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THE
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(ORIGINAL.)

DRAMATIC SCENE.

BY E. L. C.

NAOMI.

Sweet daughter, urge it not,—
For well I know, though severed one fond link,
That bound thee to this land, a thousand more,
By tender nature wove with holy joys,
And pleasant memories, knit thy youthful heart
To this loved spot of earth. For me, alas!
Naught doth it now contain, save the green graves
Of my dead household; and my parting step,
Joyless and sad, turns wearily away,
To distant Bethlehem, city of my birth.
Then, wherefore join thy destiny with mine?
Why cleave to her, who like a barren tree
Stands of its glory shorn, branchless, and bare,
Unightly, and unsought as once it was,
For its protecting shade,—a blasted trunk,
Sear'd by the lightnings, riven by the bolts
Of judgments dark and stern.

RUTH.

Can I forget,
That once, dear mother, from that blighted trunk
Sprang goodly boughs, whereon the golden fruit
Of love, and joy, and sweet affections grew?
And now that all are withered, mute the lips,
And cold the loving hearts, that would have lent
With their fond ministry, a summer's glow,
E'en to the frosty winter of thy life,
Shall I forsake thee? I, who mourn with thee,
The lost, the loved, and daily with my tears,
Embalm the dust o'er which thy sorrows flow,
Sharing thy griefs, as we the joys once shared,
Now buried with our dead.

NAOMI.

My fond, fond child!
The with'ring touch of grief chills not the glow
Of pure and gushing love, that like a fount
Dwells in thy heart, sending its chrystal streams
O'er many a waste to bless the lone and sad.
Worthy thou wert of him, my eldest born,
My bright, and beautiful, who first awoke
Within my soul, that joy, of all earth's joys,

Most exquisite,—a mother's rapturous love.
Yet, wherefore clingest thou to her who bore
Thy cherished one? No Mahlon still remains
To bless thy youth—the quiver of my hopes
Is empty quite—each goodly arrow
Parted from my bow, and left it all unstrung.
Never again within my desolate home,
Shall the glad voice of filial love be heard,
Nor e'er, for son of mine, these aged hands
Light the gay bridal lamp, or round the brow
Of his young bride, as once, dear child, round thine,
Twine wedlock's mystic crown.

RUTH.

Dear mother, cease!
For ah, a host of rainbow memories,
Thy words invoke. Like the magician's spell,
They bear me back to the unclouded past,
Rich with its clustered joys, its sunny hopes,
Its promises of rapture yet to come,—
Bright promises, but vain,—how vain, alas!
Let the cold grave declare, in whose dark bosom;
Lie our precious ones, all, all unconscious
Of the pangs we feel.

NAOMI.

Repine not, daughter,
God has chastened us, and to His will,
In meekness let us bow. But few more suns,
Shall glad this laughing earth, ere my worn frame,
Wearied with pain and grief, shall cease from toil,
And in the shelter of the quiet tomb
My aching head be pillowed to its rest.
Yet thou, my child,—still on thy youthful brow,
Childhood's sweet graces dwell, and the dark clouds
That shade thine early dawn, shall all dissolve,
Ere thy meridian sun has climbed its height,
And leave thy sky one bright expanse of blue.
Cherish the memory of thine early loved,
Yet let time yield a balm to soothe the pang
Of thy first grief, intensest though it be,
Of all that after years in their swift flight,
May bring to wound. Bright hours shall yet be thine,

Hours fraught with bliss, and radiant with the hues
Of love's angelic wing. Still h thou bless,
Thou in thy youthful loveliness, a heart
Worthy the boon of thine,—a household hearth,
Where meet in holy concord, truth, and love,
Fond hope, and charity, a band divine.

RUTH.

Ah, never mother! death the buds hath nipt
Of all my promised hopes,—of thine and mine,—
And left me but the joy of clinging still
With constant love to thee, mother of him,
For whose dear sake, I fain henceforth would yield
A daughter's care to thy declining years—
Striving to soothe with fond and duteous love,
That wasting grief, whose sharp and cankerous tooth
Doth eat into thy heart, sapping its life,
Like the envenomed serpent's fatal sting,
With poison fraught and death.

NAOMI.

My child, my child,
Such love as thine, such truth, such gentleness,
A cordial brings, soothing as Gilead's balm,
E'en to deep wounds like mine. One ray of joy
Would gleam athwart my path, wert thou to tread
Still by my side along the darksome way.
But, can I bear thee from thy father land,
Thy childhood's home, thy parents' fond embrace?
Thou who wert grafted on my vigorous stock,
Only to share the sad and bitter doom,
That sudden fell on the green leafy crown
Of my bright joys, searing its glory,
As the forest oak shrinks and is shrivelled,
When the lightning hurls its forked darts,
Against the giant trunk. Ah no, ah no!
Lonely and sad I'll tread my lonely way,—
Bereft and desolate will seek the soil,
Pressed by my feet, when life and love were new,
And hope with syren whisper, told of years,
Long sunny years, linked by the golden chain
Of ceaseless joy. Dear child, again farewell,—
Thy sister has departed,—go thou too,
Back to thy kindred, and thy husband's grave,
Back to the sheltering home where thy young soul,
Expanded first in warm affection's ray,
Like a fair flower that to the genial sun,
Its bosom opes, mottled with living gold.
There dwell in peace,—and may my father's God,
Crown thee with blessings, for the quenchless love,
Thou bear'st to me, the lonely, the bereaved,
And erst did show to those we mourn, our lost,
Lamented ones.

RUTH.

Mother, entreat me not!
Friends, country, gods, I quit them all for thee!
Bid me not leave thee—ask me not to cease
From following thy sad steps,—for where thou goest,
Thither will I go, and where thou lodgest,

I will make my bed. Thy people shall be mine,
And to thy God, my willing knee shall bend
In daily prayer,—in blessings for thy love.
Where thou shalt die, there will I wait my doom,
And the green turf that decks thy lonely grave,
Within its breast, shall shroud my cold remains.
Thus will I cleave to thee while life endures,—
Should aught but death divide me from thy side,
Or make me faithless to the vow now pledged,
May God so deal with me, as I have dealt
Falsely with thee, mother, beloved and kind.

NAOMI.

Daughter most dear, I will not cast away
A pearl of price, and such thy constant love;
Nay, far more precious than the richest gem
A heart like thine. It binds me still to life,
As its fine issues, stream like golden rays
Of parting sun-light, on my darkened soul.
So let us forth,—the eye that never sleeps
Will guard our steps. In God be all our trust.
Montreal, January 19.

ENGLISH HABITS.

THERE is scarcely a more pleasing sight, particularly in these days of luxury and self-indulgence, than that of a young man, who in London is a complete *petit maître*, devoted to every description of false and effeminate pleasure, discarding all his frippery, and in his shooting-jacket, thick shoes, and rough gaiters, walking forth as sturdily into the stubble-field or tangled coppice, as if his feet had never trod the carpeted saloons of Crockford's, or he had never breathed the perfumed air of a boudoir or opera-box. We may suppose this excessive fondness for the sports of the field, among the higher classes of the English, has at least a salutary effect on the national character; inasmuch as the manliness it inculcates and encourages, one half of the year, is a powerful counterbalance to the enervating and trivial pursuits of the other. This may partially account for some peculiar characteristics of those whom we may call, *par excellence*, English gentlemen: I mean that union of personal elegance, with a hardihood and contempt of fatigue, not exceeded by the poorest labourer; a robustness of frame, with extreme delicacy of idea; and a deep insight into the Sybarite's science of good living and luxurious enjoyment, with the simple manners and healthful constitution of a peasant.

PROVERBS FROM THE ITALIAN.

FRIENDSHIPS are cheap, when they are to be bought by pulling off your hat.

There are a great many asses without long ears.
He who gives fair words feeds you with an empty spoon.

Show not to all the bottom either of your purse or of your mind.

(ORIGINAL.)

HENRY LAWSON.

A SCOTTISH STORY.

BY A. R.

"HAVE you invited Henry Lawson to your party?" said Helen Morrison to her sister Margaret, as they were sitting at an open window, apparently very busy with the needle.

"Certainly, Helen," replied Margaret; "I was obliged to invite him, out of respect to our friend Mrs. Allison."

"And your friend George Allison,"—interposed Helen.

"You know well, Helen," continued Margaret, scarcely heeding the interruption, "that Henry Lawson's father was one of Mrs. Allison's dearest friends, and it would ill become us to shew a disrespect to Mrs. Allison, or to her guest; besides I have heard my father speak of Henry's parents in the highest terms, and I know he would not like George Allison to be invited here without Henry."

"So you have invited George to please yourself, and his friend to please father, I suppose, that's the way; but do you know, Jane Somers told me, yesterday, that Henry Lawson is a dull, pale-faced creature, that scarcely speaks or smiles; and you know I always disliked such people."

"Jane is so excellent a judge," replied Margaret, smiling, "that I do not wonder at your surrendering your judgment into her hands; but how does Jane know all this, for Henry only came to see George Allison the day before yesterday, and he cannot have had much opportunity as yet, of exhibiting his conversational powers?"

"Oh, as for that I don't know; Tom called with Jane on Mrs. Allison, and although they were introduced to Henry, he scarcely spoke a word all the time they stayed; and Jane said it was so dull, that she was glad when her brother came to her relief, for she could not find a word to say."

"Henry must have been dull indeed," said Margaret, "if Jane Somers could not find anything to say, but whether dull or not we could not avoid asking him when George Allison was coming."

"Well, well, Margaret, I'll say nothing about him; I hope you will have a pleasant party, seeing it is your birth-day," and she began to hum half aloud a stanza from the well-known ballad,

"I'm just out o' my teens,
An nae a' ane to woo."

"Time enough yet," said Margaret, "but for all your jesting, there's Tom Somers and the young good-man of Saplin' Brae.

"The good-man of Saplin' Brae! Margaret, you need not say he comes to see me, when you know he comes to speak to father or William, about corn or cattle, or something of that kind; besides you know I never liked him, and as for Tom Somers—but I declare," continued she, looking out of the window, "here's Tom and my brother George coming up the lane; I dare say they have some wise thing or other on foot, for they seem in high glee."

They were not long left to conjecture, as in a few minutes, Tom and George entered the room, Tom saluting the ladies with the air of an old acquaintance; not was it long before they were informed of the subject which had engaged their thoughts, for George, turning to Helen, remarked:

"And do you know, Helen, what plan Tom and I have been thinking of for to-morrow forenoon?"

"Nay, George," replied Helen, "of course I can't foresee what your plan is; but from the well-known discretion of yourself and Tom—('Hear, hear,' in a whisper, from Tom to Margaret)—I have no doubt it will prove worthy of its distinguished authors. But do let us know what may be the result of your sage cogitations; indeed we have a right to command your obedience, seeing we are parties concerned."

"Aye, do take pity," said Tom, "you know the elegant couplet of Moore;

'He that keeps a lady waitin',
Well deserves a good batin.'

"I perceive you improve in your quotations, Tom," said George, "but our plan is nothing more than a ride up by the Erae o' Bessie, to the Stanin' Stanes, and then round home by the Brig of Deer in time for the evening party."

"What a harsh outline you have given," added Tom, "of the most delightful ride that can be conceived, and on horseback too. Why did you not dwell on the beauty of a ride on a fine day through the heather hills, and the long moors, to say nothing of the groves, which need only the presence of fair divinities to make them absolutely enchanting. Oh, that you had a spark of poetry in you, George!"

"But I am afraid," said Margaret, "that this would interfere with our arrangements for the evening."

"Oh, not in the least, it is only five miles, and we can easily get back in time, if that is the only objection."

"But if I may be so bold," said Helen, "who do you propose to honour with an invitation to this delightful ride, over heather and moor, to look at a parcel of misshapen stones?"

Tom took upon himself the duty of replying; what he did reply it matters not; it is sufficient that arrangements were made, and that the party were to call for Helen and Margaret, and proceed on the proposed route. It may be proper here to introduce more particularly to the reader, the two sisters, and to explain the circumstances, under which the foregoing conversation was held, as will enable him the better to understand the sequel of our story. Robert Morrison, the father of Helen and Margaret, was one of that class of farmers so common in Scotland, who are the pride and boast of their country. He possessed from his ancestors the farm of Millseat in Aberdeenshire, which had come into the hands of his great-grandfather, by one of those long leases which have now gone out of vogue along with many more old customs, which the march of modern improvement has succeeded in banishing. The comparatively trifling rent which Robert had to pay for Millseat, had enabled him to bring up a large family in a style of much greater comfort than is usual with most persons of his rank, in a country where the false refinements which the middling classes so often try to catch from their superiors in fortune, have not yet been able to penetrate to any great extent. Robert Morrison, or, Millseat, as he was oftener called, from the name of his farm, was well known, by all the parish, as a man of scrupulous integrity, and strict adherence to his word, and to his own opinion, which last, to say the truth, sometimes degenerated into something very like obstinacy, for it was next to impossible to make him abandon a determination he had once formed. The rest of the family, with the exception of the eldest son, William, and a younger brother, George, need not for the purposes of our tale be introduced to the reader; indeed their attention will be principally confined to the two sisters. Of these, Margaret, the eldest, had just completed her twenty-second year, while Helen was just out of her teens. To look upon the two, one would never have supposed them to be sisters, so different were they in appearance and in disposition. Margaret was of a quiet and reserved disposition, moving about at her daily duties as if her whole soul were bound up in them, making herself felt rather than seen, and always anxious to promote the happiness of every one around her. She would smile so sweetly and speak so kindly, that she had endeared herself to all who knew her, and the

cottars' wives, as they saw her walking out in a summer afternoon, with a younger sister in one hand, and a book in the other, would say to themselves, "Aye, there's the maiden of the Millseat, daunerin' o'er the hill-sides, wi' her buik in her hand; but she'll mak' a good wife to somebody for a' that, she's sae kind to the puir, and has a pleasant word for a' body she meets." In person, Margaret was rather above than below the middle size, with a face that one would have thought too destitute of animation, till she spoke or smiled; and then as you looked into her large dark eyes, you could see her gentle, sympathising, contemplative spirit, and feel that there was soul within.

Helen was in many respects different, but even more beautiful. Full of life and animation, with a gaiety of disposition which nothing clouded even for a moment, she was always extracting amusement from every thing that came in her way. Her youth and her extreme beauty, had served as an excuse to her friends for many of her frolics, for they found it difficult to look upon her clear laughing countenance, and at the same time seek to cast a shade over it, even for a moment; and if they did chide, it was with so little earnestness that it made but little impression. Although possessed of this liveliness of disposition, it is no less true than remarkable, that along with it, Helen possessed a rare self-command, which it would be vain to seek for in many of a more contemplative and sober turn of mind.

A day fixed on for a ride is almost sure to be dull and rainy, or otherwise, so "uncomfortable," that one might be tempted to believe that a malicious spirit had the weather on such occasions committed to his peculiar care, and that he was determined to break up and demolish the plans of all those who presumed to calculate on any out door enjoyment. The morning on which our party set out was an exception—being one of the finest in a Scottish autumn. There was little, however, of that gorgeous splendor to be seen, which renders the decline of the year in America a perpetual pageant, when nature puts on her robes of brightest hues, as if desirous to exhibit herself, for a brief season in all her glory, conscious of the dreary change which must soon succeed. The earth was clad in a robe of brownish hue, and there were wavering streaks of white clouds here and there sailing about in the blue sky;—in short it was such a day as must have pleased even the most delicate and fastidious—clear, sunshiny, and beautiful.

At an early hour in the forenoon the party assembled at Millseat, where the two sisters and their brother George were in readiness to receive them. The party consisted, besides these, of Tom Somers and his sister, the two Misses Smith, and Mr. Smith, a young man who had seen the world, and was rather a distinguished character, in his own estimation, and George Allison with his friend, Henry Lawson. The two last I shall briefly introduce to my readers.

George Allison was the only surviving son of a Glasgow cotton merchant, who died suddenly, possessed as was supposed of a large fortune. As it turned out, however, his fortune, like that of many engaged in mercantile affairs, was found to consist more in his industry and good name, than in available funds, so that, when the creditors were paid, there was nothing left but the wreck of a once splendid fortune, and with this, George and Mrs. Allison had retired to a small village in the immediate vicinity of Millseat. George had been designed by his father to become a partner in his business, but his disposition was by no means fitted for the bustle and competition of mercantile life, and the change from the stir of a city, and the elegance of a large and splendid establishment, to the retired, quiet, and plain neatness of a secluded country village, was viewed by him rather as a relief than a sacrifice, and he very soon lost all thoughts of his former station in the interest he gradually took in managing the small farm attached to the cottage where his mother had fixed her abode. Henry Lawson, had been left an orphan at an early age, and had been brought up and educated under the care of an excellent clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Simpson, who had confined his ministerial labors to supplying occasionally a vacant pulpit in some of the neighbouring parishes, and eked out a comfortable living by receiving a few pupils into his family, himself superintending their education, being indeed their sole teacher. Mr. Simpson lived in a retired parish, about fifty miles from Glasgow, and it was here that George Allison and Henry Lawson, had first contracted an acquaintance, which soon ripened into warm and steady friendship, only interrupted by George leaving the school. Naturally of a quiet disposition, and having been brought up in comparative seclusion, Henry had contracted an air of reserve unusual to one of his age, and which was not likely to produce a favorable impression on those who saw him for the first time. The character of his education had induced a maturity and steadiness of mind, which naturally enough shewed itself in the absence of much of that brilliancy and ease which go to form the character of what is called an agreeable young man. Although the liberality of an uncle, long residing in Canada, whom Henry had never seen, defrayed the expenses of his education, and supplied him with what was necessary for his comfort, a sense of dependence, and the absence of society suited to his age, had damped the natural ardor of his disposition, and may serve to account for the dullness which Miss Somers observed on her first introduction to him at the house of George Allison.

But to return to the party whom we left collected at Millseat—suppose them all mounted and ready, which, by the bye, requires no little time and some patience to accomplish. After leaving Millseat and passing up the main street, the party made a short turn to the west, and proceeded along a road hemmed

in on both sides with thick thorn hedges, which restricted the view on both sides, unless where partial openings, leading into various fields bordering on the road, gave glimpses of a well cultivated country site, studded with farm houses, and occasionally the more ambitious residence of a country laird. On emerging from this lane, the party stood on the base of a range of low brown hills, which were yet of sufficient height to command a view of the valley they had left. Many and many a valley like that on which they then looked may still be seen in braid Scotland, for almost every parish has its retreats of quiet and peculiar beauty, which the eye could gaze upon for hours, without weariness or distraction, and which rise up among the mists of memory to the emigrant in a far land, beautified and brightened by the thousand associations which cluster around them from the past. The main parish road, which the party could trace for about a mile and a half, ran along the middle of the valley, till it was hidden on the south by winding round a point of the same ridge on which they then stood; to the left a belting of wood ran down and intercepted the view of the smaller valley beyond, in which stood the parish church, then encircling the farm of Millseat, and running down the hill within a quarter of a mile of the range of cultivated highlands which bounded the valley on the opposite side. Along the middle of the valley, and winding along, now on one side of the road, and now on the other, ran on a branch of a stream of some size, while the other made a sudden bend, sweeping close by the foot of the hill on which stood the party, and then uniting with the main stream at the northern extremity of the valley, which supplied the lint mill, and gave its name to Millseat. The centre of the valley was filled by a small but compact village, with but two streets crossing each other at right angles, occupying but a small space, and skirted on all sides by gardens and small fields of the inhabitants, intersected at intervals by lanes running at right angles with the main streets, and bordered with hedges and trees, which partly concealed the small but clean-looking buildings. All this the eye could take in in an instant; and as the various combined and separate beauties of the landscape presented themselves to the view, they elicited from the party all the expressions by which mortals testify their delight.

“Very pretty, ’pon honor,” ejaculated Mr. Smith, adjusting his cravat.

“Oh! delightful!” said Miss Smith.

“And so very picturesque,” said Miss Emily Smith, with a glance at George Morrison.

“Very, indeed,” said the party appealed to.

“Do you know,” said Margaret Morrison, who was close by, “that I always preferred the view from the other side; you can see farther up the valley; and then, this bare hill stretching along, with its peaks rising occasionally out of the heather, and here and

there a solitary tree is so beautiful, and so much in keeping with a Scottish landscape, that I confess its very dreariness is as grateful to my eye, as the more cultivated and regular beauty now stretched out before us. What do *you* think?" she continued, appealing to George Allison.

The party addressed, as in duty bound, replied to the effect, that he would scarcely venture to express an opinion at variance with that of so good a judge, even if he entertained any such opinion; adding that the view of Millseat from his farm, with the water of Deer seen at intervals, as one got a peep into the little valley where the church stood, with the woods of Aden away to the right, added much to the beauty of the view from the other side.

"That's a beautiful river for trout, Henry!" said Tom Somers, pointing to the nearest branch of the stream, which ran at some little distance beneath them. "I remember once catching two dozen of the most beautiful fish that ever eye looked upon."

"He may well say, *once*," said Helen Morrison, as if *aside* to Jane Somers,—“for his zeal for Isaac Walton, is not very well rewarded: however, patience and perseverance are excellent qualities in a young gentleman.”

"You always pretend to be doubtful of my abilities in the fishing line," said Tom, who had heard Helen's remark as she meant he should; "but I might easily appeal to George."

"Pray, do not take that trouble," replied Helen, "for George would be obliged to state some unwelcome facts, and your character might suffer."

"But it was only the other day I caught a dozen."

"With a silver hook?" asked Helen, as she cantered off, followed by most of the young ladies—for young ladies *will* gallop up hill, reason or none.

"She's gone over bank, bush and scaur," said Tom, following at a rapid rate, leaving the more sedate of the party to come up at their leisure.

The main road, by which our party had hitherto proceeded, turned to the left along the face of the hill, while their route lay slightly to the right, and almost directly over it. Though the parish was very populous, in less than twenty minutes they had left behind them all traces of cultivation, and almost of life, except that here and there a shepherd might be seen stalking slowly about, and occasionally giving directions to his dog, as a stray sheep wandered to too great a distance from the main body. Now and then, too, a muirfowl would start from under the very feet of the horses, uttering its shrill wild note as it whirred past them like a flash.

As they proceeded, a "shieling" or small turf hut, might be seen just on the side of the path, a new settlement in the waste,—but very different indeed from the new settlements on this side of the Atlantic. There is not a stump to be seen; not a tree, no barn, no oxen; nothing that attracts the eye of a

traveller through any of our newly settled towns. The smoke, however, rises in long wavy columns from the dry turf, which was turned up by the spade many weeks before; and yonder is something like an enclosed patch, from which the barley has been reaped some time since. Alas! that industry should toil herself almost to helplessness in cultivating a sterile and ungrateful soil, when so many thousand acres on this side of the Atlantic, need only the twentieth part of the labour to be transformed into the abode of plenty and contentment.

If you look behind, you may see the face of a woman, looking from the pane of glass, which forms the only window the cottage can boast of, or perhaps a girl of about three years of age has climbed upon the sod dyke which encloses the few paces of earth, called the garden, and is looking with surprise and wonder after the retreating party.

The road, though considered passable for carts, was in truth, nothing but three pretty deep ditches, worn by the horses feet and cart wheels, and made still deeper by the heavy rains which every now and then sweep down from the hill sides, by means of their half natural, half artificial, channels. There was just room for two to ride abreast, and fortunate was Henry Lawson, in being placed by his good genius alongside Margaret Morrison, on that mountain path. The slight tinge of melancholy which one always feels in first entering the mountains had yielded to the excitement of the exercise and the fineness of the day. Henry had seen at a glance, that Margaret Morrison was not one of those ladies with whom the stream of talk must run on in a continual succession of insipid nothings, or rapid attempts at wit or fine sayings. Margaret, on her part, with the acuteness of a woman, had appreciated the excellence of Henry's character, and the knowledge that he was the intimate friend of George Allison had done something to remove the feelings of constraint, which she naturally felt in presence of a stranger. She was therefore at her ease, and of consequence, Henry's natural reserve gave way; new powers of utterance seemed given to him, and in a short time there was established between them, a feeling of intimacy, which, under other circumstances, might have been the result only of long acquaintance. Time, however, flew but the faster, the more deeply they were interested, and the party soon reached the object of their visit.

The "Stanin' Stones of Parkhouse," as they were called by the inhabitants of the parish, were the remains of an ancient Druidical temple, not a few of which are scattered over the whole island. It consisted of seven immense rocks, or masses of unhewn stone, ranged round a central one of extraordinary size, the flat top of which measured fifteen by twenty feet. The space included within the exterior pillars or blocks, might be about half an acre, the whole presenting at a distance, the appearance of a ruined

amphitheatre. Here the party rested, and in groups partook of a repast which the care of George Morrison, had caused to be in readiness for their arrival. The spot on which the party rested naturally occupied their attention.

"I do not wonder," said Margaret Morrison, "at the awe and terror with which the people of the parish regard these huge pillars; for surely there is enough in their appearance and situation, to give rise to the belief that they were raised by more than mortal strength."

