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BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.

SOME little time elapsed ere our young heroine recovered herself, after the agitating and unexpected visit of Albert. In manner and appearance he was so changed from the boy she had remembered him when he left Hohenstein, that she could scarcely believe him to be the same—his language to herself how different to the wayward scoldings, the childish impatience, with which he used to treat her. Yet the change made her sorrowful—it had destroyed that happy freedom, that familiar intercourse, which in bygone days they had enjoyed together; but did it make her feel less affection towards him. oh! no,—for had he not expressed far more for her. It only taught her the sad truth, of which he was the first to remind her, that he was not her brother—that born as he was to a high station, to her he was lost forever.”

“And yet it is well,” she mentally said: “he is a beautiful creature, but all wild and headstrong as he is, would he not too often have proved a hindrance in my path to heaven, and drawn me aside where dangers and temptations would have encompassed me. I can still pray for him, and if I might only be made the humble instrument of leading him to Thee my Saviour, how far happier I should feel than if I were even permitted to share in all his future honours.”

Adelaide spent the remaining portion of her time, previous to retiring to rest, in fervent prayer; after which she felt so composed and strengthened that as she laid her innocent head on the pillow of that bed, so replete with melancholy thoughts—no fear assailed her—no doubt arose in her mind—sleep sealed her eyes, and when again she unclosed them, the sun was shining brightly in the windows of her apartment, and Ulrica was standing by her side.”

“Up—rise up, sweet lady,” said the Dame, “and

see what a glorious morn awaits our bridal. The chapel is gaily decked, and courtly lords, with their ladies, are met to grace the marriage.”

“Is it then so late?” exclaimed Adelaide, springing from her couch; “how idle to be sleeping here and losing my precious time.”

“I am thankful you could rest so well in your strange abode,” returned Ulrica, who proceeded to assist her in the duties of the toilette, arranging the long fair ringlets, which fell even to her shoulders, and attiring her in a white robe, richly embroidered.

“Are you dressing me for the wedding,” asked Adelaide, with a sad smile; “is this a suitable prison garb, think you?”

“It is the one my lady has ordered for you to-day,” replied Ulrica; “and I only wish it were for a happier purpose than to sit moping here. My young lady would give her best jewels to look as you do now,” she continued, gazing upon her in admiration, “but dress her how they may they cannot make her beautiful.”

“She is not the less happy on that account,” returned Adelaide; “but give me my little ring and then I am finished. Thank you, dear Ulrica, I must now to my orisons.”

The ring of which she spoke had been taken from the hand of her mother—it was a mosaic, on which was exquisitely traced a small dove. Adelaide prized it highly, and as she placed it on her finger, she said smiling:

“Behold my bridal ring—I am married now, and my bridegroom awaits me in heaven; I must go to him.” And she passed into the turret as she spoke, and closed the door—a tear dimmed the eye of Ulrica as she noticed the angelic expression of her countenance while uttering these words.

"Blessed lamb," she mentally said, "she is indeed too good for this world—how little dreams my lady of the remorse awaiting her. Oh, Marguerite, but for you, never would I have been tempted to use such deceit—fear has alone deterred me from revealing the truth long ago—but tomorrow, so help me heaven, I will brave all, when my young master will be taught that he has no right to lord it over us so imperiously as he has been wont to do hitherto. Tomorrow. Aye tomorrow. Ulrica, why postpone the duty which ought to be done today—the hours which intervene are brief, it is true, yet may they not involve an eternity of happiness or woe—waste them not then—redeem thy time—keep thy lamp trimmed that when called upon the marriage feast ye may be prepared to enter."

The morning was so warm for the season, that after having partaken of the breakfast, which Ulrica had prepared for her, and she had withdrawn, Adelaide opened the window of the turret, and sat down with her work, to enjoy the refreshing air which sprang in, emitting fragrance with every breath she drew. Her reflections were full of peace. She had earnestly petitioned at the throne of grace, for those who were her oppressors, and implored that the divine blessing might attend the nuptials of Frederica. Ulrica promised to acquaint her when the wedding scene was over, and she felt deep interest, as the hour approached which she knew had been fixed on for the solemn ceremony. The court yard of the castle was distant from where she was, nor could she hear aught that was going forward within—many guests she knew had been invited, but amongst them all she possessed no friend save the Baron, and one other on whose image she dared not now dwell. While thus musing, a gun was suddenly fired, and in a minute afterwards a little bird flew into the room and alighted on the floor. Adelaide had started at the sound, and now rose to catch the flutterer, whose leg she perceived was broken.

"Poor innocent," she said, caressing it, "you are come to share my prison—whose ruthless hand has thus wounded you?" She looked out, and beheld the light form of Albert ascending the craggy sides of the rock in his sporting dress, and with his gun resting on his shoulder. "Ah, wanton sportsman," she continued; "how little reck you of the sorrow you have inflicted—this may be a parent bird, in quest of food for her young at home—and you have robbed them of her tender care—they will behold her no more. Oh, it is sad to lose a mother. Albert, you know not this, but alas I do."

The attention she bestowed on her new companion served to beguile her time and thoughts—she bound its slender leg, placing it in a small basket, and looking at it occasionally to see how it fared. It was not until late in the afternoon that Ulrica returned to her, when she informed her that Frederica had departed, in the gayest spirits, with her husband.

The rest of the guests were to remain for the evening banquet, and it was preparing for this which had prevented her attending earlier upon her charge. She brought with her a salver, filled with choice dainties, which she placed upon the table, telling her that the goblet of wine and piece of cake, were sent her by her lady, with a special request that she would drink the health of the young Baroness Lubenstein.

"The Baroness was kind to think of me, at such a time," said Adelaide in reply; "and I beg you will convey to her my respectful thanks, and my intention to fulfil her desire. I hope Albert, my brother, attended at his sister's marriage?"

"Yes, my child, he did—but he would not even throw off his sporting dress for the occasion, but entered the chapel soiled as he was, and looked withal so stern that in spite of his youth and beauty, the ladies seemed to shrink from him in fear."

"And my father?"

"He appeared ill and unhappy, and no doubt will rejoice when these gay doings are over, and his favourite child is again permitted to resume her place—but I may not linger," continued the Dame; "for my hands are full today, and if I do but turn my back for an instant, every thing stands still and all are idle. There is that sot, Rodolph, already under the table—and Warbeck, seems little better—if the ale gets into the maids' heads I may look in vain for help. See, I have brought your lamp, which you can light when you please, so fare you well till tomorrow, when all shall be rectified that is now wrong. God bless you." And with these words the worthy house-keeper bustled out of the room, to proceed with all speed in her confections and rich viands, while Adelaide, smiling, softly said:

"Martha, Martha, thou art cumbered about many things, but Mary has chosen that better part which shall not be taken from her."

During the day she had felt uneasy at the thoughts of Albert's promised visit, but when hour after hour passed and he appeared to have made no effort to see her, a slight sensation of disappointment succeeded to this. "Yet light, volatile, and in the command of every pleasure, how can I expect him to think of me?" she mentally said; "tomorrow he will leave the castle, when Adelaide and her sorrows will be wholly forgotten."

She sat down to her solitary repast and after offering a fervent ejaculation in favour of Frederica, she drank of the wine sent her by the Baroness, and then lighting her lamp, she resumed the book she had been reading before the entrance of Ulrica, which soon so absorbed her that she heard not the opening of the panel in the next room, or the gentle stealthy footstep of one approaching, until a touch on her shoulder occasioned her to start, and on looking up she beheld Albert by her side attired in the fanciful costume of a bandit, which he had selected for the

masked ball to be held in the evening. Pistols and a dagger were thrust into the belt round his waist—while a small cap of singular form, was placed amidst his jet black hair, and suited admirably his wild beauty.

"I have frightened, you Adelaide," he said, on perceiving her cheek turn pale; "did you not expect me?"

"Not so late," she replied hurriedly and confused; "and certainly not in such fearful guise.—is Marguerite with you?"

"Oh, yes, do not alarm yourself; come hither old dame and show your handsome face," he continued to Marguerite, who instantly stepped forward. There, that will do, now avant and await me in the next room. I thought you had fled from your prison Adelaide, when I found you not there. Tell me how have you fared since last night, my sweet sister; did I appear to you in your dreams?"

"You have been much in my thoughts, I own, Albert," replied Adelaide, still trembling; "but indeed I do not like these stolen meetings; they have in my sight an appearance of impropriety which I cannot reconcile——"

"Pshaw, what, with your own brother," returned Albert, taking her hand; "have you forgotten the time, when, as children, we traversed the woods together, and if you complained of fatigue I carried you in my arms—lose not your child-like confidence dear?"

"If I could only think of you as such I should be happy; but since you have opened my eyes to the truth, I cannot. Oh, did you not hear footsteps along the coridor? Leave me, dear Albert, I beseech you—the very dread I feel at your being discovered, tells me that it is wrong."

"It is not wrong," said Albert, impatiently, and with a raised voice; "and I will maintain it in spite of all who shall dare tell me so. I have the Baron's sanction for coming hither. Now are you satisfied? We conversed together concerning you this day, when I told him I had discovered my mother's deceit and unkindness towards you—and that I knew its meaning—that she feared the influence your beauty would have over me—nay blush not, sweet one, you know its truth. My father did not appear displeased; he even said that if I would only become steady, the day might come when he would give his consent to our union. What say you, Adelaide, is it likely to arrive, think you?" and he laughed.

Adelaide was too much agitated to reply to him—thoughts came crowding on her mind, and as she looked in his face, and met the full gaze of his dark kindling eye, while he held both her hands in his, the remembrance of what he was, and the light manner in which he treated all those things which most she loved and venerated, made her sigh, as she softly replied:

"I think not, Albert."

"You think not—perhaps you wish not?"

"I said not that, my brother, but I fear." Here she paused.

"What is it you fear, tell me Adelaide?"

"That our sentiments and feelings being so opposite, we should not suit each other. I am too grave for you Albert," and the sweet smile which followed these words made him clasp her tenderly to his bosom.

"You might reform me, and change me from what I am; none on earth but yourself could possess the power. Would not this make you happy?" he enquired.

"Oh, beyond all words, my dear, dear brother," said Adelaide; "but this neither I, or any mortal could effect, unless God deigned to bless our efforts."

"You think me very wicked, then?"

