, have you the honour to be acquainted with your heroic king?"

"Intimately—we served our first campaign together."

"Is he handsome?" asked the princess, casting down her beautiful eyes.

"He possesses few personal advantages, your highness; he is about my height and complexion, and nature has endowed him with no greater charms to captivate a lady's eye, or to distinguish him from any other man. Nearly allied by the ties of blood, we have always been thought strikingly to resemble each other."

The Princess immediately raised her eyes to the countenance of the king; but meeting the full glance of his, her own were instantly averted, while her face, neck, and arms, were flushed with the deepest crimson; the king regarded her with an expression of tender interest.

"Were you to behold this hot-headed young soldier, fair Eleonora, he would cease to be an object of such exclusive admiration."

"His warlike qualities sound very well in theory," said Prince George, laughing, "and fame gives to them a fictitious lustre, but I query whether this turbulent prince would make a very agreeable husband."

"George, you cannot enter into the noble and chivalrous character of Gustavus of Sweden,"

returned Eleonora, with some warmth, "and I will not hear you detract from qualities which you lack the spirit to imitate. Would it not be happiness enough to be the wife of the heroic descendant of the great Gustavus Vasa,—the partner of his throne, and the sharer of his glory?"

This enthusiastic avowal of her sentiments, only called forth another hearty laugh from her brother; but her words sank deep into the heart of the Swedish monarch.

Love is never more dangerous, than when he flatters our vanity. Nature had endowed Gustavus with a large share of self-esteem, and the enthusiastic Eleonora, possessed a thousand additional charms in his eyes, because he had been the exclusive object of her visionary speculations. He seemed even bound by ties of gratitude to admire one, who, although unseen, had considered him as the model of all that was good and great in human nature.

"But after all," he would say with a sigh, "it is not me, but my glory she is in love with—I will see if Count Dahl will be able to rival this formidable king of Sweden!"

Following this resolution, he omitted no opportunity of making himself agreeable to the Princess; and without betraying that his own heart was irrevocably lost, he soon gained the complete ascendancy over hers, and it was not long before she ceased to expatiate on the virtues of his king, while listening with delight to his lively and agreeable conversation. The king, was not backward in securing the advantage he had gained, and every day she bestowed on him some flattering proof of her esteem and affection, till he could no longer doubt that he had ceased to be an object of indifference to her.

"This noble stranger, Aurora," said the princess one night, as her favourite maid of honour was unrobing her; "has won my heart, and I have ceased to think of the King of Sweden, while conversing with his subject. But then," she continued with increasing animation; "he is like Gustavus—he possesses the same lofty spirit—the same fearlessness of danger—has fought in the same fields—bled in the same cause—and wreathed his young brows with the same laurels—and if he is not perfectly handsome, his manners are so truly fascinating,

that what weak woman would be able to resist them?"

"Your highness must close your heart against the flattering speeches of this dangerous stranger," returned the Countess Aurora; "your father would never consent to your marrying a foreigner of inferior rank."

"Love in all ages has surmounted the petty prejudices of society, when its affections were placed on a worthy object," replied the noble maiden; "and may truly be said, to be no respecter of persons. My heart tells me that I shall be his, and I do not wish to be undeceived."

"But if the King of Sweden should offer?"

Eleonora started, and the colour mounted to her cheek.

"Aye, the King of Sweden—Countess, you have conjured up a mighty spirit, who could almost put to flight a whole legion of these little mischievous loves. But no, Aurora, my heart no longer trembles or beats quicker at the name of the chivalrous Gustavus—besides, he would never seek a bride in the house of Brandenburg?"

"I am not so sure of that," returned the fair Aurora, who already pictured to herself the pleasure and power of moving within the sphere of a royal court; "the young king is eager to enter upon a matrimonial engagement. He has been shown the portraits of the most beautiful princesses in Germany, it is not impossible that he may have taste enough to select you for his royal consort."

"Now, heaven forbid!" exclaimed the princess; "for I am fully determined to have my dear Count, or lead a life of celibacy."

"Your highness raves!—your portrait has been shown to the King of Sweden, and has met with his approbation. Oxenstiern, in a private letter to the Elector, said his royal master's choice wavered between the white rose of Brandenburg, and that phoenix of beauty, Sophia of Mecklenburg; but he thought his ultimate determination would rest with your highness. If so, it is presumed that Count Dahl will act as proxy for his sovereign."

"Aurora!" exclaimed the princess, rising hastily from her seat; "why was not this important communication conveyed to me before? But now, I am lost—irrevocably lost!"

"Dearest lady, recall your wandering heart—accept the diadem that a hero offers you, and bury your partiality to this gay young foreigner in oblivion. Besides," she continued, lowering her voice almost to a whisper; "how do you know that he loves you—that your feelings are reciprocal?"

"His eyes have told me so a thousand times!"

"Their language is deceitful—never rely on the affections of a man who dares not openly avow his love."

As the countess finished speaking, a soft strain of music rose in the breeze. The princess advanced

towards the open balcony, and instantly recognized the voice of her lover, who did not pour his impassioned lay merely to woo the cold ear of night.

Lady awake!—it is the hour,
Heed not the night, thy love is near;
Lady awake!—and leave thy bower,
Guarded by him—oh, nothing fear!

Come, while the moonbeam softly steals,
To gild with light yon steep crowned woods;
Come, while her lustre fair reveals,
The clearness of the glassy flood.

Oh, lady, haste! the evening closes,
Love is abroad and rides the gale;
While here, amid the dewy roses,
His sighs inspire thy lover's tale.

The princess turned to the countess, with a triumphant air, and was about to speak, when the tune was changed to a bolder strain, and, placing her finger on her ruby lip to enjoin silence, she stood with glistening eyes and palpitating heart, a deluged listener.

Wilt thou listen, lady gay,
To song of war or roundelay;
What may best thine ear approve,
Martial deeds, or tales of love,
Such as I can sing or tell,
In thy heart alone must dwell.

A warrior I, in tented field,
'Tis mine the heavy sword to wield;
Mingling in that desperate strife,
Where man contends with man for life,
Martial fame I woo'd and won,
Where noble deeds were dared and done!

Never till this moonlight hour,
Own'd I loves's bewitching power;
Or felt that woman's smile could give,
All that tempts the brave to live;
Vanquished by her pleading sigh,
The conqueror owns her victory!

By the silver queen of night,
By yon burning orbs of light,
By this solemn midnight hour,
By every sacred holy power,
By the cloudless heavens above,
By earth, and seas, I swear I love!

Eleonora stood motionless, with her jewelled arms folded across her breast, listening to every word of his spirited serenade. Then catching, as if by inspiration, the air of the ditty, she answered in a low sweet voice, that was often broken by violent agitation, but which fell like music from another sphere on the admiring ear of her royal lover—

O'er my spirit thou hast cast
 A magic spell, too sweet to last,
 A pleasing strife of hopes and fears,
 Of passing smiles and gushing tears,
 Pain by rapture chased away,
 Thoughts too full of joy to stay.

When yon moon whose pensive beam,
 Gilds with light the grove and stream,
 And yon starry hosts of night,
 Wandering through the azure height,
 To dust and death their glories bow,
 Then will I forget thy vow !

"You must do more, Eleonora," exclaimed the royal minstrel ; "you must make it reciprocal."

"Do not question me too closely, noble Dahl—my heart flutters—my brain is strangely bewildered—come to me tomorrow, I dare not answer you tonight."

"Tomorrow, fair star of Brandenburg, will be too late—this night alone is mine. One word from those sweet lips will decide my fate."

"The moon is still high in the heavens, the night is not far spent," replied the princess ; "Return to this spot two hours hence, and I will give you a positive answer."

"And why not now ?"

"I have no power over destiny."

"What says your own heart ?"

That has decided long ago—but I must not, dare not trust to its decision."

"Abide by that decision, dearest Eleonora, nor apply the cold worldly maxims of prudence, to check the generous feelings of the heart."

"Farewell ?" returned the princess, disregarding his passionate appeal ; "two hours hence, meet me by the fountain which terminates the cypress walk to the left of the lawn. That interview will determine our future destiny."

She waved her hand, and vanished from his sight, leaving the king rooted like a statue to the spot, till his reveries were disturbed by the voice of the page.

"Now, if ambition does not conquer love, your majesty stands some chance of obtaining a wife ; an event which a few hours ago, I well nigh despaired of. How, sire, shall you contrive to exist during the ensuing hours ?"

"The ensuing years, you mean," returned the king impatiently ; and quitting the spot, he retraced his steps to his own apartment. He flung himself upon a couch and tried to compose himself to sleep, but a fever was in his blood, and he could not remain in one settled position for a moment ; now pacing the room with rapid steps, or standing with folded arms, gazing intently on the heavens.

The page, who was carefully examining his master's countenance, (and who moreover possessed all

the sagacity requisite for a young gentleman in his situation,) ran over on a small guitar, the notes of a favourite little air, which in gayer moments had often won from the king a smile of approbation, and, perceiving him turn his head, he grew bolder, and changing suddenly the tune, sang the following ditty, which ready wit supplied on the spur of the moment—

Love laughing to ambition said,
 "Resign thy laurel crown to me ;"
 The mighty conqueror shook his head,
 "My bride is Immortality !"

With that the urchin drew his bow,
 And smiling, fixed his keenest dart ;
 So true the aim, so sure the blow,
 He struck the tyrant to the heart.

The laurel wreath is all unbound,
 The banner in the dust lies furled ;
 The trumpet spreads no terrors round—
 What now to him is all the world.

"Thou art a perfect adept, Eric, in reading the thoughts of others," said the king ; "where did you gain your knowledge of the human heart ?"

"It came naturally to me from the first moment I commenced page. Your majesty has a tell-tale face, and your eyes betray secrets, though your tongue is silent—I am no conjurer myself, but I know a potent one, that holds his nightly levee not far from this spot."

"Ha !" said the king, coming forward ; "what does the sage pretend to teach ?"

"The destinies of others," returned the sagacious boy ; "he deals in signs and wonders, and keeps several tame devils for the amusement and instruction of his customers. There is not a secret in the city of Brandenburg, but duly passes through his hands. He would dispute the palm of honour with the celebrated Tycho Brake, and if your majesty wishes the two ensuing hours to pass away more expeditiously, suppose you don your cloak, and hear what the stars in their golden sources have ordained for you."

"An excellent plan," said the king, who greatly enjoyed the proposal ; "I will reward thee for that thought one of these days, my gentle Eric."

The page was quite alert in making the necessary preparations for their nocturnal visit ; and passing through the garden, they challenged the sentinel at the low postern door that led to the street, who perceiving Gustavus to be a cavalier of note, instantly gave them free egress.

Though Eric had been only a few days in the city, he seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of every street and winding alley, till suddenly turning down a broad avenue of trees, which led towards

the forest, he stopped before an antique tower, and rapped with the hilt of his dagger against a low Gothic door.

The summons remained unanswered, though three times repeated, and the monarch's patience being exhausted, he boldly entered a long narrow passage, feebly illuminated by a solitary lamp; which hung suspended over a steep dark staircase, up which the page glided with noiseless steps, and pausing on the first landing, he laid his finger on his lip, and beckoned the king to follow him.

CHAPTER V.

"The moment comes!"

It is already here—when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum."

Wallenstein.

THE staircase terminated in a room of circular form, round which run a balcony, for the convenience of making astronomical observations. A pair of large folding doors were thrown back, and the pale beams of the moon cast many a way checker on the floor. The apartment was hung with thick black arras, on which the heavenly bodies were rudely emblazoned. There was much to attract the curiosity of a stranger, in this singular domicile, but the eyes of the king were so forcibly arrested by one object, that for some time he could behold no other.

Standing by a huge oak table, which was covered with globes, musty parchments, and mathematical instruments, with her head bent down, and her fair face shaded by her hand, Gustavus discovered the slight figure of Eleonora of Brandenburg. The Countess Aurora was seated on a low pile of cushions, anxiously watching the motions of the astrologer.

He was a tall, dark man, arrayed in a black serge dress, which fell to his feet in ample folds, and was confined round his middle by a broad gold belt, covered with strange cabalistical figures. His back was towards the ladies, and he was busily employed in contemplating the heavenly bodies.

There was something so noble and commanding in the figure of the astrologer, that the king's curiosity was forcibly excited; and wishing to observe more closely the strange scene before him, he stepped behind the arras hangings of the room, through an aperture of which, he could plainly see and hear all that was passing.

"Your majesty is willing to play at bo-peep with the devil," whispered the page; "we have a fair view of his satanic majesty from this spot."

The king followed the eyes of the page, and shrunk back with an involuntary shudder, on per-

ceiving that the torches which lighted the apartment, were held in the bony grasp of a gigantic skeleton.

"Why, your majesty has actually changed colour," said the provoking boy; "the sight of the lean gentleman appears quite familiar to the ladies."

"Hush!" replied the king, ashamed of having betrayed his feelings, and who yet felt a superstitious belief in the science; "my own fate is involved in the answer yon dark figure is about to give the princess."

At the sound of the astrologer's voice, the king started, and after fixing his eyes on him attentively, a smile passed over his lip, and his countenance became composed and serene.

"Maiden," said the necromancer; "I must look at your hand again."

The princess trembled all over, as she placed her slender white fingers in the hand of the astrologer, who continued to trace its delicate lines for some time with fixed attention, then raising his piercing dark eyes, he looked steadily in her varying face.

"Much that is great and excellent is here written in a small compass. Fortune, who smiled upon your birth, never deserts those who are born under her favourite planet. Maiden, you love power, and you will possess it; and will exchange your present high station for one of a yet more exalted nature—Fate, who destined you for a throne, will ere long encircle your brow with a regal diadem."

"Alas!" returned the princess, clasping her hands mournfully together; "thou art a prophet of evil tidings—thy words, which, a few months ago, would have sounded like music to my ears, now fall heavily on my heart, like a funeral knell."

Then hastily advancing to the open balcony, she pointed to the heavens with a look of melancholy enquiry:

"Is there no planet in all yon starry host, propitious to the cause of love?"

The astrologer appeared strangely perplexed—he raised his eyes from the pale brow of the princess, and looked long and earnestly upon the face of night.

"His familiar has certainly deserted him in the most critical moment," said the page; "and now when the lady begins to open her mind, he is at his wit's end—methinks if I were the astrologer, I could solve the queries of the princess."

"In what manner, young malapert?" asked the king.

"In the first place, love has nothing to do with the brain," said the page; "seeing that when a man's in love he cannot make use of his senses, and is consequently out of his wits. Its empire is confined to the heart, which is only a lump of flesh, destitute of reason, and, having no eyes to judge for itself, is apt to receive the most extravagant impressions."

sions. Now, my brain being quite cool, and my heart safe in my own keeping, I would frame in a moment such a notable romance, that it should satisfy the lady, and meet with the entire approbation of his sly little godship."

Before the king could reply to this sally, the astrologer had finished his observations, and turning to Eleonora, said :

"Princess, the decrees of heaven are immutable, and admit of no variation. Fate, who has destined you to be the bride of a great and heroic prince, will give you a heart to love him."

The tears were streaming fast through the slender fingers of the princess—

"O, worldly grandeur," she said in a broken and hardly audible voice ; " how little art thou regarded where the heart is concerned."

She flung, as she ceased speaking, a purse heavy with gold pieces on the table, and beckoning to the countess, slowly withdrew ; while the king, overcome by a thousand delightful sensations, remained gazing on the spot she had occupied, in a sort of waking transport, from which he was only roused by the page hastily pulling his cloak.

"My liege, the coast is clear ! do not lose this favourable opportunity—I can perceive by the thoughtful look of the sage, that his familiar is at his elbow."

The king started into animation, and was on the point of emerging from his hiding place, when the post of enquiry was filled by a gay young cavalier, in whose bright complexion, blue eyes, and auburn ringlets, the page instantly recognized Prince George.

"Now by the shade of Woden ! I have heard that many fools make a fair—I wonder which will prove the greatest fool—the fair fool who wept at the idea of wearing a crown, or the gay fool her brother, who has left his warm bed, in the hope of being promised one ?"

"We have at least the satisfaction of finding folly not wholly confined to our own royal person," rejoined the king.

"'Tis a growing evil," returned Eric ; " the older a man grows, the closer it clings to him ; and if he wear the cap and bells with becoming gravity, it is accounted by the world as wisdom."

"Before you proceed with your lecture on folly," said the king ; " mark well yon fair haired boy, the colour has receded from his face, and he stands before the awful messenger of fate, trembling like an aspen leaf."

"And so would the hero of the North, if he had stumbled as the prince did even now, against yon deathless emblem of mortality, who stretches forth his long bony arms, as if it were about to enclose his brethren of the dust, and hurry them off to the cold and silent grave. I feel as if my flesh was crawling off my bones, and I was about to be re-

duced to the same state, whenever my eyes encounter it."