"How they could have been conveyed to this elevated spot by naked savages," said George Allison, "is indeed incomprehensible; and that they originally existed here in their present form is no less so. But superstition can lavish thousands of lives, and many long ages in accomplishing her plans of cruelty. I never visit the spot without shuddering at the horrid rites of Druidism, and fancying I hear the shrieks of the murdered victims of priestcraft and delusion."

"Deluded the Druids certainly were," interposed Henry Lawson, "and superstitious too; but your language is too strong, in charging them with such barbarous cruelties."

"Look at these steps," said George in reply, "do you place no reliance on the uniform unbroken traditions of the country, nor in the sober relations of history? Doubtless that shapeless altar has been wet with the blood of hundreds; I had almost said as fair and innocent as the lovely being who is now laughingly bounding on its surface."

"God forbid!" said Henry, looking up with an involuntary shudder; and Helen Morrison, (for it was she,) attracted by the earnestness of the speaker's voice, drew near and joined the party. Henry continued:

"Human sacrifices were undoubtedly not unknown among the Druids, but history has not said that they were frequent, and tradition, on this subject, as on most others, is to be received with a good deal of allowance. The consciousness of guilt, and the craving of the inmost soul for deliverance from it, which are inherent in humanity in all ages and countries, doubtless had their full weight on the ancient Britons, and Druidism, as the national religion, would try to lull, if it could not satisfy, the conscience. But it was not a part of their religion to immolate human victims; this was done only on extraordinary occasions, to stay the ravages of pestilence, or to appease the wrath of Woden, when war threatened the destruction of the tribe."

"I shall be loath to become a convert to your views," said Margaret, turning to George Allison, "for they would dissipate many a dream of our early ancestors, which I have indulged on this spot. It appeared to me, that when compared with the religion of many savage nations, Druidism was mild and comparatively free from cruelty and gross super-

stition. I should be sorry to throw away the belief, even if it were a delusion."

"But it is no delusion," said Henry Lawson, "and if George will but look at facts, he will at once change his belief, or rather abandon his theory. Look, for instance, at the Hindoos, although they live in a warm climate, where religion is generally less gloomy than among the northern nations; a child cast into the Ganges, scarcely attracts the notice of the crowds upon its banks; a father perishing for hunger, while the children he nourished have enough and to spare, a widow eager for the flames, or, what is still more horrible, dragged and bound to the blazing pile of her dead husband; these are every day sights among the Hindoos; and in Africa, you know that religion, or rather superstition, buries some forty, or even a hundred relations in the grave of a chief."

"But there are examples from the most barbarous and populous of nations."

"Look then at Egypt, the cradle of arts and science; at the Israelites, who made their sons pass through the fire within sight of Jerusalem, in a few years after David's death."

"And there was Jphigenia, in Greece," added Helen.

"Nay, Helen," said George Allison, "if you go against me, I must needs give up my theory; but could that stone speak, it would a tale unfold would soon bring you over to my way of thinking."

"If stones speak, strange discoveries would be made, sure enough," replied Helen; "but I'm sure Scottish stones, even if they had tongues, would not tell such horrid stories about our ancestors. But yonder is Tom Somers, helping Miss Smith to mount. Up every one of ye!

Far's the gate we hae to gang,
Lang's the road and weary."

"And weary?" said Tom, who at the moment approached. "But that is because I threatened to deprive you of my company for the trying to leave me in the morning. If I were to do as I ought——"

"Nay, do not suppose impossibilities," and the lively girl, without waiting for Tom's assistance, vaulted into the saddle, and started off down hill at a rapid rate.

"My dear, wild sister," exclaimed Margaret, but she was was already out of hearing. George Allison followed hastily, leaving the party to descend more slowly. The road now turned to the north, and continued to descend for about three quarters of a mile, when it joined the main road; and turning abruptly to the right, the party continued to follow for some time the banks of the water of Deer. They had made a circuit so as to pass round the belting which had bounded the view on the north, when they first set out; as they proceeded, the valley became gradually

narrower, till the bases of the hills which enclosed it on either side, were scarcely more than a mile apart. The scene, as the eye swept down, following the course of the river, was exceedingly beautiful, and as it was new to Henry Lawson, Tom Somers took occasion to give a sort of running commentary on its various features, in reply to Henry's questions.

"Yonder, just opposite us, is the abbey, or the 'ebba,' as the country folks call it. You see the out-houses have been repaired, but the abbey itself has gone to ruins; the gable end is standing, and the Gothic arched windows in it. It was strongly fortified once, but that was eight hundred years ago. There is a subterranean passage through that hill back of it, and the story is that one time when the abbey was closely pressed by a powerful party from the Highlands, who hoped to starve it into submission, the besieged astonished their assailants by shewing them from the walls live fish, that they had got by the subterranean passage out of the lake just over the hill; to the siege was raised. Yonder is the saugh tree near which the fierce Sir John the Græme stabbed the gallant Rose, but do you see the house of Aden through the trees there—that is one of the most beautiful buildings the North of Scotland can boast of. But what's this? The school out in the middle of the afternoon! Ah, now I see there's one of the 'old school's,' Bill Stevenson he has been in India seven years, and has come back to see 'the master,' and so the boys have 'got the play.' How the brats do shout! That's right my little man, here's a penny for your manners—always take your bonnet off to the ladies."

"Dont you admire the manse?" said Margaret Morrison, seeing that Henry began to tire of Tom's loquacity. But Tom was in the mood for talking, and though she changed the direction, the stream flowed on.

"Yes," said Tom "the manse is a fine building, but what would auld Mr. Craigie say if he could look up; he would not let them touch a stone of the old manse, though the heritors had been trying for twenty years to get his consent. Ah! if you had seen the old manse."

"You seem fond of old things today, Tom," said George Morrison.

"And so ought you and every one else to be," said Tom. "Is not every thing that is worth speaking of, old? Does not Shakspeare say the Heavens are old? Don't we call Scotland, old Scotland? The universal reason of mankind," continued he, throwing up his right arm, "has decided in favour of old authors, old books, old friends, old whiskey—"

"And old maids!" interposed the elder Miss Smith.

"I scorn to plead an exception," said Tom; "but yonder is the old kirk, and I hope it will stand

another thousand years to be a blessing to the parish. And sure enough there is auld Willie Low—he has been old ever since I recollect any thing of him—if we had time we would have a look at the old aisle. He's the sexton, Henry, that said to Saunders Maitland, the shoemaker, when he asked him to pay his account: "Deed no, Sauners, I canna pay you just noo; it's hard times, awfu' hard times, I have na' buried a livin' soul for sax weeks!" Willie likes a dram too well now. George Morrison there recollects since he used to throw the sculls at boys when we pressed too near the grave, and drove the earth down upon his head; sometimes he would throw his spade, when he saw us taking away his ladder and the grave was so deep he could not get out."

And thus Tom ran on, but it is high time to put an end to his disquisitions. At the kirk, the road made a sharp turn to the south, and in a short time the party arrived at Millseat, where preparations had been made for the amusement of the evening. These it is not our purpose to describe. The party broke up, and it is hard to say how varied were the feelings which chased each other through Henry's mind, as he walked home in silence, in the cool clear moonlight. A new channel for his sympathies had been opened; and the dream of many a long day converted into reality. It was no wonder, therefore, that his visions that night were a strange mixture of the real and unreal, the pleasant and disagreeable. What these visions were we need not say, indeed it would be as vain to attempt to follow the unchained soul, as she roams and soars, and dives into the wide and deep abyss of the possible and impossible, the present the past, and the future, as to try to subject to the rules of strict formal art, the wild breathings of the æolian lyre.

It was, of course, the duty of Henry and George Allison, to call at Millseat on the following day; but it is difficult to imagine what possible excuses they could frame for the many and indeed daily visits which followed. But young hearts easily dispense with ceremony, and it is so pleasant to be on such terms as to bid the prudish dame to take care of herself—to find ones-self always welcome and always expected, as if our arrival were a matter of course. And how doubly pleasant did such intercourse with such a family seem to George Allison, and especially to Henry Lawson! A month! why it seemed but as a week or a day; but still time passes on, and the most happy or the most miserable must have recourse at last, not to his own feelings, but to moons or diurnal revolutions, or hours marked by the revolutions of a piece of brass over the soulless face of some old clock that mocks at his impatience, and keeps on its own course whether he will or not. Time passed on, and in a few days more Henry had returned to his home, if such it might be called, and in a few days more had returned, at least outwardly,

to his old habits. There were the same regular hours for study and exercise, and the same amusements; there was nothing, in short, that would have led any one to suppose that Henry Lawson was a different being now than when he set out to visit his friend. But he was changed, and that greatly. My fair readers have got before my lagging story, and are already exclaiming: "He was in love." That this was the malady, there is no denying, nor is it at all singular; but that Henry, the quiet, reserved, and almost bashful Henry, should have fallen in love with Helen, instead of Margaret Morrison, was not a little strange. But so it was—*fuit quia fuit*; and yet an observer would have concluded the very reverse to be the case. With Margaret his intercourse had been much more free and unconstrained than with her sister. Margaret was oftener by his side in their rides and excursions, and her album bore marks of his talent, or folly, if you please so to term it. Her taste was like his; she had the same tinge of romance, the same quiet evenness of spirits with which Henry was blessed. With Helen, on the contrary, his intercourse was marked with a reserve which it is difficult to account for, unless it was partly occasioned by a secret dread of exposing himself to her ridicule or satire, or from a sense of how deficient he was in those elegancies of manner and address which make their way so easily to a woman's heart. What would he not have given for a tithe of that happy confidence, and never failing supply of brilliant small talk, which made Tom Somers so universal a favourite! and yet his feeling for Margaret,—call it regard, admiration, esteem, or what you please, was not love. It was not that deep, silent passion, which he cherished for Helen, which followed him at all times. Henry had lived much alone, having few companions of his own age, and it is no wonder that he gave way to all the passionate fervour of a first love. Yet his prudence often suggested the necessity of struggling with, and concealing his feelings, and the sense of dependence lay at his heart, chilling its warm and ardent promptings, by bringing before him his actual situation. As Henry thought of this, he would try for a while to forget and to banish his passion. "How can I," he would exclaim, "a penniless, dependant orphan, dream of linking such an angel to my forlorn fortune? "And she may not love me,"—and the thought brought a pang to his heart. Every hint which he had heard, of the attention of Tom Somers being not disagreeable to Helen, would add sharpness to the sting; and, in short, like every other lover, since love began, Henry kept himself in a state of alternate hope and fear, driven hither and thither as the one or the other had the ascendant. But time passed on, and an occasional word, in the letters of George Allison, was all he heard of Helen Morrison, or it might be some random notice from her brother George, with whom he maintained a correspondence.

Month slipped away after month, till Henry's dreams were at once dispelled by receiving a letter from his uncle in Canada, offering him a situation in his counting-house, if he thought proper to accept it, but wishing, at all events, to see him. Henry at once saw that it was his wisest plan to avail himself of his uncle's offer, and in a short time his preparations for the voyage were made; indeed a few hours for preparation would have been sufficient. He then persuaded himself that it would be quite improper to leave, without bidding adieu to his friend George Allison. It may well be supposed that other and no less strong attractions drew him to the vicinity of Millseat; perhaps he flattered himself that he would have an opportunity of discovering the true state of Helen's affections, or it might be the fascination that draws every loving heart to the vicinity of a beloved object, forgetting every thing else. The nearer the time of his departure approached, the more sensible he became of the closeness of the tie which bound him to the object of his affections. He tried to look forward to the future with hope; but what had he to hope for, if Helen was not to be his? And for the hundred and fiftieth time he ran over in his mind, the numerous occasions on which she had shewn her enjoyment in Tom Somers' company. How her changing eye would vie with her eloquent smile, in expressing her satisfaction when she saw him approach. And thus he went on, till he had convinced himself that it was in vain for him to hope.

"But why did he not put an end to his suspense by popping the question?" asks the reader. But, my dear reader, were you ever in love? Answer me that—do you know any thing of the doubts, and the anxieties, the hopes and the castings down, of a true lover? Have you ever cherished a dream of passion, and been in doubt whether your affection was returned?

If you think the question can be asked as easily as you could ask the price of a yard of calico, at a simpering shopboy, you have still to learn your first lesson in Cupid's school. Henry had called himself a fool some five hundred times, on account of his diffidence. "It is but a denial," thought he, "and I am free of this intolerable suspense." This was but one mood, and in a short time he would ask, "Why should a penniless dependent like me dream of aspiring to such a treasure?" He would toil like a slave in a mine, and deny himself every comfort, till he had a home worthy of her. This was mood the second. But then there was the thought, what would become of Helen, all this time, whose steps were already crowded with admirers, and whose smile might be as dear to others as to himself. This was another mood. Mood fourth; he could be happy in a dungeon with her; he could wait for years, if the hope of being happy at the last was held out to him—but *she!*—Love has upwards of five score such moods, but we forbear to mention them at present.

In the forenoon, after his arrival at his friend's, he set out with him to pay a visit to Millscat. It was a beautiful autumn morning, like that on which he had first visited it, and as they approached the house, Henry ran over in his mind all that had passed since his first visit, and felt a choking sensation at his heart, when he thought how soon the wave would separate him from all that he held dear. They soon, however, drew near the house, and as Henry stepped into the room behind George, he observed the quick, sudden blush, that for a brief instant overspread the face and neck of Helen, as she rose from her seat to greet him as he approached. It might have been on account of what Tom Somers was saying to her at the moment, for he was deeply engaged in conversation when they entered; or it might have been surprise at Henry's entrance, or it might have been a thousand things, for who can calculate the causes which send the mantling glow to the cheek of beauty! Henry was received by all the family with kindness, and by Tom Somers with that frankness and cordiality which were part of his nature, and in a few minutes, the conversation turned, as it naturally would, to the approaching departure of Henry.

"So you are going to seek your fortune in Canada," said Tom Somers to him; "I have a great mind to pack up and go with you. Don't you think I would be an enterprising settler, as well as a rare addition to the visiting circles of the backwoods?"

"You have too many attractions nearer home, to allow of your going so far," said Henry in reply. "As for me, you know I have no choice to stay or go, nor will it make any difference, except perhaps to Mr. Simpson, who will hardly know for a while what to do with the hour he devoted to drilling me in latin or mathematics."

"I think I see you, Tom," said George Allison, "lifting up an axe upon the tall trees! What havoc you would make—you would be like the half-pay officer at Niagara, when his servants left him without cutting any wood, one frosty morning; he kept himself warm in bed till hunger compelled him to rise, and then took an axe, and went to the wood pile, where he began to lay about him in desperation, standing all the time in a tub to save his toes!"

"Oh, no fear of that! I would manage to keep from freezing, and it would be so delicious, after being in the woods all day, to sit down with a few companions, and enjoy ourselves in the long winter evenings; or to be off in the morning, after a deer or moose."

"I think you had better go, Tom, and 'astonish the natives a few,' like the Brummagem traveller."

"I've serious thoughts of it, George;" and thus they ran on, too eager to heed any one but themselves.

Henry addressing himself to Helen, said:

"Are you not frightened at the thought of the rigors of a Canadian winter?"

"Not in the least; I should like it of all things; 'a sleigh ride would be so delicious,' as Tom would say."

"But a log hut," said Henry, "could you stoop to a back-woodsman's hut, away miles from a neighbour, with nothing to look out upon but a dreary wilderness of woods; to hear nothing, from morning to night, but the sound of the axe in the narrow clearing, or it may be the howling of the wild beast. Could you leave your happy home and stoop to this?"

There was something in the earnest tones of his voice, and in his glance, that caused Helen involuntarily to drop her eyes. Perhaps she felt her jesting tone unbecoming; perhaps she did not know what answer to make, so she said nothing. Fortunately Margaret replied for her.

"Your picture is rather too dark, nor would it be necessary for us to stoop much, for farm houses are pretty much alike all over the world; but I have heard of ladies of fortune, aye and of fashion too, not only stooping to live in a log house, but being happy and contented there; and if duty required it, it would scarcely deserve to be called a sacrifice, especially as one need not be so entirely alone as you represent."

"Instead of being alone, or feeling lonely," said George Allison, "I should think the social feelings between neighbours, would become as close as that which exists between members of the same family, among us. Henry's picture is not what I should fancy the original to be. The settler goes to a new country with the knowledge that, for some time at least, he must put up with hard labour; but by and bye, he sees the wilderness literally becoming a fruitful field. He has no taxes, no rents, no grumbling landlords; every tree he fells, is something done to advance his prosperity, and he can return at night to his carty wife and clean fireside, as the song says, happy and contented and even cheerful."

"This may be true in part, but I suspect that most emigrants wish themselves back in their native land again."

"The settler," replied George, "has made up his mind to relinquish the scenes where he was brought up, and the society he has been accustomed to; the associations which form part of himself, he cannot part with even if he wished; some may regret the change, but the body of settlers would not return even if they could. He may have difficulties, but do you reckon as nothing the ever present consciousness that he is working out his independence?"

"Nay," replied Henry, "instead of this I should reckon this hope as every thing, and with it I would go away resolved and fearless; for God knows I have borne the sense of obligation too long already it is time for action and to cast away dreams."

His countenance brightened up as he spoke, with

an enthusiasm as brilliant as it was transitory ; so taking up a volume which lay near, he appeared engrossed in a short time, in inspecting its decorations, while he was listening to the cheerful tones of Helen's voice, who was now laughingly proposing to fit out Tom Somers, to carry out his purpose of departing with Henry. Her voice went to Henry's heart, as the breeze that fans the cheek of the weary prisoner, when he looks forth from his grated window—for the gale breathes happiness, freedom to others, but not to him. Never had Helen looked so very beautiful in his eyes ; a year had taken with it some of the graces of the girl, but had more than made up the loss by ripening and expanding the holier beauties of the woman. She loves Tom, and may she be happy as she deserves, thought Henry ; and he rose to depart, as if anxious to remove from a place so dangerous to his peace of mind.

On the evening previous to Henry's departure, Mrs. Allison had invited a small party to tea, principally those who were introduced to the reader at the opening of our tale ; indeed, these constituted all or nearly all the "society" of the neighbourhood. It was to Henry, an evening of varied enjoyment and sorrow ; it was the last he was ever to spend under that roof, and although he was heavy at heart, he exerted himself to seem happy, and to prevent all allusion to his approaching departure. The evening passed, and it was the fate or the fortune of Henry, to accompany Helen to her home, George Allison accompanying him with Margaret. It was a beautiful evening, and the harvest moon was riding in unclouded majesty through the depths of the skies. Helen was by his side ; her wonted gaiety, however, had gone, and there was a weight upon Henry's spirits that made him silent. It seemed as if an unseen power had deprived him of his powers of utterance.

"How very beautiful the evening," said Helen, at last, as if the silence had embarrassed her.

"Beautiful, indeed," said Henry. "What a grateful change from the glare of lights, to the cool splendors of such a night as this. Silence has laid her hand on the whole valley, for not a sound is to be heard, nor even a solitary light to be seen." Then after a pause he added :

"In such a night as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be at all believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man
And told the secrets of the world unknown."

"Would you give much to have your fortune told, Helen ?"

"I should scarcely dare to have it told, even if I could, for the future is clothed with beauty and splendor, principally because it is future and therefore uncertain."

"My future is indeed dark and uncertain," said Henry, and they walked on in silence till as they

were approaching the house, the clear laugh of George Allison followed them, ringing through the air.

"George Allison is in his best spirits to night. I can offer no excuse to you, Miss Morrison, for my more than usual dullness ; it is my fate to be dullest when I am most desirous to please."

"You have of course enough to occupy your thoughts in the prospect of leaving so soon. We were all glad that George Allison prevailed on you to come and see us before your departure."

"It did not require much persuasion to bring me to the neighbourhood of Millseat, where the happiest hours of my life have been spent. But the bitterest hour is at hand, when I must leave—for here is your peaceful home—happy, happy home it is. How much am I indebted to its inmates, for their kindness to a stranger, and how very much more to you than I can find words to express."

Helen was silent ; it needed but a word from her, the slightest pressure or sign, and the feelings so long pent up, would have flowed forth from his almost bursting heart. But that word was not spoken, no sign was given, and Henry, not thinking at the time that maidenly modesty naturally waited for something more explicit than he had yet spoken, or else thinking at the time that his rival, Tom Somers, was more favoured—had no power to proceed. The little gate stood open, and Henry taking her unresisting hand in his, could only say in a broken voice—"God bless you, Helen ! and happy, happy may he be that's dearest to thy bosom." Waving an adieu to Margaret, who was now approaching with George Allison, Henry hurried off to hide his emotion. The soothing influence of the hour gradually had its effect on his mind, and he half-persuaded himself that it was not love, but selfishness in him, to regret that Helen could never be his. "The thought that she would be happy, with another, ought not thus to afflict me," reasoned he ; and he struggled to regain his composure. When George Allison overtook him, he easily perceived that Henry had been unusually agitated ; he saw also that he wished to conceal his emotion, and, with the considerateness of true friendship, forbore to notice it.

How Henry passed that night, may easily be imagined ; the next morning, in fulfilment of a promise he had made to George Morrison the evening before, he set out to visit Millseat. George was not at home when he arrived, and Henry was introduced into the parlour, and was told that Helen and Margaret had walked out, but that they were expected back in a short time. Henry took up a book, and seated himself at the open window to wait their arrival. They came, but it was in another direction from that in which he expected them, and he was unaware of their approach, till their voices reached him from the bench in the garden, where they sat down, unconscious of his being in the house. The first words of

Margaret's earnest voice arrested his attention in an instant; he let the first moment pass away without discovering himself; the next, it was too late. The conversation ran thus :

"Consult your own heart, my dearest sister, this can alone tell you whether he would make you happy, and it is better to trust to its decisions than to any advice of mine."

"I have already consulted my heart," was the reply; and although I gave him no answer, it was rather from a wish to spare his feelings, for I never could be happy with him."

"In that case, my dear Helen," replied Margaret, "you have but one course left, and that is to declare yourself to him speedily and fully. It may cost him a pang, but I am mistaken if it will be more than temporary, and you must not have to reproach yourself with encouraging hopes that can never be realized. You would never do this intentionally."

"I confess, that for a short time he has been more serious in his attentions than usual, but yesterday I could not choose to misunderstand him as formerly." Something at this moment overcame her, and falling on Margaret's neck, she gave vent to her feelings in a passionate flood of tears.

Henry had heard enough. "Never, while I live, will I cause you another moment's pain," and seizing his hat, he left the house unperceived, and hurried to his friend's house, and bidding him, and Mrs. Allison an affectionate adieu, he left Millseat for ever.

In a few days Henry was at sea, his native land far in the distance. His experience in life, had not favoured the growth of those ties which bind the heart to the land of one's birth, yet he felt, and that deeply; and as the bold blue mountains of his native land which bless the eyes of the emigrant far out on the western wave, gradually sank from his view, he went below with an aching heart. It is a mistake, however, to suppose, as Goldsmith and many others have done, that the emigrant feels most deeply when he first leaves his native land. It is not so. The sense of his loss breaks upon him by degrees. At first, the excitement and anxiety of the voyage, and the unavailing attempts to conjure up to his imagination the land he is approaching, the hope of success, and the dread of disappointment, all combine to distract and divide his attention. It is not till he has passed "the wide and bounding sea," and set his foot upon a foreign shore, when imaginations and fancies have been exchanged for sober reality, and he has settled down and begun to toil for a subsistence, with the knowledge that he is fixed in the land of his adoption forever; it is not till then, that he realizes what it is to leave home, and feels himself a stranger in a strange land. It may be he does not regret the change; perhaps he would not wish to return were it in his power, but he cannot till then appreciate what it is to sever himself from the society where he was brought up. It is then that

thoughts of home rush on his soul, as he goes forth, it may be in the coolness of a summer Sabbath morning, and gazes on the strange landscape, not yet familiar to his eye. The scene changes gradually and slowly, as he sits down and begins to think upon the past. The narrow circle of half felled trees, and the never-ending forest, are changed into the bare broken outline of a Scottish landscape. The sky is not like the broad, clear, cloudless sky which is now over his head, where one might gaze for a long day, and not find a resting place for his weary eye, but there, before his inward eye, the broken, various coloured sky, with its well kent clouds, that used to come back and linger, morning and evening on the hill where his youth was spent. There is a sound, too, in his ears, of the Sabbath bell, he used to hear long since; he sees the old men already on their way to the House of God; through valley and winding path, and over hill and mountain, they converge by an invisible, but resistless attraction, to one spot, maiden and grey-haired man, and children in their first blush of beauty, and the steady servant man, all on foot, and all with their countenances beaming with the sacred sobriety of the day. He sees them all, and once more worships with the friends of auld lang syne. It is a dream, but many and many a dream like this does the emigrant experience, before the associations of the past are driven out by the sterner realities of the present.