"I think you only what I know all to be by nature. Fallen from the high state in which man was first created, and alienated from God, and from all holiness—unrestrained by his Divine grace, you follow the bent of every wild wish, forgetful of a judgment to come."

"This is a sad picture, Adelaide."

"It is, my brother, but it is not the less true; and will be followed by an eternity of woe, if you repent not. Our life has been given us for no other end than to prepare us for a higher being, but if we waste it amidst the haunts of revelry, of vice, of folly, how can we be fitted to appear before God, or to enjoy those pure joys which surround his throne?"

"You are a very pretty preacher truly," returned Albert, smiling at the eagerness with which she addressed him; "but I assure you such sage reflections as yours would be scoffed at as madness by those who of late have been my companions; they could not even understand them."

"Alas, I know it well, dearest Albert, and they will proceed in their thoughtless career, (unless restrained by the powerful arm of God) until health is lost, and a premature old age, destroying their best energies, creeps upon them, and they sink into an early grave. This must be the closing scene on earth of all such reckless courses—where it opens again upon them in another world it is awful to reflect. Ah, laugh not, my brother, but prepare for that day which must come upon you, and you know not how soon."

"Enough, enough, my sweet mistress, I will hear you on this another time—what have you here," continued Albert, taking up the goblet; "wine, which you have scarcely tasted; after such eloquence you surely need refreshment. Suffer me to be your cup bearer, and, as in duty bound to taste it first myself," and kneeling on one knee, he put the cup to his own lips and then offered it to hers. She would have declined, but half playfully, half in earnest, he held it so firmly there that she was con-

strained to *drink it to the dregs*. "Bravo, Adelaide," he added laughing, as he replaced the goblet; "now you will have new strength to preach reformation to bad boys."

Adelaide rose and walked towards the window. Tears were in her eyes—he followed her saying, "You are not angry with me."

"Oh, no, no, my heart makes a thousand excuses for you, dear Albert," she replied, tenderly; "you are as yet too young to be in earnest, or to reflect seriously."

"Are we not the same age, even to an hour, dearest?"

"True; but we have been educated in different schools—nor am I placed amidst the same temptations which surround you. If I am more inclined to religion, I owe it not to any goodness of my own; but to the grace of God, which would be equally given to you if you desired it, and would seek the appointed means to obtain it in fervent prayer." She now ceased, and continued to stand in silence at the window, while Albert remained by her side; his too volatile spirits becoming gradually chastened and softened by her gentle words and manner. While they remained gazing on the calm scene without, a small boat, containing two persons, was perceived nearing the bank of the river, as close under the rock as it could come. The strangers jumped from it, and proceeded to moor it by a chain. Both were muffled in long dark cloaks, and advanced towards the castle, until they were lost amidst the low brushwood growing underneath its walls.

"Who can they be?" said Albert, while watching their movements. "By the saints, they have the appearance of robbers—they must be looked to, for in a night like this, when all will be carousing, they may gain entrance unnoticed. Why, you are not frightened, Adelaide, dear. Your cheek, which but this moment was rich in its colour, has blanched to the hue of death."

"No, dearest Albert," she replied; "but I wish you had not given me that wine—it has already made me feel drowsy, and strangely dull."

"Has it so, love—what if it puts you to sleep? I will stay and keep watch by you."

"I require no such sentinel—you must away even now, for the evening wears on apace, and you will be missed from amongst the guests."

"I care not."

"For my sake you must care, my brother. You would not wish to increase the displeasure of the Baroness against me; leave me now, dearest Albert, I beseech you." As she spoke a slight convulsion passed over her beautiful face.

"Good God, Adelaide, you are not ill—not in pain, I trust," exclaimed Albert, anxiously gazing upon her.

"It was nothing," replied Adelaide, with a look so scaphic that it smote him to the heart.

"Lead me into the next room, for I am sleepy; oh! how sleepy," and she sank almost powerless into his arms, while her eyes became glazed and heavy in their expression. He carried her to her apartment, and laid her gently on the couch.

"Marguerite, look at your young lady," he said, in a tone of alarm. "Does she not appear ill?"

"She does indeed look deadly pale," replied Marguerite, bending over her. "You are not suffering, my child—tell me what ails my lady-bird?"

"Indeed, I know not," murmured Adelaide; "but do beg of Albert to go—I dread his remaining so long."

"Adelaide, I cannot leave you thus," said the young man. "What can have caused so sudden an indisposition?"

"I shall be quite well soon—I feel better even now," returned Adelaide, attempting to raise her head; "pray go my brother, and may God bless you."

"God bless you, if it must be so," replied Albert, pressing his lips to hers. "Marguerite, you must remain—I will not have her left alone."

"And what if my lady inquires for me, sir?" said Marguerite, fearful of opposing him, yet unwilling to risk the displeasure of the Baroness.

"Obey my orders, that is sufficient for you," he replied with authority; and again bidding good night to Adelaide, whose eyes followed him with an expression of the deepest affection, he retreated through the panel, and proceeding down several passages, entered the chapel, and hastened from thence to the grand saloon. The blaze of light which suddenly burst upon him, on his entrance, almost dazzled his sight, after the darkened chamber he had just quitted, while the rich dresses and various fancy costumes of the assembled guests, lent to the scene an air of perfect enchantment. Most of the characters were masked. Albert looked around him for the Baron; but he could no where see him; for he had retired from the banquet hall, as early as courtesy permitted, to the quiet of his study, leaving the Baroness to preside over the ball. On perceiving Albert, leaning with folded arms against one of the pillars, a dark scowl disfiguring his fine face, she approached him, and in bland tones said—"You have been a truant from us, my son—I had begun to fear that you had deserted us for the night. You are going to dance, I hope—many of our fairest belles are dying to be introduced to the handsome bandit."

"Let them die, and be——" he paused ere he completed the indecorous sentence, while the Baroness shrank from the fierce encounter of his eye, and retreated from him, fearful of saying more in his present mood.

Beautiful music was being played—bright forms were flitting past, casting on him looks of admiration, mingled with fear, whenever they met his gaze;

but not even these possessed any power to soften him, for stern and cold were the glances which he gave them in return. After a while he moved away to a more distant spot, where a temporary alcove had been erected, and threw himself on a couch, over which was suspended a gilded canopy, with falling drapery of rich crimson damask. Here he remained unseen, and smiling in scorn at the soft whisperings that occasionally met his ear, from the gay maskers and their fair partners, as they passed. Presently he beheld the Baroness enter the alcove, and, to his astonishment, accompanied by one of the strangers who he had seen in the boat. He knew him again from the singularity of his costume, which he noticed when his cloak fell aside as he stepped on shore. Albert was so screened by the curtain, that they knew not he was near.

"Are you quite sure she has taken it?" were the first words uttered by the stranger, whose voice Albert recognized as that of Count Ravensberg.

"Yes, I am assured of it," replied the Baroness. "I sent it in some wine, requesting her to drink to the health of my young Baroness."

Albert trembled, while an exclamation had nearly escaped him.

"But you are certain," she continued, "that it was innocuous. I felt a strong repugnance to using such means."

"Do not alarm yourself; it was merely of sufficient strength to produce sleep, which must long ere this have overtaken her," returned the Count.

Albert breathed more freely, as he continued to listen with deeper interest; but with feelings of rage which he found it so difficult to repress that he bit his lip until the blood sprang.

"And have you all things in readiness to carry her away?" enquired the Baroness.

"I have—my servant awaits me with the boat. From this she will be conveyed to a carriage, when we shall instantly proceed to my friend Count Woolstein's, where the priest is in attendance to tie the fatal knot whenever she awakes;" and he smiled.

"It is well," said the Baroness; "and remember Count, that I implicitly trust in your word, in your honour. Follow me, and I will lead you by the private way to her apartment; but for Heaven's sake let us avoid my son, for the dark spirit seems to overshadow him tonight."

They retreated from the alcove as she spoke, when Albert sprang to his feet. He gazed with a haggard, wild stare about him, as he clutched his dagger in his grasp. He waited until they had left the ball room, and then he followed warily, and at a distance, managing as they turned each corner in the passages to evade them, until they reached the one in which was the sliding panel, when he darted forward, exclaiming—"Hold, villain, turn and defend yourself."

The Baroness screamed, and sank on her knees, while Count Ravensberg starting round, beheld the furious young man rushing upon him. He had just time to draw and parry the thrust of his antagonist, who, however, proved too skilful for him, for in raising his arm to strike he received the point of Albert's weapon in his side, and fell weltering in his blood to the ground.

Marguerite hearing the fearful noise from within, fled aghast from the side of her now sleeping charge, and drawing aside the panel, viewed with horror the scene before her. She approached the Baroness, who had fainted, and raised her in her arms, while Albert glared on his fallen foe, like a young tiger over his first prey.

"Spirit of my brother, gaze not on me so fixedly," feebly murmured the Count, whose mind appeared wandering, as he looked fearfully upon him. "Yet, what do I say—you are young Waldberg—if you have any mercy or compassion remove me hence."

Albert was too young not to feel touched by remorse on beholding the agony of his unhappy victim. He immediately summoned assistance, and had him conveyed by the astonished and terror stricken domestics to an adjoining chamber, where they placed him on a bed, his own servant and the Baron's medical man quickly following. After a strict examination of his wound, it was pronounced mortal, and that he could not possibly survive through the night. Rumours of this dire catastrophe were soon circulated, when the affrighted guests dispersed, and the scene of gaiety became reversed for one of sorrow, lamentation, and of death. The Baron, in a state of extreme agitation, hastened to the bed side of the sufferer, who continued to exclaim, in tones which thrilled on the hearts of all:—"I cannot die—I dare not die. Will no one save me from the fiends who are ready to seize my soul?" and his eye balls seemed starting from their sockets while he spoke.

The Baron knelt down by his side, and taking his hand, endeavoured to soothe him, by leading his thoughts to that God before whose tribunal he was so soon to appear. "Be calm, my friend," he said; "you have no heavy sins, I trust, to answer for, or at least unrepented of. Cast all your care upon that Saviour who died for you."

"Talk not to me of repentance—it is all too late," replied the Count, grinding his teeth in the extremity of pain.

"It is never too late, if in sincerity of heart you have faith to believe in the atonement of Christ—remember the thief upon the Cross."

"Oh, you know not what I am—bend your ear down, and let me whisper it."