The young prince seemed ill at ease, while the astrologer was consulting the planets ; he looked anxiously round him, and once or twice put his hand to his sword, and on seeing the sage about to commit his thoughts to paper, he said in an impatient tone :

"Answer me one simple question—shall I wear a crown ?"

"Never !" replied the astrologer emphatically ; " your fortune promises nothing great, and bears an equal proportion of good and evil."

A frown contracted the brow of the prince as he continued :

"Your dominions during your lifetime, will be harassed by perpetual wars, and your reign will be short and unquiet. You will die in the meridian of life, and your son, a bold and ambitious spirit, will raise this noble province into a kingly state."

"Why did you not say that my father's son should do all this—what to me is kingly splendour, when my bones are mouldering in the dust !"

He turned scornfully away, and flinging at the astrologer's feet several broad pieces of gold, left the apartment, with an expression of mortification and displeasure strongly portrayed on his countenance. The king was surprised that ambition should be the leading trait in a character, which he had deemed incapable of forming a hope or wish beyond the pleasures which the court daily supplied.

"I who have heard the secret destinies of others," he said ; " will now step boldly forth and demand my own."

Hastily removing the arras, he approached the dreaded tribunal, with his usual firm step and fearless demeanour.

The astrologer was leaning on the table, his head supported by his hand, his eyes cast mournfully to the earth, and his whole deportment denouncing inward sorrow and weariness of spirit. At the sound of the king's step, he looked up—a transient glow of colour flushed his face, and his eye kindled with unusual brilliancy, as it fell on the fine person of the Swede.

"Your errand ?"

"It is not that of a wise man," returned the king ; " heaven has forbidden us to seek the knowledge of that which is wisely placed beyond our reach, or to dive into the hidden things of futurity, which time only can unveil. Yet if you can, by your wonderful and mysterious science, reveal the destinies of others—declare mine !"

"It is beyond my power."

"How !" exclaimed the king ; " do you impose upon the ignorant and superstitious, by pretending to reveal what is placed beyond your power—do

you only consult the planetary bodies to make them subservient to your own lying purposes ?”

“It is not from the lines of the hand, the hour of a man’s birth, or the course of the stars, I read the fortunes of those who are weak enough to place any trust in such vanities,” returned the astronomer, with an air of calm dignity ; “man is a free agent, and he who formed him in his wisdom, has made him accountable for his actions, rewarding the good and punishing the evil ; this makes him, in a great measure, master of his own destiny. I compare events together, and form a pretty exact estimate by the present moment, what the next will bring to pass. Go forth and look upon the face of nature—all is still—there is no voice in the earth or in the heavens, that speaks to man on the subject he vainly wishes to know. The stars that look down upon us from their thrones of light, are like us, instruments in the hands of the Almighty—there is neither sound nor language among them, that can answer the bold enquiries of the children of dust. As the wind sweeps through the illimitable air, and we know not whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is the fate of most of the sons of men ; myriads pass down the stream of time, without leaving on the surface, a simple trace of their course.”

“From whatever source you derive your knowledge,” said the king ; “your insight into the characters of others astonishes me, and if it be not effected by the powers of magic, it appears to me almost as wonderful. Look on me, and tell me freely, what you imagine will be my future fate ?”

“Gustavus of Sweden,” returned the sage ; “as your ambition and love of fame is boundless, so shall your success be great. Your intrepid spirit will surmount all obstacles, and hurry you on through a rapid career of conquests, till Europe shall turn pale at your name, and this vast empire tremble at your feet, like a dove in the grasp of the falcon.”

He paused, and cast a mournful glance on the king’s animated countenance, and then continued with a heavy sigh :

“But all this is vanity and vexation of spirit—could you grasp the universe your ambition would never rest satisfied, and fame, who thus lures you on to destruction, will reward her favourite champion with death on the field of battle, and a grave in a foreign land. Will this repay you for wasted youth—for years of toil and danger—for days spent in anxious thought, and nights of watchfulness. Oh, resign the wreath that is gilded with blood—it is a crown of thorns that pierces the temples, and enters into the soul of the wearer.”

The king paced the apartment with rapid steps—a thousand contending feelings appeared struggling in his breast ; at length, stopping abruptly before the astrologer, he exclaimed with some warmth :

“If renown can only be purchased with a grave, then welcome death—welcome the toils and dangers of the strife—the thrilling war-cry and the mighty roar of mingling thousands. When I fall, it will be in the arms of victory, and my death will be lamented by a brave and faithful people.”

A long and painful silence succeeded this burst of enthusiasm. At length the king, turning to the astrologer, said with a lively air :

“I am no prophet, yet my eye is quick enough to detect a brave man, let his disguise be ever so ingeniously contrived. Theodore Zuski, in what character do you next intend to masquerade ?”

“Concealment is at an end,” said Zuski, hastily rising from his seat, and flinging off the disguise which had enveloped his tall figure ; beneath which, glittered the steel corslet and the national weapons of his country. “You will cease to wonder, noble prince, at this strange metamorphosis, when I assure you, it has been the means of hindering the effusion of blood, and has afforded me and my comrades a means of subsistence.”

The king’s curiosity was awakened ; he drew near the robber and took a seat.

“Nature has implanted in all hearts a longing desire to be better acquainted with futurity, to gain which knowledge, the warrior has flung at my feet the spoils of war, the beauty divested herself of her ornaments, and the miser, who turns the weeping beggar from his gates, unlocked his hidden treasures to bribe the stars to increase his ill-gotten store. This dress afforded me a perfect knowledge of the wealth of the city, and fully revealed to me the characters of its possessors. I learned from their own lips, whom to attack and whom to spare ; and never since I commenced my lawless traffic, did the poor cry to me in vain, or the virtuous and industrious citizen receive any injury at my hands.”

“But why, brave Zuski, continue to act a part so beneath you. You doubtless heard the proclamation issued a few days ago ?”

“I did—and my followers have taken the advantage of it, and are already dispersed ; and many of them by this time restored to their family, country, and long lost friends, are reaping the benefits of your majesty’s generous exertions in their behalf.”

“Why then, brave Zuski, do I find you here ?”

“To save your life !” returned the Pole, grasping firmly the king’s hand ; “to frustrate the designs of the blood hounds that are abroad tonight—who have tracked you to the electoral palace, and who are even now breathing curses on your deserted couch, while they meditate fresh schemes of vengeance.”

“I am in no humour to interpret riddles,” said the king impatiently, while he fixed his eyes on the robber with a glance of severe scrutiny ; “speak plainly, and declare boldly the meaning of these dark

insinuations. I have not provoked the malice of any man, and consequently have nothing to fear?"

"But you have wounded the pride of a haughty, ambitious, and beautiful woman. Has your majesty so soon forgotten the Princess of Mecklenburg?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the king, recoiling some paces, as if stung by a serpent; "what know you of that siren?"

"Enough, to warn you that she has power to destroy the hope of Sweden, and level all your ambitious schemes in the dust. Her brother Otho, and a few daring spirits, are leagued together to revenge the insult offered to her honour. The prince is a brave man and a soldier, that which he has sworn, he will not lack courage to perform."

"I defy his impotent malice," returned the king; "let him seek me boldly—he will find he has no dastardly spirit to cope with. But how, and through what channel, did you gain this important knowledge, brave Zuski?"

"It is not the first state secret this dress has revealed to me—a superstitious belief in the occult sciences brought the leader of the conspiracy hither last night; and, whilst bribing the stars to ensure his success, he let me, without being himself conscious of his rashness, into the whole plot. Following the voice of fame, he soon tracked you to Brandenburg—your adventures in the forest were the nine days wonder—the city rang with the tale, and Otho, to his no small annoyance, discovered you high in favour at court, and daily increasing in the esteem of the princess. Burning with indignation, he visited the court as a noble stranger, and in this character reconnoitred the apartment you occupied, and bribed the sentinel who guards the postern through which you found an exit, to admit him and his friends at half-past twelve tonight. Your chamber, from the balcony is easy of access—you may imagine the rest—naked, unarmed, asleep, what power could save you from their murderous weapons."

"The same power that raised you up to be my preserver, generous Zuski," returned the king; "but how, and by what means did you prevent this foul assassination?"

"I dared not send a line or message, I knew your majesty's fearless disposition—I was well aware that instead of avoiding the danger that threatened, you would provoke and meet it. I beguiled your page hither, I entrusted him with the important secret, and left to his ingenuity the success of the adventure. The boy has acted his part so admirably, that I am convinced had he failed in luring you hither, he would have prevented the fate that in all probability awaited you. But hark!" he continued, laying his hand on his sword; "what sounds are these?"

"It is nothing but the wind sweeping through the long avenue of trees," said the king; "you have

talked of danger, till you believe us surrounded by it."

"I am right!" exclaimed the Pole; "it is the tread of armed feet—secure the door."

The page sprang to the door and listened for a moment, with an intensity which convulsed every feature in his face.

"They come! they come!" cried the affrighted boy, hastily drawing bolt and bar; "I know the fierce bearing of Otho of Mecklenburg—leap from the balcony sire!—they shall pass over my dead body before they arrest your flight!"

"Never!" returned the king, throwing the page some paces from the door; "away rash boy, you have parents to weep for you—leave these assassins to cope with men!"

The page answered not, but, as if anxious for his own safety, with one bound cleared the balcony, as the door was burst open by a band of armed men, headed by one whose fierce aspect and bold carriage, revealed to Gustavus, Otho of Mecklenburg.

"What is your business here—whom seek ye at this dead hour of night?" said Zuski, advancing with a firm step towards the intruders; "Do brave men consult the stars armed for the field?"

"Hypocrite! base lying hypocrite!" exclaimed Otho, gnashing his teeth, and stamping fiercely on the ground; "we have found him whom we seek! him whom neither earthly nor supernatural powers shall save from our vengeance—turn false prince and answer for your broken faith."

"Aye, with my good sword will I defend my honour," replied Gustavus, his eye sparkling as the chivalric spirit of his fathers kindled in his breast, and gave to his countenance that fearless and intrepid expression which ever marked him in the field, and confounded his enemies; "you have charged me with perjury—your rashness be upon your head, for by Him in whose hand is the heart of kings, but one of us shall part from this spot with life."

"You shall not have the proud satisfaction of dying like a brave man," returned the prince with a scornful laugh; "I reject your challenge—I hold you beneath my scorn—fall on my masters," he continued, turning to his band; "and see if your dainty body is proof against your steel."

"Cowards!" retorted the king, springing forward to meet his antagonists; "God will defend the right, and frustrate your deeds of darkness."

Long and desperately did the Swede maintain the unequal conflict. Zuski fell beneath the sword of Otho, and was trampled under the feet of the assassins, fixing his last glance on the king, as if to animate him to further exertions; he died without a groan.

The sight of his friend's blood roused Gustavus to a pitch of fury—even Otho bore back from the arm that scattered death on all sides, till exhausted and overpowered by numbers, the king was on the point

of yielding the contest with his life, when Prince George, heading a party of soldiers, and guided by the page, burst upon the scene.

The assassins, perceiving their murderous designs frustrated, flung down their weapons and precipitately fled; and Gustavus, wiping the moisture from his brow, turned with a cheerful air to thank his preservers. His eyes fell on the pale corpse of Zuski—the words died upon his lips—he pressed the cold hand of the gallant Pole silently to his breast, and walked to the balcony to conceal the overflowings of his heart.

Prince George observed his emotion; it surprised him; but he forbore to make any remark, but shaking the king heartily by the hand, congratulated him on his safety.

“Your page broke upon my slumbers, and roused me from imaginary battles to fight in good earnest. I have gained my first victory without much bloodshed—the cowards were soon put to flight. Believe me, noble count, I feel most happy in being able to evince the gratitude I owe you for the preservation of my sister’s life.

“Oh, name it not now,” said the king; “my silence at this moment, must express what words cannot.”

“But, my dear Dahl! how came you hither, and engaged in this desperate fray?”

“Tomorrow, I will explain every thing—I shall not fail to give a satisfactory account of my actions; but tonight I must enjoin silence.”

Then mournfully regarding the dead body of the gallant Pole, he said:

“Does your highness remember that face?”

“No,” returned the prince, glancing on the manly figure that lay extended before him; “it is one of uncommon beauty.”

“It is the astrologer, who read your destiny—the bandit of the forest—and to sum up all, the brave and unfortunate General Zuski. He died for me.”

The king turned away deeply affected, while the prince, who possessed a good heart and kindly disposition, was sensibly moved by the anguish which was depicted on the king’s countenance.

“Count Dahl!” he said; “this brave man deserved a better fate, for the service he rendered you this night, he shall be interred with military honours, due to his high station and distinguished name; while, acquitting him of crime, we will learn to consider him not guilty but unfortunate.”

The king warmly expressed his thanks to the prince for his generous offer, and taking off his cloak, he threw it over the body of his departed friend; and accepting the arm of the prince, they returned together to the palace. The topic of their conversation is unknown, but at parting, the latter kissed the king’s hand, and laid his finger on his lips in token of secrecy.

CHAPTER VI.

Oh! Clifford what are halls, and towers,
Or coronets, to me?

Far happier if with wilding flowers,
My hair were wreathed by thee.

Agnes Strickland’s Seven Ages of Woman.

UNCONSCIOUS that Gustavus had witnessed the perturbation of her feelings, on leaving the astrologer’s tower; the princess, with no small degree of alarm, found herself once more in the dark avenue of linden trees, and under the canopy of heaven.

Her courage had fled and every sound startled her; the sighing of the night breeze among the boughs, the distant murmurs from the river, spoke to her heart in the chilling tones of fear; her fortitude forsook her, and she wept unceasingly.

The Countess led her with difficulty to one of the seats erected under the trees, for the benefit of the citizens; and entreated her to calm the agitation of her mind, and consider the dangers to which their situation exposed them, and the absolute necessity of a speedy return to the palace. As she finished speaking, the bells from every steeple tolled the hour of three, and faint streaks of light were already visible in the east.

The Princess made a desperate effort to rise, but sank back weeping on the bosom of her companion, who started as his eye fell on the wan and deathlike expression of her countenance, and she used the very argument to restore her drooping spirits against which she had combated so unsuccessfully a few hours before.

“I beseech your highness,” she said, “to calm the agitation that convulses your whole frame. The astrologer may not be correct in his calculations—remember your promise to the count; many things may happen in that interview, to render your projected alliance with the Swedish monarch less dreadful in your eyes.”

“I care not for the astrologer’s prediction,” returned the princess, “but a strange presentiment of coming ill presses upon my mind, and weighs down my spirits. It is an unusual feeling, and one which I cannot subdue. I wish I could look forward into the dark future, and see what the coming hour will bring forth.”

“Hark! I hear steps approaching towards us from the astrologer’s tower,” said the countess, “let us begone!”

Both ladies rose as a cavalier traversing the dark avenue with rapid steps advanced to the spot where they stood. His was the gay elastic step of youth, the flying mantle, and the sword tossed carelessly from hand to hand, which proclaimed a heart at rest, and spirits naturally free and buoyant, as if to drive care and sorrow far from his solitary path. He sang in a clear joyous voice, a song which had often been ap-

plauded at masque and festival, and which was well known to both ladies.

The lady left her lofty tower,
To meet her love returning ;
The moon shone bright on the forest bower,
And the stars in heaven were burning—
She looked to hill, she looked to vale,
She looked on stream and tree—
The roses on her cheek waxed pale,
And her tears fell silently.

Has victory smiled on thy sable crest ?
Or art thou coldly lying,
With many a wound on thy noble breast,
Amongst the dead and dying ?—
Or has the trumpet in thine ear,
A tale of triumph told,
Of deathless deeds recorded there,
By knight and warrior bold ?

She starts—then hurries o'er the plain,
An armed band to meet ;
The foremost of that martial train,
Kneels lowly at her feet—
Her tears are dried—her grief has fled,—
Her eye with joy beams bright ;
Well and gallantly hast thou sped—
Welcome, my own true knight !

"I should know that voice," whispered the princess to her companion. "Good heavens ! it is my brother. Should he discover us, we are lost !"

Then hastily drawing down her veil, she wrapped the heavy cloak in which she was enveloped, carefully round her. The prince was now within a few paces, and he stopped for a moment before them, repeating, as he did so, the last line of the stanzas :

"Welcome, my own true knight !"

Eleonora's heart beat violently, and she trembled from head to foot, as the prince exclaimed in a gay tone :

"Fair and softly, pretty damsels ; what do you bither under the gentle brow of night ?"

Both ladies made an effort to pass the unwelcome interrogator in silence ; but in the attempt the wind suddenly blew back the veil that shaded the princess' face, and the moon shone full on her countenance, which was instantly recognized by her brother.

"Eleonora !" he cried in a tone of surprise and alarm ; "Eleonora and the Countess Aurora, abroad at this unseasonable hour, and unattended by squire or page. What am I to infer from a fact so extraordinary ?"