However deeply Henry might feel, his mind was too well balanced to permit him to give way to his feelings. He knew he was in the way of duty, and he began seriously to revolve his future prospects and wishes; while he felt how much his education had unfitted him for the business which his uncle expected him to adopt, he resolved to endeavour to discharge part of the heavy debt of obligation, and to make up by assiduity and diligence, what he lacked in training and business talent. Hour after hour would he pace the deck, his mind occupied with such thoughts, till they at last became his settled determination, and he longed for the time when he could escape from the past, and forget his disappointed love in the hurry and excitement of business.

On arriving at his uncle's, Henry found his resolution confirmed by the kind reception he received, and was more than ever desirous to repay, at least in part, his obligations to his uncle. He found him on the shady side of fifty, but possessed of all the energy and decision which we insensibly associate with the idea of a man of business. He had arrived in Canada a penniless youth, but by degrees and by steady unremitting industry, had secured to himself both an honourable character as a merchant, and an independence. He continued in business, because habit had made activity a part of his nature, and because he had no domestic ties to bind him to his home, living as he did with only an old and attached domestic, who had grown gray in his service.

The allowance made to Henry was continued more from a sense of duty to his deceased brother, than from any interest he felt in Henry himself, till the praises of the worthy clergyman, to whose care Henry had been committed, had created a desire to see his young protégé. "He may come out," thought the old man, "and if he likes the business and is steady, I shall do something for him." Henry's appearance, and more especially the anxiety he shewed to master the details of the business were grateful to his uncle, who felt a high degree of satisfaction in explaining and removing his difficulties, and watching the interest which Henry gradually felt in the complicated affairs which came into his hands. Instead of finding his employment dull and dry, it was exactly that which, in his state of mind, he most ardently longed for. He had something to drive off, at least for the most part, the disappointment and dejection, which had made solitude a burden to him. Demands were perpetually made on his foresight and attention. There was ardent competition on all sides, risks to run, turns in the market to be anticipated and provided for, and although Henry found it impossible to succeed at all times in banishing the past, he was in the main contented, if not happy. He had not forgotten his love, for persons of Henry's temperament never love but once :

"Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the *remover* to *remove* ;
Oh no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to ev'ry wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be
taken.

Love's not time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out, even to the edge of doom."

Henry's experience was in exact coincidence with the oracular saying of the bard of Avon, who knew the human heart as well as mortal man can know it. The thoughts of Helen Morrison, it is true, had little other visible effect than to lead him to disregard the many invitations to parties and pic-nics which a good looking young man of Henry's expectations will always command wherever "society" is to be had. Henry possessed the same open countenance, the same reserve of manner, but he had acquired that confidence in himself which nothing but business and intercourse with men can create. From the day of his arrival nothing had passed between him and his uncle, as to salary, or the footing on which Henry stood ; but an occasional draft on the bank, given him by his uncle, had more than supplied his limited expenses.

It was about three years after Henry's arrival in Canada, that his uncle called him into his private

office or sanctum, and requested him to take a seat, saying, "that he was looking as if the confinement of a counting-room did not agree with his health."

"I was never in better health in my life," said Henry ; "although the office business you know has been more pressing than usual for some time past—but it is over now."

"But Henry, I have sent for you, that we might come to some arrangement as to salary, for it is not fair for me to avail myself of your time and turn for business, without some adequate remuneration."

"But, my dear uncle, suffer it to be as it is ; I owe all I am to your kindness."

"True, my boy, I do take some credit for making a man of business of you, for you did not know the journal from the daybook when you came out, and now you are pretty well versed in such matters. But I have been thinking of a plan as to the future."

Suffer me first to discharge my old debt before incurring a new one, for it is to you I owe it that I was not a burden to the parish, and your kindness has been already overtaxed, by the expense of my education and support hitherto."

"Kindness ! Tut, man, I never had a thought of you, but when Mr. Simpson drew on me for the pittance of fifty pounds, which I allowed him yearly, for his trouble when you were a child, and which I never increased. I have settled the allowance on him for life, for he must have pinched himself in supporting such an extravagant fellow as you on that small sum, and the little pocket money I allowed you. So let me hear no more of that ; but tell me, now you have had a trial of it, could you be content to remain a merchant for life. Be assured your wishes on this head shall be consulted, and whatever your determination may be, I will do all in my power to forward it. What say you, boy ?"

"My dear uncle, I have long since settled I should become a merchant—but——"

"Well then, it's all settled ; I have been thinking for some time that I was getting too old to be out of bed at five, as usual, and begin to tire of sustaining the labour of the business. In short I'm getting lazy, and want to lay the drudgery on your shoulders."

"I accept it with pleasure," said Henry ; "it will be no drudgery, but a pleasure, for I have long thought you ought to spare yourself more than you do."

"I suppose then it may be considered settled, that you are to be a partner in the concern, so I will have the writings made out tomorrow."

"A partner ! my dearest uncle, this is too much !"

"By no means ! I must pay some one to do the drudgery, and it may just as well be you as some one else ; I shall have a security that you will take some interest in the concern, and you will save me the trouble of looking after the clerks ; and now that it is all set-

“I beg you will not confine yourself so much, you must go more into society. And d’ye hear,” added he smiling, seeing Henry about to speak; “just look out a wife for yourself, by and bye, for Janet’s getting rather deaf, and it will not be much expense to let your old uncle sit at your fire-side, if he pays his board regularly—that is to say, if you have not already looked out some one.” Henry’s face flushed and burned at the inquisitive glance with which his uncle accompanied his last words.

“Aye, is it so?” continued he, “so you lost your heart before you had a penny in your pocket. Nay be not ashamed of it, man, you might have done worse.” And suddenly changing his tone, he added:

“God forbid! that you should know, by bitter experience, as I have done, what it is to toil for independence, to be chained to the oar, like a galley slave, and to drag out many a long weary year, sustained only by *one* hope, and to return with the fruits of your toil and self-sacrifice, to find your hope dashed to the earth, and the cherished idol of your heart in the arms of another.” The emotion of the old man overcame him, and he left the room.

Not many weeks after this conversation, Henry was on the bosom of the *St. Lawrence*, on his way to the town of R—. It was evening, and the season for navigation was drawing to a close, but so beautiful was the evening, that although the air was chilly, Henry preferred the upper deck, so wrapping himself up in his cloak, he continued to pace the whole length of the deck with a perseverance worthy of a veteran sentinel.

Of all the modes of travelling in this age of inventions, there is none that for comfort and convenience comes up to the steamboat. You are not crammed with six or seven interesting individuals, (not counting Mrs. B’s two dear little innocents), into a space not large enough for half the number; your neighbour’s elbow does not admonish you of your mortality by a dig under the small ribs, at the average rate of ten in the minute, nor are you held in perpetual terror by the ineffectual attempts of the gentleman in the “*fearnought*,” to hit the fence with the portable poison he ejects every now and then from his overflowing reservoir, which is replenished from a box so filthily fragrant that it were enough to turn the stomach of a negro. Oh no! the steamboat is the very paragon of travelling castles; you feel you are going ahead, and that you are sure of your supper to a minute; you can always find company if you like, and if you don’t like, why, wrap yourself in your cloak, if you have one, and pace about, as Henry did. No wonder that in such a scene, at such an hour, with the mild moonbeams making love to the glancing waters, that the enthusiasm of Henry’s nature for an instant made him forgetful that he was not the only promenader then and there present, and that as he glanced at the

stars below and the stars above, he broke out in the language of the poet:

“Aye there ye roll, ye orbs divine.”

But the sound of his voice recalled him in an instant to a sense of his folly, and after a most ridiculous attempt to convince his fellow promenaders that he had only been singing, he came down from the clouds, and was soon engrossed in musings on the past. He had heard, some time before, that George Allison had married Margaret Morrison, he had afterwards been informed of the death of Mrs. Morrison, and the disconsolate state of poor Robert, and had also seen in a newspaper a notice of a roup at Millseat; and this made up nearly the sum total of his late information in regard to the friends he had left in his native land. He had schooled himself so as effectually to conceal his feelings from those who were most intimate with him, and had flattered himself that he had broken through the fascination of his first love, but the restraints he had set up were all broken down, the sluices of memory were opened, and a flood of painful reminiscences rushed over his soul. Unconsciously he had stopped in his walk, his outward eye fixed intently on the sparkling path of the vessel, spreading out in silver sheets far behind; he was thinking on the crisis of his fate as he stood by the little gate which led to Millseat, with Helen on his arm.

“Fool that I was!” muttered he, half aloud.

“Did you speak to me, sir?” said a voice behind him. Henry turned round, half afraid that he had fallen into his old habit of thinking aloud. The moon shone brightly on the face of the stranger.

“Good heavens! George Allison, *you* here!” and in an instant the two friends were in each other’s arms.

“But, tell me,” said Henry, “what could ever induce you to leave home?”

“It is a long story,” said George; but you know I wrote you of the distracted state of poor Robert Morrison after his wife’s death. Well he could not bear to live at Millseat, where every thing reminded him of his loss, so he came and lived with Margaret, but still he was too near Millseat to be happy; and so he gladly embraced the proposition of his eldest son, William, to sell the remainder of his lease, and accompany him to Canada. How William thought of this, I cannot say, but the descriptions published in H.’s travels, were, I think, the main cause of it.

“And so you packed up and came with them?”

“Yes; for I had begun to find out that my small farm would soon be inadequate to the support of my family, and was quite willing to try the virgin soil of Canada, and as for mother, she was willing to follow; Margaret, you know, must obey her liege lord, like a dutiful wife that she is. So here we are.”

“And where is George Morrison?”

"He has been two years in Glasgow, with a wholesale merchant, and intends to stay his time out. George was always too wild for a farm."

"And Helen?" said Henry, trying to speak in a composed tone.

"She is quite well now; she was ill soon after you left, but her mother's death, and the care of the family have altered her appearance much. You would scarcely recognise in her the once laughing girl, she has become so matronly and grave. We are quite a colony, I assure you. But it is my turn to ask questions now."

"Not now, I beseech you. Some other time you shall know all. But tell me where is Helen now?"

"Where? why, here with the rest of us. She was on deck a short time ago, and after she went below, she told me she was certain she heard your voice, and I laughed at her folly, but just to satisfy her that I was right I came on deck, and fortunate it was, for we leave the boat in the morning, and might not have seen you. But I must go and tell the news.

"Stay one moment," said Henry, who had been hanging on his friend's words like a criminal on the charge of the learned judge, or the more engrossing, awful words, yet hanging on the lips of the foreman of the jury. He had found out that Helen was on board the boat, and that she had not forgot him; but part of his friend's story puzzled him—"charge of a family," "quite a colony," why did he not tell me the worst at once, thought he, yet he was ashamed to inquire more particularly. "One question more, and you may go." How is Tom Somers?"

"I can't say," was the reply. We heard nothing from him for some time before we sailed. He went off to the East Indies, about the same time you sailed. Margaret told me afterwards, that Helen refused the offer of his hand, the very morning you left Millseat, and this was undoubtedly the cause of his sudden departure. But I must hurry down." And in another minute Henry was left alone—alone, but with how very different feelings now than a short half hour since.

"So it was Tom Somers she could not be happy with, and that would soon forget his disappointment. And my senseless stupidity and silence—fool that I was—but, thank Heaven—" These were Henry's last words as he followed George Allison down the companion stair; they are certainly not very coherent, but my reader must make the best of them he can.

The reader must pardon me, if, before concluding my story, I take the liberty of passing over some five years and two months from the date of the last mentioned conversation, which will bring my story to the 31st December, 183—. There are wider gaps in histories, not half so true as this.

The last day of the year had come and gone, and the night was setting in clear and cold, and occa-

sional gusts of wind swept down the streets of the ancient city of Montreal, as if in search of some unfortunate wight on whom to expend their fury. But the streets were nearly empty, and although the moon threw her rays on the white sides of some of the houses, lighting them up with a splendor which supplied for a time a cheap and accommodating substitute for gas-lights, few were abroad to receive the benefit of her light.

It is in a house in the Rue St. V., that our simple story takes up its thread. There is no winter in that house, but an air of comfort, and even of elegance, which bespeaks plainly an occupier well to do in the world, as the phrase is. At a table near the open fireplace, sits a lovely woman, not past the noon of her charms. She has laid down her book, and is gazing now at the fire which sparkles in the hearth, and now on a boy, who has just strength enough to drag a chair to the head of the sofa, on which an elderly gentleman is half reclined. The boy speaks:

"Uncle, you said gran'pa was coming tonight. Why don't he come?"

"Stop, you rogue! Hands off!" cries the old man, hastily; "I declare that boy will have every hair out of my wig before I'm a week older."

"Robert, my love," said the lady, but Robert only repeated his question, till the old man, taking him from his chair told him to go and ask his mother. Taking him upon her knee, and gazing on his clear stainless brow, with a mother's pride, the lady tries to convince the said Robert of the propriety of his being sent to bed, and that he will see gran'pa in the morning, but the child replies in a spirit which shews no slight knowledge of the logic which sways maternal bosoms:

"But ma', you said I might sit up till he came; why don't he come?"

"You shouldn't tease your mother so, Robert, you know I can't tell why grand'pa does not come;" and turning to the old gentleman, she added. "I hear Henry's step, perhaps he has heard something about it."

Henry at this moment entered the room, accompanied by a gentleman some three or four years his junior in appearance, on seeing whom the lady threw herself in his arms, with rather unbecoming haste.

"My dearest brother." "My dear Helen," was all that could be heard.

The old man had by this time, removed himself from the sofa, and was standing, gazing upon this scene, not quite like a stoic, it must be confessed; and after the parties engaged in it had disengaged themselves, the old man shook the stranger by the hand with a vigor worthy of a youth, and welcomed him to Canada in general, and Montreal in particular. Turning to Henry, he said, with a smile: "so this is the proposed partner in the new firm of Lawson, Morrison & Co.—I beg you will bear witness, all of you, that the proposal of a new partner

was none of mine, and if it don't succeed mind ye I wash my hands of it, henceforth. I declare," continued the old man, muttering to himself, "he is as like his sister as a man can be like a woman. I suppose I'll have to advance the capital, but never mind, I'll——"

What the conclusion of this soliloquy might have turned out to be, it is impossible to say, as it was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door.

"It is my father," cried Helen, and George and Henry, each snatching a candle from the table, ran down to assist him into the house.

"God bless you, my son!" were the first words of old Robert Morrison as he entered the room; leaning on George's arm. "Let us give all the praise to HIM that has kept us safe to this hour." And tears of gratitude stood in the old man's eyes, the overflowings of a thankful heart. The meeting between George and his sister Margaret and old Mrs. Allison, (for they were all here) it is needless to describe—those who have felt the pleasure of meeting a brother or sister after years of absence, need no description of it—and others may try and conceive it. While Helen had gone out to assist her sister and old Mrs. Allison to make themselves fit to be seen, as the last mentioned lady was pleased to term it, something like the following conversation took place between Henry's uncle and old Robert Morrison.

"I was just saying to Helen," remarked the former "before you came in, that if you disappointed us tonight, and didn't come, I would cut off six weeks from my summer's visit to Millseat."

"We a' ken ye're waur i' the girn than ye are i' the bite; but the snaw was gay an' dcep, and I wad na' let George drive the poor beasts so fast, for the sleigh, besides oursells (and we're nae feathers, counting four of us forbye the bairn,) was loaded wi' butter and cheese, tho' I told Mrs. Allison it was sinfu' to threep that her butter was better than what ye can get in the toon."

"Do you like this country as well as Scotland?" asked his son George.

"Decd, I canna' just say that I like it as weel, but we maunna' compleen, and I believe I couldna' get ane to gave back were I to set out the morn; but how came you so soon here?"

"I received Henry's letter when I came to New York, and so I posted on full speed to meet you here.

The sisters and Mrs. Allison now entered and a happier circle never sat down to supper. The sisters were sitting on opposite sides of the table, looking still more beautiful, in the eyes of their husbands at least, than when first introduced to our readers, and that they really were so who can deny, for who has not felt how much superior to the glitter and vivacity of maidenly beauty, even in its highest perfection, is the calm, pure, heartfelt satisfaction that beams from the eye of a young and

happy mother. Expectation and hope have given place to a serene enjoyment far more lasting and delightful; the crisis is past, the lottery drawn, the prize won; happy they who, like Henry Lawson and George, have the good fortune not to draw blanks.

"That boy o' yours will get a mischeef, riding on the dog," said old Robert to Henry Lawson.

"Down, Cæsar! come here sir," said George Allison, for the third time trying to coax the animal to the door.

"Ye needna fash yoursel," said Robert, "the poor brute cares naething about the carpet, and does na ken but this is the kitchen."

"That boy of Helen's," said the uncle to Margaret, "is enough to keep the house in an uproar with his sport from kitchen to garret; and how quiet folks, like your father and me, can put up with both Helen's boy and yours when they are together, I can hardly imagine."

"You will have to beat a retreat to the counting-room," said Helen, or else give over playing with them; for it is *you* that make most of the noise after all."

"Did ever you hear the like of that?" said the uncle in well feigned astonishment. "But here comes Janet with the punch bowl. Stay a minute, Janet!" continued he raising his voice that his old deaf housekeeper might be aware he spoke to her. "Stay a minute, Janet," and handing her a glass with the others, he stood up and said, "here's to Robert Morrison of Millseat, and may Scotland send to the Canadas many such partriarchs, and may we all meet under as happy circumstances for many years yet." "Amen!" said Robert Morrison, to the last part of the toast, as devoutly as if he had been kneeling before the high altar of a consecrated cathedral.

"One more toast, if you please" said the uncle, seeing the females preparing to retire; "Here's to the heads of this house,—there's no truth now in the proverb that *Faint heart never won fair laly.*" Henry looked a little confused, but imprinted an affectionate kiss on the cheek of his happy Helen, who left the room with her first born.

PROVERBS FROM THE ITALIAN.

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

I heard one say so, is half a lie.

When the ship is sunk, every man knows how she might have been saved.

Extravagant offers are a kind of denial.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

Rewards and punishments are the basis of good government.

One catches more flies with honey than with vinegar.

It is better one's foot make a slip than one's tongue.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE HEIRESS;

AN ADVENTURE AT THE SPRINGS.

THE *locale* of the Caledonia Springs is not, as it was six years ago, an obscure spot in the geography of Canada, only sought, and with difficulty traced out, by the suffering invalid, in search of that best boon of Providence, renovated health.

The Caledonia Springs have obtained a well merited celebrity; and, happily, visitors are no longer restricted to those seeking relief from the sanative power of the waters. Many who travel for pleasure, visit the place for the novelty of its situation. The young and the gay frequent it for amusement—the grave and reflective for its deep seclusion, amidst the primitive growth of nature; and all who feel a patriotic glow, and delight in the improvement of the country, have, or should bestow, their fostering regards upon this promising off-shoot of refinement.

Hitherto the traces of civilization in Canada exhibit but the rude outlines of an immature stage of existence; but, as we often witness in the animal formation, the coarse and strongly marked features that mar the beauty of infancy, assume, in advancing adolescence, the charm of symmetry—so it may be in our social progress; the harsh character, repulsive and unlovely, that surrounds us, may, in the rapidly developing sources of intelligence and knowledge, harmonize in a social structure more perfect and durable than where more plastic materials furnish the frame-work of society. We hail the Caledonia Springs as the first of those pleasant features in our social position, that is to give grace and animation to the finished proportions.

It may be a subject of regret that the immediate vicinity of the waters is deficient in landscape beauty. Had those fountains of health sprung up in closer contiguity to the pleasant village of L'Original, there would have been a happy combination of the picturesque with the useful; but Nature is an impartial mother, and distributes her gifts with an equal hand. Where she denies external attractions, she often bestows qualities of intrinsic value. So it is with the forest, in whose deep recesses these invaluable waters were discovered. Nothing short of their well tested medicinal virtues could have redeemed so unpropitious a place from its primitive settlers, the free-booting bears.

The scenery, on the route by the Ottawa, amply compensates the visitor at the Springs for the circumscribed range to which the old veterans of the forest limit the prospect. The views on this river are delightfully diversified: presenting every variety of scenic beauty, from the gently sloping woodlands and smiling landscape, to the dark and impenetrable forest shade.

The surface of the soil in the Lower Province is undulating, rising, as you ascend the river, to gentle

activities, and increasing, till it assumes a mountainous importance, when, reaching the Chaudière Falls, all that the imagination may conceive of the grand and beautiful conspire to render it one of the most enchanting prospects in the world. The perfect repose of nature, around the Springs, is in strong, and not unpleasant contrast, to the vivid impressions received by the traveller on his route, its deep seclusion and unbroken tranquillity render it peculiarly refreshing to the excited inhabitants of our cities, and give it a decided advantage over similar places of resort. It resembles a fairy scene, raised by the magician's wand in the midst of the wilderness. Looking on the brilliant assemblage congregated there in the summer months, amongst whom wealth and taste lavish their embellishments, one could fancy the restoration of the eastern genii to power, and that life and animation, in their most alluring guise, were conjured to this isolated spot by the spell of enchantment.

Where the young and attractive of both sexes meet in daily intercourse, and have little else to do than make themselves mutually agreeable, it may be inferred, without attributing undue influence to the waters, that the blind deity finds ample occupation, and Hymen meets with many votaries in the course of the season. The romance of life is there often opened, and the first glow illumined that gives the rose-tinge to existence.

The watering places of Europe, and even in the States, have long enjoyed an enviable supremacy in romantic adventure. These places of gregarious resort have been from time immemorial celebrated in story, as the scene of many a love-lorn tale and ditty, or the chosen site of some fortunate *denouement*, where virtue and constancy triumphed over trials, that too often interrupted the current of true love.

There are as bright eyes and as susceptible hearts in Canada as in any portion of the globe, and it is self-evident to all logicians, that the same causes will produce the same effects all the world over; Caledonia has therefore had its share of adventure, and it only waits a faithful narrator to give the interesting details to the public. I do not pretend to be fitted for the important office, but hope, the ensuing season, to see a capable head and hand installed therein.

The singular narrative which I submit to my readers, was related by one who professed to be acquainted with the circumstances—if he have taken advantage of my credulity, and imposed the workings of his own wild fancy, as sober truths, I hope to stand acquitted of all participation in the nefarious design. I confess appearances are rather suspicious—dates being suppressed, and names carefully concealed however, I give it as it was recounted, in the following words:

It was a fine clear evening, succeeding a sultry, oppressive day, and every living thing appertaining to

that human contrivance—a house—had issued from the heated atmosphere within doors, to enjoy the pleasant freshness of the hour.

No further arrivals were looked for—expectation was hushed to slumber for the night, and an air of gentle repose hung over the scene. Several groups were sauntering on the greensward; some were seated on the banks beside the bubbling fountain, and many occupied the piazzas of the hotel. Once in a while a melodious voice, or the soft tones of a harmonica or lute, would break on the stillness of the evening, making the silence more profound.

This quiescent state was interrupted by the appearance of approaching vehicles. A handsome carriage and pair, well appointed, followed by a family waggon, with attendants and luggage, drove to the principal hotel. An elderly lady, a gentleman somewhat younger, but of mature years, and a pretty girl of eighteen, composed the party.

The most trivial incident out of the common routine of events creates a sensation at Caledonia. Strangers arrive there almost hourly; but strangers in a handsome private equipage, with servants in livery, are of rather rare occurrence. Excitement and eager curiosity dispelled in a moment the calm serenity that pervaded the scene. The seated arose, the distant groups approached, and each and all were anxious to learn something of the strangers. It is difficult to say how information in these cases is communicated, but it spreads with astonishing rapidity—perhaps it is diffused in the air, I don't know how. Certain it is, in less than twenty minutes, every individual at the Springs knew that the elderly lady was Mrs. V—, of Y—, in Canada, the mature gentleman, Mr. R—, heir expectant to a title, and the young person was Mrs. V—'s daughter, and in addition to her pretty face and elegant little figure, she possessed ten thousand more seductive charms, in the shape of bank stock, railroad investments, and sundry possessions in and around the pleasant city of—. The gentlemen pronounced her very charming indeed—the ladies—but I shall not tell what the ladies said.