The Baron obeyed him; but in the next instant started back in horror, as he clasped his hands, exclaiming—"Merciful God, is it possible?"

The Count wildly laughed. "Aye, well may you start and turn pale; now, say can there be hope for me? Oh! no, no, no! Lost forever!—lost forever!"

"This scene is too trying for you, sir," said Albert, much moved, as he approached to support his father, who appeared drooping from the intensity of his feelings.

"My son, I must endure it, if it kills me," replied the Baron. "Is there not a precious soul at stake? But let all these be dismissed," he continued; "it is not fit they should hear the ravings of this unhappy man."

The domestics were then ordered to retire, except Hoffman, the Count's servant, who from the moment he beheld Albert, had never ceased gazing upon him.

A draught was now administered to the sufferer; but it seemed to have no effect in tranquilizing him, for he still continued uttering groans mingled with fearful imprecations. The Baron vainly strove to draw him into a better frame of mind—he resisted his attempts, and scoffed at his prayers. "Away, away, and torment me not," he cried; "do you not see them waiting for n.e.," and he pointed to a distant part of the room. "They are grinning in mockery of my pangs—Oh! Gustavus!—Oh! Adelaide! bitterly are you now avenged!"

The Baron and his son both started. "What of Adelaide, speak?" enquired the latter, with a quivering lip. "Know you who she is? If so for Heaven's sake reveal it."

"Not to you, young savage, who are my destroyer," quickly rejoined the Count, with a menacing gesture. "Avaunt from my sight—your face brings recollections which madden me."

"His mind is gone," said the Baron, mournfully. "How dreadful to die in such an unprepared state! Albert! Albert! you have hurried a soul to perdition this night."

"I have saved Adelaide from the power of a villain," replied the young man, resolutely.

"You have saved her, have you—ha! ha! ha! Perhaps you think to wed her; but I fear the new home of your bride would be too cold and narrow for one like you."

There was something in these words, and the manner in which they were spoken by the dying man, that made them grate painfully on the ears of Albert. He would have addressed him again; but beheld him convulsed with agony. When the paroxysm again passed away, he was so exhausted that he fell back into the arms of his attendant, while the Baron sinking on his knees, impressively said—"Let us pray, my son, for his departing spirit."

The Count once more unclosed his eyes, and resting them upon the venerable man, feebly murmured—"Have your prayers any power to save me—hasten and tell me?"

"I dare not tell you so, or so cruelly deceive you," replied the agitated Baron. "Faith in Christ, the fruits of which are repentance, and a total renunciation of self—a broken and a contrite heart, which God will not despise. These are saving signs, my brother—can you tell me that you experience this utter self abasement—this contrition for the past—can you throw yourself at the foot of the Cross, and believe that he has the power to bestow on you eternal life! Oh, say so, my brother, and even in this eleventh hour, you may be plucked as a brand from the burning."

"Who talks of burning?" wildly screamed the Count. "It was not I who fired the castle—see, do you not behold my brother walking amidst the flames," and he pointed to Albert, who stood at the foot of the bed.

"This is my son—young Waldberg," said the Baron. "Endeavour to recall your wandering thoughts, unhappy man, and turn to your Saviour ere it is too late."

"You talk idly, old man. Can Christ be known in a few brief agonizing moments? I have never read my Bible—prayer is a stranger to me; nor can I comprehend your words. Oh! that form, that form, how it haunts me!" continued the Count, as he still, with straining eyes, glared on Albert, who drew back, unwilling to add to his distress. "It is gone now," he feebly added, "and I too am going; but alas! not where he is. Down, down, down—they are dragging me lower! The pit yawns to receive me! Hark! listen to the yells of the evil spirits! How horrible—the image of sin as she now appears to me, despoiled of all the false glitter with which she deludes her victims. How loathsome riches and rank, for which I have bartered my soul! What worthless dross! You are still praying for me, old man. I tell you it is in vain—do you not see them coming nearer and nearer? They grasp me, and their touch—is—death!" And while looking with fixed despair on some fancied object, a livid hue suddenly overspread his face—he tried to speak again, but could not. After a few violent struggles the terrible conflict was over, and the Count was no more.

Midnight approached, when Albert having ascertained that Adelaide was still in a deep sleep, adjourned to the study of his father. All colour had fled his cheek, while the agitation and hurry of his looks and manner, told the troubled state of his thoughts. He found the Baron closeted with Count Ravensberg's servant, Hoffman, who appeared to be reciting some tale which powerfully affected him, for he was pacing the room, occasionally casting up his hands and eyes in amazement and horror, or pausing to make some anxious enquiry. He was too much engrossed to perceive the entrance of his son, who moved with noiseless steps across the room, and took his station in a large chair, by the wide

chimney, on the hearth of which were still burning a few embers. He threw on some logs, to try and kindle a blaze, for the night had become chill; and the single lamp, suspended from the lofty ceiling, cast but a sombre light on all around. By degrees his attention became attracted from his own melancholy reflections to the story, which at length absorbed him so completely, that the awful scene he had so recently witnessed, for the time being was forgotten. At a future period the Baron noted it down, exactly as he had heard it related by Hoffman, and this document being preserved amongst his papers, became, after a while, publicly known, and was repeated by the old peasant in the following words:—

HOFFMAN'S TALE OF THE BROTHERS.

ON the banks of the Rhine, and crowning one of the vine clad mountains, stands the ruined castle of the old Count Ravensberg, who died at an advanced age, leaving two sons—his eldest, Gustavus, becoming heir to his title and estates. From their earliest youth these brothers had exhibited the most opposite characters, though educated precisely with the same care and watchful tenderness; but while nature had endowed Gustavus, in addition to his manly beauty, with transcendent talents, and a most amiable disposition, she had dealt with a parsimonious hand her gifts to Wilfred, who stunted in his growth, and forbidding in appearance, his mind seemed to contract in sympathy with these. The expression of his countenance was most sinister—never could he meet the open, unsuspecting gaze of another without shrinking, as if he feared they might penetrate his thoughts. His temper was obstinate and morose—cruel and cowardly. A smile rarely relaxed his features, unless some wanton act of mischief extorted it. An honest laugh never burst spontaneously from his heart. Sly and artful, he delighted in all those petty frauds which a grovelling, debased mind, will pursue with peculiar tact and avidity. It is needless to add, that to all noble, generous impulses he was a stranger. It might indeed be said of him, as in the Eastern tale, that “the blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him.” He felt his brother’s immeasurable superiority—he envied and he hated him,—while the amiable Gustavus, unwilling that he should feel the wide difference of their positions in life, from the day he became Count Ravensberg, opened to him his heart, his home, his purse. At this period he married Adelaide, the beautiful daughter of Baron Weimar, to whom he was devotedly attached; but Wilfred, viewing her as another barrier between him and the coveted wealth of his brother, indulged in the most rancorous feelings towards her, which he well knew how to disseminate in the presence of the Count; but which

were sufficiently evident to her, to make her fear and shun him.

The mind never at once becomes hardened in iniquity. Satan too well knows his part to startle his victims by displaying before their sight sin in her most frightful aspect; but he leads them gently, step by step, (and after the first alas! the gradations are more rapid,) until that which, in the onset, would have struck them with horror, ceases to cause any violent emotion or repugnance. Thus it was with Wilfred, who, though detesting his brother like another Cain, for his very excellence, and gloating upon his riches, to possess which became his day-dream, and the fevered vision of his nightly restless slumbers. Yet to gain them by any act of violence had never crossed his mind. Nor would it but for the constant contamination of evil associates, who darkened by their counsels every lingering ray of light within him, and hurried him on towards the gulf of destruction. He had one friend especially, who possessed great influence over him, Hartz Wolfstein, a man several years older than himself, consequently more daring in the ways of sin. He soon discovered the secret wishes and desires of Wilfred, and determined to strengthen them by pouring into his ear the poison of flattery, and the deadly venom of enmity against his innocent brother.

Count Ravensberg frequently remonstrated with Wilfred on his increasing habits of intemperance, which were encouraged by the society he kept, and sought by every kindness to lead his mind to better things; but as well might he have striven to purify, by his weak voice, the polluted waters of a land accursed for its crimes, or to render salubrious the dew-drops of the deadly upas tree, as lead him back to virtue who never knelt in prayer to God, or uttered his sacred name save in oaths. When the Count at length found how unavailing were all his efforts to reform him, he told him that however much he lamented the necessity of appearing harsh he must desire him to withdraw from the castle, as he would no longer subject his innocent wife to the constant alarm and agitation, she experienced in his presence. This put the final stroke of the axe to the noble forest tree, and roused every demonic passion nurtured in the breast of Wilfred. He flew to his friend Wolfstein, and revealed to him, his brother’s fiat, who, after some deliberation, said with a sneer:

“It is well—of course you will not presume to appear before the Countess again, or tread your father’s halls to pollute them.”

“What mean you, Hartz?” exclaimed the infuriated Wilfred. Have I no right to enter my home; because forsooth her dainty ladyship is offended at my manners?”

“I said not that—the right is yours certainly, but if your lordly brother denies it you, you dare not disobey him, you are only his vassal.”

Wilfred stamped his foot and ground his teeth, muttering imprecations, at which Wolfstein smiled contemptuously.

"These are impotent attempts at revenge, truly," he said; "you had far better return to your brother, entreat his pardon, and promise amendment, when perhaps in pity he may receive you into favour again."

"Wolfstein, do not madden me," cried the enraged Wilfred; "is this the conduct you would pursue under similar circumstances?"

"No, I take the fiends to witness it is not," replied Wolfstein resolutely—and with a countenance of stern determination. The two men glared on each other for a few brief moments in silence. Wilfred then drew near his friend, while in a hoarse, low tone, he demanded:

"Tell me what would you do." Wolfstein whispered his reply.

"Oh, no, no, I dare not, I could not," returned the alarmed Wilfred, starting back from him and covering his face with his hand.

"I know that," said Wolfstein, coolly; "it would require one of another metal than yourself, but what say you to garnering the harvest of another man's labour, hey?"

"What mean those words?" cried Wilfred gazing fixedly and eagerly upon him.