"George, I beseech you, look not so sternly on me," said the princess, weeping afresh ; "forgive the fatal curiosity which tempted me to seek through the shades of night, old Herman's Tower."

"Umph !" said the prince, "I suppose I am to

guess the rest. We have both been engaged in the same wise errand, and I doubt not return equally satisfied. But, madam, are not you aware that these nightly excursions are prejudicial to the character of a high born female, and attended with danger ? But dry these tears, Eleonora," he continued, kissing the bright drops from her pale cheek ; "I will not betray you to your father. But what said the astrologer—did he promise you lady-bird a husband ?"

"I know not what he said, George. I believe him to be an imposter," returned the princess pettishly.

"Then I may conclude he gave you no very favourable specimen of his art. My lady Aurora, what did the magician in his wisdom devise for you ?"

"I did not put his skill in requisition, your grace ; I fear the stars will not smile so graciously on a poor maiden like me, or shower down such golden favours as they did for her highness."

"In what shape ?"

"That which your highness most covets—a crown."

"How," cried the prince, turning to the agitated Eleonora, "did you consider this promise vain and unsatisfactory. Or did your ambition aspire to the imperial purple, when you looked coldly on such an offer ? By my faith as a true knight, he refused me even now the glorious vision which you view with such indifference."

"Alas ! my brother," said Eleonora, looking earnestly in his face—"is our happiness solely derived from the garb we wear, and the rank we hold in the eye of the world. Is it not rather an union between kindred hearts, and minds formed to sympathize and understand each other. What pleasure could a crown bestow without these blissful ties ?"

"You speak in riddles tonight, Eleonora. A few days have strangely altered your ideas on this subject. Are you aware of the contents of the dispatches which arrived last night from Stockholm ?"

"Too well."

"Is it a matter of indifference, Eleonora ?" cried the astonished prince. "Does not your heart rejoice in these important tidings ?"

"Such would once have been the case."

"You rave, Eleonora ! Has it not been the wish of years, the fondly cherished hope of your enthusiastic bosom. Tell me, Eleonora, and tell me truly, what malignant fiend has cast its gloomy influence over the bright star of your destiny ?"

The princess cast her eyes to the ground. A thousand opposite feelings were struggling in her breast. Ambition and love alternately predominated—the latter at length triumphed ; and in a faltering voice, she replied :

"You have demanded the truth, George, and however painful the avowal may be, I will not shrink from declaring it. The brave and heroic King of Sweden has deemed me worthy to share his crown,

and to be a participator in his glory; but ill should I requite the generous offer of the noble Swede, by giving him my hand when my heart owned a decided preference for another."

"Rash girl, what have you dared to avow?" said the prince, grasping her arm and speaking in a stern voice.

"That I love!" returned the princess, gathering courage from despair; "that my heart at this moment feels the deepest, truest passion, that ever trembled in a woman's breast."

"For whom do you entertain this fatal partiality?"

"For him, to whom I am indebted both for life and honour, whose independant and generous spirit has obliterated from my mind the bright and beautiful vision that once possessed my youthful fancy—the brave and noble Dahl."

"Unhappy girl!"

"Nay, call me not unhappy," said the princess, her spirit regaining its usual lofty tone, and the colour flushing her pale cheek; "I may be unfortunate, but never while I possess the love of such a heart as Count Dahl's, can I be wholly miserable."

"Has he then dared to address his suit to a daughter of the princely house of Brandenburg? The audacious villain shall answer with his life for his presumption."

"George," returned the princess with a solemnity in her voice and manner which made the blood flow in calm temperature to the heart of her impatient auditor, "raise but one finger against the life of my generous preserver, and you entail upon you and yours, the bitter curse of a heart-broken sister; I will never wed another did he possess the diadem of the world. Deny my wishes, and I will seek the protection of the Church of Rome."

"Oh, Eleonora! Eleonora!" answered the prince his heart softening towards the sister he fondly loved, "What woe and trouble and endless wars will your blind infatuation entail on your country and kindred. Are you so mad as to suppose the King of Sweden will receive such an insult without resenting it? Will not the blood of your lover be the first libation poured forth at the altar of vengeance? You tremble, Eleonora—you turn pale—Behold, Gustavus comes in the strength of his invincible spirit; our armies are scattered at his presence—our cities yield before him, and the members of our ancient and noble house are led into captivity by the conqueror."

Before the princess could answer this appeal, which sounded in her ears like the knell of all her fondly cherished hopes, the sound of approaching footsteps rang sharply against the stones, in the narrow street they had just entered, and six armed men emerged from under a dark archway fronting them. Eleonora clung trembling to her brother's arm, and a faint scream rose and died on the lip of the countess.

"It is he!" said one of the men, in a low deep voice, to the leader of the band; "shall we strike?"

"Peace, babbling fool," returned the foremost of the group; "you mistake your quarry—this gallant is at least three inches in stature above him whom we seek. Pass this young springald in silence, and take no notice of his frail companions."

"Some deed of a dark and questionable nature is to be perpetrated tonight," said the prince, drawing a freer breath, as the clang of their armed heels died away.

Eleonora did not speak—a fearful thought flashed across her brain; and she felt relieved, when she regained her own apartment, in giving way to the anguish which oppressed her spirits.

Ill satisfied with himself, and dreading the worst from his sister's obstinacy, Prince George threw himself upon his couch, and had hardly closed his eyes in troubled slumber, before he was roused by the page springing into his apartment, (which communicated by the balcony with that occupied by the King of Sweden,) and imploring him, in the most pathetic manner, to succour his master, who was attacked by ruffians at the astrologer's tower.

Half stupefied with sleep, the prince gazed vacantly for some moments upon the pale and affrighted boy, and in no very courteous tone, bade him begone and cease to trouble him.

"I beseech your highness, rise and come to his assistance—in a few minutes all human aid will be too late—oh save him! save him!" he cried in a tone of bitter anguish, and wringing his hands in despair, while his expanded eyes were fixed in tearful entreaty on the half recumbent figure of the prince, who, at length recovering consciousness, sprang in no very gentle mood from the bed, and recognized the page of the man, who in spite of the friendship he had once entertained for him, he at that moment wished most out of the world.

"If Count Dahl engages in such midnight frolics," he said in an angry tone; "he must expect these results—away young sir, I cannot listen to such idle tales."

"Alas!" returned the agitated boy; "you know not whom you refuse to succour; ere this a crowned head will be low in the dust. Oh, my master!—my brave, my royal master!—who now shall save you? Oh, that I had staid and died with you!"

The page turned to leave the room, but a strong arm detained him. A suspicion had darted into the mind of the prince—the next moment brought conviction—and hastily dressing himself and seizing his sword, he called together a few of the household guards, and followed the page to the scene of action, and succeeded in rescuing the king from the weapons of his enemies.

As they returned, the king found that by some means his secret had transpired; and he convinced the prince of the truth of his pretensions, by shewing

him the royal signet, and the letters he had received on the preceding day from the chancellor; and, binding him to secrecy, he hurried to fulfil his appointment with the princess, for whose sake he had exposed himself to so many dangers.

CHAPTER VII.

This clasp of love one bond shall be,
For this is your betrothing day,
And all these noble lords shall stay
To grace it with their company.

Scott.

ELEONORA continued to pace her apartment, in that restless state of mind which is the constant attendant on expectation, wishing to know the worst, yet dreading its approach. Observing the countess looked fatigued, she desired her to retire to rest; then casting an anxious glance on the small dial that was suspended over the chimney piece, she perceived that the minute hand pointed at the hour of four. The rosy steps of approaching day glowed in the summer sky, and the cool breeze wafted into her apartment, the perfume of the jessamine, which spangled with its white starlike flowers the balcony, and shed a soothing influence over her troubled mind. Hastily throwing a scarf over her shoulders, she descended into the garden, and sought the margin of the fountain, where she had promised to meet her lover.

With hasty steps she traversed the dark cypress walk which terminated in a lonely lawn, in the centre of which stood the fountain, surrounded by its marble basin, and supported by the fabled forms of water gods and nymphs of old.

The princess cast a timid glance round her, but the figure she sought was no where to be seen.

"Oh, man! man!" she mentally exclaimed; "how seldom art thou deserving of the deep, the unbought tenderness of woman's love. Can you, Adolphus, forgetful of your appointment, enjoy the sweets of slumber, while my bosom is only awake to bitter and painful feelings?"

She sighed deeply as he finished speaking, and cast a troubled look upon the waters, and then up to the golden heavens.

Nature, not yet roused from her slumbers, lay in tranquil beauty beneath the misty veil of light which hung over the east, and was fast dispelling the grey twilight which precedes the approach of day. The reflection of her own face in the fountain startled her, as she saw therein depicted its haggard and woe-begone expression. It is only when suffering under the deepest affliction, that a lovely woman becomes indifferent to her personal attractions.—Eleonora, who a moment before had so impatiently anticipated the arrival of her lover, when she perceived the alteration which a few hours of mental

excitement had made in her appearance, felt a momentary regret in beholding him before her, till, observing that his countenance bore the traces of recent grief and strong agitation, she forgot her own discontented repinings in conjectures as to the cause of her lover's disquietude.

"You are a tardy wooer, Sir Count," she said, with more haughtiness in her tone and manner than she meant to assume; "to let the sun rise upon your appointment. Did you expect your suit to be more successfully pleaded in the eye of day than beneath the light of the moon and stars?"

"Spare your reproaches, gentle Eleonora—last night I pleaded for myself, and knew not the treason I was guilty of. Today, I must approach you as my queen, and bow the knee before you as one of your meanest subjects."

He sank at her feet, and would have taken her hand, but she drew proudly back—

"Rise, Count Dahl!" I never will receive your homage on such terms as these—where did you learn distinctions so different to the sentiments you expressed to me last night?"

"When I returned to my own apartment," said the king, "I found a courier waiting with a packet from my sovereign. Need I add that the contents of his letter were a death blow to my presumptuous hopes; and fortune, as if in mockery to my anguish, has instigated the king to elect me his proxy, and cheat my imagination with a bride, that I must woo and wed for another."

"And will you obey the mandate?"

The king hesitated, and the colour mantled even to his brow, as memory recalled the hour when a similar question had been put to him under circumstances so nearly resembling the present, that he more than once anticipated the same unfortunate termination to his suit.

"My duty, as a subject, demands me to yield implicit obedience to my sovereign's orders."

"But what says your own heart, Count Dahl," returned the princess; "which is the strongest master, love or duty?"

"Appeal not to my heart, Eleonora, it is already smarting from a deep immedicable wound. My presumption deserved a punishment, and it has received its just reward."

"Oh, say not so, Adolphus," said the princess in a faltering voice; "do I not owe my life—the preservation of my honour, to your courage? On whom can I better bestow my person and hand, than on him who rescued me both from disgrace and misery. I place my destiny in your hands, and feel confident that you will never betray the sacred trust."

As the princess sank on his bosom—as his arms encircled all that was dear to him at that moment on earth; and he imprinted the first passionate kiss of love on the struggling lips of the loveliest of her

sex, the truth trembled on his tongue, and he was on the point of declaring his rank and the reasons which had induced him to adopt such a disguise, but used from infancy to great self control, his firmness returned, and he remained constant to his purpose, amidst a war of passions. Ill could the cast down eye and dejected mien pourtray a grief which he did not feel, as he replied :

“Dear and beyond all price, is the happiness you have offered me, lovely Eleonora—but even this inestimable pledge of your love,” he cried, pressing her hand to his lips; “cannot bribe me to become a traitor to my king.”

“What have I done?” exclaimed the princess, bursting from his arms, and casting upon him a look of mingled scorn and pity; “have I exposed the weakness of my heart to one, who makes his rejection of a daughter of the house of Brandenburg a trial of duty, and triumphs in overcoming a passion he never felt. Farewell, Count Dahl—when next we meet, it will be on very different terms !”

“I trust it will,” returned the king, trying to intercept her path as she turned haughtily from him, and bent her steps towards her own apartment.—She waved him back with an air of strong displeasure; but he succeeded in detaining her by her garments.

“Leave me not thus, Eleonora,” he cried; “tell me with the same beautiful sincerity which has ever marked our intercourse from the first auspicious moment when we met. Could you love a dishonourable character?”

The princess only struggled more vehemently to free herself from his grasp.

“A traitor to his country?”

She turned her head weeping away.

“The base and selfish supplanter of his generous friend and master? Oh, Eleonora, the sacrifice I make is indeed great—the trial may cost me many a bitter pang, but could you for a moment wish it unmade?”

The princess turned her tearful eyes on the fine countenance of her lover, and her noble and independent spirit for a moment subdued all other feelings, and she said in a firm tone :

“You have proved yourself worthy of possessing a more generous and exalted heart, than I had in my power to bestow. Mine will never own a second passion, nor will I ever acknowledge any man for my husband, whom I cannot regard with reverence and love. Farewell, brave Dahl! I absolve you from your vows forever, and sincerely hope that while pursuing the paths of glory, and enjoying the favour and esteem of your heroic king, you will forget that such a being as Eleonora of Brandenburg ever crossed your path.”

“May I perish when I do!” exclaimed the delighted Gustavus, as she vanished from his view, leaving him lost in a train of pleasing reflections,

and eagerly anticipating the hour that would enable him to throw off the mask and appear once more in his own character.

But what language shall describe the state of Eleonora's feelings, or pourtray the bitter reproaches of wounded pride. She would have sacrificed all for him—would have braved the displeasure of her father, and rejected a crown to follow the fortunes of a subject, and for his sake would have consented to become a voluntary exile from her native land—and what had he offered in return for her warm and disinterested affections. He had deemed the possession of those charms, which a monarch had considered worthy to share his throne, could not compensate for a single breach of duty towards his sovereign.

During the first burst of resentful feeling, the princess determined to accept the King of Sweden, and mortify the count by her prompt obedience to his master's wishes. But love is not so easily subdued, and she had scarcely resolved on this plan of revenge, when it was as quickly abandoned, and she was ashamed of having for a moment entertained sentiments so unworthy; and she once more determined never to give her hand to another, while her heart was solely his. “You are a loyal subject, Count Dahl,” she sighed; “but a cold wooer. There is not a knight or squire in my father's court, who would have acted with the mortifying consciousness which you have displayed tonight.”

The next morning the king was so remarkably fastidious in choosing his dress, that the page, after robing and unrobing him several times, fairly lost all patience, and exclaimed in his usual facetious manner :

“Your majesty will never be able to face the enemy again.”

“How, Eric,” returned the king, with a smile; “do you think my last night's exploit proved me such a very coward?”

“Alas, my liege! your valour would not have saved your head, if it had not been for my heels—but that adventure happened a full hour before you gave away your own brave heart in exchange for a woman's. Now, saving your august presence, I think your majesty has profited very little by the barter, seeing you have altered your mind as often as a young maid on the morning of her bridal.”

“Know you not, young squire,” returned the royal Swede, after indulging in a hearty laugh; “that I am the first monarch that ever filled the place of proxy to his bride, and surely some privileges ought to be allowed to such a bold undertaking.”

“I would have wooed and won a dozen brides,” said the arch boy, “in half the time your majesty has been employed in contemplating your royal person in the mirror, and have been better satisfied with my undertaking, than your majesty is with

your personal appearance this morning. Your shield was wont to do well enough for that purpose, and it took me just five minutes buckling on your armour before the battle of Sturm—so impatient were you for the fight, you would not suffer the enemy to wait half the time you have expended in attiring yourself to wait upon your bride. Well, heaven defend me from falling in love!"

"Thou art a silly boy, Eric," replied the king; "and know not the happiness you wish to be denied. Now, on the faith of a soldier! I have found more pleasure in winning one approving smile from the ruby lips of yon pale pensive girl, than in riding over a well fought field, when the shouts of victory were ringing in mine ears. Knowest thou not, Eric, that it is easier to win a battle than a woman's heart, where ambition guards the treasure, and the world raises the war-cry against the fulfilment of your wishes."

"But your majesty has not yet won the prize—you have staked all on a woman's love, and have not observed the retreat sounded by her resentment. What if the enemy should face about and beat you with your own weapons?"

"Explain yourself," said the king.

"By taking a vow of celibacy, and refusing the King of Sweden."

"Ha!" said the monarch; "dost thou not see that such a determination would complete my triumph? No," he continued, half checking a sigh; "I do not flatter myself by anticipating such favourable results—her parting look, so full of reproachful anger, convinced me that in idea she had already accepted the crown that my supposed rival offered her. It now rests with me to prove myself worthy of the affection she entertained for me, unprejudiced by my exalted station; and in the person of Count Dahl, discover both the king she admired and the man she loved."