In what relation Mr. R— stood to his fair charge, whether uncle, cousin or guardian, did not yet transpire; but by noon the following day, it was universally understood that he aspired to the hand of the pretty heiress, was favoured by her mother, but by no means smiled on by herself. He was, as I have said, advanced in years, of very grave deportment, and impressed with an extraordinary opinion of his present and prospective importance. These were not prepossessing characteristics in the eyes of a rather romantic young lady, especially when it is considered that there was a handsome cousin, who had been in the habit, for a long time previous, of practising duets, copying music, writing sonnets, and doing sundry other things, in a cousinly way, to oblige his pretty relative. These kind attentions met a correspond-

ing return—the sweetest smiles, the kindest looks, repaid his exertions. Mrs. V— was by no means as grateful as her daughter, for her nephew's solicitude to please—the mental vision of the old and young cast those things into such different lines of perspective that they seldom concur in opinion as to the merits of the design. Miss V— believed her cousin to be generous and disinterested. Mrs. V— believed the reverse; at least, she did not wish him for a husband for her daughter, and thought he might be much better employed in his office, engrossing, or doing whatever else was to be done, than in singing duets or writing sonnets. She took the liberty of a relative and told him so, intimating, at the same time, that the shorter and less frequent his visits were in future, the more she would value his friendship. He knew his aunt was vain and worldly minded—he was aware she loved rank and titles above all earthly, and it might be all heavenly things, and that her daughter's predilections would be disregarded, if they stood opposed to her aspiring views. He deemed he knew full well that daughter's kind and gentle heart—it had been so long his study. So often had he connoiced over the fair characters, that each lofty sentiment, each generous impulse, was as familiar to him as if they had sprung within his own breast. The distinctions her mother sighed for, she estimated at their true value—agreeable adjuncts to love and contentment, but not worth balancing against an honest heart and true affection. Knowing all this, the young man shewed no disposition to acquiesce in his aunt's inhospitable suggestion; whilst winning smiles and gentle looks greeted his appearance, he disregarded the frowns that lowered in another quarter. Thus stood affairs, when a suitor very much to Mrs. V—'s taste and particular views, presented himself as a candidate for Miss V—'s favour. This occurrence induced the vigilant old lady to take more decisive steps with her refractory nephew. After much upbraiding and some unmerited invective, he was peremptorily forbidden her doors, and her servants received orders, in his presence, to deny him admission. This was harsh treatment, a gross indignity to a sister's son; but these things do occur in life, and the aggrieved have only to submit with the best grace they can assume. Time occasionally settles these differences, and in due course brings round the hour of retaliation.

Mr. R—, the suitor in question, was a stranger in the country, supposed to be wealthy, known to be extravagant; it was circulated and currently believed, that he would some day or other be a lord—and if arrogance and self-sufficiency were lordly attributes, nature had stamped him with a claim to a title. He condescended to regard with partial eyes Miss V—'s united charms of person and property—how far the latter predominated over the former in his estimation, I shall not say. Being most assiduous in his attentions, no one questioned his exclusive ad-

miration of the lady, and as she had ever been obedient to her mamma's behests, little doubt was entertained that she would ultimately yield her hand to her mature lover.

This trifling episode of the cousin, in Mrs. V——'s family history, was not circulated on their arrival at the Springs, and the *preux chevaliers* there assembled, conceived it would be a matter of easy achievement to supplant an admirer as uncongenial as Mr. R——'s age and appearance bespoke him to be. They were indignant that a piece of solemn formality like him, should presume to appropriate to himself Miss V——'s varied attractions, and each mentally vowed, that he would dispute the antiquated beau's pretensions, to the last hair of their respective moustache, rather than yield the chance of winning so rare a prize—those who cherished not the distinctive marks of affinity to the brute creation, swore by whatever they deemed most precious, not to flinch in the contest. Perfumes, curling-tongs, precious salves, in fact, all the side arms of Cupid, were put in requisition, and a general revolution in the social compact became visible.

Belles the most exigent, were neglected—beauties, who, the day before, were besieged with attentions, might now be noticed wandering alone in the very precincts of the wilderness, without an arm to sustain their steps, a hand to remove the obtruding branches, or to dislodge the rude briars that obstructed the path.

The object of all this solicitude appeared perfectly unconscious of the sensation she caused; indeed no one could be less like an heiress; unassuming and gentle in her demeanour, she was courteous to all, and affable to the few having a claim upon her acquaintance—the unpretending simplicity of her manners won her even the suffrages of those fair ones deserted for her sake; it is possible the indifference she manifested towards their fickle admirers, contributed to securing their good opinion. Be it as it may, Miss V——, the heiress, was an acknowledged favourite—pretty as she was good—good as she was pretty—so humble, so beneficent—the aged and infirm engaged more of her attention than the young and gay, who vied with each other for her smiles. In truth, it is thought she carried this benevolent tendency to the extreme verge of prudence; the more wretched and poverty stricken the invalids were, the more she distinguished them by the frank condescension of her address.

A sorry looking object, in the double capacity of beggar and invalid, attracted some notice by the singular wretchedness of his appearance. No one had remarked the exact time of his arrival—he was there—and a strange looking being he was. Whether he had been a sailor or soldier nobody knew, and every body forgot to ask; but it was supposed he must have been either, as he had lost a leg and an arm. Thus mutilated, he moved with difficulty upon

crutches; his face was disfigured with sundry patches, to cover, no doubt, the disgusting marks of some insidious disease—a snuff coloured wig, bearing evident marks of having passed through a conflagration, was drawn far on his forehead, concealing the depredations of time, and the furrows which age had implanted on his brow; his clothes hung in tatters around him, his beard was unshaven; altogether he was a sad specimen of what humanity may be reduced to in the rude contact with adversity. Miss V——'s compassionate heart was deeply touched,—her commiseration unbounded. Smiles, denied to devoted suitors, were freely bestowed upon the decrepid beggar. She would converse with him, hand him his crutches, fill for him, with her own fair hand, the goblet in the bubbling fountain, and present it with a grace and courtesy that might have enchanted a prince. Some said she was an angel, others thought her a fool; but she was independent of opinion, and pursued her own way, regardless of what was said or thought.

She was an early riser, and usually took a walk whilst her mamma and her dignified lover were dreaming.

The old beggar was just as fond of hobbling in the woods as the young lady was of walking there. She studied Botany, and the old man was doubtless serviceable in picking up plants; however he was employed, they often returned together; he was, to be sure, an odd companion, but, though it did look singular, she was a privileged person, and no comments were made. Some weeks had thus passed, when one morning the heiress was absent from the *desjeuné*. Mamma had missed her from her accustomed seat, and her eye took the range of the table. She was not present. Mamma looked enquiringly to Mr. R——, and Mr. R—— returned the enquiring glance—a servant was despatched to Miss V——'s chamber, to see if she was risen, or if she chose to have breakfast sent up. Miss V—— was not in her apartment, neither was her bed disturbed the preceding night. What was the matter?—Where could she be? Had she wandered out in the evening and lost herself in the woods? No one could tell. Miss V——'s maid was also absent—stranger still. A quiet looking gentleman at the foot of the table, who appeared to take little interest in the general confusion, dryly observed, that he believed the old beggar with the scorched wig had gone also, as he was nowhere to be seen. A light broke suddenly upon the company; circumstances before inexplicable, were now elucidated. The demure and benevolent little heiress, who scorned the flower of chivalry assembled at the Springs, had eloped with a lame old beggar; it was an unaccountable perversion of taste—a strange infatuation—a monstrous dereliction of sense and feeling. Mrs. V—— was distracted, Mr. R—— savage; the gentlemen volunteered their services to the distressed mother and deserted lover. The fleetest horses were called for, the

fugitives were sought in every direction. Towards noon information was obtained, that a young lady, answering to the description of Miss V——, was seen at an early hour proceeding in the direction of Cornwall, accompanied by a plain-looking woman, and a very handsome young gentleman, without either wig, patches or crutch—on the contrary, he had a profusion of dark curling hair, his face was perfectly smooth, with a clear brown complexion, and he was six feet high, having the use of both legs and arms. “My nephew!” exclaimed Mrs. V——. “It is all as it should be, then,”—observed the gentlemen, and the pursuit was abandoned.

The old beggar was never afterwards seen; neither were his crutches; but the memorable scorched wig, with a large supply of patches, and the tattered vestments he figured in, were discovered in the interstices of the upturned root of a huge tree, somewhere between the Springs and Beaver Meadow Swamp.

A.

(ORIGINAL.)

RELIGION.

BY J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE, ESQ.

Where is religion found, in what bright sphere
Dwells holy love in majesty serene,
Shedding its beams, like planet o'er the scene;
In steady lustre thro' the varying year:
Still glowing with the heavenly rays that flow
In copious streams, to soften human woe?

It is not 'mid the busy scenes of life,
Where care-worn mortals crowd along the way
That leads to gain,—shunning the light of day—
In endless eddies whirled, where pain and strife
Distract the soul, and spread the shades of night,
Where love divine should dwell in purest light.

Short-sighted man—go seek the mountain's brow,
And cast thy raptured eye o'er hill and dale;
The waving woods, the ever blooming vale,
Shall spread a feast before thee, which till now
Ne'er met thy gaze,—obscured by passion's sway;
And nature's works shall teach thee how to pray:

Or wend thy course along the sounding shore,
Where giant waves resistless onward sweep,
To join the awful chorus of the deep—
Curling their snowy manes with deaf'ning roar,
Flinging their foam high o'er the trembling sod:
And thunder forth their mighty song to God!
Belleville.

ON A WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS.

COMPOSED OF THE FORGET ME NOT, CRANESBILL AND PIMPERNEL.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The simple wreath that nature weaves,
Of wilding buds and hawthorn leaves,
To crown the brow of spring,
More rapture to my heart can yield,

When wandering through the upland field,
To hear the linnet sing,

Than all the blossoms Flora spreads,
Along the garden's perfumed beds,
In wealth's luxuriant bowers:
These are less fair than that sweet braid
On May's green lap, by nature laid—
Her zone of wilding flowers.

The cranesbill and forget-me-not,
That deck some rude, uncultured spot,
And lowly pimpernel,
The mirror of the summer sky,
That only ope's its gladsome eye,
A glorious day to tell!

Oh! simple as the garb of truth,
And lovely as the face of youth,
The aspect that ye wear;
But youth's delightful roses fade,
As quickly as this modest braid,
When stormy clouds appear.

Yes—though I place thee in my bosom,
It will not save one fragile blossom
From premature decay;
But I must seek a brighter wreath,
In fields beyond the vale of death,
That cannot fade away!

Belleville.

(ORIGINAL.)

RISE, MARY! MEET ME ON THE SHORE.

A SONG—BY MRS. MOODIE.

Rise, Mary! meet me on the shore,
And tell our tale of sorrow o'er,
There must we part, to meet no more,
Rise, Mary, rise!
Come, dearest, come! tho' all in vain,
Once more beside yon summer main,
We'll plight our hopeless vows again—
Unclose thine eyes.

My bark amidst the surge is tost,
I go, by evil fortunes cross'd,
My earthly hopes forever lost—
Love's dearest prize.
But when thy hand is clasp'd in mine,
I'll laugh at fortune, nor repine,
In life, in death, for ever thine—
Then check these sighs;

They move a bosom steel'd to bear
Its own unwonted load of care,
That will not bend beneath despair—
Rise, dearest, rise!
Life's but a troubled dream at best,
There is a time when grief must rest,
And faithful hearts shall yet be bless'd,
'Neath brighter skies!

Belleville.

(ORIGINAL.)

GEOFFREY MONCTON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER IX.

THE drawing-room was full of ladies. The blaze of lights, the gay assemblage of youth and beauty, which arrested my eyes, when the footman unclosed the folding doors, sent a sudden thrill of joy to my heart. These feelings were quickly damped by the cold and distant salutation which I received from those persons, who, a few weeks before, had courted my acquaintance, and flattered my vanity, by saying and doing a thousand agreeable things. The meaning glance which passed round the circle on my first appearance, chilled the warm glow of pleasure which the sight of so many fair familiar faces had called up. Heart-sick and disgusted with the world, I sat down at a distant table, and began mechanically to turn over a large portfolio of splendid prints, Theophilus had brought with him from Paris. A half-suppressed laugh, from some young ladies near me, stung my proud heart almost to madness; a dark mist floated between me and the lights; and the next moment, I determined to abandon a scene in which I felt my presence was not required, and where I was evidently considered as an intruder.

I was in the act of quitting my seat, for this purpose, when the doors were again suddenly thrown open, and Mrs. Hepburne and Miss Lee, were announced. A general bustle ensued—all eyes were turned upon the newly arrived—mine unconsciously followed the rest. The blood receded from my cheek, only to flush it again to a painful, feverish glow, when, in the stranger, I recognized the lovely girl whom I had so long sought, and sought in vain. Yes—it was her—no longer pale and agitated from recent danger, but radiant in youth and beauty, her elegant person adorned with the costly jewels and garments, that fashion has rendered indispensable to her wealthy votaries. Though considerably below the middle stature, Miss Lee's figure was exquisitely proportioned, and the graceful ease, which accompanied every look and action, could scarcely be surpassed. There was nothing studied or affected about her—no appearance of display, no wish to attract admiration—she was an unsophisticated

child of nature, and the delightful frankness with which she returned the salutations of the company, proclaimed, in the most simple language, the kindly feelings of a warm and benevolent heart.

The excitement which Miss Lee's appearance had produced amongst the ladies at length subsided; but my eyes were still rivetted upon her face—I knew not how to withdraw them from so fascinating an object. She was unconscious of my regard, and I congratulated myself upon the obscurity of my situation, which enabled me to watch all her movements, without exposing myself to the observation and ridicule of the by-standers. At length, by some strange coincidence, and yet, I could hardly think it accidental, she and Mrs. Hepburne approached the table by which I was seated.

I rose up in great confusion, and stammered forth some incoherent words. What I said, I cannot now remember; but I apprehend my speech was composed of those senseless nothings with which strangers, particularly the English, generally commence an acquaintance with each other. In my hurry and agitation, the portfolio fell from my hand, and the fine prints were scattered over the floor and table. A general laugh arose at my expense—I glanced angrily around, until struck with the absurdity of my situation, I laughed as heartily as the rest; Miss Lee, very good humouredly assisted me in restoring the prints to the portfolio, then looking me earnestly for a few seconds in the face, she said in a low voice: "Have I indeed the pleasure of meeting again my kind preserver."

"Do not name it," I replied; "I was only too happy in being able to render you such a trifling service."

"Do not call it a trifling service, Mr. Moncton; you saved my life, and I hope I never shall forget the debt of gratitude I owe you."

"Let us talk on some other subject," I replied. "Do you draw?"

"A little—let us examine these beautiful prints." She took a seat by me. My heart fluttered with delight.

The mortification I had experienced on my first

entrance was forgotten; I no longer regarded the contemptuous glances of the worldly minded beings by whom we were surrounded. In the rapture of the moment, I defied their malice.

"I am no judge of the real merits or demerits of a picture," I continued, gathering courage from her sweet looks; "I know what pleases me, and suffer my heart to decide for my head."

"That is exactly my case," she said; "pictures, to interest me, must produce the same effect upon my mind as if the object which it is supposed to represent, were actually before me. This is the reason why I feel less pleasure in examining the works of ancient masters, who employed their matchless skill in portraying the fabled objects of heathen idolatry—with Jupiter, Mars, and Venus, we can feel little sympathy, whilst the bold and spirited delineations from nature, by the pencils of Wilkie and Gainsborough have been familiar from childhood, and appeal to every heart."

I was about to answer, when our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the gentlemen from the dining room. Theophilus approached the table at which we were seated.

He stared at me, without deigning a word of recognition, and shook hands cordially with my beautiful companion. "Happy to see you here, Catharine. Was afraid you would be too much fatigued by dancing all night to give us a look in this evening. Been looking at my prints—splendid collection. By the bye, Geoffrey, I would thank you to be more careful in handling them; persons unaccustomed to fine drawings are apt to injure them by rough treatment.

He smiled superciliously in my face, which was returned by a look of withering contempt.

"That picture on the opposite side of the room," continued my tormentor, anxious to divert his companion from me, "is a fine portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. You are an admirer of the arts? Let us examine it." In a few minutes the company were gathered round the picture, and half a dozen wax lights were held up to exhibit it to the best advantage. Theophilus was loud in his remarks on Sir Joshua's style of painting, and launched out into an elaborate detail of the celebrated works of art he had visited abroad. Though possessing considerable talent, I thought he never appeared so egotistical and affected as at that moment, when standing by the side of the unaffected and graceful Catharine Lee.

She listened to him with politeness until the exhibition was over, when, returning to her seat, she again addressed her conversation to me. The swarthy glow of indignation crimsoned my cousin's wan cheek. He drew back, and muttered something between his shut teeth, about presumptuous, impertinent, uninvited puppies. I took no notice of his taunt, and secretly enjoyed his chagrin. Supper was announced, and I had the honour of conducting Miss

Lee down stairs; nor did my triumph end here; as the youngest female present, she insisted on taking a seat at the lower end of the table, and I found myself unexpectedly placed by her side.

"You mix very little in the gaities of the town," said she. "You were not at Mrs. Monroe's large party last night?"

"I was not invited."

"The Monctons were there, father and son."

"Since Theophilus returned from the continent I am a mere cypher here. A few weeks ago the Monctons courted my acquaintance, and vied with each other in striving to win my good opinion. Tonight, they met me as strangers. Miss Lee, I am a novice in the ways of the world, but this unmerited neglect will render me a misanthrope."

"I am sorry to hear you say so. You must not condemn all, because you have experienced unkindness from a few. Selfish and worldly minded people exist everywhere. I have met with warm hearts and kind friends amid the gay scenes you condemn— young people, who, like myself, are compelled by circumstances to mingle in society, while their thoughts and affections are far away. It is a maxim with me never to judge the mass by individuals; many of the persons whom we meet in the fashionable world do not live entirely for it."

"You have never experienced its frowns," I replied; "I can scarcely allow you to be a competent judge."

"I am prepared to meet them." She ceased speaking and sighed deeply. I looked up in her fine face—its expression was changed, her features had assumed a more pensive cast. It was not actual sorrow that threw a shade over her happy countenance, but she looked like one, who had encountered some unexpected misfortune, and was prepared to meet it with resignation. She passed her small white hand slowly across her brow, and I thought I could perceive the tears in her eyes. My interest was more deeply excited; I redoubled my attentions, and before the company rose from table, I flattered myself into the conviction that she did not regard me with indifference.

But this rapturous dream was too soon dispelled, and I awoke to an agonizing consciousness of my own insignificance. A counsellor Sabine, who had been closetted with my uncle during the evening, entered the room, and beckoned me to a distant table, to settle a dispute which had arisen about some papers, which, he said, had been entrusted to my care. I reluctantly obeyed the summons, and my place was instantly filled by Theophilus Moncton—Mrs. Hepburne, Catharine's aunt, who had been much interested in our conversation, asked him in a low voice, that did not fail to reach my ears, who I was, and what was the station I held in society, and ended her remarks by passing many encomiums on my person and accomplishments.

"Accomplishments!" repeated Theophilus, with a sneer. "I know not how he should be accomplished. He is only a poor clerk in Mr. Moncton's office—a natural son of my uncle Edward's, who died in a state of insolvency, and this boy my father educated upon charity. I was surprised at his presumption, in daring to address his conversation to Miss Lee." It was well for Theophilus Moncton that he was at that moment, beyond the reach of my arm, and protected by the presence of Miss Lee, or I certainly should have committed an act of personal violence—perhaps murder. I restrained my indignation, and appeared outwardly calm—received some instructions from the counsellor, and noted them down with stoical precision. My hand did not tremble, though my passion was too deep for words. I could have put a pistol to his head. I could have seen him bleeding at my feet without one pang of remorse, but I was too deeply wounded by his infamous assertion to have exchanged with him a single sentence.

Miss Lee's carriage was announced, and I roused myself from my dream of vengeance, by advancing and offering her my arm, to conduct her down stairs. She cast upon me a glance full of sorrowful meaning, while her aunt refused my services with a distant inclination of the head, and turning to Theophilus Moncton, gave him her hand; and the puppy with a grin of triumph, led the ladies off to their carriage.

After the party dispersed, I sought Theophilus Moncton, and demanded an explanation of his ungentlemanly conduct, and the only answer I received was an insolent laugh. Burning with rage, and unable longer to conceal my indignation, I said many bitter things that had better been left unsaid. He threatened to complain to his father. I dared him to do his worst, and retired to my own chamber, in a state of dreadful excitement.

The next morning, whilst mechanically employed at my desk, Mr. Moncton entered the office. He shut the door carefully after him, and called me to him in a stern tone.

I rose to meet him, and gave him the usual salutations of the morning.

"Geoffrey," he said, "you have insulted my son, grossly insulted both him and me; and without you make a full and satisfactory apology to me, for your intemperate conduct, or ask his pardon, you may dread my just displeasure."

"Ask his pardon!" I exclaimed, choking with passion—"for what?—for his treating me like a menial and a slave! Never!" Mr. Moncton regarded me with the same look of cool determined insolence, from which my heart revolted when a child, while I recapitulated my wrongs, with all the eloquence which passion gives—passion, which makes even the slow of speech act the part of an orator. He listened to me with a smile of derision. I was car-

ried beyond the bounds of prudence; and told him, "that I would no longer be subjected to such degrading tyranny—that his unnatural conduct had cancelled all ties of obligation between us—that the favours he had lately conferred upon me had only been bestowed in order to ruin me—that he knew he had been acting a base and treacherous game with me, to further his own dishonest views—that I was fully aware of his motives—and appreciated them as they deserved—that the friendless orphan of his unfortunate brother, would no longer exist upon his cold extorted charity. That the term of my articles would expire on the following day; I would then leave his house forever, and seek my own living."

"You may do so today," he said, in the same cool sarcastic tone; and unlocking his desk, he took out my articles. A sudden tremor seized me—I drew a shorter breath, and advanced a few paces nearer. All my hopes were centered in that sheet of parchment, to obtain which I had endured seven years of bitter bondage. "No, no!" I mentally said, "he cannot be such a villain—he dare not do it!"

The next moment the fatal scroll lay torn and defaced at my feet.

A cry of despair burst from my lips. I sprang forward, and with one blow laid him senseless at my feet, and rushed from the house. Years passed before I saw Robert Moncton again. Recollection shudders, when I recall that dreadful meeting.

I walked rapidly down the street, perfectly unconscious that I was without my hat, and that the rain was falling in torrents, or that I was an object of curiosity to the gaping crowds that followed me. Some one caught my arm. I turned angrily round, to shake off the intruder. It was my friend Harrison.

"In the name of Heaven, Geoffrey!" he exclaimed, "tell me what has happened—what's the matter—are you in your senses—or have you quarrelled with your uncle? Let me walk back with you to his house!"

"He is a villain!" I exclaimed, throwing my clenched hand frantically upwards, and hurrying on still faster; "were he now before me I could crush him!"

"Geoffrey, you are in a state of dreadful excitement," he continued in a soothing tone, "and know not what you say. Good God! how you tremble. Lean upon me—heavier yet. The arm of a sincere friend supports you, one who will never desert you, let what will befall."

"Leave me, Harrison, to my fate," I replied. "The world is now a blank; and I am reckless, as to what becomes of me."

"If you are unable to take care of yourself, Geoffrey," he replied, clasping my hand fervently in his own, and directing my steps down another, and less frequented street, "it is highly necessary that some

one should take charge of you, until your mind is restored to its usual tranquillity. Return with me to my lodgings—take a composing draught and go to bed; your eyes are bloodshot and starting from your head for the want of sleep.”

“Sleep! how is it possible for me to sleep—when my blood is boiling in my veins like fire, and every moment I am tempted to commit an act of desperation.”

“This state of over excitement cannot last, Geoffrey. These furious passions will exhaust your strength, and reduce you to a degree of infantine weakness. Your knees bend under you. In a few minutes we shall be beyond public observation, and can talk over the matter calmly.”

As he ceased speaking, a deadly faintness stole over me—my head grew giddy, the surrounding objects swam before me in endless circles, and with surprising rapidity. The heavens vanished from my sight, and darkness, utter darkness, closed over me. I tried to speak, but my quivering lips sent forth no sound, and I sank senseless into the arms of my friend.

It was some minutes before I recovered consciousness; when I re-opened my eyes, I was in an apothecary's shop, surrounded by strange faces, and leaning on the bosom of Harrison. He suggested the propriety of my being bled, and I felt greatly relieved by the operation. My fury began to subside, and tears involuntarily filled my eyes. George, who was anxiously watching every change in my countenance, told the shop-boy to call a coach, which conveyed me in a few minutes to his lodgings in Fleet Street.

CHAPTER X.

MANY days passed over me, without restoring me to any degree of mental consciousness. Alive only to acute bodily suffering, I was not aware of my change of situation, or that my wants were ministered to by the kindest, and most disinterested friend that ever blessed and soothed the miseries of the unfortunate. Fancying myself still subject to the selfish tyranny of Robert Moncton, and his more odious son, I raved continually of my wrongs, and exhausted my phrenzy by threats of vengeance. Long before the violence of the fever subsided, George had gathered from my impotent ravings the story of my injuries. After fluctuating a long time between life and death, youth, and a naturally strong constitution, conquered my malady, and I once more thought and felt like a rational being. My indignation against my uncle and his son subsided into a deep rooted and implacable hatred, to overcome which I tried, and even prayed, in vain. Ashamed of harbouring this deadly and sinful passion, I yet wanted moral courage and Christian forbearance to overcome what reason and conscience united to condemn.