"I mean that for gold I would place you on the pinnacle where now your brother stands—now do you comprehend me?" returned Wolfstein firmly, and confronting him with all a villain's audacity, when he is certain of his compliance. Wilfred trembled in every limb. "Wolfstein," he faltered, while his cheek blanched, "I can have nothing to do with this—you must act alone, if indeed, you are determined to—to—"

"I ask not your aid—but your gold," interrupted Wolfstein, fiercely grasping his arm. Have I your promise for this?" The only reply given by Wilfred, was placing his hand in that of Wolfstein, who, wringing it until the other writhed in agony, he released him with a grim smile, and after a few more words they parted.

Wilfred then returned to his brother, expressing deep contrition for his past misconduct, and even with tears acknowledging his grateful sense of his kindness, bidding him at the same time farewell. The Count was much affected by his words, and manner; he reflected on himself for having been too harsh, and falling on his neck said, "that he should never so depart from the home of his fathers. His reformation was all that he desired, and if he would only give up the society of those who were leading him blindfold to the brink of a precipice, he would never withdraw from him his fraternal regard or protection. Wilfred made the fairest promise—and the Count left him with the delightful feeling of a Christian, who hopes that under Providence he has a

length touched the sinner's heart; and that he will now turn from the crooked ways of sin unto holiness.

That night a dark tempest raged around the castle of Ravensberg the vivid lightning played on its devoted battlements, the thunder rolled awfully above it while the howling blast, and the crash of falling trees, added to the terror of the scene, which in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had never been surpassed or even equalled. The affrighted peasant closed his door in trembling haste—the wild beasts of the forest sought for shelter in their dens from its violence, but a band more ruthless, more savage than they, braved its fury, and for gold bartered their eternal weal to assist in a plot contrived by fiends.

The young Countess was drawing near to the period of her confinement, and her lord, fearful that she might experience alarm from the wild raging storm, was sitting by her side, as she reposed on a couch, reading aloud some amusing tale, to beguile her attention, when suddenly Wilfred entered the room, pale and trembling, to announce that the castle was attacked by banditti who had gained an entrance none knew how—and that they had fired it in several places. On hearing this dreadful intelligence, the Countess uttered a piercing scream, and instantly swooned away, while the Count, summoning her women to her aid, rushed forth, calling on his domestics, in a state of fearful agitation. Wilfred remained behind as he said to protect the Countess. Count Ravensberg and his people, armed themselves to seek their enemies, who they encountered in one of the galleries; they were twelve in number, and all masked. The foremost of them rushed upon the Count who nobly defended himself. Amidst the horrible din, and clash of arms, and the roar of the devouring flames which were now seen bursting from various points, the voice of Wilfred vociferated from above.

"Forbear, I command you forbear! Hoffman save your lord from that villain's stroke; but his words were unheeded. In the same instant that he uttered them a dagger was plunged into the Count's back, who fell with deep groans to the ground, while the ruffians, fighting their way through the paralyzed domestics, escaped from the spot.

Wilfred looked wildly on the terrific sight, and then flew back to the apartment of the Countess. "Ravensberg is slain," he cried, "let us fly ere the flames cut off our retreat." The Countess clasped her hands, and gazing on him with an expression of agony, united to execration, exclaimed:

"Never with you—death is all that I have now to desire."

Deserted by her women, who had fled aghast from the surrounding horrors, the unfortunate Countess remained the very image of despair—her tearless eyes fixed on vacancy. This distressing immobility was succeeded by a violent paroxysm of madness, in

which she accused Wilfred of the murder of his brother. He ordered one of the domestics to convey her in safety to a neighbouring peasant's cottage, until the morning, when he would remove her to a suitable residence. In the meantime the fire, by superhuman exertions, was subdued, and Wilfred stood in the stone hall of his brother's castle. His cheek was deadly pale, his lips trembled—his whole frame shaking—while ever and anon, he would scowl from beneath his large shaggy brows cautiously around him, in evident terror. The ruffians had dispersed, after reaping their earthly reward in rich plunder. Only two had as yet received the wages of their sin from on high, being found crushed to death under the burning timbers; a large iron chest, containing plate and jewels, standing by their blackened and disfigured remains. Every servant had departed except Hoffman, who now broke on the solitude of Wilfred, and pitying his apparent distress, addressed him in soothing accents. Wilfred started at the sound of a human voice."

"Ha, Hoffman, is it you?" he hoarsely murmured; "this has been a horrible night—have you the slightest suspicion on whom to rest the guilt?"

"I have, sir," replied Hoffman, hesitating. The countenance of Wilfred became even more ghastly, while his eyes rolled in their sockets.

"Who, who? Fear not to tell me."

"The mask fell from the face of one of the ruffians," said Hoffman; "and I discovered in him Hartz Wolfstein. He recovered it instantly, and perceived not my gaze fixed upon him."

"You are sure of it—you could swear to it?" cried Wilfred hastily, and laying his trembling hand on the arm of Hoffman.

"I could."

"Heaven be praised—then we can bring him to justice. My heart is relieved of a heavy load. Now let us search and carefully collect all that is valuable, and rest assured you shall not go unrewarded for the fidelity you have shown this night."

The remains of the unfortunate Count were first sought for by Hoffman. These were in a few subsequent days consigned, with due pomp and magnificence, to the mausoleum of his fathers. In the interval Wilfred inquired, with much solicitude, for the Countess Adelaide. What was his consternation, on learning that she had fled from the cottage, attended by the domestic who had brought her thither, leaving a bracelet of value to remunerate the people for their kindness during the few hours she had passed beneath their roof. Wilfred was furious—he sent in all directions—expressing deep anxiety for her safety—but in vain. The Countess Adelaide was seen by him no more. At his instigation, Hartz Wolfstein was taken prisoner, and identified by Hoffman. When tried for the murder of the Count, he detailed the conversation that had passed

between him and Wilfred—but the tale was too monstrous to gain belief—nor were there any proofs or witnesses to bring forward—added to which the subsequent conduct of Wilfred entirely contradicted his statement. Thus was the villain caught in the net of his more wily companion, and he was condemned and executed. A few whispers, indeed, were in circulation—a few suspicions excited, but none breathed them aloud. The disappearance of the Countess was strange and unaccountable; but after awhile even this ceased to be a subject of wonder. The castle remained a disfigured mass of ruins—nor would Wilfred ever permit it to be repaired. On becoming the acknowledged heir to his brother's title and estates, he removed to the most distant situated in the Black Forest, on the confines of Switzerland. A settled melancholy appeared to have taken possession of him, which nothing had the power to divert. At times he would even exhibit symptoms of insanity which alarmed his attendants, but they were accounted for by the unfortunate circumstances attending his brother's death, which evidently weighed on his mind, and the increasing habits of intemperance, in which he indulged, as if to drown thought.

Many years passed, during which nothing worthy of note occurred, until Count Ravensberg's introduction at Hohenstein, while on a visit at his new friend's, Count Wolstein, when he was much struck by the coincidence attached to the mystery of Adelaide's birth and her name, and he desired Hoffman to glean all the intelligence he could concerning her, from the domestics in the castle—at the same time to be silent on the subject of the Countess. Hoffman obeyed him, and when he repeated to him the story of the strange lady, he felt convinced that she could have been no other than the unfortunate Countess Adelaide, though how she could have reached so far as Hohenstein, or what had become of her guide, remained a mystery. He recognised the ring on the finger of young Adelaide, but he was surprised that she bore no resemblance to either of her parents, and he expressed his disbelief to Hoffman of her being in reality their child. This opinion was confirmed by his proposing for her hand soon afterwards, and his evading all conversation with Hoffman respecting her from that period. For what intention the Count had come in such secrecy to the castle, on this evening, Hoffman knew not. He was ordered to await his lord with the boat, which he did accordingly, until summoned to attend him in his dying moments.

"I have now repeated to you all that I know respecting my lord's history," continued the man rising; "it remains with you to judge whether he was guilty of being accessory to his brother's murder or no. I confess I never thought so until I heard his ravings tonight, which I fear corroborate the statement made by Hartz Wolfstein; but if ever I behold my

laments master, Count Ravensberg the good, there stands his son—pointing to Albert—he is his very image.”

“Great God, what mean you,” exclaimed Albert, rushing forward, while the Baron stood as one paralyzed. At this moment a fearful cry struck on their startled senses, when simultaneously they hurried from the room. On gaining the corridor leading to the apartment occupied by Adelaide, they were met by Ulrica, wringing her hands.

“Oh, my lord, my lord,” she exclaimed, on perceiving the Baron; “your child—the flower Hohenstein—is dying. Hasten ere it is too late.”

The Baron staggered and would have fallen had not Albert caught him. He supported his tottering steps until they entered the chamber, when the first object presented to their sight was the Baroness, kneeling by the bedside of Adelaide, her face resting within her hands, while stifled sobs burst from her oppressed heart.

“Henrietta,” cried the Baron, in a tone which startled all who heard him; “rise up and explain this fearful scene.”

The Baroness attempted to speak, but the convulsive heavings of her bosom denied her utterance. She pointed to Adelaide, and then, with a fresh burst of agony, again bowed her head. The Baron drew near and groaned aloud, as he beheld the form of the beautiful girl extended and motionless, apparently in a state of torpor—for she gave no sign of consciousness, until Albert, who had flown to her side, raised her gently in his arms, when he felt her return the pressure of his hand, while a sigh escaped her. The Baron stood over her, with a countenance expressive of great agony.

“Again I demand you to tell me what has reduced my child to this distressing state,” he sternly said; “Marguerite, woman, speak—a dreadful doubt has flashed across my mind, of some deceit having been practiced—say, on your life, is Albert in reality my son?”

“Oh, my gracious lord, pardon me,” exclaimed Marguerite, falling on her knees before him—the secret which has oppressed me for these many years, I have this night revealed to my lady. Would to God I had done so earlier. He is not your son. Thinking to insure my lady’s happiness, I placed the stranger’s babe in her bosom, and robbed her of her own.”

Had Marguerite encountered the fierce flash of Albert’s eye, as he indignantly glanced towards her, while confessing her sin, she would have shrunk appalled—but her tearful gaze was fixed on her lord, who, clasping his hands, said emphatically:

“Wicked woman, behold the bitter consequences of your presuming to attempt to change the will of an all-wise God. Has it not been followed up by multiplied anxieties—sorrows—and death? Alas,

alas, my beautiful, my gentle child, and are you to be snatched from me even in the same moment that I call you mine. How is it that I behold you thus?”