As he finished speaking, a discharge of artillery and a merry peal of bells from every steeple, announced the publicity of the Swedish monarch's choice. Every street exhibited groups of happy faces, conversing over the benefits that would result from the proposed alliance with such a renowned prince. She alone, who was the theme of every tongue, the prospect of whose splendid destiny rejoiced every heart, was sad and dejected, yet remained true to her determination, since she could not marry the man she loved, to remain single, or enter upon a religious life.

When her father entered her chamber to congratulate her on her approaching union with the hero she had so long and ardently admired, his astonishment at her refusing so excellent an alliance was only equalled by his displeasure. Finding that neither entreaties nor remonstrances could induce her to alter her purpose, he gave way to the most violent indignation.

"Oh, Eleonora!" he said, pacing the apartment in great agitation; "if not for your own sake, yet for my sake, for the good of your country, abandon this fatal resolution."

"Never!" returned the princess, rising, with an air of dignity, and approaching her angry father; "what I have said, I will not depart from. Your grace has other daughters, fairer than Eleonora—let the Swedish monarch transfer his choice, I willingly resign my prior claim—but were he," she continued with vehemence; "at this moment a suppliant at my feet, I would reject his hand if I could not offer him a free and undivided heart."

"My generous, high-minded Eleonora!—thou art indeed worthy of being a monarch's bride," said the royal Swede, who had entered unobserved with Prince George, sinking on one knee before the astonished princess; "Behold Gustavus at your feet! forget the monarch—only love the man!"

Who that had beheld the sweet smile that rested on the lip of the princess, as overcome by a thousand tumultuous feelings of delight, she sank fainting on the bosom of her royal lover, would have wished recalled the brief semblance of death that wore so lovely, so serene an aspect.

Her bridegroom imprinted one long and fervent kiss on the fair brow of his unconscious bride, ere the loud cries of the populace recalled her to existence, and the names of Gustavus of Sweden and Eleonora of Brandenburg, were borne far upon the winds of heaven.

The Elector was well pleased in discovering that his guest and his illustrious son-in-law were one and the same person, and the marriage of the royal pair was celebrated without the aid of a proxy.

* The plot of this tale bears a strong resemblance to a story that appeared three years ago in the *New York Albion*. When the author states, that the story now submitted to the public, was written as far back as the year 1824, it will acquit her of the literary crime of borrowing from another.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

"CHOOSE well the wife of thy bosom," said the dying Caliph to his son, and "choose well thy wife," has been reiterated by philosophers, priests, and gray-headed experience. "Beauty is a rose, gold is dust. Be not weakly overcome by outward adornments. Examine carefully, investigate coolly, analyze minutely, and be not hasty in thy decision. If thy fair one stand the test of a chemical analysis, and prove

'wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,'

then mayest thou consult thy heart." Now this is certainly very sensible advice, but the idea of following it is, I think, absurd. The act of choosing presupposes a knowledge of a number of objects. To make choice of a wife implies, then, that a man should first become intimately acquainted, yet totally

unaffected with the charms, be the same more or less of some score of pretty women. Now I submit that he who can pass this fiery ordeal unscathed, whose heart is impermeable to such showers of missiles, whose lips, like those of his representative of the insect tribe, can sip nectar from the fairest flowers of nature's garden, as they sip their morning coffee—I repeat that he who thus

“Wanting sensibility,
Stoically sets eyes on woman,
Will be guilty of a wrong.”

He will never choose a wife, for the very obvious reason that he is not blessed with the desire of one. It is then impossible to follow directly the oft-repeated, but never to be too deeply impressed injunction, “Choose well thy wife;” for all, excepting those *rare aves* of the aforesaid butterfly genus, who seem content to ecollute their happiness, are unable, from the nature of the case, to choose, until deprived of that precious privilege. Even should the fond youth, with presumption bold, approach, balance in hand, fair maiden, the moment he throws a defect in one scale, into the other steps the boy-god, and makes it light as air; and if he weigh a merit, he is equally hoodwinked, for Cupid stands unseen upon it and sinks the beam. Love is blind, and if we think he will ever undergo beneficially the operation of couching, we deceive ourselves. What, then, is the remedy? With a blind helmsman, how can we avoid flats and keep clear of snags, as we sail down the stream of life. How can we secure the priceless treasure, the precious boon of a virtuous and intellectual woman, and escape the hazard of wedding misery? In no way, till female education is better appreciated, more universally diffused, and made equal to that of the sex. And this, while it contributes vitally to the refinements of society, and elevates the tone of social literature, will be the happy means of saving many a fine mind from ruthless and unnatural contact with the untamable temper of uncultivated woman, and prevent many a promising youth from bartering intellect for a perfect piece of clay.—*New York Mirror*.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

BY AN AMERICAN POET.

Gently, dear mother, here

The bridge is broken near thee, and below
The waters with a rapid current flow—

Gently and do not fear.

Lean on me, mother—plant thy staff before thee,
For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee,

The green leaves, as we pass,
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,

And the low forest grass

Grows green and lovely where the woodpaths wind—
Alas, for thee, dear mother, thou art blind!

And nature is all bright;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn;
And evening's dewy light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
Alas, dear mother, for thy clouded eye!

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencilled passing well;
And the swift birds on brilliant pinions flee—
Alas, dear mother, that thou canst not see!

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—
Alas, dear mother, that thou seest them not!

But thou canst hear—and love
May richly on a human tone be poured,
And the slight cadence of a whispered word
A daughter's love may prove;
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes—thou canst hear—and He,
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven, and earth, and sea!
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,
With but one sense the soul may overflow!

WILD REVENGE.

The Celtic legends, like the Celtic language, though deficient in terms of art and refinement, are peculiarly rich in the expression of the passions. Joy, grief, fear, love, hatred, and revenge, glow through many an impassioned strain, which still lingers by its original wild locality. On the shores of Mull a crag is pointed out, overhanging the sea, concerning which, there is the following tradition, which we have often thought would form no bad subject for the painter, or even the poet:—Some centuries since the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbuy, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended, with her only child, an infant then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death, but this punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of his clan, which in these feudal times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of

menials and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbuy, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood on an almost inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonised mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed, may be easily conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted on his clansman. The other replied, that the only conditions on which he would consent to the restitution were, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been ! In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to any thing if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull.—*Inverness Courier.*

TO A SLEEPING CHILD,

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on the earth ?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those heavenly veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
Oh ! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death ;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent ?
Or art thou what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream ?

A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it, at my beating heart,
Those tremors, both of soul and sense,
Awoke by infant innocence !
Though dear to the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love ;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
E'v'n on her deepest solitude :
But, lovely child ! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With scelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown ;
Glad would they be their child to own !
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they lov'd not more ;
How happy must thy parents be,
Who daily live in sight of thee !
Whose hearts no higher pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak—
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
When thy first broken words were heard !
Words that, inspired by Heaven, express'd
The transports dancing in thy breast !
As for thy smile !—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even when I gaze, are kindling now.

Oh ! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy !
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven and Heaven's God adoring !
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye ?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, ere error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim ?

Oh ! vision fair ! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee !
Vain wish ! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm ;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of paradise,
And years, so fate had order'd, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul ;
Yet sometimes sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
Oh ! sinless babe ! by God are given,
To charm the wanderer back to Heaven.

PROMPT ANSWER.

CHATEAUNEUF, keeper of the seals of Louis the Thirteenth, when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?" "My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not?"

GEOLOGY.

THE *Clockmaker* says, "I never hear of 'secondary formations' without pleasure—that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formation, for they were formed after man—and as for *trap*, if they an't up to that it's a pity."

THE HOME-SICK WIFE AND CONSOLING HUSBAND.

PART I.

It is generally, if not universally the case, that the wives and grown up daughters of settlers from Britain, who seek with the axe independence in the woods of Canada, are woefully afflicted upon their first entrance into the forest with the disease called *Homesickness*. The complaint, however, abates in proportion as their clearings enlarge, and their comforts increase. The dulcet warbling of the tuneful birds of Albion is in time forgotten, and the home-sick wife ultimately believes that there is no music on earth like—the music of the axe. These considerations suggested the following dialogue :

JENNY.

Why is the gloamin, tell me, Geordie,
Aye the time when woovers meet ;
An' mony a kind an' couthie wordie,
Baith said—an sealed wi' kisses sweet ?

GEORDIE.

'Tis 'cause its dim saft light conceals
The blush on maidens' modest cheek ;
An' night, that treads on gloamin's heels,
Aye favours trysts, that woovers seek.

JENNY.

What hae we got or gain'd by comin'
Ower the deep an roarin sea ?
Dark drearie days withoutten gloamin',*
An naething blythe to cheer the e'e.

GEORDIE.

Be cheerie, Jenny, aye be cantie,
I'm sure that better days are comin' ;
I'sc mak' ye cosie in the shanty.†
An' dawt ye weel my bonnie woman.

JENNY.

Nae mair we'll hear the kirk-bell ringin',
Nor the burnie's ripplin' din ;
Nae mair we'll hear the mavis singin'
On the bush ower Cawdor Lynn.

GEORDIE.

What though ye hear nae kirk-bell ringin',
Gude Hawkie's bell aye glads your ear ;‡
Wha at your ca', comes loupin', flingin'
Her auld daft legs high in the air.

JENNY.

Nae laverocks here sing in the lift,
Nor linties on the whinnie brae ;

* Gloamin', in Scotland, as twilight in England and the Emerald Isle, is of considerable duration, whereas in Canada, immediately as the sun goes down, we are shrouded in total darkness.

† Shanty, a small hut made of logs, covered with cloven hollow timber ; usually the first residence of settlers when they take up their abode in the woods.

‡ In new settlements where the cattle browse in the woods, a bell is appended to the neck of the oldest cow, which leads the others in ranging for food. Its sound is heard at a considerable distance, and directs those in quest of their cattle to the spot where they may be found.

O' what for Geordie, did we shift,
An change for gloom—blythe scenes like thae ?

GEORDIE.

Weel could ye sing when first I kent ye,
Then lets gie canker care the rout ;
If ye'll be laverock—I'se be lintie,
Sac wifie we'll sing sang about.

JENNY.

Thae thochts aye set my breast a thrabbin',
In troth my heart is nearly broke
To leave the laverocks—linties warblin',
An come to hear the puddocks croak.

GEORDIE.

'Tis true nae birds sing here sae weel,
Yet whiles ye hear the pairrick's drum,||
An the wee bird singin'—whup her weel,§
When drouthie puddocks ca' for rum.¶

JENNY.

Noo nae kind friends will e'er come near us,
On auld yule night or halloween ;
Though mony a weel-kent face wad cheer us,
But for the sea that rows atween.

GEORDIE.

Let nae sic dowie thochts oppress ye,
But clear your sweet an tuneful throat,
When bogles black or blue distress ye,
Aye fleg them wi' a merry note.

JENNY.

Weel I will strive to be contentit,
For ye've been gude and kind to me ;
Forbye our love's the mair cementit,
By the bairnies roun' my knee.

GEORDIE.

Thae words express—my sorrow ends—
Wi' mair delight the axe I'll swing ;
An' sure that lounies laugh portends,
That he'll yet gar the forest ring.

|| The cock partridge, during the season of incubation, is heard in a still morning at a great distance, drumming with his wings on the limb of a dead tree, from which the sportsman learns where partridges may be found in the proper season, but more frequently it leads the poacher to cause the poor bird to close his sprightly *reveller* with a doleful tattoo.

§ The distinctness with which this small bird pronounces—*Whup her Will*,—is evident to all who have heard its note.

¶ The note of the bull-frog is familiar to every Canadian ear—such as, *marche donc—De Meuron—rum-more-rum*. It is alleged that during the last war, in every place where the *De Meuron Regiment* was quartered, the frogs gradually disappeared. The Canadians affirm that the frogs, when engaged in their musical soirees, planted videttes to give notice of the approach of the enemy, and that whenever *De Meuron* was sung, or sounded, the whole of the performers instantly dived, to seek for shelter in the'r rushy and muddy fastnesses. The *De Meurons*, it appears, had a peculiar mode of cooking these little songsters.—*De gustibus non disputandum*.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE GASCON'S TALE.

BY E. L. C.

Behold her gentle, delicate and frail,
 Where all around through rifted rock and wood,
 Grim features glare, huge helmed forms obscure,
 People the living gloom.

————— lovely stands she there,
 Like a blest angel 'mid th'accurst of hell.

Rev. H. H. Milman.

You have often desired, my friend, to learn some passages of my early life, but never till now have I felt myself equal to the task of calmly reviewing and systematically detailing the incidents of that strange eventful period, wherein was combined so much of happiness, mingled with a poignancy of suffering, that can never be forgotten. Even yet, after the lapse of so many years, does that vision of my youth dwell with all the vividness of reality upon my memory—in the bosom of domestic love, in the circle of social pleasure, amidst the *empressement* of the battle field, and the harassing duties of a soldier's life, does it obtrude itself upon me, and win my thoughts from the present, to dwell again among the scenes of the past. Waking or asleep, I see around me the boundless and pathless forests of the new world—I hear the sighing of the breeze among the branches of those mighty trees, that the suns and dews of centuries have nurtured into giants.—I stand beneath their umbrageous arms, and gaze upon the painted lineaments, and the naked forms of the savages, who lurk in those deep solitudes—I see the smoke of their sacrifices arise, and start at the thrilling sound of their wild and terrible war-whoop, till the blood curdles in my veins, and it seems as if the tide of time had rolled back, and transported me again to those far off regions, isolated, and remote from the abodes of civilized man—there too, mysteriously nurtured among barbarians, one of them, but partaking not their nature—I gaze untired upon that exquisite and youthful form which

————— But away with this softening reminiscence, and let me to my tale.

a Gascon sun, chequering with light and shade the marble floor of my apartment. The luxurious refinements of wealth surround me, soft voices mingle with sweet music, the fragrance of rare plants floats on the air that cools my brow, and beside me sits my own bright Florida, my eldest born, so named for that land which gave to me my earliest, if not my only love. But her history is identified with the adventure you so earnestly desire to learn, and which, turning at once to the eventful past, I now hasten to relate.

You have heard me speak, my friend, of that little band of French Huguenots, who, some five and twenty years since, established themselves on the soil of that vast American continent, whose boundaries yet remain unknown, and whose mysterious solitudes are peopled by a race that are the terror even of the enterprising and adventurous. You have heard too of that barbarous crusade, sent out by the proud Philip of Spain, to exterminate those peaceful Huguenots from Florida, the land of their adoption; to take possession of the forts they had erected, and to establish the Catholic, when they had overthrown the Protestant, faith. Pedro Melendez, the willing emissary of his bigoted king, was the commander of the fleet sent forth on this work of destruction; and cruelly did he execute the mandate of his sovereign—for his relentless sword spared neither sex nor age, and the few who survived to carry back to France the story of their wrongs, owed their escape to flight. Those who fell not by the sword were suspended like felons from the trees, and over their devoted heads the savage Melendez placed an inscription in the Spanish tongue, bearing these words: "I do not this as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." To the shame of

The bland breezes of my native Gascony fan my cheek, while I write, and through the clustering vines that wreath my casement, steal the brilliant beams of

Charles the Ninth, he took no measures to avenge the injuries wrought by the Spaniards on his subjects, but, absorbed by his own politics and pleasures, suffered the affair to pass without notice. But the Huguenots throughout France were at once roused by the extermination of that infant colony, which they had regarded as the germ of a great nation, that should cherish and propagate their tenets on the soil of the new world; and, after many efforts they succeeded, without royal aid, in fitting out three vessels, to revenge upon the Spaniards at Florida, the wrongs they had heaped upon the French.

The Chevalier de Gourges, that brave soldier of Gascony, whose deeds have so often been the theme of our intercourse, commanded the expedition, and I, then a stripling of eighteen, together with many brave and bold hearts, accompanied him. The little armament, full of high hope and courage, reached its destination after a prosperous voyage, and succeeded in storming, one after another, the forts that the Spaniards had built and invested on the river May. It was a war of extermination that we waged, and when the walls of the last fortress lay level with the ground, and all but a handful of prisoners had fallen beneath the avenging sword, De Gourges, with a vindictive spirit that belonged not to the religion he professed, prepared to hang his helpless captives, as Melendez had done the French, suspending over them in like manner, a tablet bearing the words: "I do not this as to Spaniards, nor as to mariners, but as to traitors, robbers, and murderers." We were all witnesses, and many of us reluctant witnesses, of this scene of cruelty. For myself, I recoiled with horror from the exhibition, and turning away, I walked within the edge of the forest that swept around the point on which we stood, when a rustling among the trees caught my attention. Full of youthful daring, I advanced boldly forward, when what was my consternation to find myself surrounded by hundreds of savages, allies of the Spaniards, who were coming stealthily upon us, to revenge their destruction. How my ears tingled with horror as they uttered their wild war-cry; and when through the openings of the trees I saw De Gourges, with his followers, flying for safety to the ships, and felt that I alone was doomed to remain in the grasp of those demons, for they had seized and held me as with bonds of iron, I thought my reason would have deserted me. In vain I struggled to escape—they mocked me with fearful laughter, and when, maddened to desperation, I burst from them with more than human strength, a blow upon my temple arrested my flight, and laid me senseless on the earth.