Degraded in my own estimation, I longed, yet dreaded, to confide to the generous Harrison, that the being he loved so devotedly, was capable of such base degeneracy. The violence of my disorder had reduced me to such a state of weakness that I imagined myself at the point of death, when I was actually out of danger. My nerves were so much disarranged that I yielded to the most childish and superstitious fears, and contemplated dying with indescribable horror. Harrison, who was unacquainted with the state of my mind, attributed my sullen silence to weakness, and thinking that a state of quiescence was most favourable for my recovery, often left me alone, believing me to be asleep, whilst my mind was actively employed in conjuring up a host of ghastly phantoms, which were undermining my health, and effectually destroying my peace. One evening, as I lay in a sort of dreamy state, between sleeping and waking, and mournfully brooding over my perished hopes, and approaching dissolution, I fancied a majestic figure, clothed in white, approached my bed side, and told me in tones of ravishing sweetness, that if I wished to enter heaven, it could only be obtained by sincerely forgiving my enemies. Overwhelmed with fear and astonishment, I started up in my bed. “Ah! God forgive me!” I exclaimed, “I cannot do it!”

“Do what? dearest Geoffrey,” replied George, tenderly grasping my trembling hand.

“Forgive him—the monster, who has brought my life and reason into this fearful jeopardy. I cannot do it, even though He, the Merciful, who, dying, forgave his enemies, commands me so to do.”

“And what do you suppose will be the result of your obstinacy, Geoffrey?” returned my friend calmly, but with a degree of severity in his voice, which, sinner though I felt myself to be, wounded both my pride and self love.

“Hell!”—I responded, burying my face in the bed clothes; “I feel as if I were already there.”

“Because hatred, and its concomitant passion, revenge, are the attributes of the damned. Geoffrey, I beseech you, by the dying prayer of that blessed and injured Saviour, rise superior to these soul-debasing passions, and not only learn to pity, but forgive the author of your sufferings.”

“You wrong me, George—I have even prayed to do it.”

“Not in the spirit, Geoffrey, or your prayer would have been heard and accepted. What makes you dread death—speak out the truth boldly? Does not this hatred to your uncle stand between you and Heaven?”

“It does. But could you forgive him?”

“I have forgiven him.”

“Not under the same provocations.”

“Far worse.”

“God in Heaven! how is that possible!”

“It is true. Listen to me, Geoffrey. My mourn-

ful history may serve not only to beguile you from your present morbid state of feeling, but may answer the useful purpose of teaching you a good moral lesson, which, I trust, you will not easily forget. Man's happiness depends, in a great measure, upon the sympathy of others. His sufferings, by the same rule, are greatly alleviated when contrasted with the miseries of his neighbours, if their sorrows happen to exceed his own. Much of my story must remain in shade, because time can alone unravel the mystery by which I am surrounded, and many important passages in my life, prudence will force me to conceal; but if my sorrows and sufferings will in any way reconcile you to bear with fortitude your own, your friend has not suffered and sinned in vain."

George adjusted my pillows, gave me my medicine, stirred the fire to a cheerful blaze, and sitting down by the side of my bed, commenced the narration, that for so many months I had longed in vain to hear

THE HISTORY OF HARRISON.

Perhaps, Geoffrey, you are not aware, that Sir Alexander Moncton was left guardian and trustee to your father and uncle Robert; and that for three years of their minority, the young men (for there was not more than ten years difference in the ages of the guardian and his nephews,) inhabited the same house. Sir Alexander, though a strictly honourable man, in all matters regarding property, and generous to profusion, was a very gay and dissipated character—regarding his wealth only as the great source from whence he derived all his sensual enjoyments. Yet, unmarked as his early career had been, by little real moral worth, the refinement of his taste, his elegant manners, and very prepossessing person, won for him the esteem and affection of persons of all ranks. Frank and courteous, and ever ready to assist in mitigating the distress of his poor tenants, they looked up to him as a sort of god, and he, in return, often treated them with a degree of familiarity, much beneath his dignity as a gentleman. It was unfortunate for your father, that he fell into the hands of this extravagant, kind hearted, but mistaken man. From him he early contracted those habits of imprudence, and that recklessness of the future, that terminated in his ruin. Congeniality of mind and feeling strongly attached the uncle to the nephew; and I believe that Sir Alexander truly loved, and duly appreciated the fine, manly, frank, confiding character of Edward Moncton, while he scorned the mean, plodding, money-getting propensities of Robert. Not of a disposition to forgive any slight, Robert deeply resented the preference shown to his amiable, high spirited brother; and his hatred, though carefully concealed, was actively employed in forming schemes of vengeance. You well know how Robert Moncton can hate. The depths of guile with which he can conceal the ma-

lignity of his nature, and the purposes of his heart. He had a game to play, from which he hoped to rise up the ultimate winner, and to obtain this object, he alternately flattered and deceived his intended victims.

Sir Alexander, though turned of thirty, had never entered into any matrimonial engagement, and at that time was too general a lover to tie himself to any woman.

Just about this period of my story, one of Sir Alexander's game-keepers was shot by a band of poachers, who infested the neighbourhood. Richard North had made himself very obnoxious to these men. He was, in consequence, waylaid, and murdered. His widow, with her daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen, were left without any means of support; and both were received by Sir Alexander into his service. The extreme beauty of Rachel North, soon attracted the attention of the Lord of the Manor. He fell desperately in love with his lovely dependent; and was so rash in his professions of admiration, that the girl and her mother entertained hopes that the rich and handsome baronet would make her his wife. Independently of the unfortunate circumstances in which she was placed, it was more than probable that the Baronet would have taken advantage of the youth and inexperience of Rachel; but this, as a man of honour, he scorned to do, and not being able to overcome the prejudices of rank sufficiently to make her his wife, he gave the mother and daughter the free rent of a pretty cottage, and a few acres of land, just beyond the precincts of the park, and went up to London to forget, amidst its gay scenes, the bright eyes that had so sorely wounded his peace.

Dinah North was not a woman likely to bear with indifference the pangs of disappointed ambition. She bitterly reproached her daughter with playing her cards so ill; and vowed vengeance on the mean-spirited baronet, in curses loud and deep. Rachel's character, though not quite so harshly defined, possessed too much of the malignant and vindictive nature of the mother—she had loved Sir Alexander, with all the ardour of a first attachment. His wealth and exaltation were nothing to her. It was the man she prized. Had he been a peasant, she would have loved as warmly and as well. Lost to her forever, she overlooked the great pecuniary favours he had just conferred upon her, and only panted to be revenged. It was in such a mood, that these disappointed women were sought out, and bribed by Robert Moncton to become his agents in the perpetration of crimes of the blackest dye. Shortly after this, Rachel married Sir Alexander's huntsman, Roger Mornington; and old Dinah was for three years retained as housekeeper in Robert Moncton's service, until Sir Alexander suddenly returned to the hall, accompanied by a young and beautiful bride. It was during this three years ab-

sence, that the fatal quarrel took place between Sir Alexander and your father, which forever estranged them from each other. With the nature of that quarrel I am unacquainted, nor is that event, though interesting to you, in the least degree connected with my tale.

During those three years a great change had taken place in the character of the once gay Baronet. He returned a sincere Christian and an altered man. Devotedly attached to the virtuous and beautiful young creature he had chosen for his partner, the whole study of his life was to please her, and keep up the same lively interest in the heart he had secured. They loved each other as few modern couples love, and Sir Alexander's friends, for he had many, sincerely sympathized in his happiness. Two beings alone, upon his estate, viewed his felicity with jealous and malignant eyes. Two beings, who, from their lowly and dependent situations, you would have thought incapable of marring the happiness which excited their envy. Dinah North had vowed vengeance on the man, who, from principle, had spared her child from the splendid shame the avaricious mother coveted. She was amongst the first to offer her services, and those of her daughter, to Lady Moncton. The pretty, neat young wife, attracted the attention of Lady Moncton, and she employed her constantly about her person; while, in cases of sickness, for the poor lady was very delicate, Dinah generally officiated as nurse. A year passed rapidly away. The lady of the manor, and the lowly huntsman's wife both were looking forward with anxious expectation to the birth of their first-born. At midnight, on the 10th of October, an heir was born to the proud estates of Moncton—a weak, delicate, puny babe, who nearly cost his mother her life. At the same hour, in the humble cottage at the entrance of that rich domain, your poor friend, not George Harrison, but Philip Mornington, first saw the light."

Geoffrey, who had been listening to his friend with deep attention, fell back upon his pillow, and groaned heavily.

"You are ill, Geoffrey," said Harrison, anxiously approaching him.

"Not ill, George, but grieved."

"At what?"

"Your being grandson to that horrible old woman."

"We cannot choose our parentage, Geoffrey—or doubtless I should have chosen a different mother."

Geoffrey smiled mournfully, and desired his friend to continue his tale.

The weak state of Lady Moncton precluded her from nursing her child. My mother was chosen as substitute, who expressed the most intense affection for the weakly babe entrusted to her care. The noble mother was delighted with the attention be-

stowed upon her child, and loaded my mother with presents. As for me, I was committed to the care of old Dinah, who felt small remorse in depriving me of my natural food, if anything in the shape of money was to be gained by the sacrifice. Lady Moncton's health declined. The physicians apprehended a decline. Change of air was recommended. Sir Alexander fixed on Italy, as the most likely climate to restore the shattered health of his beloved wife. My mother was offered large sums of money to accompany them. This she stedfastly declined. Lady Moncton wept and entreated; Rachel Mornington was resolute in her determination. No money should tempt her to leave her husband and her child. The infant heir of Moncton was thriving under her care. Sir Alexander and the physician entreated Lady Moncton to overcome her maternal feelings, and suffer the child to remain with his healthy and affectionate nurse. She at last reluctantly consented, and, after the most passionate farewell, left the young Anthony to the care of those who had been bribed by Robert Moncton to neglect the important duties they had solemnly promised to perform. Three months had scarcely elapsed before the young heir of Moncton was consigned to the family vault, and Sir Alexander and his lady were duly apprized by Robert Moncton, of the premature and unexpected death of their first born. That this child did not come fairly by his death, I have since every reason to believe, from various conversations, which I overheard when a child, pass between Dinah North, and Robert Moncton. Dinah was herself absent from the lodge, at the period of the little Anthony's decease.

The news of her infant's death was received by Lady Moncton, with the most poignant grief, and five years elapsed before she and her husband returned to the park. My mother was just recovering from her confinement with a lovely little girl, the unfortunate Alice Mornington, to whom you have often heard me allude. Lady Moncton brought with her a fragile, but beautiful infant, about three months old. I can well remember her first visit to the lodge, to learn from my mother's own lips the nature of the disease which had consigned her son to his early grave. I recollect my mother telling her that he went to bed in perfect health, and died in a fit in the night, before medical aid could be procured. She shed some tears during the recital, and assured Lady Moncton that his death had occasioned her as much grief, as if he had been her own; that she would rather I had died, than her dear nurse child. I remember, as I leant against old Dinah's knee, thinking this very hard of my mother; but from whatever cause her aversion sprang, she certainly never had any maternal regard for me. Lady Moncton drew me to her, patted my curly head, and kissed me, told me I was a sweet pretty boy, and I should often come to the hall and see her, and

she would teach me to read and write. Ah, how I loved her; her kind gentle voice, was the first music I ever heard, and I loved to sit at her feet, when she came to the cottage, and look up into her sweet serious face; and when she stooped down to kiss me, and her glossy, dark curls mingled with mine, I clasped my little arms round her slender neck, and whispered in a voice too low for my stern mother to hear: "Oh! how I wish I was your own little boy." Then the bright tears would flow fast down her marble cheeks, and she would sigh so deeply, as she returned my childish but passionate caresses. Ah, Geoffrey! I loved her better than aught I ever loved in this cold bad world, without it was her less fair, but more attractive daughter.

My mother was taken home to the hall, to act as wet nurse to little Margaret, and I remained with my harsh, cruel grandmother, who beat me without any remorse for the most trifling faults; and she often cursed me, and wished me dead, in the most malignant manner. My father, whom I seldom saw, for he was a great drunkard, was generally very kind to me, and used to take me upon his knee of an evening, and tell me pretty stories, and sing me hunting songs. I loved him, and always ran to welcome him home with great delight. For several nights running he did not return, and no tidings could be obtained respecting him for many days; at length he was found dead at the bottom of a steep dell in the park, and it was supposed had died of apoplexy during a fit of intoxication, whilst returning home by a lonely and unfrequented path. My mother was, I believe, sincerely grieved at his death, for he was a kind and indulgent husband to her, and it was the first severe pang of grief my young heart had ever known. The day after his funeral I was sitting crying by the fire, holding my untasted breakfast on my knee.

"Why do you cry, Philip?" said my mother, wiping away her own tears.

"Because dear daddy is dead, and I have no one but the dear lady up at the hall to love me now."

"Do not I love you?"

"No," I replied sulkily, "you do not; you never kiss me, and speak kindly to me, as Lady Moncton does; and grandmother is always wishing me dead; do you call that love?"

I never shall forget the ghastly smile that played round her beautiful, but stern mouth, as she replied, unconsciously aloud, to herself:

"It is not the child, but the voice of God which speaks in him. How can I expect him to love me?"

How I wondered what she meant. For years that mysterious sentence haunted my dreams. I was soon called to endure a heavier grief. Poor Lady Moncton's health daily declined. She grew worse—was no longer able to go out even in her carriage. Old Dinah and my mother were constantly at the hall, and I was left with a little girl from a

neighbouring cottage, to nurse and take care of little Alice. One day my mother came hastily in. She seemed much agitated, and began dressing me in my Sunday suit, and washing my hands and face. "A strange whim this, in a dying woman," she said to the neighbour's daughter, "to have such a craze for seeing other people's children, giving all this trouble for nothing." After a deal of pushing and shaking, she dragged me off with her to the hall, and I was introduced into the solemn state chamber, where my kind and noble friend was calmly breathing her last. Ah, Geoffrey, how well can I recal that awful hour, and the deep impression it made upon my mind. There, beneath that sumptuous canopy, lay the young, the beautiful, still beautiful in death, with Heaven's own smile lighting up her wan serene countenance. God had set his holy seal upon her brow—the Merciful, who delighteth in mercy, had marked her for his own. Ah, what a fearful contrast to that angelic face, was the hideous, baneful aspect, of Dinah North, scowling like one of the malignant furies near, and holding in her arms the sinless babe of that expiring saint. My mother's handsome countenance wore a stern expression; her cheek was very pale, and her lips firmly compressed together. She held, or rather grasped me by the hand, as she led me up to the bed-side.

"Is that my little Philip?" said the dying lady, in her usual sweet tones, but the voice was so feeble that the accents were scarcely audible.

"It is my son, your ladyship," replied Rachel, and her voice slightly faltered.

"What says my love?" asked Sir Alexander, raising his head from the bedclothes, in which it had been buried to conceal his tears.

"Lift that dear child up to me, dearest Alick, that I may kiss him once more before I die."

Sir Alexander lifted me up into the bed beside her, and raised her up gently with his other arm. His arms encircled us both; my young heart beat audibly, Lady Moncton whispered to her husband. "Alexander, he must have been your child, he is so like you. Ah! do not deny it now, you know I love you too well to be jealous of you!"

The crimson blush burned on the cheek of the Baronet, as, in the same hurried whisper, he replied: "Dearest Emilia, the likeness is purely accidental. I pledge to you my solemn word that he is not my son." The poor lady looked doubtfully in his face—I saw a bitter and scornful smile pass over the rigid features of my mother, whilst I, foolish child, felt proud in the idea, that I might be Sir Alexander's natural son.

"Do not cry, Philip," said Lady Moncton, kissing me repeatedly; "Sir Alexander will be your friend, for my sake. I am very happy, my dear little boy; I am going to Heaven to my own sweet Anthony. Be a good child, love your pretty little sister, and mother, and when you grow up to be a man,

look upon my grave, and recal this hour, and the lady who loved you and adopted you as her son."

Then turning slowly round to her husband, she wound her thin transparent hands about his neck, breathed a few words of tenderness in his ear, unheard by aught save him, and laying her meek pale face upon his manly breast, expired without a struggle.

A deep solemn pause ensued. I was too awestruck to weep. The convulsive sobs that burst from the heart of the bereaved husband warned intruders to retire. My mother led me from the chamber of death, and we took our way in silence across the park. The solemn stroke of the death bell floated through the beautiful glades of the park.

"Mother," I said clinging to her side; "what is that?"

"The voice of death," said my mother; "did you not hear the bell toll for your father? It will one day toll for me—for you—for all of us."

"How I wish that day were come," said I.

"Silly boy, do you wish us all dead?"

"Not you, mother, nor granny, you may live as long as you like. But when it tolls for me, I shall be in Heaven with dear Lady Moncton."

She started, and stopped, and fixed on me a mournful gaze—the only glance of tenderness which ever beamed upon me from those brilliant, but stern eyes. "Poor child! you may die soon enough; did Robert Moncton, or Dinah, know of your existence, how soon the green sod would be piled upon your head! You think I do not love you, Philip; I do—I do, indeed! my poor child, I have saved your life, though you little think I—;" she knelt down by me on the grass, and flung her arms about me, and pressed me convulsively to her bosom, whilst big bright tears fell fast over my wondering countenance.

"Mother," I said, "I do love you sometimes. I will try to love you always; if you will continue to speak kindly to me, as you do now—and I love dear little Alice. Ah, so much! my heart is full of love. I cannot tell you how much."

Rachel redoubled her weeping. A step sounded behind us; she started from the ground, as Dinah, with the little Margaret Moncton in her arms, joined us.

"What are you doing there, Rachel?" growled forth the old hag, "are you saying your prayers, or admiring the beauty of your son. Hang the boy, though he is your child—I never can feel the least interest in him!"

"Is that his fault, or yours?" said my mother coldly.

"Ah mine of course," returned the hag bitterly; "we are not accountable for our likes and dislikes. I hate the boy!"

I looked up at her, with defiance in my eyes; she answered the glance with a sharp blow on my face.

"Don't look at me in that insolent manner, young dog. I have tamed prouder spirits than yours in my day, and I'll tame yours yet!"

There was a long pause—we walked slowly on, when she turned to her daughter, and said:

"This should be a proud and joyful day to you, Rachel."

"In what respect?"

"Your rival's dead; you, yourself, are at liberty, and Sir Alexander free to choose another wife."

"That dream is past," returned my mother mournfully. He will not forget yon dead angel to unite his high destiny with one of my degree. I learned to love Mornington, and ceased to love him—nay, I am really sorry that poor Lady Moncton's dead."

"Fool! idiot!" responded Dinah; "you have ever stood in the way of your own fortune. Had you not been so over squeamish, you might have changed the children, and made your own son the heir of the Moncton."

"God ordered it otherwise," said Rachel with a bitter laugh. "However, I have had my revenge; but it has cost me many blighting thoughts."

"I don't understand you," returned Dinah, drawing close up before us, and fixing a keen enquiring glance upon her daughter.

"Nor do I mean you should," coldly retorted the other; "you will know one day, perhaps too soon; my secret is worth keeping."

We now entered the house. The presence of the strange girl put an end to this mysterious conversation; though only a boy of eight years old, it struck me as so remarkable that I could never banish it from my memory; and now when years have passed over me, I can recal every word and look which passed between those sinful women. Alas! that one should have been so near to me. But you are sleepy, Geoffrey. My mournful tale will amuse the tedium of the long tomorrow.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL)

AN ACCIDENTAL TRUTH.

BY MRS. H. SILVESTER.

A maiden lady, who had gained, at least,

The age that maiden ladies never pass;

Whose tongue—(perpetual motion!)—never ceased,

Was playing off one night her usual farce;

Thinking there was a chance to make a hit—

(She nursed a viper when she eyed the wit)—

"Ah! Sir,"—she cried—"I know the envious say—

'The world grows worse, believe me, every day,'

Yes, Sir,—'that I'm illiberal and cross,

To younger folks; God knows, Sir, my meek mind,

I love the dears—and am, Sir, to my loss,

Generally speaking, far too kind."

"Sure that's a truth,"—cried he—"needs not the seeking—

'Tis known you *are*, ma'am—generally speaking!"

(ORIGINAL.)

LIFE.

Life's like a Kidderminster carpet ;—yes—
 A Kidderminster carpet ;—world hear this !
 Virtue and vice, and fallacy and truth,
 Sorrow and joy, are so wove in, forsooth,
 That life, like such a carpet, to my mind,
 Seems hung by nature up between mankind ;
 And where one colour is by me espied,
 A different one is seen on t'other side :
 Thus, where to one a vice or falsehood shows,
 Virtue and truth as plain appears to those !
 Ah ! Nature, Nature !—hide and seek is past—
 Perplexing jade ! I've found you out at last :
 Opinions but depend—or I've mistook,—
 On which side of the carpet 'tis we look !

WINTER.

ALL the appearances of nature, and all the occurrences of Providence, are often appealed to for instruction, illustration, and demonstration of the divine perfection of Him who made and governs the world. For, so visibly is the Author of Nature displayed in all his works, that we are assured that the heathen, though without a revelation from Heaven, are inexcusable for not learning their duty from what they see of the power, wisdom and goodness of God, in the works of creation around them.

When we open our eyes and look towards the heavens above, and on the earth beneath, what do we behold but the works of an intelligent, skilful, benevolent agent, though to us invisible ? He made all that we can see. If we took our position in the sun, and could stretch our observation as far as the rays of light, emanating from that magnificent luminary extend through the universe, we should still have seen but a small part of the vast, boundless creation. And what the Almighty artificer has made, He still upholds, governs and directs, to subserve His own wise, benevolent, glorious designs. What we see is never standing still, as if in a state of sluggish rest. All is in motion. The earth performs, without variableness, from age to age, her annual revolution around the sun, as her centre, which produces summer and winter, spring and autumn. Besides, she performs a diurnal revolution on her own axis, which produces day and night, light and darkness ; the one for labour, business and pleasure ; the other, for rest to the weary.

However short-sighted we may be in our understanding of the works of God, we may be sure that every thing which He has made has some important part to perform in the great scheme of Providence. Many of the works which the skill and ingenuity of man have contrived and executed, are far beyond the comprehension of the generality of mankind. They are so numerous, and so common, that we need not refer to any in particular. If, then, the ingenuity and

skill of men extend into regions of mental contrivance and intelligence, and execute the designs which they conceive with so much exactness and perfection as we daily see them doing, in all the departments of art and mechanism, to which we cannot follow, but merely in wonder contemplate what they have accomplished, is it any way wonderful that the works of the Divine Architect should, in number, quality, design, magnitude and perfection, infinitely stretch themselves beyond our utmost finite comprehension ?

God has made summer and winter ; the beautiful, smiling day of spring and summer, and the cold, frosty, stormy day of winter. He governs the one as well as the other. In the great scheme of Providence, the phenomena of Nature, one and all, are as necessary to the whole as any part of the wheel that sets in motion the complex machinery that propels the vessel on our majestic rivers. Take away one part, and you derange the whole. The universe is a vast, complex machine, in the hands of the great builder of heaven and earth. Every part of it is necessary in its place. Should any of them refuse to perform its office, at the right time and place, there would be as in other machines, an instant derangement throughout the whole. At this season of the year, how often do we see the heavens covered with clouds of darkness, and hear the tempest howling as if an awful catastrophe was at hand ! At all times clouds are gloomy, threatening and portentous. When the Governor of the world is represented as displeased with his people for their transgressions, he is frequently spoken of as dwelling in thick clouds of darkness—when coming in judgment, to chastise the nations, as riding on the wings of the wind, to denote swiftness and overwhelming might.

But clouds cover the face of the heavens, in alternate succession, as well as a clear, serene, unruffled sky. We may, in our ignorance of the phenomena of nature, be ready to suppose that the movements of the clouds are as vague in design as the motions of the myriads of insects that dance in the setting sun. But nothing is made in vain—nothing without a wise end in the design. All the objects of creation are called upon to set forth their Maker's praise: "The sun and the moon; the heavens above, and the earth beneath; fire and hail; snow and vapours; stormy winds and peaceful calms; mountains and hills fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and all the feathered tribes that fly on wings; kings of the earth and people; both young men and maidens; old men and children." Nothing is excepted or omitted. The heads mentioned include in them all of their kind. We are not, however, to suppose that inanimate things, or irrational animals, whether creeping on the ground, or soaring aloft on wings, or walking on the ground, or gliding through the liquid elements, can be the subjects of exhortation to praise

their Maker, and yet, we are not to suppose that the requiring of them to do so, is a speech without intelligence or reason. They are all the works of a beneficent Creator, and generally for the benefit of man. If the sun and the moon be not intelligent objects, yet such is their utility that men are to praise their Maker for them. If fire, hail and snow, be not objects of thought and intelligence, they are nevertheless necessary in the visible world, and for the manifest benefit of man. Fire is one of the elements which run through the material world, without which there could not be the things that are. Snow and hail, cold and frost, are equally necessary, in their time and place. A continuity of heat, for anything we can see, would exhaust the earth, and destroy her producing powers. In autumn, before the approach of cold to check the progress of vegetation, strong marks of decay appear, as if the powers of the earth became weary and exhausted. Not only the fields of corn, and the fruits of the orchard, arrive at a perfection which they cannot pass beyond, but the general face of nature puts on the appearance of old age. A continuance of heat, then, would not preserve the verdure of spring and summer, but lead to and bring on, a dreary, shrivelled, helpless, old age. Snow and hail, cold and frost, though for a season the death of all nature, in our northern clime, are the means which the All-wise Governor of the world employs, to keep the earth in fruitful vigour. They are indispensable spokes in the wheel, that have an important part to perform in the machinery of the world; and though they cannot be the subjects of exhortation, yet as the creatures of a beneficent Creator, for the benefit of men, men may and ought to praise God for them. They are all his servants, to execute his high commands.