“A powder was sent in wine by the Baroness, at the instigation of the villain Ravensberg,” said Albert, in a stern determined tone. She supposed it only opium. I forced Adelaide to swallow it unwillingly, and it has destroyed her.”

His feelings were entirely overcome on making this avowal. Tried as they had been through many hours, they could bear no more, and a torrent of tears gushed forth and fell on the pale face of her who lay on his bosom. The soft eyes of Adelaide slowly unclosed at this moment and rested on him. After many ineffectual efforts to speak, she at length murmured, in accents so low and indistinct that none but himself understood her.

“Weep not, my own dearest brother, I am happy—no pain, no sorrow, whither I am going—come to me there. Be kind to our dear father, and your mother, for my sake.”

“I have no father, no mother,” cried the agonized young man, clasping her convulsively to his bosom; “Oh Adelaide, my darling Adelaide, leave me not desolate.”

She was unable to comprehend his words—she beheld forms hovering around her—she heard their sobs—their sorrowful exclamations—but she appeared to recognize only Albert. It was in truth a touching scene, and perhaps the one whose claims for pity were the greatest, was the unfortunate Baroness, whose terror, whose misery and remorse, were intense. Humbled and heart-broken, she ventured not to raise her head. All her proudest hopes were vanished in the discovery that she had no son, which added to the reflection of her cruelty towards her innocent child, produced the prostration of grief, she was now enduring. The Baron was calm, but sorrow had set her seal on his venerable countenance indelibly, since the announcement made by Albert, which seemed to close all hope, though he continued to pour forth his pious aspirations to Heaven, that if it were possible this cup might pass from him, adding with the deepest fervour, “yet not my will, but thine be done my Father.” Every means were resorted to, by the sagacious doctor, to restore animation to the torpid faculties of Adelaide, but hurried as he had been, from one harrowing scene to another, he appeared considerably excited and agitated, and to the questions addressed to him, whether he considered her in immediate danger, his replies were vague and unsatisfactory. He continued to watch with extreme anxiety every change in her countenance, and when he marked its expression, on her perceiving the distress of Albert, he smiled, but when in the next instant, he saw the eyes close and the unconscious, deathlike aspect which quickly fol-

lowed, his worst fears were confirmed, and he shook his head in despair. Albert placed his hand upon her heart—he could feel it still beating—but, oh, how feebly.

“Give her air, sir,” suddenly said the doctor as the young man leant over her. He heard him not, for his gaze was riveted on her beautiful face, over which passed, like a ray of light, a smile the most æræphic—a gentle sigh followed—his hand trembled, for her heart had become still beneath it, and in the same moment the prepared and pious spirit of Adelaide had flown to the realms of glory. Albert remained awhile stupified, and unable to comprehend the magnitude of his loss, then starting, he pressed one wild long kiss upon her lips—laid her head back upon the pillows, and fled madly from the harrowing sight, nor paused until the chill midnight air recalled him to a sense of where he was. He looked up to those dark towers, over which the angel of the Lord waved the sword of retribution, then cast himself at the base of the rock crying :

“Now am I indeed desolate—an orphan—a fugitive—a wanderer for the remainder of my days.”

The morning which dawned upon the castle of Hohenstein, was replete with gloom. Heavy black clouds hung like banners over the abode, where death reigned triumphant. An awful silence pervaded those halls, which so lately had resounded to the song and the dance, but where the destroyer now stood ready to hurl their stones from their proud eminence and level them with the dust.

The Baron was too ill to rise from his bed. The Baroness sat by his side—pale—trembling—the very image of woe—while his household, having been summoned to attend, stood around him in silence. Albert alone was absent.

“I have sent for you,” said the excellent old man, in faltering tones, while his lip quivered with the strong emotion he felt; “as I earnestly desire to address a few words of exhortation to you, ere I depart—for I feel that my hour draws near—welcome will it be to me, for my soul has long dwelt among those, who are enemies to peace. A heavy retribution has fallen on my house—let it be our duty to examine, and see how far we may have brought it on ourselves, and merited the chastening of the Lord, who afflicts not willingly, but as a father corrects the son of his love. Henrietta, my unhappy wife, was it not your impatience for that which He in His wisdom withheld from you, that has caused all our misfortunes? By your repining and distrust in His goodness, you tempted another to commit an act of deceit, which has proved most disastrous. Nor, in gaining the desires of your heart, did you experience the happiness you expected. Anxiety, contention, and bitter sorrow, and disappointment, have been your portion. Your hopes, built on a false foundation, and nurtured by pride, are fallen from the shrine at which you worshiped, never more to rise, and the daughter,

who was sent as an angel to bless our hearth, but who you treated while on earth, as an alien, you have now lost forever. I believe your repentance and contrition to be sincere—may God accept these for his dear son’s sake, and blot out the remembrance of your sins from his book.” Here the Baron paused, deeply affected, while the stifled sobs of the women testified their feelings. “My friends,” he continued, endeavouring to command his voice; “the Lord abhors deceit and guile, and all that is opposed to the character of a true Christian. For a time, the sinner may pursue his course in apparent safety, yet let him remember that there is an eye ever upon him, in the darkest night—an ear ever listening, one to whom every thought, every intent of his heart is laid open—the hour of vengeance may be retarded, but it must come—and, oh, if it finds us still hardened in our sins, that we have neglected to wash them in the blood of the lamb, that is neglected to turn to our blessed Saviour, by whose sacrifice we may alone expect remission of our sins, to turn to him in humiliation and sorrow, purposing through divine grace to lead a new life—how awful will be our doom. Think how beautiful are his invitations to come unto him—how condescending his words: “Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.” Shall we deny such a visiter, close our hearts against him, and cry we have admitted sin with all her loathsome train—pleasure and all her lying vanities, and we have no room for you, go away and trouble us no more. You start at the thought of conduct so irreverent, but, alas, you give this answer each time that to gratify some corrupt desire, you break his holy laws, trampling them beneath your feet: let me beseech you to turn unto Him ere it be too late. He wishes not to rob you of one happiness which you can, in safety to your eternal welfare, retain—He will never withhold from you one real good or lay on you the weight of a feather, beyond what is needful—He is all mercy, all compassion, all goodness—leave then to His unerring wisdom your lot, nor seek to change His decrees. Let all your desires, your hopes, be subordinate to His will—His time—our vision is obscured, we see but in part, while He views to the end, and every link in the chain of events serves but to make perfect the whole. If, in our blindness, we seek to change and decompose these, trouble will surely follow. My strength will not suffer me to say on, yet to you, Hoffman, I would add a few words. He who I have hitherto considered my son, has charged me to tell you, that you will receive from him what will preserve you above want; but he cannot retain you in his service or deem you faithful, who, for so many years has served a villain—knowing him to be such. You may have encouraged the belief of his innocence, respecting his unfortunate brother, until you actually thought him so. God knows I would not cast odium upon you, but your previous knowledge of his character,

had you been strictly upright, and above bribery, would have made you scorn his service. Not a shadow of doubt remains now of his turpitude, since to remove her, who he supposed his niece, he has destroyed my innocent, my angelic Adelaide, and behold the retributive justice of the Almighty, he has fallen by the hand of that very brother's son. Now leave me," added the Baron, unable to say more for the heavy sobs which burst from his over-charged heart. "Farewell, and may God forgive you all." He waved his hand to dismiss his people, as he uttered these words, when slowly and sorrowfully they withdrew, leaving him alone with the Baroness.

Night once more closed in, when Albert glided from his room, where he had remained in solitude since a long interview he had held with the Baron, in the morning. None could have traced in his haggard, sunken eye, his marble features, and profound melancholy, the same wild youth who but two days previously, had arrived at the castle, full of life and spirits. The rays of the lamp which he carried, cast almost an unearthly shadow over his face, as with cautious steps he moved along the corridor, leading to the apartment where lay the wreck of all he had ever loved. On drawing near the door, two forms appeared advancing—he started, and looking up beheld the Baroness, closely veiled, leaning on the arm of Marguerite. He cast on the latter a glance so withering, that she recoiled from it dismayed.

The Baroness half paused on perceiving him, for her heart yearned over the afflicted youth, who she still loved as her own, but she dared not address him. She deeply sighed on his coldly bowing his head, and passing her to enter the chamber of death. He drew near the couch whereon lay extended the white robed form of Adelaide. Closed were the soft blue eyes—sealed were her lips, yet was there lingering upon them an expression so sweet, so beautiful, that as he gazed, and wept tears of the bitterest agony over her, he murmured: "she is indeed all love." Her long fair hair fell far below her waist in rich ringlets. With a small knife he severed one of them and placed it in his bosom; he then touched her delicate hand, its icy coldness caused a thrill of agony—he looked on the ring, associated as it was with many painful memories, and gently drew it off—it was the sole testimony left to him that he was the child of the unhappy Countess Ravensberg. Long and earnestly did he continue to study every soft lineament of that face which would smile on him no more, while the internal storm, raging in his breast like the fiery volcano, shook his frame with fearful violence, threatening to hurl reason from her throne. Subdued was his proud rebellious spirit, as he knelt by her side, and ejaculated a prayer to that God whose precepts he had hitherto slighted, whose rich mercies he had repaid with cold ingratitude, heedless of their value until stripped of them all. He remained a considerable time after this in silent me-

ditation, until the castle bell, tolling the hour of midnight, warned him to depart. He heard the footsteps of those approaching, who were to keep sad vigil in that lonely room, and he desired to avoid them. He repeatedly pressed his lips on the pale brow of his beloved, murmuring as he did so; "farewell, Adelaide, gentle and endeared companion of my happy days—farewell forever. On earth I shall never see your like again. I go from you to seek another home, far from the haunts of my childhood. May God help me to forgive those who have been instrumental to my heavy losses, as I hope to be forgiven." He retreated with lingering steps, frequently looking back, till he encountered the women at the door, who shrank back to suffer him to pass—for all feared him. He then hurried to his own room, and throwing himself upon the bed, again gave vent to his feelings in another gush of agonizing tears. During the short time that he remained at the castle, he never left his apartment, except to visit the Baron, with whom he held long conferences, notwithstanding the utter prostration of strength under which that excellent old man was labouring—for earnestly did he desire to sow the good seed, while his heart was softened and prepared to receive it, and many were the affectionate admonitions which he offered. He still wished to consider him in all respects as his son, but Albert, having determined on the course he meant to pursue, would not listen to his munificent proposals.