I know not, I have never known how long I remained unconscious. When I awoke, I was lying on a couch of the softest and most fragrant moss, beneath the drooping branches of umbrageous trees, that formed a verdant canopy to shelter me. The

summer breeze made pleasant music with their leaves, blending in sweet harmony with the gushing sound of waters that murmured near. Birds of radiant plumage sang among the foliage, and butterflies, like winged flowers, poised themselves upon the fragrant blossoms that enamelled the turf, and made the air redolent with their odour. I saw no one near me, but a low, sweet, yet monotonous song, came soothingly upon my ear. I raised myself and looked abroad—dense forests, like a living wall, environed the green spot where I lay, and a rude habitation, such as I had never before seen, peeped forth from sheltering trees, above which its blue smoke curled up towards the bright clear sky. Vainly I strove to recall the past—I remembered only that I had been one among the soldiers of De Gourges, and I thought myself transported to another world. At that instant two figures issued from the door of the wigwam, as I afterwards learned to call that singular dwelling, and the sight of them awoke my dormant recollection—I had before seen those savage forms, or others that resembled them, and the fearful moment of my capture was again present to me, and all the horrors of my situation forced themselves with terrible certainty upon my mind. They passed on, those savage warriors, glancing upon me with cold stern eyes, as they glided by, and plunged into the forest depths; and sick with terror and despair, I sank back with a groan, upon my sylvan couch. Directly the murmured song was hushed—I heard a light footstep approach me, and a low quick breathing like the panting of a frightened bird—I raised my eyes, and never while consciousness survives, can the vision which then dawned upon me, fade from my remembrance.

No, my friend, I have wooed and won, and wedded since that hour, and have known happiness in my choice—but yet the fair daughter of the Gascon noble, and fair in truth she was, would have seemed beside that radiant creature of the forest, a dull and unattractive form, a piece of common clay, compared to the brilliant, ever sparkling diamond of the mine. Silently she stood beside me—the young Ascaora—a savage indeed, and arrayed in the rude habiliments of her race—yet have I dwelt in courts and princely halls, among the fairest forms of beauty, beauty enhanced by gorgeousness of dress and brilliancy of ornament; but the grace, the symmetry, the almost unearthly loveliness of that untutored maiden, were such as I had never seen before—such indeed as I have never since beheld. There she stood, her feathery tunic, dazzling with its varied and vivid hues, woven from the spoils of the bright birds that inhabited her forests, reaching to her delicate ankle, where it met the embroidered moccasins that shielded her small and beautiful foot. Her exquisite arms were wreathed with bracelets of pearly shells, and her long black hair garlanded with

flowers, flowed like a shining veil over her shoulders, shading the resplendent beauties of a throat and bust, that I have never seen equalled in perfection. The soft olive of her young and rounded cheek, was relieved by a tint delicate in its colour, as the lining of an Indian shell, and the bright crimson of the blossoms she held in her hand, were rivalled by the brilliant hue of her full lips, which parting with a timid smile, disclosed teeth dazzling as orient pearls. I had no wish, no power to move, but lay gazing in silent wonder on the beautiful being before me, while, with her large lustrous eyes fixed earnestly on mine, she murmured a few low words, in a language unknown to me, and plucking from her hair a cluster of dewy buds, she dropped them with a smile upon my breast. I received gratefully the fragrant offering, and then in the rapid utterance of earnest entreaty, implored her to tell me into whose hands I had fallen, and whether I was hopelessly separated from my countrymen. She wore a look of alarm while I was speaking, shook her head to intimate that she did not comprehend me, and then casting a furtive look around, addressed me in a cautious tone, and in broken, almost unintelligible Spanish.

Hurried and imperfect as was her language and her detail, I gathered from it the following particulars, that tended little towards promoting the composure of my mind, or the convalescence of my body. She bade me still to feign illness, even if I felt it no longer, as for the present my life depended on my seeming helplessness—that I was in the power of a warlike tribe of Indians, of whom her father was the chief—that they were sworn friends to the Spanish, with whom they had long been in habits of traffic, and were consequently so much enraged at their destruction, that they resolved to wreak their vengeance upon any of my countrymen whom they should capture, and were looking forward impatiently for my recovery, when it was their design to put me to death with the most horrible and torturing of their ceremonies. As I listened to this recital, my harassed and agonized feelings burst forth in bitter exclamations; and, frenzied at the knowledge of my almost hopeless condition, I started from my resting place, and would have rushed madly forth, had not the Indian girl, with gentle, yet resistless force, detained me.

"Ascaora will save thee," she cried; "trust in her, and the son of the stranger shall not die."
I know not what magic dwelt in her voice, her smile, in the soft and timid pressure of her small brown hand, but I yielded with childlike docility to their power, and sank back passively upon my mossy pillow. She then informed me that in a few days the warriors of her tribe were to set off on a hunting excursion, that would detain them for a week or two, and that my sacrifice was to be deferred till their return, unless my speedy recovery enabled

them to immolate me before their departure. That, in order to prevent this, I must, as she had desired, avoid giving any symptom of convalescence, but appear as I had done, helpless and regardless of all around me. I should then be left unguarded and in the charge of women, and when the warriors were gone, she would find some means to liberate me, and conduct me to the country of Olocatara, which bordered on her own, and who was king of a powerful tribe, in amity with my people. I started at that name, for well was that wise and gentle savage known to the company of De Gournes—frequent had been his intercourse with them, and I felt assured, if I could gain his protection, that my safety and restoration to my friends, if they still remained on the continent, was secured. Cheered by these hopes, and trusting, as I ever strove to do, in the care of an overruling Providence, I became calm and even resigned. But I was under no necessity of feigning illness, for fever was revelling in my veins, and with the slightest effort, my brain reeled, and wild and strange images floated before my sight. In truth, I felt that I was on the very verge of delirium, the effect, in part, of the violent blow I had received, combined with my excited state of feeling, and I shuddered to think of the fate that might befall me, should I become the victim of hopeless insanity.

There were moments when I forgot my own identity—when my disordered imagination converted the lofty trunks of the forest trees into the pillars of some majestic temple, of which the blue vault, seen through the green tracery of the overarching boughs, seemed to me the bright and gorgeous dome. Ascaora was to me the divinity of this resplendent abode, and myself a potent prince, who held broad sway over the things of earth. Then would throng darker thoughts, and images replete with horror—every tree was an animated form, that stretching forth its armed hands, menaced me with death. The winds, as they moaned through the forest, mocked me like the voices of fiends, and even the sweet and birdlike song of the gentle Indian maiden, I listened to as the spell of a wily syren luring me to destruction. Then with what witchery she soothed me—a witchery known but to woman—yes, even to savage woman, enlightened only by the instincts of nature, no less than to her whom education has refined, and Christianity with its hallowing influences purified and exalted. Day after day passed on, and still that shape of beauty hovered near me—that kind hand ministered to my wants, and with simple and untaught wiles, she strove to amuse and divert my restless and impatient mood—she sung to me the thrilling strains of her country, while her slender fingers wove with inimitable skill the embroidered belts and moccasins which were to adorn the chiefs and warriors of her tribe—or she brought the beautiful birds and animals, that, at-

tracted by her gentle nature, she had won to quit their forest haunts, and dwell in familiar companionship with her, and displayed with fond pleasure their brilliant plumage or richly mottled coats. Sometimes, with a band of sister maidens, she led the wild and fanciful dances of her country—or each one came with a quiver of arrows at her back, and with the grace and skill of the forest huntress, struck in quick succession the distant mark at which she aimed.

But oftener she sat alone beside me, and I grew fond of the employment of watching her. I loved to behold the grace of her airy motions, to gaze upon the ever changing beauty of her face, and to read in her imperfect utterance, the purity and innocence of a mind, that wanted only cultivation to bring forth its intellectual wealth, and render it as brilliant, as it now was tender and beautiful. She instructed me in her language, and the facility with which I learned, astonished and delighted her. In return, I strove to enlighten her on the great truths of Christianity, and the joy, the wonder with which she listened to me, her earnest entreaties to know more, and the deep gratitude with which, in her own simple phrase, she thanked God for his great goodness, and expressed her love for the beneficent Saviour, affected me to tears. Then it was that I cherished a fond chimera, and every hour the purpose and the hope gained strength, to bear this sweet forest flower with me to my European home, to shelter her in my bosom, and procure for her all those aids of civilized life, which might serve to unfold the hidden treasures of her intellect, and ripen them to that excellence and perfection, which would not fail to enhance her happiness, and constitute my own. Incessantly this purpose grew upon me, and it inspired my mind with a degree of energy and elasticity, that seconded the efforts of nature for my recovery. I felt my nerves strung with new vigour, and the glow of returning health mantled on my cheek, though still at times my brain was confused, and darting pains rendered me often incapable of raising my head from its pillow. When night approached, I was always removed to a couch of skins within the wigwam, but with the first breath of early morning, the care of Ascaora, caused me to be placed upon the fragrant bed of moss, where I had found myself when first awaking to consciousness.

Hard was it to remain passive, when my pulses throbbed with renovated life and health, but the remonstrances, and touching entreaties of my gentle attendant, could not be resisted; besides, I was daily reminded of the danger of betraying my recovered strength, for often dark forms stalked sternly past me, or paused to look with fierce joy upon my motionless features. Then, though my blood boiled, and I longed to leap up in mad defiance of my savage foe, how was I constrained to forbearance, as through my half closed eyelids, I

saw the cheek of Ascaora grow pale with emotion; and her soft eyes bent with intense anxiety upon me. Then would they pass on and leave me still in the care of women—eager to glut their hatred, but desirous first, that every faculty of their victim should be alive to the tortures they intended to inflict. Little knew they what master spirits were at that moment struggling in my breast—nor what strength dwelt in that arm, what vigour in that frame, which they deemed helpless and fragile as a woman's.

The morning at length arrived when the band of hunters was to depart—none were to be left but the aged men and females, with some young men to assist in guarding the prisoner. It is impossible to describe the joy with which I saw the dark band of savages gathering for their departure. Their hideous array, their fierce disfigured faces, the rattling of their well filled quivers, the glancing of their murderous tomahawks, presented a scene such as fancy never before portrayed, and which memory never can forget. One by one they walked around me, mocking my pretended imbecility, and as the last dusky form followed his companions, a yell of triumph burst with horrible dissonance upon the air, and was answered with startling distinctness by the thousand echoes of the dense and mighty forest. Then they departed, and my straining eye watched their retiring figures; till they were lost among the green recesses of the wilderness, and my aching ear listened intently, till the distant tramp of their feet sank into silence, and the sound of crashing boughs no longer burst like the report of fire arms upon the still and cloudless atmosphere. My heart swelled with intense emotion, and I turned and looked upon Ascaora, who had glided to my side, and stood alone near me. There was a smile of tender triumph on her lip, a brighter glow on her young cheek, as she bent her loving eyes on mine with a soft and earnest gaze, a thousand times more eloquent than words. I stretched forth my hand and drew her towards me—none were around us, and she resisted not my effort—but I felt her heart beat tumultuously as I whispered words of love, and told her of the joy and affection that awaited her in my far off and happy home.

"Thou wilt be mine, gentle maiden," I murmured; "the companion of my flight from this wilderness, where it is not meet thy peerless beauty should lie hidden."

"Fair stranger," she answered, in a hushed and tremulous voice; "the pathway of Ascaora's life must be dark, if not brightened by the light of thy love. Wherever thou ledest, her step shall follow; even this night we will begone—they dream not that thou hast strength for flight, and we may depart unwatched. The country of Olocatara is not far distant, and I have sent to him a trusty messenger, to warn him of our coming. He will give us welcome

and shelter, for the people of thy nation are his brothers, and there we may abide till the white winged vessels come to bear us over the broad waters, to thy home."

Pardon me, my friend, that I dwell with such minuteness on this eventful period of my life. Its slightest details are written in indelible characters upon my heart, and every trivial circumstance connected with that wild and exquisite being, is woven like threads of gold into the strange history of the past.

Midnight came, and all was hushed around—I lay upon my bed of skins within the wigwam, waiting to hear the light step of Ascaora, who was to summon me at the appointed time. None dreamed that I had power to fly, and as no fears were entertained, all had yielded to sleep. Higher and higher climbed the moon, till her vertical rays streamed through the narrow crevices in the roof of the slight tenement that sheltered me, and yet the maiden came not—I feared she had repented of her purpose, and at that thought, my brain seemed on fire; but I forcibly repressed the strong emotions which I trembled to awake, and closing my eyes I lay resigning myself to my fate, and silently asking of a God submission to his will. The sudden clasp of a small soft hand aroused me—I started up, and the maiden stood beside me, pressing her finger in silence on her lip. Motioning me to follow, she raised a skin which hung before the entrance of the wigwam, serving for a door, and glided noiselessly forth among the dark shadows of the trees. Casting a hasty glance around, she commenced her flight—almost instantly emerging from the forest, crossing a green prairie, and plunging down a steep and wooded bank to the borders of a broad and rapid river, that lay in the clear moonlight, like an unrolled sheet of burnished silver, between the stately trees that bordered it on either side. How my heart beat, as with an unsteady, yet rapid step, I followed the sylph-like figure of my agile and beautiful guide. With what graceful celerity she bounded forward, sometimes pausing for a backward glance, and then, like a bird whose wing has for a moment faltered, renewing her onward flight with almost incredible swiftness. Brief had been the time consumed in gaining the river's brink, for besides the fear of detection from those we left behind, beasts of prey filled the forest with their terrible cries, and our only chance of safety was in gaining the river before they should have scented out their victims. Exhausted by exertion, to which of late I had been so little habituated, I would have sunk down upon the turf for a moment's rest, but the maiden saw my purpose, and grasping my arm, drew forth from among the reeds a small canoe, into which we both sprang, and in another instant were floating over the tranquil bosom of the stream. Ascaora took the paddles, and her small and delicate hands, that

looked as if a feather's weight were sufficient for their strength, wielded them with a skill and vigour that sent our little bark skimming like a bird over the waves. Warily the maiden kept within the deep shadows of the trees that fringed the shore, lest some midnight prowler should observe and intercept our flight, and it was not till our boat had doubled many headlands of the broad still river, that a feeling of security crept over me, and my heart bounded with the joy of recovered freedom.

Then it was, that for the first time since our flight commenced, Ascaora broke the silence that like a spell had chained her lips. As I lay upon the bottom of the canoe, with my head pillowed on her lap, my gaze fixed on the starry heavens, and my heart swelling with that deep devotion, which, at the shrine of nature, kindles with such intensity towards its great and glorious author, she bent over me and softly called upon my name. Those sweet and whispered sounds, fell, in the midst of that profound hush, like the voice of a spirit on my ear, and starting up, I turned and gazed earnestly upon her. On the still wings of my unuttered prayer, I had been bearing her up to heaven, and as I now looked upon her radiant face, beaming with the soul's pure light, I felt that my supplications for her would be heard and answered—that, gentle and pure as she was, she needed but the revelation of God's word to enlighten her, His grace to elevate and perfect the nature, which, even amid the darkness and abominations of savage life, had remained guileless and unharmed. I had often, as I have before said, spoken to her on subjects connected with the Christian's faith and hope, and she had listened to me with avidity, but so brief and infrequent were our opportunities for intercourse, that my instructions were necessarily scanty and limited, and I looked forward with strong desire to that hour, when, in a Christian land, I might be permitted to see the symbol of our holy faith placed upon the young brow of my precious convert, and to know that its truths had awakened conviction in her mind, and won a glad consent from her reason and her heart. But I grow too diffuse, and the recital that I had hoped to compress within a sheet, is swelling to a bulky manuscript. Let me be brief, for my melancholy tale draws to a conclusion, and I wish not to linger over its sad *dénouement*.

Ascaora now informed me that our voyage would speedily terminate, as by an Indian messenger, who a few days previous had been the bearer of tidings from Olocatara to her father, Tekultha, she had sent back word of my captivity, and of our intended flight; and requested that powerful king to receive and protect us. Moreover she had desired him to send a deputation of his warriors to meet us at the "Brook of Oaks," which was midway between the two countries, that they might conduct us on the rest of our way in safety. She ended with saying

she had no doubt of the messenger's fidelity, nor that the desired escort was already awaiting us at the place appointed. This communication which, lest something might occur to defeat our hopes, Ascaora had before withheld from me, was listened to with joyful interest. It seemed a confirmation of our freedom—danger was surely at an end—every bound of our flying vessel carried us nearer to the goal of our promise, and once under the protection of Olocatara and his warriors, our safe conduct to rejoin the company of De Gourges, who it was rumoured still lingered on the coast, would be a matter of little or no difficulty.