“God covereth himself with light, as with a garment; he stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain; he layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; he maketh the clouds his chariot; he walketh upon the wings of the wind; he maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire.” What a sublime description! Light and waters, clouds and darkness, fire and wind, are the magnificent ensigns of His glorious majesty. By water he destroyed the old world, by fire he destroyed the cities of the plain; and by the same element the material world will yet melt with burning heat. By some one of the elements, under the name of an angel, he destroyed, in one night, one hundred and eighty-five thousand men of the proud Assyrian army. Within our own memory, amid the Russian mountains and forests, he scattered as chaff before the wind, the most formidable army that modern times have seen.

Snow and hail, cold and frost, not only destroy the innumerable annoyances which must be where a long duration of heat is, but also refresh, invigorate and fertilize the earth, after having put forth

her strength to exhaustion in the preceding year. In the winter she undergoes a new process, by which her productive powers are restored, so that in the opening of the spring her youth is renewed, and rejoices as if newly risen to life. In the season of winter, we may suffer many inconveniences; but, perhaps, not upon the whole more than we do under the rays of a scorching sun.

But it is a sad characteristic of mankind, that, in no situation, under no circumstances, can we be altogether satisfied and contented. We have all swerved so far from the right, that every language presents too many terms and expressions, which have for their object, the ungrateful employment of finding fault, of complaining, murmuring and shewing discontent. With the manner in which a beneficent Creator governs the seasons, people are dissatisfied at every appearance which they wear, though reason ought to convince them that all is for the best. Every change and aspect contributes to the general good of the whole. “He prepareth rain for the earth, maketh grass to grow upon the mountains, giveth to the beast his food—and to the young ravens when they cry.”

“If he giveth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar frost like ashes—if he cast his ice-like morsels,” though to us in large, immoveable masses, like adamantine rocks, so as to form solid bridges and highways over the deepest lakes and rivers, these vast masses of ice are in his hands as small morsels; if he send us cold so hard and severe as to call forth the inquiry of the shepherd king. “Who can stand before His cold?” yet His purposes are ripening fast; His designs are evolving every day. The time is now close at hand when a general change shall succeed. He will soon issue his command, and then snow and frost and cold will disappear. His breath will blow, and then the hard adamantine rocks, which bind the earth and the streams, will dissolve and flow. Every manifestation of nature that, to sense, is disagreeable, is, nevertheless, a necessary link in the chain of Providence. In the snow and cold of winter, in the howling storm and tempest, He that made us is ever present, as well as when nature wears her best attire. But we are short-sighted and blind. We cannot see him behind the gloomy clouds. He must present himself on the sunny side of the field, before we recognize His hand. Yet the wintry wind is terrible to some. Who can feel at ease, when all nature seems to shake under the fearful blast? At the consideration of that mighty power which pours forth an invisible agent of such dread force, I feel myself smaller and lighter than nothing. But when the storm is hushed, a calm spreads over my soul—a heart-felt joy, that I would not exchange for treasures of gold. Oh! how great He is that rides upon the storm and governs the world? May we fear Him with a holy reverence, and confide in his good-

ness; for his goodness, love and mercy, are equal to the greatness of his power. In his treatment of us, He represents himself as a kind parent, and a parent will not, when his child cries for bread, give it a stone.

A SEXAGENARIAN.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

[The following extract from these amusing "Confessions," has reference to an eccentric character—M. O'Leary—with whom, while travelling in France, Harry becomes acquainted. Mr. O'Leary has committed a "breach of promise," and in the disguise of a "refugee Pole," attempts to evade the pursuit of the broken hearted dame, who, seeking after her recreant lover, is, unconsciously to herself, domiciled in the same house with him.—E.D. LIT. G.]

"Had all my most sanguine hopes promised realizing—had my suit with Lady Jane been favourable,—I could scarcely have bid adieu to my bachelor life without a sigh. No prospect of future happiness can ever perfectly exclude all regret at quitting our present state for ever. I am sure if I had been a caterpillar, it would have been with a heavy heart that I would have donned my wings as a butterfly. Now the metamorphosis was reversed; need it be wondered at if I were sad?

"So completely was I absorbed in my thoughts upon this matter, that I had not perceived the entrance of O'Leary and Trevanion, who, unaware of my being in the apartment, as I was stretched upon a sofa in a dark corner, drew their chairs towards the fire and began chatting.

"Do you know, Mr Trevanion," said O'Leary, "I am half afraid of this disguise of mine. I sometimes think I am not like a Pole; and if she should discover me?"

"No fear of that in the world; your costume is perfect, your beard unexceptionable. I could, perhaps, have desired a little less paunch; but then—"

"That comes of fretting, as Falstaff says; and you must not forget that I am banished from my country."

"Now, as to your conversation, I should advise you saying very little—not one word of English. You may, if you like, call in the assistance of Irish when hard pressed."

"I have my fears on that score. There is no knowing when that might lead to discovery. You know the story of the Knight of Kerry and Billy M'Cabe?"

"I fear I must confess my ignorance—I have never heard of it."

"Then may be you never knew Giles Dixon?"

"I have not that pleasure either."

"Lord bless me, how strange that is! I thought he was better known than the Duke of Wellington or the travelling piper. Well, I must tell you the story, for it has a moral, too—indeed several morals;

but you'll find that out for yourself. Well, it seems that one day the Knight of Kerry was walking along the Strand in London, killing an hour's time, till the House was done prayers, and Hume tired of hearing himself speaking; his eye was caught by an enormous picture displayed upon the wall of a house, representing a human figure covered with long dark hair, with huge nails upon his hands, and a most fearful expression of face. At first the knight thought it was Dr Bowring; but on coming nearer he heard a man with a scarlet livery and a cocked hat, call out: 'Walk in, ladies and gentlemen—the most wonderful curiosity ever exhibited—only one shilling—the wild man from Chippowango, in Africa—eats raw wittles without being cooked, and many other surprising and pleasing performances.'

"The knight paid his money, and was admitted. At first the crowd prevented his seeing anything—for the place was full to suffocation, and the noise awful—for, besides the exclamations and applause of the audience, there were three barrel-organs, playing 'Home, sweet Home!' and 'Cherry Ripe.' and the wild man himself contributed his share to the uproar. At last, the knight obtained, by dint of squeezing, and some pushing, a place in the front when, to his very great horror, he beheld a figure that far eclipsed the portrait without doors.

"It was a man nearly naked, covered with long shaggy hair, that grew even over his nose and cheek bones. He sprang about, sometimes on his feet, sometimes all-fours, but always uttering the most fearful yells, and glaring upon the crowd, in a manner that was really dangerous. The knight did not feel exactly happy at the whole proceedings, and began heartily to wish himself back, in the 'House,' even upon a committee of privileges, when, suddenly the savage gave a more frantic scream than before, and seized upon a morsel of raw beef, which a keeper extended to him upon a long fork, like a tandem whip—he was not safe, it appears, at close quarters;—this he tore to pieces eagerly, and devoured in a voracious manner, amid great clapping of hands, and other evidences of satisfaction from the audience. I'll go, now, thought the knight: for, heaven knows whether, in his hungry mood, he might not fancy to conclude his dinner by a member of parliament. Just at this instant, some sounds struck upon his ear that surprised him not a little. He listened more attentively; and, conceive if you can his amazement, to find that, amid his most fearful cries, and wild yells, the savage was talking Irish, Laugh, if you like; but it's truth I am telling you: nothing less than Irish. There he was, jumping four feet high in the air, eating his raw meat: pulling out his hair by handfuls, and, amid all this, cursing the whole company to his heart's content, in as good Irish as ever was heard in Tralee. Now, though the knight had heard of red Jews and white Negroes, he had never happened to read any account of an

African Irishman ; so, he listened very closely, and by degrees, not only the words were known to him, but the very voice was familiar. At length, something he heard, left no further doubt upon his mind, and, turning to the savage, he addressed him in Irish, at the same time fixing a look of most scrutinizing import upon him.

“ Who are you, you, you scoundrel ?” said the knight.

“ Billy M’Cabe, your honour.”

“ And what do you mean by playing off these tricks here, instead of earning your bread like an honest man ?”

“ Whisht,” said Billy, “ and keep the secret. I’m earning the rent for your honour. One must do many a queer thing that pays two pound ten an acre for bad land.”

“ This was enough ; the knight wished Billy every success, and left him amid the vociferous applause of a well satisfied audience. This adventure, it seems, has made the worthy knight a great friend to the introduction of poor laws ; for, he remarks very truly, more of Billy’s countrymen might take a fancy to a savage life, if the secret was found out.”

(ORIGINAL,)

THE FAIRIES.

BY A. A.

Come ! the moon has risen high,
Spangling bright the dewy ground ;
Come ! and I will lead you nigh,
Where merry elves are sporting round :
Lightly tripping hand in hand,
Two by two the fairy band ;
You shall see their sportive pleasure,
As they foot to mystic measure.

See, the Elfin train is there,
Now their magic queen surround ;
Hist ? thy steps no farther dare,
All beyond is fairy ground.
Now they nimbly lead away,
Tripping it to measure gay,
Yet no minstrel there appears,
’Tis the music of the spheres.

LET GLASGOW FLOURISH.

GLASGOW, of all the cities of the world, has made the greatest progress in population and wealth during the last half century. In 1770, its population was 30,000. It is now 270,500. Forty years since its custom house dues were only £3000 per annum, and now they are £400,000.

“ Sambo, you nigger, are you afraid of work ?”
“ Bress you, massa, no ; I’ll lie down and go asleep by him side.”

(ORIGINAL.)

LORD DE MONTFORD.

BY A. A.

LORD DE MONTFORD, at the age of eight and twenty, possessed attractions, of which few men can boast : elegance of person, united with high birth, fascinating manners, and mental endowments seldom surpassed.

A domestic calamity, with the nature of which few were acquainted, had driven him from his home and his country, to seek in other climes that peace which was denied him in his own.

Some months had elapsed, since he had quitted England ; and having in that time wandered through France and Italy, he was preparing to quit Naples, the place of his present residence, when chance threw him in the way of a gentleman, to whom some years before, he had performed an act of kindness, which had ever been remembered with gratitude.

The result of that meeting was an invitation to pass a short time at a small villa he possessed a few miles from the city.

Mr. Darlington, the name of the gentleman alluded to, was an Englishman, whom indolent habits, added to the thoughtless extravagance of a young wife, had reduced from affluence to comparative poverty, when the birth of a second child, a daughter, for which his heart had secretly sighed, aroused him from the lethargy, which is then, more than ever, requisite.

To attempt to retrieve his loss of fortune, required more exertion than his indolent disposition allowed ; he, therefore, with the remains of his property, retired to the continent with his young daughter, become doubly dear by the death of her mother, whom with all her faults, he had tenderly loved ; leaving his eldest child, a boy of five years old, with some relatives in England, who had kindly undertaken the charge.

There are some persons, who, under misfortunes, suffer themselves to sink into apathy, and quarrel with the very kindness, which would arouse them from it, whilst others fly from change to change, in hopes that each will bring some portion of forgetfulness. The latter, certainly, choose the wiser course. Of such was De Montford, and he gladly embraced an offer which promised to divert his mind awhile from his sorrows.

It was the close of a beautiful day, when Mr. Darlington and his companion arrived at the residence of the former ; it was situated at the extremity of the village, at a spot so sweetly picturesque, that Lord De Montford had several times visited it since his stay at Naples, and each time with renewed admiration, whilst it ever brought to his mind, the words of the poet :

“ And oh, if there’s peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is humble, might hope for it here.”

It was with pleasure he found it the abode of his friend, perhaps not a little increased, at that moment, by the recollection of a beautiful girl, once seen standing amongst the flowers, which grew in beautiful profusion around the dwelling. At that instant, the same lovely being came bounding down the path which led to a small portico; on seeing a stranger, she half shrank from the embrace she was about to bestow upon her father.

"Emeline," said Mr. Darlington, "this is Lord De Montford, the kind friend you have heard me so often speak of."

An animated smile answered to the elegant address of De Montford, but the hand was withdrawn, which in the warmth of feeling she had extended to the man she had so long been taught to admire; whilst a blush at what he might consider too much freedom, spread over her countenance, and if possible heightened her beauty: De Montford gazed for a moment, with surprised delight. What a contrast to the artificial manners of the world he had mixed in.

From that evening, De Montford became the guest of Mr. Darlington. Ever highly polished in his address, with females he was particularly so; need it then be wondered at, that a girl, bred in seclusion, unused to any society but that of the village, should be wholly fascinated by such manners; and soon, too soon, was every feeling of her ardent nature absorbed in one only feeling. She loved as such natures will love—with her whole soul.

We must do Lord De Montford the justice to say he used no art to obtain the affection thus given him; yet it was impossible not to see and to feel it in every look and tone of the innocent girl. He found himself standing upon a precipice from which one step would precipitate him. And could he fall alone? Alas no! There was but one resource, to fly! And that, in the solitude of his chamber, he often resolved upon; but how frequently is it that those virtuous resolutions which have cost us hours, perhaps days, to determine, are in one moment broken; then let not those who have fixed upon the right path, delay an instant on the road, or pause on that which they leave—haply the whole colour of their future lives may hang upon that moment.

Lord De Montford, in spite of his better genius, remained the guest of Mr. Darlington, and day after day saw him with the lovely Emeline hanging on his arm, exploring the many beautiful scenes which surrounded their abode.

It may perhaps be asked, did Mr. Darlington see Nothing remarkable in the long stay of his guest? Did he see nothing of his now devoted attentions? nothing of the joy that beamed in the eyes of his daughter at his approach, and of the abstraction which marked even the least protracted absence? To this it can be answered: men have in general but little penetration into the actions of others, and even

the wisest, but small insight into the human heart. Mr. Darlington was the kindest, the fondest of fathers; he had always looked upon his child with the greatest admiration; he saw she was happy, he knew her to be amiable; but of those secret springs which formed the one, or produced the other, he knew nothing; had Emeline's fate left her a mother, hers might have been a different lot.

One fine evening, Emeline, as usual, was preparing for a walk, when Mr. Darlington mentioned his intention of spending an hour with a friend who was confined to the house with indisposition: De Montford and Emeline therefore set out alone. As her father looked at her light step passing down the garden, and the bright smile with which she turned her head and nodded her adieu, he thought he had never seen her look so happy. That bounding step, the result of lightness of heart, and that joyous smile, springing from an innocent mind, were seen no more from that fatal evening.

It was late when they returned from their walk, and Mr. Darlington having arrived some time previously, was anxiously expecting them, when he heard slow steps approach the house, and in the next moment De Montford entered the room alone; Emeline, he said, was much fatigued with a long walk, and begged her father to excuse her presence at supper. With concern, but nothing of surprise, he accepted the apology for her absence.

As soon as possible, after a meal at which De Montford assumed a gaiety he did not feel, he bade adieu for the night, happy to quit the presence of a man whose kindness he had abused.

To talk now of parting he thought would be equally useless and inhuman, yet to remain longer under the roof of a friend he had so deceived was impossible; so, with the pretext of devoting more time, to perfect some of the many views he had sketched of the surrounding scenery, he engaged an apartment in the only inn of the village, and during the many solitary hours he passed there, how bitterly did he deplore the misery he had caused; a misery he had no means of atoning for.

To Emeline those hours of absence were sad indeed, for it was only in the presence of De Montford she could shake off the deep melancholy that oppressed her; but his unceasing tenderness, while it gratified her affection, half reconciled her to herself.

In the departure of his guest, Mr. Darlington saw nothing but a motive of delicacy, in not wishing longer to intrude upon his friends.

At length the altered spirits of his daughter, arrested his attention, and he kindly inquired the cause. The tremor which shook poor Emeline at his address surprised and concerned him, while her varying complexion, from red to pale, made him suspect her malady to be love. Of that love, De Montford alone could be the object. He all at once wou-

dered at his long blindness; and feeling for her distress, he said, drawing her towards him, and kissing her cold cheek: "do not distress yourself, my love, you need make no confession—I see it all, and only regret having suffered it to go on so long without investigation: but that shall be no longer delayed. Lord De Montford shall avow his intentions towards you or see you no more. He will be here shortly for his evening visit; leave us then together and I will talk to him; so now my dear girl, go to your chamber, compose your spirits, and believe all that a father can do, which will not compromise his dignity or your own, shall be done."

With the private history of Lord De Montford, Mr. Darlington was quite unacquainted; their former intercourse was of short duration, and took place during a visit the latter paid to England, to take leave of his son, previous to his accompanying his regiment to India, in which his friends had procured him a commission. It was then, as before stated, that he had received from his lordship the kindness which led to their future acquaintance, and its unhappy consequences. He knew him to be a man of birth and fortune; he saw in him all that the most fastidious might wish for in a husband, and though his daughter could boast of neither of the first advantages, her education was that of a gentlewoman, and it needed not the vanity of a parent to allow her every perfection than even such a man as De Montford might proudly make choice of. While he was pondering on the best mode of entering upon the subject, Emeline had sought her chamber, but not as her father had advised, to gain composure, but to collect her scattered thoughts; for though she resolved upon an immediate interview with De Montford, the idea of her father's intended conference filled her with terror. She felt too that her unhappy situation could not much longer be concealed. With a trembling step, and a beating heart, did she now seek the presence of her lover. It was about the time of day when he generally repaired to a little wood which skirted the garden of the inn, where, with Emeline by his side, he passed the happiest hours of his life. He was as usual anxiously waiting her appearance, but so slow and noiseless was her approach, that she stood by his side before he was aware of her presence. Shocked at the paleness and agitation of her looks, he tenderly inquired the cause, when, with all the cloquence of her nature, she intreated him no longer to defer their marriage, the completion of which could alone induce her to remain longer under the roof of her father.

"My beloved Emeline," said De Montford, "I have never deceived you; I have never made you promises I knew it not to be in my power to fulfil; of that villainy you must acquit me. Never doubt the stability of my affection. I know you must leave your home—only name the spot you would choose, and there is no part of the globe to which you shall

not find me willing to accompany you: we shall alike be wanderers from our homes and our kindred; but that sympathy will the more endear us to each other."

While De Montford spoke, he felt the arm which rested upon his tremble, and when he paused, she suddenly withdrew it, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, she fixed her beautiful eyes on his—those eyes which before had ever sank beneath his gaze, and passionately exclaimed: "Never will I cease to importune you, never will I rise from this posture till you tell me the fatal cause of your refusal."

The look of deep commiseration which he cast upon her, seemed for a moment to flash the dreadful truth upon her, for her cheek, before flushed with emotion, became deadly pale.

It was years before that look, and those tones faded from his memory.

"Emeline, dearest, you distract me. Rise, rise I beseech you, let my fondest affection make you happy—my wife you cannot be," and he attempted to raise her, but she firmly resisted. "Then you must be answered," he exclaimed, sorrowfully, and averting his face, to avoid the reproaches he expected to read in hers, in a voice scarcely audible, exclaimed:

"Emeline, I am married!"

But no reproaches had he to endure—she had sunk senseless at his feet.

Half frantic he lifted her from the ground, but vainly did he call her by every endearing epithet he was wont to use towards her, imploring she would speak to him. She heard him not, and in that state of unconsciousness he carried her home, and having borne her without interruption to her chamber, he laid her upon the bed, and summoning a female servant, immediately quitted the house, not daring to encounter the friend he had so cruelly injured.

Mr. Darlington was soon apprised of his daughter's illness by the alarmed domestic, and with haste repaired to the chamber of his still insensible child, where, in speechless sorrow, he hung over her, while one fit succeeded another, till nature was nearly exhausted; and in utter unconsciousness, she gave birth to a being whose premature existence lasted but a few hours.

Till that moment not a suspicion of the truth had crossed his mind; to paint his feelings is impossible. Pity, anger, and revenge, succeeded each other in quick succession, and seeing the unhappy Emeline released from suffering, he repaired to his own chamber, where he pondered upon his wrongs, and his misery, and spent the night in a state of wretchedness, none but a parent can imagine, and to which the morning brought no relief. Alas! he had not learnt to look for consolation to that Power, which can alone heal the wounded heart.

From her bed of sorrow and of suffering, Emeline never rose, and three weeks after that fatal day,

saw her followed to the grave by her disconsolate father.

It was some years after the melancholy events just recorded, that Captain Darlington arrived in England, upon leave of absence; and after a short visit to his early friends, he left London for Italy, with the happiest anticipations of seeing his father and sister.

Too eager in his wishes to delay any time on his journey, he reached the village of — in a short time after quitting London. Being a perfect stranger, it was necessary he should inquire for the residence of his father; but being unacquainted with the language it was long before he could make himself understood.

It was at a small cottage, opposite the church, that seeing a female at the door, he stopped to make his inquiries; to his repeated question, of, "Where does Mr. Darlington reside?" he received the same answer, the purport of which was perfectly unintelligible. His question, of course, was equally perplexing to his hearer, but the name of Darlington she was well acquainted with, and at length concluding what must be the nature of his inquiries, she moved a few steps before him, and beckoning him to follow, she crossed the road, and opening the gate which led into the churchyard, she stood in silence whilst he passed through, then shutting it gently again, stepped past him, and in another moment stopped before a grave, at the head of which was a small stone. To that she pointed, then in the same silent manner returned to her cottage.

In wonder, amounting to agony, Captain Darlington stood before that stone, and almost breathless cast his eyes over the inscription; it was written in English, and in these words:

Sacred to the memory
of

Emeline Darlington,

Who departed this life, Sept. the 10th, 18—.

Also to

Charles Darlington, Esq.,

Father of the above,

Who died on the 30th of the same month.

To paint the conflicting emotions of the son and the brother, were vain; he sat himself down upon the green turf, with his eyes bent upon that sad record till they were too dim to trace a single letter; then burying his face in his hands which rested on his knees, he wept like an infant.

A footstep near him, at last aroused Captain Darlington from the deep abstraction he had fallen into; it was the female who had guided him to the sad spot. She had wondered at his long stay, and some apprehension, and it might be a little of curiosity, induced her to seek him.

It was evening, and the bright moon threw a soft light on the path where he stood, (for he had risen at the woman's approach,) and it shone upon the tomb stone, again giving to his view the names of

those who were gone. With a shudder, he turned from the spot and mechanically followed his conductress to the door of her cottage: there he stood a moment in the greatest perplexity. It was impossible to leave the place without seeking information of the sad event, and useless to again question one who could not understand him, so putting a piece of money into her hand, he was slowly turning from the door, when the thought struck him, that the Curé of the village was a likely person to afford him the information he so anxiously desired, and turning again to the woman he at last, and with difficulty made her comprehend whom he wanted: when beckoning a boy out of the cottage, she directed him to shew the gentleman the way to the Curé's.

A few moments brought him to the habitation he sought: it was a low dwelling, of plain exterior, well suited to the humble mind of the occupier, into whose presence Captain Darlington was immediately ushered, by his unceremonious companion. And after apologizing for his intrusion, made known the purport of his visit.

During the many years that Mr. Darlington had been an inhabitant of the village, the Curé had been his most intimate associate. Of mild manners, but of warm affections, he was a sincere and steady friend; and it was in his society that the wretched father of Emeline found his only solace after her death; and in his presence, and cheered by his kind and pious prayers, that he breathed his last sigh. In a most feeling manner did he tell, to his distressed auditor, the sad tale; whilst the recollections which were thus revived, often during his recital sent the tear down his aged cheek.

Of Lord De Montford he could give no information. It was not even known when he had left the village; but it was reported, (he said) the day after the interment of Emeline, that he was seen, late in the evening, beside her grave.

Captain Darlington had not seen his sister since infancy; with her person therefore he was unacquainted, but as he listened to the warm praises of the Curé, on her virtue and her beauty, he vowed vengeance against him who had destroyed them both.

To the repeated solicitation of the Curé to remain his guest, till at least the following morning, he gave a polite but positive refusal, and wringing the old man's hand, he thanked him with deep emotion, for the kind feeling he expressed for those who had been dear to him.