"It is my intention," he said, "to proceed to the Emperor, and lay before him my case. If I am successful in recovering my father's inheritance, it is well. Should I fail, I care not, since I purpose to join the army, and seek forgetfulness in the din of battle."

"For your sake, I lament that my sand has so nearly run out," replied the Baron feebly, as he sat supported by pillows; "and that I may not assist your wishes by my influence; but the name of Waldberg is not unknown to the House of Hapsburg, and I can only say that my fortune is at your disposal, my dear boy, if you will only look on me as your father. Remain under my roof to close my eyes, Albert—I shall not detain you long; bereave me not of all my children ere I die," and he laid his hand on the shoulder of the young man as he spoke, who unable to resist his affecting kindness awarded his consent with tears. The words of the good old man proved but too true; within the same month that he witnessed the beloved remains of Adelaide, consigned to her early tomb, Albert, who had never left his side for many previous nights, lost in Baron Waldberg, his last earthly friend. He waited but to see him laid by the side of his lamented child, when equipping himself for a long pedestrian journey, with a wallet strapped on his back, he entered the apartment of the Baroness to bid her adieu. Terrible was her grief on beholding him thus prepared to depart,

and as she gazed on his fine manly form, his beautiful face, which, from his childhood, had been her pride, she would have cast herself on his neck, but he stepped back, merely holding out his hand.

"Farewell, madam." He said with a quivering lip; "may God bless you," he turned quickly as he spoke and hurried from her presence. He was met in the hall by Warbeck, who earnestly requested permission to accompany him—Albert, touched by his importunity, warmly wrung his hand, saying:

"I thank you for this unexpected proof of your regard and good will—most deeply do I feel it—but my path lies alone—the scenes I shall encounter would be unsuited to one of your years." He moved away, nor turned again until he had passed the drawbridge, where taking one last look on the magnificent pile over which the sun was shining with resplendent lustre, he waved his hand to those who were watching his receding footsteps, then covering his eyes with his hands, for one brief moment, he hastened forward and was soon out of sight.

Had the whole world been suddenly swept away, leaving only its original dark chaos, the Baroness could scarcely have felt a greater sense of desolation than now she did, as she looked around her deserted halls. She knew not where to turn for consolation—the soothing of religion she had never experienced—to the comforts of prayer she was a stranger—and she walked distractedly, from room to room, wringing her hands, and followed by her women, who vainly strove to calm her. Unable to endure the weight of her sufferings, and ignorant of that cheering sentence: "cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall nourish thee," she flew for relief to monkish superstition, and in rigid fasts and severe penances sought to silence the upbraidings of conscience—these, in a short space, so worked upon her excitable temperament, that she renouced the Protestant faith, and retired to the convent in the beautiful Island of Nonneworth, amidst whose wild and romantic scenery she spent the remainder of her days, devoting her fortune to acts of charity, and herself to the duties of the cloister.

Albert, in the meantime, made his way to the Imperial Court then residing at Ratisbon, and after encountering immeasurable difficulties and hardships, occasioned by his pride, which would not suffer him to receive aught at the hands of those to whom he felt he was no longer bound, he stood before the emperor. He had drawn up a brief account of his misfortunes, which he placed in the hands of a friend, to whom the name of Baron Waldberg was familiar; this was presented at the foot of the throne, but his story appeared so highly coloured and romantic, that, at first, doubts were entertained as to its truth, yet there was a dignity in the bearing of the handsome youth, a grace in his deportment, which, added to his profound melancholy, soon gained for him an interest, and an earnest desire to aid his cause.

"Should you prove successful in recovering the title of Count Ravensberg, would you still wish to join the army?" demanded the Emperor.

"I would, Sire," replied Albert; "It is the first desire of my heart, now."

"It shall be gratified, young man," said the Emperor, viewing him complacently; "remain at our court until we see what may be done for you, and throw off those sad looks which belong not to one of your years, nor can we imagine them produced by the death of parents, who you never saw, or the loss of your adopted father; but, we press you not on a painful subject," as Albert recoiled from the remark, while his face betrayed extreme agitation. "Sorrow in youth is but of brief endurance—a passing cloud, scattered in soft showers by the sunshine of new hopes. Go—your claims shall not be forgotten."

Nor were they—after waiting a considerable time for his case to be duly and carefully tried, Albert became at length the acknowledged Count Ravensberg; his extraordinary likeness to his unfortunate father being corroborated by the testimony of one who had intimately known him in early life, and by Hoffman, who was also summoned to give evidence. A brilliant career awaited Albert from this period, both in the court and in the camp, where he signally distinguished himself. While amidst scenes of revelry and of dissipation, he sought to banish all recollection of the bitter past, and to recover his lost happiness.

Was he successful? No. Conscience, that silent monitor, constantly tortured him with self-reproaches, reminding him of duties slighted, of advice cast aside, and of his God forgotten; while a pale form would, to his fevered imagination, flit before him and whisper in his ears: "remember."

Many sought to win his affections, for none who beheld him in the bloom of his matured beauty could feel coldly indifferent as they listened to the noble deeds which were coupled with his name. But Count Ravensberg continued the same proud, haughty, distant being, that Albert in his youthful days had been, to all, save one. He would smile when he beheld the lures which were thrown out to obtain his notice or admiration, but it was a smile of scorn. He possessed few friends, for moody and taciturn in his habits, it was difficult to gain his confidence or regard. Renown seemed to be the idol to whom he offered homage, and to acquire this he sacrificed all else beside. It was not until long years had passed away that he learnt to estimate things according to their right value; to remember that ambition and glory could only follow him to the verge of the tomb; that human applause was but a passing breath, whose echoes were speedily lost, and that sinful pleasure was the inveterate enemy of true and lasting happiness. What then was real? or could fill up the aching void in his heart, who had tried all these, and found how transitory and

unsatisfying they were to an immortal being—who, but God, His creator, for whose service he had been gifted with the powers of reasoning, and of reflection to choose the good and to shun the evil ?

• • • • •

Time rolled away, and full many a sun had risen and set in the fair Duchy of Nassau, and many a moon shed her pale light over its rich woods and dales, and when the romantic and beautiful valley of Adolfsch received a new and mysterious inhabitant. None knew his name or lineage, for he shunned all association with man, taking up his abode in a most sequestered spot, overshadowed by various trees and shrubs. The few who saw him, affirmed that his appearance was noble and commanding, though his lofty brow, partly concealed beneath a large hat of peculiar form, bore the marks of age. At first, he was feared from his strange habits, and the peasant returning homeward from his daily toils, would go out of his way rather than encounter him ; but a few charitable acts and traits of kindness to his poor neighbours, won their confidence which continued to increase, until, in the summer evenings, he would be seen sitting at the door of his hermitage, (for such it might be termed,) surrounded by the children of the village, who had brought him offerings of fruit and flowers, in return for his generous gifts to them. It was observed that he made frequent visits to the castle of Hohenstein, distant from Adolfsch only a few miles, and would there wander amidst its desolate courts, where the rank grass had sprung up, and the owl and the bat held their midnight revels. He seemed to be fond of study, for his lamp was visible long after the adjoining hamlets were shrouded in darkness. Those who had the temerity to watch his movements more nearly would behold him on his knees within his humble home, before an open volume, apparently intent in its study. As the autumn advanced, his health, (which had never appeared robust,) visibly declined. He was less frequently seen in the valley while his visits to Hohenstein were entirely discontinued. None ventured to intrude upon his solitude, though all to whom he had shown kindness, felt interested for him. At length, when many days had past, and the recluse came not forth from his cell, the pastor of the village, deeming it his duty, entered his abode. It was night one solitary lamp stood on the table, waning lower and lower in the socket, and casting flickering fitful gleams around the rude habitation, which contained no other furniture save a chair and the humble pallet on which lay extended the recluse, evidently in a dying state. His Bible was near him, one hand resting on its open page that appeared marked in several places. The pastor gazed with deep emotion on his fine face, expressing as it did, piety and peace. He knelt down by his side, while in a tone soothing and kind, he said :

“ Can I do aught to serve my brother, in this trying hour ?”

The recluse started on hearing a strange voice, and fixing his eyes upon him feebly replied :

“ I am altogether beyond the reach of mortal aid, yet I thank you.”

“ I trust you feel safe and happy in the hands of your Saviour, my brother,” again said the pastor ; “ that you have not built your hopes of salvation on the unnecessary austerities to which you have exposed yourself, or even on the many good works you have performed, while dwelling in this solitude.”

“ Oh, no, no—on none but Christ, none but Christ,” returned the recluse, while his eyes kindled with a momentary enthusiasm : “ What have I done, old man, to merit God’s mercy ? Nothing—my life from my youth up has been wasted in selfish indulgence and folly, in desires which, when gratified, afforded me no real pleasure, and in yielding to every wild ungovernable passion; what has been the result ? They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy. God cast down my idols, one by one. He suffered His dark waters to compass me even to the soul, and all His storms and billows to pass over me. I was afflicted—distressed—and then I remembered the name of the Lord. I humbled myself before him, and sought him earnestly and with truth—He had compassion on me, and forgave me all my sins, for the sake of him who died for my redemption.” This was uttered with much difficulty and at intervals, yet was every word distinctly audible. The pastor looked on him with increased interest.

“ And is there no one lingering earthly wish in the breast of my brother ?” he enquired. “ No dear one left to whom he would impart his last request.”

The recluse became slightly agitated, and remained silent until sufficiently composed to reply.

“ All are gone beyond the grave—no kindred face wears a smile for me, nor are there any who will shed over my grave one tear. The stranger’s hand must close my eyes. The story of my life, you will find beneath my pillow ; I have there expressed a wish that my remains may be interred near to those of Baron Waldberg and his lamented child. Old man will you promise to attend to this ?”

“ Most solemnly,” said the pastor bowing his head.