In that moment of deep and heartfelt joy, with what fervour did I breathe my gratitude to the great giver of life for his protecting care; with what glowing words did I bless that bright forest maiden for all her tenderness, and how pure and holy were the emotions, with which I vowed to cherish her ever in my bosom, and live for her happiness, as she had done for mine, in the deep recesses of her wild and savage home. How beautiful was the look of grateful love which in return she lavished upon me; and when I added, that if even now she grieved to quit the sylvan haunts of her childhood, my hand, fondly as it longed to clasp hers through life, should not tear her thence—how touching was the tenderness, the maiden modesty, with which she made reply. There are lovely traits in woman's nature, beautiful instincts in her heart, wherever she may dwell, but never have I seen them developed with such power and beauty as in the character of the gentle Ascaora. Softly she bent her head towards me, and in a low sweet tone, answered in her own peculiar and figurative dialect:

"Brother, should'st thou depart and leave her, Ascaora would be like the flower that droops its head when the warm sun no longer smiles upon it. The rains and the dews shed no joy upon it—the bee visits it in vain, and the song of the bird awakes it not to beauty—slowly it withers, and if the glory that it loves woo it not back to life, it perishes, and ceases to mingle its fragrance with the odour of its sister blossoms. Understandest thou my words? Thy dark eyed maiden is that flower, and she exists only in the light of thy love—let it be shed ever upon her—even in that far off land to which her steps will follow thine, and no blight shall fall upon the blossom of her life, till the Great Spirit gathers it to bloom in the fair fields of the sweet South West."

Scarcely had she uttered these words, when we were startled by the sound of other oars mingling with the dash of our own. Wildly Ascaora looked around, while she guided her canoe still nearer to the shore, hoping to escape observation beneath the thick boughs that overhung the water. As for me, coward that I was, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, a cold dew stood upon my forehead, and

the warm current of my blood, that an instant before had coursed with such vehemence through my veins, now seemed to congeal in masses of ice around my heart. Silently and with a rigid finger, I pointed to a single canoe that shot round a small headland into the broad flood of moonlight that silvered the middle of the stream. It was crowded with Indians, and as with dilated eyes we gazed upon them, their plumed heads and savage ornaments, glancing and glittering in the moonbeams, we saw that they were part of that band of hunters, with Takaltha at their head, on whose absence our fate, depended. Another and another boat now rounded the headland, and breathlessly we crouched within our little bark, hoping, but ah! how vainly, that our concealment was secure. Their acute sense had caught the squalor of our oars, and neither the silence of the grave, nor its "Cimmerian darkness," could have protected us from their eagle glance. The white edges of our canoe, formed of the silvery bark of the birch, betrayed our lurking place, and instantly the first boat, in the bow of which stood the fierce Takaltha, darted upon us like an enraged animal upon its prey. His cry of savage triumph, was echoed by all his followers, and never shook the walls of Pandemonium with more horrible and fiendish sounds, than those that on this fearful night rung through the wooded shores of that lonely and beautiful river. The chief himself, might well have been mistaken for the prince of darkness; around his neck was wreathed the body of an enormous serpent, that he had slain during the day—its head thrown over one shoulder, and from the livid jaws, protruded the red and poisonous fangs that had been thrust forth in fury against its assailant—such an adornment, added to the natural ferocity of his aspect, and scowling with rage and hatred, on he came, brandishing a massive club, as though to deal upon his victims instant death, and backed by his terrible band, shouting with wild and savage fury. Idle would have been all show of resistance, and with a heart quailing before the horrors of the scene, I stood clasping the hand of Ascaora, and passively awaiting my doom. Not so the noble Indian girl—passionately she urged me to fly. "Thou knowest not how fearful are their cruelties," she said; "let us flee to the forest, and we may yet reach the country of Olocatara—or if we perish by savage beasts, let it be so—their fangs are less terrible than the wrath of Takaltha."

"Can the kite flee, with the talons of the eagle in her breast," thundered the stern voice of the chief, as with our feet raised to spring upon the bank, he leaped from his canoe and grasped the shrinking form of the maiden fiercely in his arms. "Shame to thy race!" he exclaimed; "speedily shall thy eyes feast upon the blood of the pale face, and then thy own shall flow, to wash away the stain thou hast cast upon the name of Takaltha. Yes,

son of the stranger, the flame of the sacrifice that shall consume thee, will ere long be kindled, and our warriors shall dance to the music of thy death groans, while thou dost expire in torments. Thou hast thought to deceive the red men of the forest, but thou shalt find that the fox is more wary than the jackall, and when the scorching fire has seared the flesh from thy bones, thy naked skull shall be the drinking cup of Takaltha's race forever."

The instructions I had received from Ascaora enabled me to understand his words, and he turned away with a mocking laugh, for he saw they were not lost upon me. But a sharper pang of agony, than even that awakened by the certainty of my fearful fate, shot through my heart, when I saw that gentle maiden borne from me, and felt that through my unhappy means she was doomed in the early bud of her beautiful and tender youth, to a cruel and untimely death. Two savages immediately approached me, and pinioned my hands and feet with green withes, that, tightly drawn as they were, produced a sensation of the most agonizing pain. In that state, I was laid in the bottom of one of the canoes, while the barbarians kept watch over me, rendering the still and balmy air with their fiendish yells and outcries. But great as was the physical suffering I endured while in that situation, it was scarcely heeded amid the intenser mental pangs that drove me almost to insanity. How the bright skies in their calm and starry beauty, the soft moon with her pure and passionless face, as they looked quietly down upon me, seemed to mock the tumultuous warring of my mind! In what strange contrast came the sighing of the gentle breeze through the broad and leafy forests, to the wild tempest of thought and feeling, that swayed as with a whirlwind's might the chafed and heaving billows of my soul! All the fond and tender memories of the past crowded into that brief point of my existence—my father's smile, my mother's kiss, the playful caresses of my young sisters, the thousand associations of home, of childhood's and youth's cherished and remembered pleasures! And I was to know them no more—to perish by the hands of savages—to have even my ashes lie unburied, and my bones left to bleach in the trackless forests of a distant and almost unknown world. Then past in review, the few strange weeks of my captivity, and I wept—yes, when the images of home and parents left my eyes tearless—yet, I wept as I thought of the young Indian girl, and her sad and early doom. It was not till then, that I felt how potent was the spell she had cast around me—how pure and deep the homage that my heart had offered to her innocence and beauty, or that I was conscious how fondly, and how constantly I had permitted myself to blend her bright and gentle image with every plan and hope for the future—and now this fairy fabric of bliss was suddenly, and oh! how fearfully dissolved, and

death, in his most horrid form, stood like a grim spectre on its ruins.

The first rays of the sun were just glancing over the forests, when the Indians moored their canoes beneath a high bank, on the summit of which a cluster of dwellings indicated the location of a village—it was indeed the same from which we had made our escape, but a more central and populous portion of it. I was immediately raised upon the shoulders of the savages and bore up the ascent, and in defiance of pain and exhaustion, my eyes roved restlessly round in search of Ascaora. There I beheld her, not bound like myself, but led forward by her relentless father, like a guileless lamb to the sacrifice, and as her tearful glance met mine, a faint, but sweet and patient smile struggled on her full ripe lip. On they bore me, and my heart sank at the thought that I should see her no more. No more! what pathos in those words! what a touching knell to sound forth the brief and perishable nature of earth's fondest and most cherished joys. My conductors carried me on to a deep glen, and there, in a small area enclosed by high pointed rocks, which well served for the walls of a natural prison, they cast me rudely down upon the stony earth, and fastened me by strong cords, woven from the fibres of plants, to a stake driven into the ground. Vigilantly they guarded me—but they knew naught of that spell, which had I been left fetterless and free as air, would have chained me to their forest, so long as the fate of that gentle maiden, whom I had involved in my unhappy doom, remained unfixed.

During the day they brought me food of a quality unknown to me, but I rejected it with loathing, and asked for water, which my feverish palate craved. At first it was unfeelingly denied, but I ceased not to entreat them, for I was burning with thirst, and it was at length granted to my pressing importunities. They told me by signs, that on the coming morning I was to die, and strange were my sensations, as I looked upon the grey rocks and the feathery foliage of the trees that overtopped them, and watched the rays of the setting sun tingling the tender green of their leaves with burnished gold, and thought that I beheld these natural objects, which I had ever loved so well, for the last time—that when another sun should have set upon earth, my spirit would have passed beyond the boundaries of time, and entered that unseen world, whose mysteries flesh may never know, and whose joys so far surpass the dim and imperfect conceptions of the human heart. The day was one of feverish restlessness—the fears and hopes of earth still held sway over me, keeping me in bondage—but as the shadows of evening fell gently around me, calmer and more hallowed thoughts descended like the soft dews of night upon my soul. The Indians kindled huge watch fires, to fright the beasts of prey, and till morning dawned kept up their wild orgies with

frightful noise and violence. But they disturbed me not; my soul was pluming her wings for another world, and striving by self examination and close communion with her maker, to prepare herself for that flight which was to bear her to the presence of the Invisible. Through all the watches of that long and solemn night, fervent were my supplications for pardon and support—for humble submission, and perfect trust in Him through whom we are saved, and that gracious ear which is never closed against the prayer of faith and contrition, heard and answered me. Strength descended upon me from the fountain of all strength and wisdom, and never perhaps shall I be more willing or prepared to enter the presence of my God, than I was in those hours, which I then doubted not, were to be my last upon earth. As the night advanced towards dawn, the wild din of the savages grew fainter and fainter, and then my exhausted nature sought repose in sleep—but it was not of long duration—the grasp of fierce hands awakened me, my bonds were loosened, and I was led forth among a multitude of wild and horrible figures, at the head of whom stalked in savage majesty, the chief Takaltha—and if I had thought him terrible as a demon on the preceding night, not less unearthly looked he to me now, disfigured as he was by paint and deep incisions cut in various forms, in every part of his almost naked body. The skins of serpents, mottled and striped, were wreathed as bracelets around his arms and legs, intermixed with gaudy beads and other gewgaws, that had been obtained in traffic with the Spaniards. An eagle's plume was the only graceful ornament he wore, and to complete the wildness of his barbarous costume, a skin of the prairie buffalo, to which the horns still adhered, adorned his shoulders, and gave him a close resemblance to the fierce animal he had robbed of its covering. Thus attended, I was conducted to a distant eminence, on the summit of which a quantity of green fuel heaped round a stake, indicated the place where I was doomed to suffer. There was I bound, and then with shouts and insulting gestures, the savage throng began to perform around me the war dance of their tribe.

God alone supported me in that fearful hour, when nature looked with shuddering on the torments prepared for her. But terrible as was to be my passage to eternity, I felt that it would be brief, and though in the spirit's agony I uttered the prayer of my Saviour, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," yet thanks be to God, I was also enabled to add with sincerity and fervour, "not my will but thine be done." One only earthly wish still dwelt within my heart—to behold yet again, if but for a brief instant, that gentle being to whose sweetness my heart had mysteriously and fondly linked itself, and who had ever seemed to possess so few sympathies in common with the rude race, among whom she had been nurtured. Anxiously

I cast my eyes over the dusky throng of barbarians, that with strange and grotesque gestures shouted, and leaped, and danced, around me. Woman was there in all the glory of her savage beauty; innocent childhood, and tender infancy receiving on the unwritten pages of their souls, early and indelible lessons of revenge and cruelty. But the fair form and bright face of Ascaora met not my gaze, and sad as was the feeling that I must die without beholding her, yet was it softened by the thought, that her tender and devoted heart would be spared the pang of witnessing, without the power of averting my sufferings.

I had done then with the vain hopes, the fleeting pageantries of earth, and bending my head upon my breast, I prayed that I might not falter in this last moment of trial—but that with more than savage courage, even with the high and holy hope of the Christian, I might encounter death. Suddenly there was silence around me—a pause in the orgies of the mad revellers, and as I looked forth to learn its cause, the crowd parted in the centre, and I started, as I beheld Takaltha, leading forward the sweet maiden of my love. She was decked as for a bridal, with chains of minute pearly shells encircling her neck, and clasping her beautiful arms and ankles. Her head was crowned with a snow white plume, and a feathery cloak of the same unsullied hue, floated from her graceful shoulders. Her step was timid and faltering, and her eyes bent fixedly upon the earth. Once or twice the chief addressed her, when she clasped her small hands earnestly together and shook her head with a gentle yet decided gesture. As they advanced nearer towards me, she looked up, our eyes met, a sudden rush of crimson suffused her face, and with a faint cry, she stretched her arms towards me, and struggled to free herself from the rigid grasp of Takaltha. But forcibly he held her back; with frantic vehemence he addressed her, and plucking from his girdle a short knife of Spanish form and workmanship, he pointed it with threatening gestures at her heart. She recoiled not, but my sensations were like those of a chained lioness, chafed to madness by beholding her young slain before her sight. Forgetful of the cords that confined me, I strove to bound towards her, and the forests echoed with the voice of my agony, as I called upon her name. Still she struggled to flee to me, but the strong hand of the savage restrained her, and with loud and angry words, that now were audible to my sharpened sense, bade her, 'if she would save her own life, dance around the pale face, and chant the song of sacrifice, while the flame was kindling to consume him.' Steadily she refused, though to save that young life, I cried aloud and joined my entreaties to those of her savage sire. But still she resisted, and still he urged her to the act. In vain she wept, she knelt, she raised her eloquent face with pleading beauty to his stern and

swarthy visage; he spurned her rudely from him, and with his own hand snatching a burning brand from an unextinguished watchfire, he darted furiously forward and cast it among the combustibles that were strewn around me. Slowly they ignited, for with a refinement of cruelty in which these barbarians excel, they had mingled green fuel profusely with the lighter materials of the pile, in order thereby to prolong and heighten my sufferings; but long before the flame was kindled, the blue smoke curled up, and involved my person in its thin and vapoury wreaths.

At that sight, Ascaora became frantic. She uttered a wild and piercing cry—such a cry! it thrilled through every fibre of my frame, and since that hour how often has it sounded in my ears. In solitude and in crowds, in the dark hour of midnight, in the broad clear light of the sunny noon I have heard it—like the shrill blast of a trumpet it has startled me from sleep, and my cheek has paled at the ringing sound, when all the horrors of the battle field were powerless to blanch its healthful hue. With the bound of a young fawn, she sprang towards me—she darted through the eddying smoke that encircled me, and in another instant would have been within my clasping arms—for in the agony of my soul I had burst the bands that confined them—when the giant hand of Takaltha plucked back her fragile form with words of burning rage—

“Die!” he said, “the eyrie of Takaltha shall no longer shelter the treacherous eaglet of his race!”

I saw the gleaming steel raised high in air, it flashed before my eyes, and the father’s hand buried it deep in the bosom of his innocent child. Oh! blessed religion of Jesus! how has thy benign influence purified and softened the rugged heart of man, and elevated the sweetest and holiest affections of his nature—to thee we owe all that is most precious in our earthly joys, and the bright and glorious hopes centered in the futurity which thou hast revealed to us. The maiden staggered as the fatal blow descended, then with the latest effort of her strength, sprang forward and fell upon my breast. “Ascaora comes to die with thee,” she murmured; “to go with thee to that Saviour whom thou lovest,” her voice faltered, her breath grew short and quick, for the blood trickled faster and faster from her wound, and turning her dying eyes, those soft and speaking eyes, tenderly upon me, she laid her head upon my breast and expired. Let me not speak of the feelings with which I had gazed upon this dreadful and affecting scene—it would madden me to recall them. There I now stood, still and breathless, straining with a clasp that a giant’s strength could not have unloosed, that lifeless maiden to my heart. I heeded not the slowly rising flames, the blinding smoke, the tumult and the din around. Passion was dead within me, and every desire and hope concentrated in the one joyful

thought, that in a few brief moments we should again be reunited in that bright region where no clouds ever darken the horizon, and where pain, and fear, and man’s vindictive rage, would never come to mar our pure and perfect bliss.