That night, at a late hour, Captain Darlington returned to Naples, and the next day he was on his way to England. One feeling alone now possessed his mind; even grief was hushed in the power of that absorbing sentiment. He had sworn revenge over that grave which a few hours before had seen him shedding tears of sorrow; "and never," he repeatedly ejaculated, "never will I seek rest till he

who has brought this misery upon me has atoned for it by his blood."

In the least possible time after his quitting Italy, Captain Darlington arrived in England. To his immediate inquiries after Lord De Montford, he heard, to his inexpressible satisfaction, that his Lordship was then in London, and residing but a short distance from the hotel at which Captain Darlington had taken up his residence.

It may be supposed that he lost no time in fulfilling the intention of his hasty journey, and the evening of his arrival he had penned and sent the challenge, which was in all probability to add another victim to those already sacrificed.

Lord De Montford had been but a few months returned to England, after having long wandered from clime to clime, in search of a happiness, which ever eluded his grasp. He had again taken possession of his mansion in Portman Square, and now released by death from his unhappy marriage, it was reported he was about to lead to the altar a young and beautiful bride.

Those recollections which had lately lain dormant in his mind, were, on the receipt of Captain Darlington's note, again forced upon him, and joined to renewed regret for the past came some sad anticipations of the future; again he was to plunge into misery those he loved. But the call was an imperative one; one which by the laws of honour he dare not disobey. Honour—what a perversion of the term.

Lord De Montford was no coward; not a thought of personal danger crossed his mind; and yet it was with many conflicting emotions that he made the few preparations which the shortness of the time allowed.

At an early hour, on the following morning, he was on the spot appointed for his first and last meeting with the brother of Emeline—an hour afterwards his lifeless body was borne back to his splendid abode. And while many were lamenting over the fate of him so suddenly taken away, Captain Darlington was flying from a country whose laws he had violated, and to mourn in sorrow over the crime he had revenged, and the one he had committed.

FORENSIC WIT.

A LAWYER, now deceased, a celebrated wag, was pleading before a Scotch judge with whom he was on the most intimate terms; happening to have a client (a female, of the name of Tickle) defendant in an action, he commenced his speech in the following humorous strain:—"Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord." The auditors, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics by the judge replying—"Tickle her yourself, Harry; you are as able to do it as I."

(ORIGINAL.)

THE WIDOW.

WRITTEN AFTER VIEWING A PRINT WITH THAT TITLE. BY MRS. H. SILVESTER.

Dear mother, why so sad—why falls that tear?
Thy kerchief, mother, 's always to thine eye;
You're changed in every thing—indeed, I fear
Some one hath vexed thee. Oh! my mother, why
Weep you so oft in silence, mother tell?—
Your dress is changed, too, since my father fell!

Sweet prattler! I weep not: you mistake,
I was but thinking—of your father, love;
But oh! to talk of him, my heart 'twill break,
Would that we both were with him, sweet, above!
Else, ere thou little one, a man shalt be,
May princes fight themselves—or need not thee.

O, dearest mother, when my father went,
He said, it was to fight—his country's cause—
Villains to overcome, by tyrants sent—
To bring his country peace—protect her laws:
O may I such a man and soldier be,
To aid the innocent—protect the free!

O, talk not so, my child—the mother sobbed;
Do not distract me thus, my blood runs chill;
Must I of every hope at last be robbed,
Wilt thou leave England, to be killed or kill?
Tho' thousands fall, buried from the face of day,
Wouldst thou dear infant throw thy life away?

But why, my mother, thou hast not yet said,
Wear you that frightful cap, that sombre dress?
If memory will remind thee of the dead,
Why need such prompters to your wretchedness?
To be like *him*, my mother, I will try,
But since you wish it—not a soldier die.

My generous boy! thy meek and placid air,
Will banish discontent far from my heart;
Wretched I am, but thou wilt ease my care—
Kind Heaven to thee thy father's worth impart!
In war a hero, and in peace a friend,
Respected living, sorrow at his end!

Gentle and lovely—married at nineteen—
One boy, the centre of their fond affection;
Called to the wars, the home, till now serene,
Became at once a scene of deep dejection.
May all that can give happiness below,
Fall on that infant—ease its mother's woe!

HEAVEN-BORN GENIUS.

MASON, the poet, was asked to subscribe to the poems of Ann Kearsley, the Bristol milkmaid. "The poems," said the gentleman applying, "of a heaven-born genius, in much distress!" Mason gave five guineas, with this reply—"There are five pounds for her *distress* and five shillings for her *heaven born genius*!"

A MODERN AUTHOR OF PLAYS.

"I am happy to know a gentleman of such great distinction," said Nicholas, politely.

"Sir," replied the wit, "you're very welcome, I'm sure. The honour is reciprocal, sir, as I usually say when I dramatise a book. Did you ever hear a definition of fame, sir?"

"I have heard several," replied Nicholas, with a smile; "What is yours?"

"When I dramatise a book, sir," said the literary gentleman, "THAT'S fame—for its author."

"Oh, indeed!" rejoined Nicholas.

"That's fame, sir!" said the literary gentleman.

"So Richard Turpin, Tom King, and Jerry Abershaw, have handed down to fame the names of those on whom they committed their most impudent robberies," said Nicholas.

"I don't know any thing about that, sir," answered the literary gentleman.

"Shakspeare dramatised stories which had previously appeared in print, it is true," observed Nicholas.

"Meaning Bill, sir," said the literary gentleman. "So he did; Bill was an adapter, certainly, so he was—and very well he adapted too—considering"—

"I was about to say," rejoined Nicholas, "that Shakspeare derived some of his plots from old tales and legends in general circulation, but it seems to me that some of the gentlemen of your craft at the present day have shot very far beyond him—"

"You're quite right, sir," interrupted the gentleman, leaning back in his chair, and exercising his tooth-pick. "Human intellect, sir, has progressed since his time—is progressing—will progress—"

"Shot beyond him, I mean," resumed Nicholas, "in quite another respect, for, whereas he brought within the magic circle of his genius traditions peculiarly adapted for his purpose, and turned familiar things into constellations which should enlighten the world for ages, you drag within the magic circle of your dulness subjects not at all adapted to the purposes of the stage, and debase as he exalted. For instance, you take the uncompleted books of living authors, fresh from their hands, wet from the press, cut, hack, and carve them, to the powers and capacities of your actors, and the capabilities of your theatres—finish unfinished works, hastily and crudely vamp up ideas not yet worked out by their original projector, but which have, doubtless, cost him many thoughtful days and sleepless nights—by a comparison of incidents and dialogue down to the very last word he may have written a fortnight before,—do your utmost to anticipate his plot—all this without his permission and against his will; and then, to crown the whole proceeding, publish, in some mean pamphlet, an unmeaning farrago of garbled extracts from his work, to which you put your name as author, with the honorable distinction annexed of having perpetrated a hundred other out-

rages of the same description. Now, show me the distinction between such pilfering as this and picking a man's pocket in the street, unless, indeed, it be, that the legislature has a regard for pocket-handkerchiefs, and leaves men's brains, except when they are knocked out by violence, to take care of themselves."

"Men must live, sir," said the literary gentleman, shrugging his shoulders.

"That would be an equally fair plea in both cases," replied Nicholas; "but if you put it upon that ground, I have nothing more to say, than, if I were a writer of books, and you a thirsty dramatist, I would rather pay your tavern score for six months—large as it might be—than have a niche in the Temple of Fame, with you for the humblest corner of my pedestal, through six hundred generations."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

HARVEST HOME.

Sweet bards have sung, and village greybeards told
Of England's Harvest Home, in days of yore,
Its feastings and its pranks,—how young and old,
Master and servant—the ingathering o'er —
Gave one glad night to mirth. I half deplore
That to such custom hearts have long grown cold.

But times have changed; and if such mirth no
more
Must harvest folk nor harvest moon behold,
'Tis not, perchance, that less to swains is given
Meet recompense for stern Autumnal toil:—
'Tis not, perchance, that less ascend to heaven
Thanks for the product of the fruitful soil;
Oh, that such blessings still may joy impart,
And make a Harvest Home in every grateful
heart.

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

IN my morning rambles, a man sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a look of squalor in his appearance which I rarely before observed, even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?"—"Sure its begging I am," was the reply. "You do not utter a word." "No! its joking you are with me, sir! Look there," holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "do you see how the skin is speaking through my trousers, and the bones crying out through my skin?—Look at the sunken cheeks, and the famine that is staring in my eyes! Man alive! is'n't it begging I am with a hundred tongues?"—*English Travels in Ireland.*

(ORIGINAL.)

CANADIAN MELODIES, NO. II.

"LE FILS DU ROI."

MUSIC ARRANGED BY MR. W. H. WARREN.

Symphonic

Lively

Solo

Up, up, 'tis time—that matin chime Pro - claims the hour of

Chorus forte

Solo

starting; Up, up, 'tis time—that matin chime Proclaims the hour of starting; Em-

bark, embark—the dawn of day, In the blushing Heavens de - rides our stay—We're

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'Symphonic' and 'Lively'. The second system begins with a vocal line marked 'Solo' and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Up, up, 'tis time—that matin chime Pro - claims the hour of'. The third system continues the vocal line, marked 'Chorus forte' and 'Solo', with lyrics 'starting; Up, up, 'tis time—that matin chime Proclaims the hour of starting; Em-'. The fourth system concludes the piece with piano accompaniment and lyrics 'bark, embark—the dawn of day, In the blushing Heavens de - rides our stay—We're'.

Chorus
forte

all aboard, and a - way, a - way, Our light canoe is darting—We're

all aboard, and a - way, a - way, Our light canoe is darting.

II.

We skim the lake like a soft snow-flake,

Or the white cloud floating o'er us ;

And, quick as the swallow in its flight,

The rapids we shoot like a thing of light,

While, high o'er the roar of their rushing might,
Is heard our merry chorus.

III.

There's care and strife in a city life,

A toiling for worldly treasures ;

But with skies above us so calm and pure,

And a bark beneath us so swift and sure,

Oh, give me the life of a voyageur,

'Tis worth all their idle pleasures !

IV.

Push on, push on ! ere daylight's gone—
Bright tears were shed at parting ;

Bright smiles shall greet us before we rest,

And we'll revel in joys, supremely blest,

Till spring time comes—then hurrah for the West !

We're ready again for starting.
Montreal.

LINEAL DESCENDANT OF WILLIAM WALLACE.

AT Baltimore I met and conversed with an elderly gentleman of the name of Wallace. In early life he had attended the classes at Edinburgh, and studied under Dr. Black and others. He boasts of being the only remaining lineal descendant of William Wallace, and still uses the arms and motto of that hero. He mentioned to me that he was once in an engraver's shop in Edinburgh, giving the requisite instructions for cutting his seal, when the Earl of Buchan, who was accidentally present, examined the arms and motto, and said: "Sir, there is only one family remaining entitled to these, and that family is in Virginia." This confirmation of his innocent and praiseworthy claims, from the lips of the stranger, must have given him great satisfaction. He is a very cheerful, communicative old gentleman, and I was really pleased to interchange a friendly grasp with a hand, the veins of which might be enriched even with a drop of the Wallace blood.—*Murray's Travels.*

EMPLOYMENT OF RUSSIAN LADIES.

MANY ladies employ a number of girls, generally the children of household servants, in embroidering and making all kinds of fancy work, which they execute most beautifully, and which their mistress sells, receiving orders for it, as is common in charity schools in England. In a house where we were visiting some time ago, we were shown a shawl with corners and borders of a most beautiful pattern of flowers, in brilliant colours, which had been entirely made at home, by a young girl, who brought it in to exhibit it, and who was then employed upon another which we saw in progress. Even the wool, the colours of which were admirable, had been dyed in the house. The shawl was valued at fifteen hundred roubles, about sixty two pounds; it had occupied the girl who made it about a year and a half. In almost every house, some art is carried on, useful or ornamental, and women are employed in spinning, weaving, knitting, carpet making, &c.; for the raw material in Russia is worth little, and the manufactured article alone is valuable in the market. The ladies of England, "who live at home at ease," little know the disagreeable and troublesome duties of inspection and correction, which often devolve upon the mistress of a family in Russia, from all the various branches of domestic industry which she is obliged to superintend.

A TRUE JOKE.

WHEN Lord Howe, who was at one time a great favourite in the navy, became unpopular, he was lamenting the circumstance to a friend, who replied: "Ah, my dear lord, I always thought yours was a fleeting popularity."

TIPPOO SULTAN'S DEATH.

THIS triumph decided the fate of Tipoo's capital and kingdom. Fresh troops now entered through the breach, while death continued to sweep the streets of the city and walls of the fortress with its desolating arm. Finding further efforts useless, Tipoo withdrew with a few followers towards the inner fort, and, as he passed along slowly, complained of a pain in one of his legs, in which he had once received a wound. Here he was informed that his favourite officer, Meer Goffar, to whom he had sent orders to keep a strict watch, was slain; to which he only replied, "Well, Meer Goffar was never afraid of death." Pursuing his way still onwards to the gate of the fort, he there received a musket-ball in his right side, and passing under the gateway, where his advance was interrupted by the fire of the 12th Light Infantry, he was wounded a second time, the ball entering his side near to the other. His horse having also received a fatal wound, sunk beneath him, and he was now removed to his palanquin, which had been laid at one side of the entrance way. Here, as he lay, a broken hearted and expiring captive at his palace-gate, a passing soldier was attracted by the brilliancy of his girdle, and attempted to pull it away; but the haughty chieftain, summoning all the powers of life that would obey his call, cut at the plunderer, and wounded him in the knee. The savage immediately raised his piece, and discharged its contents into the fevered brain of the Sultan of Mysore.—*Wright's Life of Wellington.*

AN EARNEST ACTOR.

"TIMBERRY won't be long," said Mr. Crummles. "He played the audience out to-night. He does a faithful black in the last piece, and it takes him a little longer to wash himself."

"A very unpleasant line of character, I should think?" said Nicholas.

"No, I don't know," replied Mr. Crummles; "it comes off easily enough, and there's only the face and neck. We had a first-tragedy man in our company once, who, when he played Othello, used to black himself all over. But that's feeling a part and going into it as if you meant it; it isn't usual—more's the pity."

POVERTY.

WHEN Poverty begs, the dogs bark at it; and when Poverty is ill, the doctors mangle it; and when Poverty is dying the priests scold at it; and when Poverty is dead, nobody weeps for it.—*Buwer.*

"Who is that gay young gentleman walking with Mrs. Flint?" said a wag to his companion, as they walked along Prince's street. "Oh," replied the other, "it is a spark which she has just struck."

OUR TABLE.

THE SEA CAPTAIN; OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT—BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

This play has been some time before us, but hitherto we have been unable to give it the attention it deserves, having had our space occupied with the several Canadian published books, notices of which appeared in the last number of the *Garland*. The author, Sir E. L. Bulwer, has been long known in the literary world, and in spite of the factious criticism which has occasionally assailed him, the productions of his pen will reflect lustre upon “merry England;” and not the least delightful of his works is this “Sea Captain,” which, though possessing no very striking characteristics, is beautifully written. We should not have expected, indeed, that it would have been as successful as it has been, as an acting play, being little calculated for the display of scenic or stage effect, so necessary to attract an audience. It speaks well for the taste of the English public, that they can so fully enter into the unobtrusive beauties of the drama.

The characters of this drama are sketched by one who has read deeply into the book of human nature, and who can give to the creatures of his pen the attributes of breathing life. The principal character, *Norman*, the *Sea-Captain*, is instinct with the generous sympathies of the gallant spirits whose “home is on the sea,” and who gave, in the early times in which the drama has its birth, indications of the glory which has since been gathered round the brows of England’s naval heroes. He is, perhaps, imbued with too much enthusiasm—too much romance—to be a type of what we should conceive the tar, but the time is one, when, almost in the infancy of its renown, the chivalry of Spain had bent before the might of Albion—when, in the language of the play before us :

“Raleigh’s fame,
The New World’s marvels, then made old men heroes,
And young men dreamers.”

But we would not quarrel with his enthusiasm—nor apologize for it—youth without it were like the spring without its buds, the summer without its flowers. It is to this enthusiasm we owe the glorious daring which has made England what she is—the pride of those who own her parentage, and the envy of the world. What can there be more beautiful than the burst of eloquence and fire from the *Sea-Captain*, when asked, if, for his ladye-love, he will “forswear the sea?”

The sea !

No, not for Beauty’s self ! the glorious sea,
Where England grasps the trident of a god,
And every breeze pays homage to her flag,
And every wave hears Neptune’s choral nymphs
Hymn with immortal music England’s name !
Forswear the sea ! My bark shall be our home ;
The gale shall chant our bridal melodies ;

The stars that light the angel palaces
Of air, our lamps ; our floors the crystal deep,
Studded with sapphires sparkling as we pass ;
Our roof—all heaven ! my beautiful, my own !
Never did sail more gladly glide to port
Than I to thee ! my anchor in thy faith,
And in thine eyes my haven.

The character of *Lady Arundel* is beautifully drawn—but it would require the genius of a Siddons to do it justice. The terrible mental struggle, with justice to her first born, warring against love to her second, can be personated by no one who does not enter deeply into the poet’s meaning. Upon her the whole plot of the play depends. In the heyday of love and youth, she has been wooed and won by a lover far beneath her in wealth and station—the fruit is *Norman* ; but three days before his birth, her husband has been murdered, at the bidding of her sire, and while her son is yet an infant, she is forced to part with him, and compelled to wed a prouder lord—when she becomes again a mother, and all the holy sympathies which twine themselves around the mother’s heart, are centred in her second boy ; and she learns to fear that the first may claim his birthright, and stamp her own and her father’s name with infamy. To avoid this, the child is placed in the keeping of a holy man, the only witness of the fatal tale of her early love, and her husband’s murder—the priest, whose fears and sympathies have been worked upon, having sworn to keep secret the horrid record while the old lord and the second husband lived. Before their death, *Norman* is wiled away to sea, and betrayed to pirates, through the cunning of *Sir Maurice Brevor*, a miser, distantly related to the Lady of *Arundel*, and, failing her children, heir to the title and estates—the miser knight, who is described as one “whose face is like a signboard to warn men off the premises of his breeches pockets,” having bargained with the pirate for the boy’s death. We cannot do better than to

quote *Norman's* story, which he has been urged to recount to the *Lady Arundel*, knowing not that she is his unhappy mother:—

NORMAN (to LADY ARUNDEL.)

Gentle lady,

The key of some charm'd music in your voice
Unlocks a long-closed chamber in my soul;
And would you listen to an outcast's tale,
'Tis briefly told. Until my fourteenth year,
Beneath the roof of an old village priest,
Not far from hence, my childhood wore away.
Then waked within me anxious thoughts and deep.
Throughout the liberal and melodious nature
Something seem'd absent—what I scarcely knew—
Till one calm night, when over earth and wave
Heaven look'd its love from all its numberless stars,
Watchful yet breathless, suddenly the sense
Of my sweet want swell'd in me, and I ask'd
The priest *why I was motherless!*

LADY ARUNDEL.

And he?

NORMAN.

Wept as he answered, "I was nobly born!"

LADY ARUNDEL (*aside*.)

The traitor!

NORMAN.

And that time would bring the hour,
As yet denied, when from a dismal past
Would dawn a luminous future. As he spake
There gleam'd across my soul a dim remembrance
Of a pale face in infancy beheld;
A shadowy face, but from whose lip there breathed
The words that none but mothers murmur.

LADY ARUNDEL.

Oh,

My heart, be still!

NORMAN.

'Twas at that time there came
Into our hamlet a rude, jovial seaman,
With the frank mien boys welcome, and wild tales
Of the far Indian lands, from which mine ear
Drank envious wonder. Brief—his legends fired me,
And from the deep, whose billows wash'd the shore
On which our casement look'd, I heard a voice
That woo'd me to its bosom: Raleigh's fame,
The New World's marvels, then made old men
heroes,
And young men dreamers! So I left my home
With that wild seaman.

LADY ARUNDEL.

Ere you left, the priest
Said naught to make less dark your lineage?

NORMAN.

No;
Nor did he chide my ardour. "Go," he said;
"Win for thyself a name that pride may envy,
And pride, which is thy foe, will own thee yet!"

LADY ARUNDEL.

I breathe more freely!

NORMAN.

Can you heed thus gently
The stranger's tale? Your colour comes and goes.

LADY ARUNDEL.

Your story moves me much; pray you, resume,
NORMAN.

The villain whom I trusted, when we reach'd
The bark he ruled, cast me to chains and darkness,
And so to sea. At length, no land in sight,
His crew, dark, swarthy men—the refuse crimes
Of many lands (for he, it seems, a pirate)—
Call'd me on deck, struck off my fetters: "Boy,"
He said, and grimly smiled, "not mine the wrong:

Thy chains are forged from gold, the gold of those
Who gave thee birth!"

LADY ARUNDEL.

A lie! a hideous lie!

Be sure a lie!

NORMAN.

I answer'd so, and wrench'd
From his own hand the blade it bore, and struck
The slanderer to my feet. With that a shout,
A hundred knives gleam'd round me; but the pirate,
Wiping the gore from his gash'd brow, cried, "Hold;
Such death were mercy." Then they grip'd and
bound me
To a slight plank; spread to the winds their sails,
And left me on the waves, alone with God!

VIOLET (*taking his hand*.)

My heart melts in my eyes: and HE preserved thee!

NORMAN.

That day and all that night upon the seas
Toss'd the frail barrier between life and death.
Heaven lull'd the gales; and when the stars came
forth,

All look'd so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recall'd that wretch's words, and murmur'd, "Wave
And wind are kinder than a parent." Lady,
Dost thou weep also?

LADY ARUNDEL.

Do I? Nay, go on!

NORMAN.

Day dawn'd, and, glittering in the sun, behold
A sail, a flag!

VIOLET.

Well, well.

NORMAN.

It pass'd away,
And saw me not. Noon, and then thirst and
famine;
And, with parch'd lips, I call'd on death, and
sought

To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnaw'd
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep;
And then methought I saw, beneath the clear
And crystal lymph, a dark, swift-moving thing,
With watchful glassy eyes, the ocean-monster
That follows ships for prey. Then life once more
Grew sweet, and with a strain'd and horrent gaze,
And lifted hair, I floated on, till sense
Grew dim and dimlier, and a terrible sleep,
In which still, still, those livid eyes met mine,
Fell on me, and—

VIOLET.

Go on!

NORMAN.

I awoke, and heard
My native tongue. Kind looks were bent upon me:
I lay on deck, escaped the ghastly death;
For God had watch'd the sleeper!

VIOLET (*half aside*.)

My own Norman!

NORMAN.

'Twas a brave seaman, who with Raleigh served,
That own'd the ship. Beneath his fostering eyes
I fought and labour'd upward. At his death—
(A death may such be mine! a hero's death!
The blue flag waving o'er the victory won!)
He left me the sole heir to all his wealth:
Some sacks of pistols, his good frigate, and
His honest name!

Norman is in love—in the course of his adventurous life, he has rescued *Violet*, the ward of

Lady Arundel, from a gang of pirates. She is young and fair—and the consequence is, they love each other—and the Countess, trembling lest *Norman* should discover a clue to his birth, urges marriage and a flight with *Violet*, so as to free herself easily of his presence—flight being the only means of avoiding a quarrel with *Lord Ashdale*, her second son, who also loves *Violet*. The following beautiful lines are elicited from *Norman* by the fair girl, when expressing her fears that he will deem her over-bold, in trusting herself too freely to his keeping:—

Not bold, but trustful
As love is ever! Nay, be soothed, and think
Of the bright lands within the western main,
Where we will build our home, what time the seas
Weary thy gaze; there the broad palm-tree shades
The soft and delicate light of skies as fair
As those that slept on Eden; Nature there,
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
Flings her whole treasure in the lap of Time.

On turfs, by fairies trod, the eternal Flora
Spreads all her blooms; and from a lakelike sea
Woos to her odorous haunts the western wind!
While, circling round and upward from the boughs,
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
Melody, like a happy soul released,
Hangs in the air, and from invisible plumes
Shakes sweetness down!

The plot thickens—*Falkner*, lieutenant and friend of *Norman*, from whom he bears a commission to the priest, learns from the old man a part of the mystery of the *Sea-Captain's* storp, and brings to *Norman* a message, that if he meets the priest beside a ruined chapel, he will there obtain a knowledge of his birth. *Sir Maurice Beevor* overhears the conversation, and hires the pirate to hurry to the spot—with the intention of murdering *Norman*, and securing the papers brought by the old man to substantiate his tale. The pirate encounters the venerable priest, and slays him, but ere his work is done, *Norman* arrives, fights him, and secures the proofs of his mother's marriage, and his own birth, and learns the whole story of his father's wrongs. He hurries immediately to his mother's presence, when having vainly endeavoured to awake in her heart something of the feelings with which a mother should regard her child, the following exciting dialogue takes place:—

NORMAN.

Have you not

Another son, a first-born?

LADY ARUNDEL.

Sir!

NORMAN.