“ Then all is finished.” murmured the recluse falling back, exhausted from the efforts he had made, though his lips continued to move, as if in prayer. The pastor continued to watch beside him, earnestly offering up devout petitions in behalf of his fleeting spirit. After a time, the recluse once more unclosed his eyes and gazing upward as he raised his hand, said triumphantly :

“ Behold, she is there, and already I hear the voices of an angel choir rejoicing in the ransomed sinner’s soul. Oh, Jesus ! Oh, my saviour, to thee alone be the praise. I come—I come—forgiven and

redeemed by thee." He ceased. A short struggle ensued and ere another brief moment had passed the spirit of the recluse had crossed dark valley of the shadow of death. The pastor rose from his knees, and, remained awhile in solemn silence. The vest of the recluse being open, he perceived on his bosom a tress of fair hair, tied with a black ribbon. This he covered with an air of respect, then searching for the packet where he had been directed, he carried it to the light, and on looking at the superscription, read the name of Albert Adolphus, Count Ravensberg. In the same instant, the lamp shot up one bright ray, then as suddenly sinking became extinguished, and left the cell in total darkness. The pastor groped his way to the entrance. He looked up to the heavens, where the stars were shining in resplendent brilliancy, and as he threaded his way through the valley, said, with an emotion which the scene he had witnessed had inspired: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

"Happy, happy Christian! many have, doubtless, been thy sorrows, during thy weary pilgrimage below. Many a friend hast thou seen fall by the way, like the seared leaves in autumn leaving thee lone and desolate in thy last days—yet what matters that to thee now, restored as thou art to all whom thou hast mourned in that blessed kingdom, where eternal joys await thee in the presence of thy God."

Most religiously did the good pastor adhere to the promise he had made the recluse, and in the presence of the sorrowing peasants of Adolphsech were the remains of Albert laid by the side of his Adelaide—a weeping willow overshadowing both, while on a small white tablet were engraved these words. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

FANCY AND THE POET.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

POET.

Enchanting spirit! at thy votive shrine
I lowly bend one simple wreath to twine;
O come from thy ideal world and fling
Thy airy fingers o'er my rugged string;
Sweep the dark chords of thought and give to earth
The wild sweet song that tells thy heavenly birth—

FANCY.

Happiness, when from earth she fled,
I pass on her heaven-ward flight,—
"Take this wreath," the spirit said,
"And bathe it in floods of light:
To the sons of sorrow this token give,
And bid them follow my steps and live!"

I took the wreath from her radiant hand,
Each flower was a silver star;
I turned this dark earth to a fairy land,
When I hither drove my car;
But I wove the wreath round my tresses bright,
And man only saw its reflected light.

Many a lovely dream I've given,
And many a song divine,
But never—oh never!—that wreath from heaven
Shall mortal temples twine.
Hope and love in the chaplet glow:
'Tis all too bright for a world of woe!

POET.

Hist—Beautiful spirit! why silent so soon?
My soul drinks each word of thy magical tune;
My lyre owns thy touch, and its tremulous strings
Still vibrate beneath the soft play of thy wings!
Resume thy sweet lay, and reveal, ere we part,
Thy home, lovely spirit,—and say what thou art.

FANCY.

The gleam of a star which thou canst not see,
Or an eye 'neath its sleeping lid,
The tune of a far off melody,
The voice of a stream that's hid;
Such must I still remain to thee.
A wonder and a mystery.

I live in the poet's dream,
I flash on the painter's eye,
I dwell in the moon's pale beam,
In the depths of the star-lit sky;
I traverse the earth, the air, the main,
And bind young hearts in my golden chain.

I float on the crimson cloud,
My voice is in every breeze,
I speak in the tempest loud,
In the sigh of the wind-stirred trees;
To the sons of earth, in a magic tone,
I tell of a world more bright than their own!

IRISH COALS.

SOME fifty or sixty years since, a company had been formed, with a noble lord at its head, to work these mines, supposed to equal in their produce the richest of Wigan or Workington. Year after year, however, the undertaking seemed merely to exist, either from deficiency of coal or ill-management. The speculation seemed all but bankrupt—a great effort was decided upon by the shareholders to bring their national exertions before the public: and a general meeting was called, at which the noble proprietor of the soil assisted as chairman. A number of resolutions being proposed and carried, he rose to address the assembly—congratulated them on the pleasing prospects the reports held out, the necessity for continuing vigorously to preserve in their truly Irish

undertaking, and concluded by recommending every gentleman in Ireland to have at least two tons of Dungannon coal in his house—"for," added he, with most imposing solemnity. "If, by any untoward accident, his premises should take fire, I'll be —if it would not put it out."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

PRINCE ALBERT.

THERE is a good deal of misconception on the part of the unlearned public as to the particular position of his Serene Highness as consort of the Queen regnant of England. There is a very curious anomaly in this respect in comparing the positions of a *Queen-consort* and the *QUEEN'S* consort. The queen-consort is the *first* subject of the King. The Queen's consort has no rank whatever as such. The Queen-consort has by common law many high immunities and valuable privileges. The Queen's consort has none. Whatever rank and privilege the Queen's consort may attain must be from the grace and favour of his illustrious consort, and it may naturally be supposed that such marks of her Majesty's affection will be neither few nor unimportant.

His Serene Highness will in the first place have the title of Royal Highness conferred upon him. This will give him rank in all state ceremonials immediately after his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, but confer no political power or rank and it is not likely that his Serene Highness will be created a Peer of Parliament. The Prince's real position will be that of a Prince of the blood, before created a Peer of Parliament, as the late Duke of York, whose title was previously Bishop of Osoburg, and King William the Fourth, who was only Prince William Henry. The Prince will successively be created a Knight of the Garter, a General and Field-Marshal in the army, and, after his appointment to military rank, a Knight Commander of the Bath.

The pecuniary settlement upon the Illustrious Prince will of course depend on the liberality of Parliament. In this respect his Serene Highness will be particularly fortunate, for the Ministry, anxious to gratify their Royal Mistress, will propose liberally, and the present opposition is never stingy on these occasions. We have reason to believe that the proposed settlement upon his Serene Highness will be 100,000*l* per annum during her Majesty's life; if issue from the marriage the same sum afterwards, but if the marriage be without issue, the settlement to be reduced to 50,000*l* per annum. A fit out will be also granted,—a demesne in the country purchased for his Highness (in the event of his surviving her Majesty,) as well as a town residence. It is probable that an arrangement will be made with the King of the Belgians for Claremont. The first Rangership of a Royal demesne which falls vacant

will no doubt be conferred upon his Highness, which will entitle him to apartments in a Royal residence for life.

In the case of the death of her Majesty without issue by the marriage, all connection of his Royal Highness with the Royalty of England ceases. No members of his family acquires by the marriage any claim, under circumstances, to the throne of these kingdoms; in fact, as regards his marriage with the Queen, his Highness is completely an isolated being, the Constitution not recognizing any part of his family but himself.

But, although his Serene Highness will obtain no constitutional authority in the British monarchy, yet he must inevitably possess a natural influence, which no theoretical principle of the Constitution can get rid of. Her Majesty will undoubtedly be bound to follow the advice of her constitutional advisers as a general rule, but, in all cases in which such differences of opinion occur in the Cabinet as tend to break it up, and the decision must rest with the Sovereign, who can she consult as to the course to be pursued with so much propriety as the father of her Heir Apparent to the throne? Who can have greater interest in the welfare of the nation than the father of its future sovereign?

THE VAMPIRE BAT.

THE Vampire bat, or flying fox, as it is called, is a species of animal well known in hot climates, about a foot in length, with wings when extended measuring sometimes four feet. Its head is something like that of a fox, whence it derives one of its cognomens, and during the day-time immense clusters of them, clinging to each other like a swarm of bees, some by their hind and others by their fore legs, are frequently seen suspended to the under branches of such trees as affords them shelter from the piercing rays of a noon-day sun. Some of the Indian castes on the Malabar and Canara coasts esteem their flesh as highly as we do some sorts of game, and as they present a fine compact mass where every shot must tell, they are occasionally slaughtered by hundreds, yet such is their tenacity of life, that the moment an unprepared shot enters their bodies, their claws or talons are convulsively struck into the tree or whatever they cling to, and in that state they die—*Sportsman.*

EFFECT OF MODERN EDUCATION.

THE striving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive: while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive. There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist.—*Black-wood's Magazine.*

HAMET, THE MOOR.

BY E. L. C.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

Shakspeare.

THE battle of Lucena had crowned the arms of Spain with victory, and swelled the triumph of Ferdinand and Isabella, by securing to them, besides a host of noble prisoners, the person of the Moorish king, the unfortunate Boabdil El Chico. In the ancient city of Cordova, where the court then were, it was a night of rejoicing for events so propitious—and not a lordly nor a lowly roof within its walls, but resounded with revelry and song. The royal palace alone, through delicacy to the feelings of the illustrious captive, presented no uncommon scene of splendour; and there, shut up in the privacy of his own apartments, the weak and timid Boabdil yielded without restraint to the bitter and overwhelming emotions of his grief and shame. But the small and gallant train of knights who had followed their monarch to captivity, were not required to attend upon his retirement—he preferred to have it unbroken—and they went forth gladly, to indulge their natural love of gaiety by sharing the magnificent festivities of their Christian conquerors.

It was in the stately castle of Don Gutierre de Padilla, a proud and powerful noble, that most of Boabdil's glittering train were convened.

“From turret to foundation stone” it blazed with dazzling and unwonted brilliancy. Bright forms floated through its gorgeous halls, and stern warriors, casting aside the steel morion and linked mail, shone in the festal garments of joy, treading with measured steps the graceful dance, and holding with a touch as gentle, as though they had never wielded sabre or battle-axe, the fair hands which beauty yielded to their clasp—music and perfumes breathed around, and the rays of a thousand lamps shed their light on radiant brows, that looked as if no blight of care could ever come to darken their effulgence.

Yet was there one among that shining throng, the loveliest star in that galaxy of beauty, the young heiress of that noble house, to whom the gaiety and splendour of the scene ministered no enjoyment.

She had garnered up her tender and budding hopes in the heart of a captive, and a stranger—a follower of the Moorish king—one who in months past, had been a hostage in the hands of her father, and with whom she had been thrown into daily companionship, till the Moslem captive learned to read in her downcast eyes, and glowing cheek, that the love which he had timidly breathed forth at her feet, had not been breathed in vain. But the moment of parting came, and the lovers had told to none their hopes. Inez felt that hers were baseless, for from early childhood she had been the promised bride of another, and she knew that her haughty father looked with less scorn upon the hound that crouched at his feet, than on the infidel and Moor, against whom he cherished deadly and instinctive hate.