While thus I stood, borne on the wings of prayer up to the throne of the Almighty, there was a sudden hush of the tumultuous throng—and then with startling abruptness, burst forth the loud tremendous war-whoop of some advancing foe. Far and wide, and deep, and terrible, it rang through the dense forests, while the crashing as of a thousand trees, told, that come from whence they would, they came in power and might. Takaltha sounded his war-whoop in reply, and strove to rally his warriors, but unprepared for the attack, they fled in dismay, shouting “Olocatara! Olocatara!” At that name I felt that freedom was at hand; but still I stood, for I had looked death so closely in the face, that life had become almost a matter of indifference to me! On came that rushing host, darkening the air with their arrows, and brandishing their rude weapons with wild and warlike fury. Like a mighty whirlwind scattering the withered leaves of autumn, they drove the followers of Takaltha before them, and hastily ascending the eminence, tossed to the four winds the blazing combustibles that surrounded me, and which in another instant would have wrapped my devoted person in a mantle of devouring flames. Then advanced a noble specimen of manly beauty, an Apollo of the wilderness, and severed the cord that bound me. I recognized in him the savage prince with whom the Chevalier De Gourgues had held friendly and frequent intercourse, and to whose protection I was flying with the ill-fated Ascaora, when our progress was so suddenly arrested. Briefly and gratefully I thanked him, but even recovered life and freedom failed, in an instant, to draw back my thoughts and affections to the earth, from which I had been enabled so entirely to wean them. Silently I sunk upon the ground, still holding on my bosom the tender form of that murdered maiden, and clasping her with a rigid embrace closely to my heart. Olocatara looked upon me with pitying eyes, and addressed me in a jargon of French, gathered from my countrymen, intermixed with the barbarous dialect of his own uncouth language—but I had become so familiar with the expressive signs of those untaught people, that I easily comprehended him. At his earnest entreaty I roused myself to explain to him the terrible circumstances of the maiden’s death, and when I ended he intimidated by a fierce look and a corresponding gesture, that vengeance should speedily be taken for the atrocious deed. He then proposed that we should bury her, before our departure, and to this I gladly assented; and selecting a quiet spot beneath the branches of a spreading beech, I laid her on the turf, and knelt down beside her body, to look my

last upon that still and exquisite face, while the red warriors scooped out her narrow grave. I cut from her beautiful head a tress of raven hair, which I still cherish next my heart, and then we laid her in her lonely grave, and my hand composed the garments over her blood-stained bosom, while my tears, and I shame not to say it, fell fast upon her lifeless features. The green sods were heaped above her, and there I trust her sacred dust still sleeps undisturbed, while the sighing of the forest breeze sings a sweet and perpetual requiem over the place of her repose; and often, often does my spirit haunt that distant mound, within whose hallowed breast moulders the once radiant form of the loved and loving Indian girl.

It were useless, even had I language, to describe the feelings with which I left that spot—time has not weakened their bitter remembrance, but they belong to that class of emotions, with which none may sympathize, or intermeddle. Before our departure, I learned from Olocatara that we had been betrayed into the power of Takaltha, by the Indian messenger whom Ascaora had entrusted with our purpose of escape. But, having been refused the reward, promised by Takaltha to his treachery, he through revenge, had determined to save us, and accordingly hastened to inform Olocatara of our capture, and urge him to flee with his warriors to our rescue. Prompted by a wish to serve one of my nation, and also by his hereditary hatred towards the ferocious Takaltha, the fierce "Buffalo of the Forest," as he was called, Olocatara summoned his warriors and marched against his foe, in time to snatch me from a fearful death, though too late to save the innocent victim of a father's rage. I have but little more to add—Olocatara, with his barbarian host, remained to fight the hostile tribe of Takaltha, who, recovered from their panic, were again rallying in their strength, and raising within the shelter of the forest, their war cry of defiance. But attended by a strong escort of armed and gigantic savages, I was conducted through the wide wilderness, and along the rivers, to the coast. There we found De Gourges and his followers, lingering among the ruins of Fort May, till their vessels should have received some necessary repairs. They welcomed me as one risen from the dead, and listened with eager curiosity and wonder to the few details which I was able to give them of my wild adventures. But the strange vicissitudes through which I had passed, the extraordinary excitement of my mind, and the severe injury that still affected my head, united to bring upon me a violent disease, that overthrew my reason, and threatened to terminate my life. Fortunately, De Gourges had in his company a skillful leech, and to him, under Providence, am I probably indebted for my recovery. Yet for a long period my brain was terribly affected, and it was not till the ocean had been passed, and the gentle influences

of home soothed my spirit, that I awoke to a recollection of the fearful past.

But that past has thrown its sombre and unnatural colouring over my whole life. I have been happy as a husband, and shed tears of unfeigned and tender sorrow over the tomb of a chaste and virtuous wife. As a father, I am richly blest in the affection and docility of my children, especially in the devoted love of my daughter, my fond and beautiful Florida, in whose smile I have ever fancied I could trace a resemblance to that of the bright forest maiden, whose history I have now told. Yet never, never, in all the vicissitudes of my after years, have such emotions agitated me, so profound, so intense, so full of the first passionate feelings of a young and untried heart, as those that had birth in the wild forests of America, and which to recall, even at this long interval of time, seems to unloose my intellect from its moorings, and open, as with a magic wand, the secret cells of the soul's cherished and long hidden memories.

I can hardly account for my shrinking and enduring sensitiveness on this subject, and am compelled to believe, either, that my brain, never having recovered from the shock so long ago inflicted on it, presents before my mind in too vivid colouring, the strange tale of my wanderings in the wilderness, and deepens to acuteness the impressions then received—or I have been for years the prey of a diseased and morbid sensibility, indulged to an excess that has robbed me of the power to enjoy, as I should have done, the blessings of a bountiful Providence, and the daily occurrences of a calm and happy life. You are young, my friend, and if this has been my error, be warned by it to guard in early youth, against the over excitement of passion, or of sentiment, for both are at variance with true enjoyment, and with the gentle spirit of that religion whose fruits are peace and love.

Montreal.

SOUNDS CAUSED BY ELECTRICITY.

Mr. SELLIER had found it sufficient to place an electric diamond upon a pane of glass in order to produce sounds. When a well polished sewing needle, suspended from a hair, is placed in a glass bowl filled with an acid sulphate of copper, the bowl crackles, even after the needle has been withdrawn and the liquid poured out. Small currents of common electricity become perceptible to the ear by means of a wheaten straw struck upon a drum of vegetable paper.

DECEPTION.

ALL deception in the course of life is indeed nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.

NORTH AMERICAN FOREST.

WE take the following wild and eloquent description of the autumnal changes in America, from an extract from Neal's "Brother Jonathan," published in an English work, entitled, "Rejected Articles."

"The autumnal beauty of a North American forest cannot be exaggerated. It is like nothing else on earth. Many a time have we gone through it; slowly tilting over a pretty blue lake, there, among the hills; our birch canoe dipping with every motion of the paddle—the waters beneath us—all the mountains about—all—unknown to the world—in a solitude—a quiet profound as death—and bright as heaven; the shores overhung with autumnal foliage; and a sky so wonderful—so visionary—that all the clouds, and all the mountains were of a piece, in the clear water; and our boat was like a balloon.

"Say what you will, there is nothing to be compared with a scene of this kind—about an hour before sunset—in the depth of a great North American solitude—a vast amphitheatre of wilderness, rock and mountain—after the trees are changed by the frost. People may talk of their fine Italian skies; of their hot, bright East Indian skies; of the deep midnight blue of the South American skies. We have seen them all; slept under them all; slept under a sky, like one great moon; worshipped them all; seen them through all the changes of storm and sunshine, darkness and light; and we say, that in reality, they are dim, heavy—unclouded, uninteresting, compared with your North American skies, a little before and after sunset.

"And so, too, of the garniture of a North American wilderness, after two or three clear, frosty nights. There is nothing to compare with it, under heaven. The mountains—vallies, woods—all burst into flowers; all at once. Other countries are in a better state of cultivation. Their trees are less numerous; their wild shrubbery less like a vegetable inundation over the land—covering every foot of the earth; or the changes of their colour, from season to season are slow and gradual.

"It is not so, in America; North America. There, the transformation is universal; instantaneous. A single night will do it. In the evening of a fine day—perhaps, all the great woods will be green; with hardly a red or brown or a yellow leaf. A sharp frost will set in at night. Before the sun rises again, the boundless verdure of the whole province, a whole empire in truth, will be changed. In the morning, there will be hardly a green leaf to be found. Before the week is over, go where you may, through the superb wilderness, you will meet with nothing but gay, brilliant scarlet—purple orange; with every possible variety of brown, light blue, vivid crimson or blood colour. Of all the trees, none but the evergreen tribe will keep their integrity. They will show along the battlements of the mountain—darker

than ever—more cloudy than ever—like so many architectural ruins or surviving turrets—in the splendour of the surrounding landscape.

"No, no, it is not saying too much of all this beauty, of all this great magnificence, when the fresh, cold, brisk wind of the season, gets among the branches, after such a night, and blows up the superfluous leafing, to the warm sunshine, like a tempest, among prodigious flowers—tearing and scattering the tulip coloured foliage over all the earth, and over all the waters; no, it is not saying too much—merely to say—that, under heaven—throughout all the vegetable creation, there is no spectacle of beauty, or show of richness, or grandeur—to be compared with it.—Imagine—we do not mind appearing a little absurd, if, thereby, we may give the stranger, a true idea of this appearance;—imagine therefore, a great wilderness of poppies, or tulips—outspreading itself on every side, reaching quite away to the horizon, over hill, and over valley—or a wood, literally encumbered, heavy, with great, gorgeous, live butterflies—forever in motion:

"We have been a traveller; we have looked upon the dark Norwegian woods—their dull evergreens—towering up to the sky—covering whole provinces; woods, too, of stupendous oak—each tree, if the soil were divided, overshadowing a man's inheritance, flourishing bravely through whole territories; more than one quiet, solitary place—entirely shut in by the hills, flowering all over, all the year round. But we have never met with—never heard of—never looked upon, elsewhere, that profusion of glorious vegetable beauty, which is to be seen, every "full," in the woods of North America, heaped up, on all the banks of all the rivers—up—to the very skies—on the great mountains; or accumulated over the low countries—and weltering there, all the day through, in the light, or shadow—or wind, or sunshine, of the season.

SONG OF THE WOODBINE FLOWERS.

BY J. A. WADE.

Wild daughters of woodlands are we,
Our loves are the zephyr and bee;
Our delicate stems
Bear the prettiest gems
That ever graced mountain or lea!
When fresh summer showers
Just sprinkle the bowers,
And robin or woodlark is heard,
There is not a sweet
To mingle so meet
As ours with the song of the bird!
See, gently waving in the light air,
Like fairies on ropes of coral spun,
Our emerald twins their dance prepare,
Hark! now 't is up—our song is done!"

GERMAN AIR—FROM DE WIENER IN BERLIN,

BY MOSCHELES.

PRESENTED BY MR. W. H. WARREN.

First system of musical notation. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The tempo is marked *pia* and *Allegretto*. The notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 3/4. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 3/4. The music features a melody in the treble staff and a supporting bass line in the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with a trill (tr) in the final measure. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a trill (tr) in the final measure. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a trill (tr) in the final measure. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks.

ritardo *ad lib* D.C. *dolce*

Ped

Ped

Ped

sf *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *

8va. *sf* *for* D.C. *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *

OUR TABLE.

WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN
CANADA—BY MRS. JAMESON.

THE influence of woman upon the social and moral character of mankind cannot be too highly appreciated, calculated as it is, if properly directed, to adorn and ennoble whatever comes within its sphere. In the chivalric ages, when woman was almost worshipped, when her smile was a guerdon for which none save a recreant would have scrupled to peril life or limb—deeds of more dazzling brightness were daily done than at any other era in the world's history. But in those ruder days, brilliant though they were, it was beauty only that possessed this power. The mind's adornments were lightly valued, in comparison with the outward semblance of the divinity within. This was the mistake of the uncultivated and somewhat barbarous spirit of the age, investing it with a halo of majestic virtue, upon which the mind dwells with wonder, but wanting the higher redeeming qualities which mark the greatness of later days. The devotedness of the noblest was then altogether "of the earth earthy," with an outward seeming of reverence for

"Him from whom all glory
And good arise,"

and if woman was the prize for which the warrior fought and minstrel sang, it was sense not soul, which wooed them to the field of war or the groves of poesy. As a natural consequence, when the brief day of her youth and loveliness had set, she was forgotten, or remembered only to furnish a contrast with her departed charms—charms which had faded with the brief flowers of summer, but but unlike the flowers, never to bloom again.

Far different from this transient and spell-like power is the glorious dawn which is now breaking upon the "influence of woman." The rich treasures of her intellect, developed by the cultivation rendered necessary by the enlightened temper of the times, is rapidly raising her to her proper position, as the equal in all things of "creation's lord." This is a legitimate source of rejoicing to all who have at heart the temporal and eternal weal of the human race; for nothing can better tame the rugged nature of the sterner sex, and fit him for calm and holy feelings than the refinements of polished intercourse with the fascinating fair. Endowed with the soul's riches, gathered from the stores of earth's gifted ones, woman wields a power, independent of, and superior to, that we accord to beauty, and is the possessor of a charm that will endure when the form has lost its symmetry and the cheek its bloom—a charm to soothe in the chamber of sickness or on the bed of death, as well as to dazzle in the festive hall, and sparkle in the jocund circle, when health and happiness scatter roses on her path, and gild the

bright world with radiance and beauty. Yet are we not of those ascetics with whom loveliness is held in light esteem. While we rank the diamond highest, we feel that the golden setting is rich and fair. We envy not the philosophy of him who does not render willing homage to woman's charms; but the mind commands a deeper—a far more enduring feeling. While beauty forces the worshipper to her feet, it is mind, and mind only, which can keep him a willing votary there.

Reflections such as these have been suggested by a perusal of the delicious volumes before us. We have been delighted with the sparkling ideas of Mrs. Jameson, for they add proof upon proof of our favourite theory, that woman is not behind her lord in genuine intellectual power, as well as in glowing and poetic fancy, for in deep thought and generous feeling have the "Winter Studies" of the gifted author been conceived, while the "Summer Rambles" are warm with the delicious poetry of nature, which sparkles in every line, unadulterated, and beautifully pure.

Comparatively a stranger in the metropolis of the sister Province, the fair author seems to have been thrown a great deal upon the resources of her library, and of her own fertile mind, for antidotes against the *ennui* consequent upon the dreary monotony of a Canadian winter; and being a decided enemy to any unprofitable waste of time, she employed these hours in noting down the thoughts awakened by a perusal of her favourite authors. These have been given to the world as her "Winter Studies," and though often bearing no relation to Canada or Canadian affairs, and when they do, sometimes touching upon matters with which we have no fellowship, we have seldom read a book upon similar subjects, which has received so much of our delighted attention.

Aware that they wanted the interest naturally consequent upon novel writing, and published without pretence to any thing beyond the character of desultory sketches, we did not anticipate the fascination that lurks in the pages before us; which, leaping from theme to theme, present the reader with successive pleasures, like the bee roving from flower to flower, pilfering delights from each, but unlike the bee, leaving the flowery pages no less rich for that which has been culled from them.

From the portion of the book devoted to Winter Studies, we make a few extracts, as specimens of the style of the author, commencing with one taken from a description of a winter visit to the Cataract of Niagara, with the first view of which Mrs. Jameson confesses herself sadly disappointed; her rich imagination had pictured it as much more magnificently grand than at a first glance it seemed. The season at which she visited the cataract may have contributed to this feeling, for Nature was then stripped of the gay colouring of summer, and the

prospect all around was as dull and cheerless as ice and snow could make it. To a mind like hers, however, Niagara could not be long uninteresting, and she soon learned to view it as one of the most sublime spectacles with which lavish nature has decorated the world:—

Well! I have seen these cataracts of Niagara, which have thundered in my mind's ear ever since I can remember—which have been my "childhood's thought, my youth's desire," since first my imagination was awakened to wonder and to wish. I have beheld them, and shall I whisper it to you!—but, O tell it not among the Philistines!—I wish I had not! I wish they were still a thing unbeheld—a thing to be imagined, hoped, and anticipated—something to live for:—the reality has displaced from my mind an illusion far more magnificent than itself—I have no words for my utter disappointment: yet I have not the presumption to suppose that all I have heard and read of Niagara is false or exaggerated—that every expression of astonishment, enthusiasm, rapture, is affectation or hyperbole. No! it must be my own fault. Terni, and some of the Swiss cataracts, leaping from their mountains, have affected me a thousand times more than all the immensity of Niagara. O I could beat myself! and now there is no help!—the first moment, the first impression is over—is lost; though I should live a thousand years, long as Niagara itself shall roll, I can never see it again for the first time. Something is gone that cannot be restored. What has come over my soul and senses?—I am no longer Anna—I am metamorphosed—I am translated—I am an ass's head, a clod, a wooden spoon, a fat weed growing on Lethe's bank, a stock, a stone, a petrification—for have I not seen Niagara, the wonder of wonders; and felt—no words can tell *what* disappointment!

The country through which she passed, on her route to the Falls, however, in spite of winter and its snows, more than satisfied her anticipations, and her description of it is rich in poetry and truth:—

Beautiful must this land be in summer, since even now it is beautiful. The flower garden, the trim shrubbery, the lawn, the meadow with its hedgerows, when frozen up and wrapt in snow, always give me the idea of something not only desolate but dead: Nature is the ghost of herself, and trails a spectral pall; I always feel a kind of pity—a touch of melancholy—when at this season I have wandered among withered shrubs and buried flowerbeds; but here, in the wilderness, where Nature is wholly independent of art, she does not die, nor yet mourn; she lies down to rest on the bosom of Winter, and the aged one folds her in his robe of ermine and jewels, and rocks her with his hurricanes, and hushes her to sleep. How still it was! how calm, how vast the glittering white waste and the dark purple forests! The sun shone out, and the sky was without a cloud; yet we saw few people, and for many miles the hissing of our sleigh, as we flew along upon our dazzling path, and the tinkling of the sleigh-bells were the only sounds we heard.