A son

On whom those eyes dwelt first, whose infant cry
Struck first on that divine and holy chord,
In the deep heart of woman, which awakes
All nature's tenderest music? Turn not from me.
I know the secret of thy mournful life.
Will it displease thee—will it—to believe
That son is living still?

LADY ARUNDEL.

I have no son

Save Percy Ashdale!

NORMAN.

Do not, do not hear her,

Thou everlasting and all-righteous Judge!
Thou who, amid the seraph hosts of heaven,
Dost take no holier name than that of "Father!"
Hush, hush! Behold these proofs: the deed of
marriage!

The attesting oaths of them who witness'd, and
Of Him who sanctified, thy nuptial vow!
Behold these letters! see, the words are still
By years unfaded! to my sire, your lover!
Read how you loved him then. By all that love—
Yea, by himself, the wrong'd and murder'd one,
Who hears thee now above—by these, my mother,
Do not reject thy son!

LADY ARUNDEL.

Listen to me.

Grant that you are my son, the unhappy pledge
Of a most mournful nuptials: grant that I,
Scarce on the verge when childborn fancy glides
Into the dreaming youth, misplaced my heart;
Forgot the duties which the noble owe

The past and future: that a deed was done
Which, told, would blacken with a murderer's
crime

My father's memory; stain thy mother's name;
Bid the hot blush, rank in the vulgar eye,
Blister my cheek and gnaw into my heart:
Grant this—and you, my son! will you return
The life I gave, for that, more vile than death,
The everlasting shame? NOW SPEAK!

NORMAN.

Go on!

Go on! I cannot speak!

LADY ARUNDEL.

Heaven witness for me,

With what reluctant and remorseful soul,
After what threats endured and horrors done,
I yielded to my ruthless father's will,
And with false lips profaned a second vow!
I had a child! I was a mother! true:
But did I dare to dwell upon that thought?
In darkness and in secret—if I sought
The couch it hallow'd—did not my steps creep
Fearful and shuddering as the tread of crime,
Which starts at its own shadow? With that son
Were woven, not the proud, self-glorious joys
Which mothers know; but memory, shame, the
dread

And agony of those who live between
Evil and its detection. Yet I loved thee;
I loved thee once!

NORMAN.

I knew it; Heaven, I knew it!

LADY ARUNDEL.

I loved thee till another son was born;
One who, amid the sad and desolate world,
Seem'd sent from Heaven by Mercy. Think, thou
wert

Alien, afar, seen rarely, on strange love
Leaning for life; but this thrice-precious one
Smiled to my eyes, drew being from my breast,
Slept in my arms; the very tears I shed

Above my treasure were to men and angels
Alike such holy sweetness! food, health, life,
It clung to me for all! mother and child,
Each was the all to each!

NORMAN.

I am not jealous;
I weep with thee, my mother; see, I weep!
Oh, so much love, and has it naught to spare?

LADY ARUNDEL.

My boy grew up—by Percy. Looking on him,
Men prized his mother more. So fair and stately,
And the world deem'd to such bright hopes the heir.
I did not love thee *then*, for, like a cloud,
Thy dark thought hung between him and the future.
And so—

NORMAN.

Thou didst not—oh, the unnatural horror!—
Thou didst not—

LADY ARUNDEL.

Doom thee to the pirate? No,
No, not so ruthless, Arthur. But design'd
To rear thee up in ignorance of thy rights—
A crime—'tis punish'd. So, my tale is done.
Reclaim thy rights; on me and on my son
Avenge thy father's wrongs and thine; I ask not
Mercy from thee; and from the hated earth
I pass for ever to the tomb, which hath
Even for shame a shelter!

NORMAN.

Oh, my mother!
You do not know the heart your words have pierc'd!
I—I—thy son—thine Arthur—I avenge?
Never on thee. Live happy—love my brother—
Forget that I was born. Here, here—these proofs—

The play now draws rapidly to a close. *Sir Maurice* having learned the ill success of the pirate's attempt, informs *Lord Ashdale* of the projected flight of *Norman* and *Violet*, and urges him to personate the *Sea Captain*, and secure the prize. The young lord enters into the scheme, and exchanges his own hat and plume for that of *Norman*. The miser then, certain that both the brothers will seek the ruined chapel, hires the pirate and his gang to meet and murder them both there. The pirate, however, intends only to murder *Norman*, to whom he owes revenge, and to secure *Lord Ashdale*, that he may claim a ransom for him. With this view he makes his attack, when the disguised lord has taken the hand of *Violet*, and is leading her to the chapel; mistaking the hat and plume, he lifts his hand to strike, when *Norman* again confronts him, dashes aside the weapon, and strikes the pirate dead. At this moment, the distracted Countess, who alarmed at some hints and threats of *Sir Maurice Beavor*, has hurried with servants and torches to the chapel by the beach, reaches the scene of action, where explanations ensue, and *Norman* destroys the papers, beside the grave of his murdered father disclaiming all right to the heritage of Arundel. The following short extract will explain:—

NORMAN.

My dead father!
I never saw thee living; but methinks
Thy presence fills my soul! Poor trembling mourner!
If, as I feel, that lowborn father loved thee
Not for thy gold and lands—from yonder grave
His spirit would chide the son who for such gauds
Would make the bond and pledge of the love he bore
thee

A source of shame and sorrow, not of solace!
Hear him then speak in me! as lightly as
I, from this mantle, shake the glistening dews,
So my soul shakes off the unwholesome thoughts
Born of the cloud and earth.

(*Goes to the torches.*)

Look ye, all dead!

These—these (*giving the papers*). Oh, see you
where the words are blister'd

With my hot tears? I wept—it was for joy;
I did not think of lands, of name, of birthright,
I did but think these arms should clasp a mother!
Now they are worthless; take them; you can deem
not

How in my orphan youth my lonely heart
Pined for the love you will not give me! Mother,
Put but thine arms around me; let me feel
Thy kisses on my brow—but once, but once!
Let me remember in the years to come
That I have lived to say "A mother bless'd me!"

LADY ARUNDEL.

Oh, could I speak, could I embrace him, all
My heart would gush forth in one passionate burst,
And I should bid him stay; and—Percy, Percy,
My love for thee has made me less than human!

NORMAN.

She turns away, she will not bless the outcast!
She trembles with a fear that I should shame her!
Farewell, farewell for ever! Peace be with thee!
Heaven soothe thy griefs, and make the happy son
Thou lovest so well the source of every solace.
For me (*since it will please thee so to deem*),
Think I am in my grave! for never more,
Save in thy dreams, shalt thou behold me! Mother,
For the last time I call thee so! I—I
Cannot speak more—I— [*Rushes from the room.*]

LADY ARUNDEL.

Arthur! oh, my son!
Come back, come back, my son! my blessed son!
[*Falls by the threshold.*]

My sire, the priest, all who attest my rights!
With a calm hand, unto this flame I yield
What rest, these scrolls! and as the fire consumes
them,

So wither all that henceforth can dismay
Or haunt thy heart, my mother!

ASHDALE.

Hold, hold, no!
I am not so base; 'twas but a moment's weakness.
Hail the true heir!

(*Falling on his breast.*)

My brother, oh, my brother

NORMAN.

A mother and a brother, both! Oh joy

LADY ARUNDEL.

My children in each other's arms!

In answer to the endeavours of his brother, to force him to accept at least half of his birth-right, *Norman* speaks as follows :—

Each to his element ! the land has form'd
Thy nature, as the hardy ocean mine.
It is no sacrifice. By men and angels !
Better one laurel-leaf the brave hand gathers
Than all the diadems pluck'd from dead men's
brows ;
So speaks my father's son ! Were there before us
All—all who in this busy and vast mart

Of merchant traffickers, this land of England,
Worship the yellow god, how one great truth
Should shake the sceptred Mammon on his throne !
Here, in our souls, we treasure up the wealth
Fraud cannot filch nor waste destroy ; the more
'Tis spent, the more we have ; the sweet affections,
The heart's religion, the diviner instincts
Of what we *shall* be when the world is dust !

After some further explanations, interrupted by the entrance of the discomfitted miser, who expects to find the work of murder done, and comes to pay the promised price of blood to the pirate, and finds him dead, the drama closes with the following lines :—

NORMAN.

We will not part !
Violet the link that binks me to thy hearth,
And makes thy love (though secret the true cause)
Not in the world's eye strange ; we will not part
Till the first moon of wedded love be o'er ;
And then, if glory call me to the seas,
Thine eyes shall lure me back from year to year.
LADY ARUNDEL.
If ever thou repent'st—

ASHDALE

The half I told
Thine with the birth-right.

NORMAN.

Nay, your love my birthright ;
And for the rest, who can aspire to more
Than a true heart for ever blent with his ;
Blessings when absent, welcome when return'd ;
His merry back with England's flag to crown her,
Fame for his hopes, and woman in his cares ?

LOVE—A PLAY, BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

This is another beautiful play, inferior, however, in our judgment, to the "*Sea Captain*," though some of the passages surpass almost anything we have ever read. The usual fault of Knowles' plays, a too great complication of plot, which the *denouement* fails properly to elucidate, is the feature in this drama, which we principally find fault with.

The interest of the play consists in the struggle of passion against pride—the heroine, a young and beautiful *Countess*, being smitten with love for her father's serf, who worships her with the adoration of a noble, but sorrowing heart. The Duke, her father, finding how matters stand, commands *Huon* to sign a marriage contract with *Catharine*, a species of mad-cap belle—the serf refuses, and is left an hour to choose between *Catharine* and the galleys. The *Countess*, who has heard part of the dialogue between the *Duke* and *Huon*, arrives in time to add her influence to that of her sire—confessing her love for *Huon*, yet urging him to marry *Catharine*. The serf consents, when he is immediately hurried to the chapel, his freedom granted, and the nuptial knot is tied—the *Countess*, whose name is *Catharine*, substituting her own hand for that of her friend and namesake—though the bridegroom perceives it not. The death of the *Duke* now opportunely happens, and *Huon*, like a "false young knight," he

"Loves and he rides away !"

leaving his new-made bride to mourn over her disconsolate widowhood.

By a clause in the dead *Duke's* will, it is decreed that the hand of the *Countess* shall be given to the victor in a tournament, to be held for the purpose of deciding who shall win the prize and wear it. *Huon*, now a freeman, has entered the service of the *Empress*, when his gallantry and courage speedily place him in a position proud beyond his dearest and highest hopes. Following in the suite of his mistress, who has caused his supposed marriage to be annulled, he attends the tournament, and is victor against all comers, save the last, who succeeds in unhorsing him, his steed, which has stood the toils of the day, giving way under him. The *Prince of Milan*, who is the winner, comes forward to claim the prize, when the *Countess* declares herself already the wife of *Huon*, and explains the juggle by which she became a bride—triumphing in her love for *Huon* in his defeat—when the curtain drops upon a picture, composed of the principal characters, who have figured in the drama—*Catharine* being provided with a lord, in the person of a poor knight, who has long been her admirer.

As an acting play, "*Love*," is reported to be very effective—and some of the passages, as

we have said before, are perfect. We quote the following, without reference to the plot; but merely to show of what metal the drama is composed.

NOBILITY.

Huon. Descent,
You'll grant, is not alone nobility,
Will you not? Never yet was line so long,
But it beginning had: and that was found
In rarity of nature, giving one
Advantage over many; and aptitude
For arms, for counsel, so superlative
As baffled all competitors, and made
The many glad to follow him as guide
Or safeguard; and with title to endow him.
For his high honour or to gain some end
Supposed propitious to the general weal,
On those who should descend from him entail'd.
Not in descent alone, then, lies degree,
Which from descent to nature may be traced,
Its proper fount? And that, which nature did,
You'll grant she may be like to do again;
And in a very peasant, yea, a slave,
Enlodge the worth that roots the noble tree.
I trust I seem not bold to argue so.

What right hast thou
To set thy person off with such a bearing?
And move with such a gait? to give thy brow
The set of noble's, and thy tongue his phrase?
Thy betters' clothes sit fairer upon thee
Than on themselves, and they were made for them.
I have no patience with thee—can't abide thee!
There are no bounds to thy ambition, none!

I am too poor to put mean habit on.
Whose garments wither shall meet faded smiles
Even from the worthy, so example sways,
So the plague poverty is loath'd and shunn'd
The luckless wight who wears her fatal spot!

O, what is death, compared to slavery!
Brutes may bear bondage—they were made for it,
When Heaven set man above them; but no mark,
Definite and indellible, it put
Upon one man to mark him from another,
That he should live his slave. O heavy curse!
To have thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes,
Passions, and conscience, like another man,
And not have equal liberty to use them,
But call his mood their master! Why was I born
With passion to be free—with faculties

Countess. Sir, when to me it matters what you
seem,
Make question on't. If you have more to say,
Proceed—yet mark you how the poet mocks
Himself your advocacy; in the sequel
His hero is a hind in masquerade!
He proves to be a lord.

Huon. The poet sinn'd
Against himself, in that! He should have known
A better trick, who had at hand his own
Excelling nature to admonish him,
Than the low cunning of the common craft.
A hind, his hero, won the lady's love:
He had worth enough for that! Her heart was his.
Wedlock joins nothing, if it joins not hearts.
Marriage was never meant for coats of arms.
Heraldry flourishes on metal, silk,
Or wood. Examine as you will the blood,
No painting on't is there!—as red, as warm,
The peasant's as the noble's!

How durst thou e'er adventure to bestrid
The war-horse—sitting him, that people say
Thou, not the knight, appear'st his proper load?
How durst thou touch the lance, the battle-axe,
And wheel the flaming falchion round thy head,
As thou would'st blaze the sun of chivalry?
I know! my father found thy aptitude,
And humor'd it, to boast thee off?

POVERTY.

Want, but look full; else you may chance to starve,
Unless you'll stoop to beg. You force me, lady,
To make you my severe confessional.
From such prostration never can I rise
The thing I was before.

SLAVERY.

To use enlargement—with desires that cleave
To high achievements—and with sympathies
Attracting me to objects fair and noble,—
And yet with power over myself as little
As any beast of burden? Why should I live?
There are of brutes themselves that will not tame,
So high in them is nature;—whom the spur
And lash, instead of curbing, only chafe
Into prouder mettle;—that will tell you kill them,
Ere they will suffer you to master them.
I am a man, and live!

THE CANADIAN BROTHERS; OR, THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

We again revert to "The Canadian Brothers," for the purpose of laying before our readers, a few extracts, with which we had intended to enrich our notice of that work, in the last number of the *Garland*, but which we were prevented from doing by the many other calls upon our space. These extracts have reference to the landing of Tecumseh, and to his meeting with General Brock—a scene which well illustrates the happy character of Major Richardson's descriptive writings:—

Meanwhile, the dark specks upon the water increased momentarily in size. Presently they could be distinguished for canoes, which, rapidly impelled, and aided in their course by the swift current, were not long in developing themselves to the naked eye. These canoes, about fifty in number, were of bark, and of so light a description, that a man of ordinary strength might, without undergoing serious fatigue, carry one for miles. The warriors, who now propelled them, were naked in all save their leggings and waist cloths, their bodies and faces begrimed with paint: and as they drew nearer, fifteen was observed to be the complement of each. They sat by twos on the narrow thwarts; and, with their faces to the prow, dipped their paddles simultaneously into the stream, with a regularity of movement not to be surpassed by the most experienced boat's crew in Europe. In the stern of each sat a chief, guiding his bark with the same unpretending but skilful and efficient paddle, and behind him, drooping in the breezeless air, and trailing in the silvery tide, was to be seen a long pendant, bearing the red cross of England.

It was a novel and beautiful sight, to behold that imposing fleet of canoes, apparently so frail in texture that the dropping of a pebble between the skeleton ribs might be deemed sufficient to perforate and sink them, yet withal so ingeniously contrived as to bear safely, not only the warriors who formed their crews, but also their arms of all descriptions, and such light equipment of raiment and necessaries, as were indispensable to men who had to voyage long and far in pursuit of the goal they were now rapidly attaining. The Indians already encamped near the fort, were warriors of nations long rendered familiar, by personal intercourse, not only with the inhabitants of the district, but with the troops themselves; and these, from frequent association with the whites, had lost much of that fierceness which is so characteristic of the North American Indian in his rude state. Among these, with the more intelligent Hurons, were the remnants of those very tribes of Shawanees and Delawares, whom we have recorded to have borne, half a century ago, so prominent a share in the confederacy against England; but who, after the termination of that disastrous war, had so far abandoned their wild hostility, as to have settled in various points of contiguity to the forts to which they, periodically, repaired to receive those presents which a judicious policy so profusely bestowed.

The reinforcement just arriving was composed principally of warriors, who had never yet pressed a soil wherein civilization had extended her influence—men who had never hitherto beheld the face of a white, unless it were that of the Canadian trader, who, at stated periods, penetrated fearlessly into their wilds for purposes of traffic, and who to the bronzed cheek that exposure had rendered nearly as swarthy as their own, united not only the language but so wholly the dress—or rather the undress of those he visited—that he might easily have been confounded with one of their own dark blooded race. So remote, indeed, were the regions in which some of these warriors had been sought, that they were strangers to the existence of more than one of their tribes, and upon these they gazed with a surprise only inferior to what they manifested, when, for the first time, they marked the accoutrements of the British soldier, and turned with secret, but unacknowledged awe and admiration upon the frowning fort and stately shipping, bristling with cannon, and vomiting forth sheets of flame as they approached the shore. In these might have been studied the natural dignity of man. Firm of step—proud of mien—haughty yet penetrating of look—each leader offered in his own person a model to the sculptor, which he might vainly seek elsewhere. Free and unfettered in every limb, they moved in the majesty of nature, and with an air of dark reserve, passed, on landing, through the admiring crowd.

There was one of the number, however, and his canoe was decorated with a richer and a larger flag, whose costume was that of the more civilized Indians, and who in nobleness of deportment even surpassed those we have last named. This was Tecumseh. He was not of the race of either of the parties who now accompanied him, but of one of the nations, many of whose warriors were assembled on the bank awaiting his arrival. As the head Chief of the Indians, his authority was acknowledged by all, even to the remotest of these wild but interesting people, and the result of the exercise of his all powerful influence had been the gathering together of those warriors, whom he had personally hastened to collect from the extreme west, passing in his course, and with impunity, the several American posts that lay in their way.

All looked up to him as the defender and saviour of their race, and so well did he merit the confidence reposed in him, that it was not long after his first appearance as a leader in the war-path, that the Americans were made sensible, by repeated defeat, of the formidable character of the Chief, who had thrown himself into the breach of his nation's tottering fortunes, resolved rather to perish on the spot on which he stood, than to retire one foot from the home of their forefathers. What self-ennobling actions the warrior performed, and what talent he displayed during that warfare, the page of American history must tell. With the spirit to struggle against, and the subsequent good fortune to worst the Americans in many conflicts, these latter, although beaten, have not been wanting in generosity to admire their formidable enemy while living, neither have they failed to venerate his memory when dead. If they have helped to bind the laurel around his living brow, they have not been the less willing to weave the cypress that encircles his memory.

It was amidst the blaze of an united salvo from the demi-lune crowning the bank, and from the shipping, that the noble chieftain, accompanied by the leaders of those wild tribes, leaped lightly, yet proudly, to the beach; and having ascended the steep bank by a flight of rude steps cut out of the earth, finally stood amid the party of officers waiting to receive them. It would not a little have surprised a Bond Street exquisite of that day to have witnessed the cordiality with which the dark hand of the savage was successively pressed in the fairer palms of the English officers, neither would his astonishment have been abated, on remarking the proud dignity of carriage maintained by the former, in this exchange of courtesy, as though, while he joined heart to hand wherever the latter fell, he seemed rather to bestow than to receive a condescension.

Had none of those officers ever previously beheld him, the fame of his heroic deeds had gone sufficiently before the warrior to have insured him their warmest greeting and approbation, and none could mistake a form that, even amid those who were a password for native majesty, stood alone in its bearing: but Tecumseh was a stranger to few. Since his defeat on the Wabash he had been much at Amherstburg, where he had rendered himself conspicuous by one or two animated and highly eloquent speeches, having for their object the consolidation of a treaty, in which the Indian interests were subsequently bound in close union with those of England; and, up to the moment of his recent expedition, had cultivated the most perfect understanding with the English chiefs.

It might, however, be seen that even while pleasure and satisfaction at a reunion with those he in truth esteemed, flashed from his dark and eager eye, there was still lurking about his manner that secret jealousy of distinction, which is so characteristic of the haughty Indian. After the first warm salutations had passed, he became sensible of the absence of the English Chief; but this was expressed rather by a certain outswelling of his chest, and the searching glance of his restless eye, than by any words that fell from his lips. Presently, he whom he sought, and whose person had hitherto been concealed by the battery

on the bank, was seen advancing towards him, accompanied by his personal staff. In a moment the shade passed away from the brow of the warrior, and warmly grasping and pressing, for the second time, the hand of a youth—one of the group of junior officers among whom he yet stood, and who had manifested, even more than his companions, the unbounded pleasure he took in the chieftain's re-appearance—he moved forward, with an ardour of manner that was with difficulty restrained by his sense of dignity, to give them the meeting.

The first of the advancing party was a tall, martial looking man, wearing the dress and insignia of a general officer. His rather florid countenance was eminently fine, if not handsome, offering, in its more Roman than Grecian contour, a model of quiet, manly beauty; while the eye, beaming with intelligence and candour, gave, in the occasional flashes which it emitted, indication of a mind of no common order. There was, notwithstanding, a benevolence of expression about it that blended (in a manner to excite attention) with a dignity of deportment, as much the result of habitual self command, as of the proud eminence of distinction on which he stood. The sedative character of middle age, added to long acquired military habits, had given a certain rigidity to his fine form, that might have made him appear to a first observer even older than he was, but the placidity of a countenance beaming good will and affability, speedily removed the impression, and, if the portly figure added to his years, the unfurrowed countenance took from them in equal proportion.

At his side, hanging on his arm and habited in naval uniform, appeared one who, from his familiarity of address with the General, not less than by certain appropriate badges of distinction, might be known as the commander of the little fleet then lying in the harbour. Shorter in person than his companion, his frame made up in activity what it wanted in height, and there was that easy freedom in his movements which so usually distinguishes the carriage of the sailor, and which now offered a remarkable contrast to that rigidity we have stated to have attached (quite unaffectedly) to the military commander. His eyes, of a much darker hue, sparkled with a livelier intelligence, and although his complexion was also highly florid, it was softened down by the general vivacity of expression that pervaded his frank and smiling countenance. The features, regular and still youthful, wore a bland and pleasing character; while neither, in look, nor bearing, nor word, could there be traced any of that haughty reserve usually ascribed to the "lords of the sea." There needed no other herald to proclaim him for one who had already seen honorable service, than the mutilated stump of what had once been an arm: yet in this there was no boastful display, as of one who deemed he had a right to tread more proudly because he had chanced to suffer, where all had been equally exposed, in the performance of a common duty. The empty sleeve, unostentatiously fastened by a loop from the wrist to a button of the lapel, was suffered to fall at his side, and by no one was the deficiency less remarked than by himself.

The greeting between Tecumseh and these officers, was such as might be expected from warriors bound to each other by mutual esteem. Each held the other in the highest honour, but it was particularly remarked that while the Indian Chieftain looked up to the General with the respect he felt to be due to him, not merely as the dignified representative of his "Great Father," but as one of a heart and actions claiming his highest personal admiration, his address to his companion, whom he now beheld for the first time, was warmer, and more energetic; and as he repeatedly glanced at the armless sleeve, he uttered one of those quick ejaculatory exclamations, peculiar to his race, and indicating, in this instance, the fullest extent of approbation. The secret bond of sympathy which chained his interest to the Commodore, might have owed its being to another cause. In the countenance of the latter, there was much of that eagerness of expression, and in the eye that vivacious fire, that flashed, even in repose, from his own swarthier and more speaking features; and this assimilation of character might have been the means of producing that preference for, and devotedness to, the cause of the naval commander, that subsequently developed itself, in the chieftain. In a word, the General seemed to claim the admiration and the respect of the Indian—the Commodore, his admiration and friendship.

HAMILTON, AND OTHER POEMS.

WE perceive, by some of the Upper Canada newspapers, that Mr. William A. Stephens, of Hamilton, has in the press, a work under the above title—to be published by subscription. It is another indication that the spirit of literary enterprise is becoming more extensive, and we hope it will succeed.

We have received the Prospectus of a Newspaper, under the title of *The Magnet*, to be published at Hamilton, U. C. by Mr. John Ruthven. It will follow, as far as possible, the model of the *New York Albion*. The prospectus promises well, and, we hope that success will crown the endeavours of the spirited projector.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN our present number, several valued friends will find that we have been enabled to do that justice to their contributions, which pre-engagements prevented the possibility of our attending to at an earlier period. We feel confident that the variety offered to the public in the *Garland* for the present month, will be such as to afford general satisfaction.

We have still on hand a number of favours, for which we cannot make room, but which will receive our attention at the earliest possible moment.