Her first view of the Falls is thus beautifully described:—

I was not, for an instant, aware of their presence; we were yet at a distance, looking down upon them; and I saw at one glance a flat extensive plain; the sun having withdrawn its beams for the moment, there was neither light, nor shade, nor

colour. In the midst were seen the two great cataracts, but merely as a feature in the wide landscape. The sound was by no means overpowering, and the clouds of spray, which Fanny Butler called so beautifully the "everlasting incense of the waters," now condensed ere they rose by the excessive cold, fell round the base of the cataracts in fleecy folds, just concealing that furious embrace of the waters above and the waters below. All the associations which in imagination I had gathered round the scene, its appalling terrors, its soul-subduing beauty, power and height, and velocity and immensity, were all diminished in effect, or wholly lost.

Following her back to Toronto, we find her reviewing the German poets with the clear perception which mark her portraiture of the female characters of Shakspeare, and in language correct and pure as that which distinguishes her in the whole of her previous writings. These "studies" are again agreeably broken in upon by the every day events of the Upper Canadian metropolis, and by reflections which prove that, though an author, with a pen of masculine vigour, she is a woman in feeling and sentiment, with a heart delighting in the exercise of kindly sympathies.

The "position of woman" has shared a good deal of her attention, and, though sometimes too bold and independent, her reflections upon this subject are just. The intellect of woman cannot be too highly cultivated; Mrs. Jameson says:—

Men, our natural protectors, our lawgivers, our masters, throw us upon our own resources; the qualities which they pretend to admire in us—the overflowing, the clinging affections of a warm-heart—the household devotion—the submissive wish to please, that feels "every vanity in fondness lost," the tender shrinking sensitiveness which Adam thought so charming in his Eve—to cultivate these, to make them, by artificial means, the staple of the womanly character, is it not to cultivate a taste for sunshine and roses, in those we send to pass their lives in the arctic zone? We have gone away from nature, and we must, if we can, substitute another nature. Art, literature and science, remain to us. Religion, which formerly opened the doors of nunneries and convents to forlorn women, now mingling her beautiful and soothing influence with resources which the prejudices of the world have yet left open to us, teaches us another lesson, that only in utility, such as is left to us, only in the assiduous employment of such faculties as we are permitted to exercise, can we find health and peace, and compensation for the wasted or repressed impulses and energies more proper to our sex—more natural—perhaps more pleasing to God; but trusting in his mercy, and using the means he has given, we must do the best we can for ourselves and for our sisterhood. The cruel prejudices which would have shut us out from nobler consolation and occupations have ceased in great part, and will soon be remembered only as the rude, coarse barbarism of a by-gone age.

Coleridge, who has said and written the most beautiful, the most tender, the most reverential things of woman—who understands better than any man, any poet, what I may call the metaphysics of love—Coleridge, as you will remember, has asserted that the perfection of a woman's character is to be *characterless*. "Every man," said he, "would like

to have an Ophelia or a Desdemona for his wife." No doubt; the sentiment is truly a masculine one; and what was *their* fate? What would now be the fate of such unresisting and confiding angels? Is this the age of Arcadia? Do we live among Paladins and Sir Charles Grandisons, and are our weakness, and our innocence, and our ignorance, safeguards—or snares? Do we indeed find our account in being

"Fine by defect, and beautifully weak?"

No, no; women need in these times *character* beyond every thing else; and the qualities which will enable them to endure and to resist evil; the self-governed, the cultivated, active mind, to protect and to maintain ourselves.

Surely, it is dangerous, it is wicked, in these days, to follow the old saw, to bring up women to be "happy wives and mothers;" that is to say, let all her accomplishments, her sentiments, her views of life, take one direction, as if for women there existed only one destiny—one hope, one blessing, one object, one passion in existence; and some people say it ought to be so, but we know that it is *not* so; we know that hundreds, that thousands of women are not happy wives and mothers—are never either wives or mothers at all. The cultivation of the moral strength and the active energies of a woman's mind, together with the intellectual faculties and tastes, will not make a woman a less good, less happy wife and mother, and will enable her to find content and independence when denied love and happiness.

We cannot refrain from transcribing the following anecdote, which is brimfull of feeling and poetry, premising that the gentleman alluded to is a soldier, who has served his country during the greater part of a long life, and has risen from the ranks to the elevated position he now worthily holds, earning in the field every step of his promotion:—

Do you remember that lyric of Wordsworth, "The Reverie of Poor Susan," in which he describes the emotions of a poor servant-girl from the country, whose steps are arrested in Cheapside by the song of a caged bird?

'Tis a note of enchantment—what ails her? she sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves!

She looks, and her heart is in heaven!

And how near are human hearts allied in all natural instincts and sympathies, and what an unfailling, universal fount of poetry are these even in their homeliest forms! F. told me today, that once, as he was turning down a bye street in this little town, he heard somewhere near him the song of the lark (Now, you must observe, there are no larks in Canada but those which are brought from the old country.) F. shall speak in his own words: "So, ma'am, when I heard the voice of the bird in the air, I looked, by the natural instinct, up to the heavens, though I knew it could not be there, and then on this side, and then on that, and sure enough at last I saw the little creature perched on its sod of turf in a little cage, and there it kept trilling and warbling away, and there I stood stock still—listening with my heart. Well, I don't know what it was at all that came over me, but every thing seemed to

change before my eyes, and it was in poor Ireland I was again, and my home all about me, and I was again a wild slip of a boy, lying on my back on the hill side above my mother's cabin, and watching, as I used to do, the lark singing and soaring over my head, and I straining my eye to follow her till she melted into the blue sky—and there, ma'am—would you believe it?—I stood like an old fool listening to the bird's song, lost, as in a dream, and there I could have stood till this day." And the eyes of the rough soldier filled with tears, even while he laughed at himself, as perfectly unconscious that he was talking poetry, as Mons. Jourdain could be that he was talking prose.

The "Summer Rambles" of Mrs. Jameson have been very extensive, through the richest portions of Upper Canada, and her observations upon what came under her notice, are alike instructive and amusing. Did our limits permit, it would afford us pleasure to follow the author through her tour, and to transcribe many passages—to which we shall advert at some future day—for the present, contenting ourselves with the following beautiful passage, descriptive of the rapid transition from spring to summer, which distinguishes the climate of the American continent:—

We have already exchanged "the bloom and ravishment of spring" for all the glowing maturity of summer; we gasp with heat, we long for ices, and are planning Venetian blinds; and three weeks ago there was snow lying beneath our garden fences, and not a leaf on the trees! In England, when Nature wakes up from her long winter, it is like a sluggard in the morning—she opens one eye and then another, and shivers and draws her snow coverlet over her face again, and turns round to slumber more than once, before she emerges at last, lazily and slowly, from her winter chamber; but here, no sooner has the sun peeped through her curtains, than up she springs, like a huntress for the chase, and dons her kirtle of green, and walks abroad in full-blown life and beauty.

To this we must subjoin the picture of the lake, upon the shore of which Toronto is built:—

Ontario means *the beautiful*, and the word is worthy of its signification, and the lake is worthy of its beautiful name; yet I can hardly tell you in what this fascination consists: there is no scenery around it, no high lands, no bold shores, no picture to be taken in at once by the eye; the swamp and the forest enclose it, and it is so wide and so vast that it presents all the monotony without the majesty of the ocean. Yet, like that great ocean, when I lived beside it, the expanse of this lake has become to me like the face of a friend. I have all its various expressions by heart. I go down upon the green bank, or along the King's Pier, which projects about two hundred yards into the bay. I sit there with my book, reading sometimes, but oftener watching untired the changeful colours as they flit over the bosom of the lake. Sometimes a thunder squall from the west sends the little sloops and schooners sweeping and scudding into the harbour for shelter. Sometimes the sunset converts its surface into a sea of molten gold, and sometimes the young moon walks trembling in a path of silver; sometimes a purple haze floats over its bosom like a veil; sometimes the wind blows strong, and the wild turbid waves come rolling in like breakers,

ringing themselves over the pier in wrath and foam, or dancing like spirits in their glee.

We must, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of following the fascinating Rambler farther, and reluctantly bid her a short farewell.

LADY CHEVELEY, OR THE WOMAN OF HONOUR.

THIS little satirical poem is said to be from the pen of Sir E. L. Bulwer, and purports to be a reply to the inuendoes contained in the novel of "Cheveley," to which allusion was made in the June number of the *Garland*. Having noticed the previous work at some length, we cannot in justice pass over in silence the rejoinder, the spirit of which we condemn as candidly as we did that which characterised Lady Bulwer's narrative.

Of the causes which led to the separation of Sir Edward and his talented lady, we know nothing, nor have we any curiosity to enquire. These are matters beyond the sphere of any who are not intimately associated with the fair names of the contending parties; and while we look upon their published appeals, as the legitimate prey of the reviewer, we should shrink from the most distant idea of invading the hallowed precincts of private life, or urging one syllable beyond what has been given by themselves to the public, as data from which a just judgment may be formed upon their cause. The influence, for good or evil, which such works may have upon public morality, as well as upon the literature of the times, must be our apology for approaching, even in the most distant manner, so delicate a theme.

In ordinary cases, we might be tempted to splinter a lance in behalf of the lonely dame—for as true knights, we are bound to war only on that side which is ostensibly the weaker; but, in the present instance, the lady seems to be the equal in skill of her antagonist, and having the choice of ground, may be safely left to battle in the field alone—and this without disparagement to the power of Sir Edward, who wields a gigantic pen—none denying him a lofty eminence among the authors of his age—but we much fear that his vanity treads closely upon the heels of his genius; and if the present poem, which is unscrupulously imputed to him, be really his, assuredly he is not ignorant of his attractive powers. Indeed some portions of it betray an overweening arrogance, totally at variance with the lofty character we had intuitively accorded to the author of *Rienzi*; and in a feeling "more of sorrow than ire," we have thrown the book aside, sickened to find him descend so far beneath the true level of his powers.

It is with feelings of poignant pain that we have seen Bulwer become subject to the "common lot" of genius—for such it seems—few of the children of tale and song enjoying the happiness of the home-born affections they so delight to picture, as the envied portion of their less gifted fellows. To what

cause may we attribute this? Is it, that their sympathies are more lively—their feelings more acute, and consequently more easily wounded? or is it that incessant study has rendered them peevish and irritable—careless of giving, and ready to receive the "words which burn,"—which sear the core of the wounded spirit, and change life's cup of happiness into gall. But, alas! it boots not to enquire the cause, since remedy there is none in human power. Argument is useless against feeling; and it were as wise to attempt to change the course of the mountain avalanche, as to essay to soothe the stern passions of the human heart, with honeyed phrase or sympathising words.

We have said that we regret that such things are—is there one who does not? Who that has lingered over the pages upon which the "breathing thoughts" of Bulwer glow with life, will not regret that domestic strife hath crept in to mar the evening of his days with sadness, or to stamp the future of his life with the bitterness which follows the wreck of the heart's joy—the miserable waking from "love's young dream."

While we write, the splendid creations of his genius pass in review before us. "Pelham," "the Disowned," "Devereux," "Rienzi," in turn revel for a moment on "memory's page,"—"alike, and yet how far different." It cannot be, that he whose ideas are embodied there, is indeed the callous mortal which some of the lines of the poem before us speak—although even this is possible—for of such conflicting and contradictory *matériel* is poor humanity composed. We are all the creatures of circumstance—swayed by the shadows of every passing hour, and often is the heart sunk in deepest sadness, when the brow wears its most joyous smile; and too often is the voice attuned to gladness when the brain is giddy with distress and pain.

"Ah! little they think, who delight in her strain,
That the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

We are aware that we have wandered from our subject—but it is not a pleasant one. Bulwer has long been our favourite; we have held him in rank second to none of his contemporaries; among whom we have indeed ever ranked him highest. It is not strange then, that we should regret to find him descending to such language as the following, when speaking of her who has been the sharer of his "nose and heart":—

She may be fair, what halo would you fling
Around a painted reptile with a sting,
Its hues are bright—'tis weak! its venom'd dart
May yet prove fatal to a trusting heart.
Oh! when a reptile's hue its sting endears
Then shed these mockish and degrading tears.

While, however, we thus freely condemn those portions of the poem, which we look upon as de-

servicing of reprobation, we would not willingly hide our opinion that some passages of it are worthy of high praise. Were it not for the egotistical spirit which marks the close of the following short extract, it would be well deserving of commendation: presenting, as it does, to the reader's heart and eye, the miserable consequences of these domestic broils:—

You see not through the vista of long years,
The daughter's burning blush and scalding tears,
You know not how such blasting falsehoods bow
Young beauty's form, and sickly o'er her brow!
How, when she seeks her injured father's side,
And gazes with a fond and filial pride
On him, whose well known fame is known where'er
Genius is recognized and truth is fair.
Oh, then you know not how her cheek will burn,
Should watchful envy to this record turn,
How she will weep o'er her unhappy fate,
Forced to condemn her whom she cannot hate!

The personal fame and beauty of Sir Edward are the theme of some of the best lines in the poem; but their egotism would certainly lead us to suppose that they had not been written by him, were it not that an intimate acquaintance with circumstances, which none else could be fairly presumed to know, lead to the supposition that he is himself the author. We subjoin a short example:

But he of whom we sing was tall and fair,
With a proud brow, and the rich golden hair,
The radiant treasure nature showers down,
On those foredoomed to wear Fame's golden crown,
And oh! how often Beauty takes a pride
In decking those by Genius dignified!
And he had large and melancholy eyes,
That seemed to win their azure from the skies;
And fairest features, and a lip whose smile,
Could baleful envy of its sting beguile!
A graceful form, a hand all fit to twine
Immortal flowers around young Dian's shrine.
Yet practised still to curb the fiery steed,
And win in every graceful strife the meed.

We did not intend to have gone to such length in our notice of this poem, which is scarcely in literary merit above mediocrity—certainly below the standard of morality, which should be affixed to all published works. If Sir Edward be not the author, we trust that whoever he is, he will at once step boldly forward, and relieve him from the odium which, from its being generally looked upon as his, can scarcely fail to tarnish his well-won fame.

HOHELAGA DEPICTA—EDITED BY NEWTON
BOSWORTH, F. R. A. S.

THIS is a neatly printed duodecimo volume, embodying a vast variety of information respecting our "fair city," and containing a clearly written historical glance at the adventures of the early navigators, whose perseverance and nautical skill led to the discovery of the American continent. The remainder of the volume is filled with descriptions of all the public buildings and places of note in and about

the city. It is embellished with numerous engravings, illustrative of the text, and a plan of the city, taken by order of the Mayor and Council in 1835, with improvements to the present year. It is a most useful book, and the enterprising publisher has a claim upon the community for praise in a more substantial form than words. Had we seen the work earlier, we might have been enabled to enter more largely into its merits.

The engravings, as well in design as in execution, reflect much credit upon the artists. We trust that Mr. Greig will receive the support and encouragement his zealous and successful efforts so well deserve from the public in general of this Province.

We have much pleasure in stating to such of our subscribers, as have not been furnished with Nos. 1, 2 and 3, that the reprints of these numbers is now completed, and will be found accompanying the *Garland* for the present month. Sets from the commencement may now be obtained to any extent. In announcing this we cannot do less than acknowledge gratefully the generous spirit in which our humble efforts have been received, and the gratifying forbearance which has been extended to our faults. We trust by corresponding exertion to render the *Garland* not altogether unworthy of such general favour, and we confidently hope that our endeavours will be cheered by a continuance of the kindness hitherto so universally extended to us.

To the proprietor of the *New York Albion* we are indebted for a beautiful portrait of the young "Queen of the Isles." The Canadian public will duly appreciate the polite attention of the spirited publisher of the best literary journal on the American Continent. The engraving, as a work of art, is superb, and the likeness is said to be striking. The stirring loyalty which so nobly distinguishes the inhabitants of these Colonies, will only be cherished the more fondly as a household feeling, from a constant contemplation of the personal lovelines of the "maiden Queen."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Hamesick Wife and Consoling Husband," will be found in a preceding page. We are much indebted to the author.

R. was received too late for our present number. W. S. will find his favour has been duly appreciated.

The lively sketch of our friend E. L. has been reluctantly deferred to another number.

"The Lonely Man" is respectfully declined. The tit-bits from "Pickwick" will be used as occasion offers. We thank our friend for his attention and trouble.