But Hamet El Zurayni loved too fondly to despair—he looked forward with a glad and trusting heart to that hour when their mutual happiness should be consummated—and he had grounds for this confidence which he felt to be firm and sufficient. His father had been a noble Moor of the race of the Abencerrages—his mother a Christian captive. By her, he had been early instructed in the precepts of her faith, but she died during his childhood, and, left an orphan, he was placed about the person of the young king Boabdil, where he had ever since remained, sharing the varied fortunes of his ill-fated sovereign, and cherishing for him an unshaken and romantic attachment. Surrounded by the splendour and gaiety of the Alhambra, where, when master of its walls, the effeminate Boabdil maintained a luxurious and magnificent court, and compelled to conform to the ceremonials of Mahometanism, Hamet's early impressions of Christianity became faint, and well nigh forgotten, till they were revived by witnessing the performance of Christian rites, during his sojourn in Cordova. Then, the good seed which the hand of maternal love had sown in his heart, sprung up, and its growth was nurtured, and

strengthened by the example, and persuasions of the lovely Inez, till the shackles of a revolting creed fell from his mind, and he became a convert to the pure and elevating faith of the gospel. From that hour he longed to break the ties that bound him to his country, torn as it was by internal dissension, and its sceptre wrenched by an usurping hand from the grasp of its rightful monarch. Love and religion both called upon him to join the standard of the cross, but affection for the person of his king still withheld him from listening to the powerful appeal, yet the hour seemed rapidly approaching when that sovereign would be without the shadow of power in Granada—when driven forth from his throne by the fierce and lawless usurper, El Zagal, he would become a mere vassal to the Spanish crown—seeking its aid to win back his birthright, and dependant on its bounty, for the means of sustaining his armies, and his rank. When that time should arrive, Hamet would still adhere to his king—but adhere to him as a Christian knight, aiding the cause of the oppressed. He would openly avow his faith, and since there were none to claim him in Granada, remember only that Castile was the country of his mother, and that it must therefore acknowledge him as a son.

With these thoughts and purposes busy at his heart, Hamet re-entered Cordova in the train of his vanquished master. Only a few days had passed since then, and already the predictions of his heart were verified. Boabdil had purchased his liberty on the degrading condition of vassalage to the crown of the united sovereigns—a truce of two years was concluded, and he had consented to deliver his only son, together with many noble Moorish youths, into the hands of Ferdinand and Isabella, as hostages for his freedom. On the morrow Hamet was to accompany the deputation, which went to bear to Granada the terms of the treaty, and demand the hostages for the ransom of their monarch, and he felt that he could not again quit Cordova in uncertainty of his fate. He had seen Donna Inez before this night of festivity, and he had found her unchanged. But it was not till the sumptuous halls of her father's castle were thronged with glittering revellers, that he won her reluctant permission, on this gala eve, to seek some opportunity of unfolding to Don Gutierrez the presumptuous wishes of his heart.

She could not long resist his tender importunity, but with pale and faltering lips she had breathed forth her assent. And now, aware that on some of the fleeting minutes of this night her fate depended, she found it a hard task to mingle with apparent gaiety among the laughing crowd—to wear the mask of pleasure, which she was conscious no longer concealed the restless anxiety that preyed upon her heart. Seizing an opportunity, when the crowd were gathered round to witness the graceful dance of the zambra, which some Moorish knights were in

the act of performing, she stole out to a green and silent terrace, and glided on, beneath the fragrant boughs of the citron and the orange, to the side of a fountain, that threw its sparkling jet high up in the moonlit air, and fell again with a soft and silvery sound into the marble basin beneath. But she retired not unnoticed—one eye had marked her retreat—and as her fairy figure disappeared from the lighted hall, Hamet El Zurayni started from the pillar against which, half hidden by the rich drapery that fell around him, he had long stood silently observing her, and darting rapidly away, was lost amidst the throng, who, intent only upon pleasure, heeded not the abstracted air and eager step of the stranger.

A few minutes passed, and he stood in the deep embrasure of a window, speaking with animated gestures to a tall and stately figure—the lord of the castle—the very personification of Spanish haughtiness and pride. Astonishment, indignation and contempt, were painted on his dark and lowering brow, while the impassioned countenance, the earnest gesticulation, the rapid utterance of the young Moor, betrayed the intensity of his emotions, and the extent to which his happiness was involved in the subject of his suit. For a brief space the Count listened in stern and moody silence to the eager petitioner—then his wrath blazed forth in vehement words, and with looks of ineffable disdain, he turned and abruptly walked away. Hamet remained for an instant rooted to the spot—his cheek crimsoned with angry emotion, his dark eye flashing with unutterable scorn, and his slight and graceful figure dilating with feelings of indignation and injured pride, too mighty for control—then, grasping the massive stanchion of the window, he leaped lightly through and sprang down among a thicket of myrtle on the other side—another instant and he stood breathless with haste, and emotion, beside the marble fountain, clasping the soft hand of Inez in his own, and gazing with fond, yet troubled eyes, into her bright and anxious face.

Neither of them spoke—the lips of both seemed chained in the spell of silence. Their very pulses appeared to have paused, and in the deep hush of their souls, even the soft trickling of the fountain, sounded in their ears like the thunder of a cataract.

“There are some moments when the heart stands still,
“As if the mighty touch that deigns to fill
Our sands, had left them where they last ran down.”

And so it was with them. At length Donna Inez could endure the tortures of suspense no longer, and in a tone which only the listening ear of love could have caught, she softly, yet with trembling eagerness whispered:

“Speak to me, El Zurayni—for the love of the blessed virgin, tell me all!”

"Inez," he replied, in a voice low and hoarse with his pent-up emotions, "Inez, I depart tonight."

She sprang towards him, and grasped his hands with an energy that left the print of her rose-tinted nails upon his palm.

"Not tonight!" she almost shrieked, "thou wilt not, cannot quit me thus!"

"Thy father has decreed it, Inez, and I may not gainsay him."

"Thou wilt, Zurayni, in very deed thou wilt, for the sake of her who loves thee,—to whom thou hast sworn so many fond oaths, which now thou wouldst break for a hasty word."

"Inez, thy father has menaced me with death,—aye, worse than death, with the fearful dungeons of the inquisition, if I but dare to think of thee. He has cursed the hour when he received me as a hostage beneath his roof, when he cherished without suspicion a viper in his bosom, whose fangs were destined to pierce his heart. He has bidden me never more to cross his threshold, and has told me that thy hand was pledged to the Count de Fuenza, and that it was a base and a bold deed, for the offspring of an unbelieving Moor to compete with a Christian knight in the love of a noble and a Christian maiden. And wouldst thou have me, sweetest Inez, even for thy dear sake, submit to taunts like these."

"But madest thou no reply, Zurayni! Or could'st thou for an instant think that I would listen to thy words of love, if my hand, with my consent, were pledged to another!"

"I knew thou would'st not, my fairest one, but I feared to anger Don Gutierre by gainsaying him. I told him briefly, that if my father was a Moor, my mother was a Christian lady, and that the blood which flowed in my veins, was as noble as that which coursed through thine, my Inez; I said that thy faith was mine—that if Boabdil no more ascended the throne of his fathers, the land of my mother should claim me for a son, and beneath the banners of El Zagal, the traitor, and usurper of another's rights."

"And could'st thou not move him by such words as these, my Hamet!"

"Nay, they did but harden the ice that encrusted his stern heart—and he heaped upon me harsher epithets, and viler abuse, than my hot blood could have tamely brooked from any other than thy sire, my sweet Inez. He spurned me as he would have done the veriest cur that howled in his path, and taunted me with being a renegade Moor, till I had half a mind to give him proof, that I had yet enough of Moslem blood flowing through my heart, to make me resent the stigma cast upon my race, and chastise as it deserved the haughty insolence with which he set me at naught."

"Hush thee, dearest Hamet, for my sake; I do not love that red spot on thy cheek, nor that fearful

flashing of thy lustrous eye. Calm thyself, and look upon me gently as is thy wont, and tell me if I am never more to clasp this hand, and if thy parting words tonight, are the last that from thy lip shall ever greet mine ear—if so—"

But her voice faltered, the sad sentence remained unfinished, and laying her head upon his breast, she burst into a passion of tears.

"Thou canst not think it, my beloved," he exclaimed, clasping his arms fondly around her; "dost thou not feel how my heart bounds beneath the light pressure of thy lovely head. As though it would burst its prison house to tell the love, the deep devotion my lips in vain essay to speak; and think'st thou, I will give thee up forever, even at the angry bidding of thy father? No, my sweet one; sterner words must be spoken, harsher measures used, bolts of steel, and bars of iron, hide me from thee, ere I consent to relinquish the fond hopes that gladden my existence, and bind my heart with cords stronger than death to thine, my own Inez. Tomorrow as thou knowest, I depart for Granada; my absence will be brief—but when I again quit Cordova, it must not be without thee, sweet Inez. Promise me this—if not with thy father's consent, let me win thee in despite of him. Thou dost not say me nay, and I will take thy silence for consent, and carry this hope away to cheer me till I return to claim my bride."

Voices at this instant were heard coming down a shaded alley towards the fountain, and Inez in alarm started from her lover's arms. He drew her gently within the shade of a tamarisk, and taking from his neck a precious amulet, cast it around hers—she in return, drew forth a gem of value that sparkled on her finger, and placed it silently on his; nor did she resist his efforts, when once more he drew her to his arms, and pressed her fondly to his heart. Yet she wept with childish violence, and her tears flowed the faster for every fond word he murmured in her ear. Her heart was breaking at the thoughts of his departure, and she could find no solace in the uncertain hope of a reunion. But nearer came the gay voices, breaking in with harsh dissonance on their trance of love and grief, and they felt that the moment of parting had arrived. His last embrace was given, his last tender injunction to be faithful, uttered, and he was gone. She stood an instant listening to his retreating steps, and then by a circuitous path returned to the castle. The guests were dispersing, for morning was beginning to tinge the east with its rosy hues, and gladly she saw the last lingerer depart, and felt herself at liberty to seek the solitude of her own apartments, where unobserved, she could indulge the deep and painful emotions of her heart.

Months passed away, and the Count de Padilla's brief season of repose was ended. His sovereigns were in the field, and it was not for him to remain inactive. At the head of his household troops, he

had led on the chivalry of Spain to the storming of many strongholds of the enemy, and having recently captured the important fortress of Alhama, he was now placed in command of the garrison. But he found the post allotted him no idle sinecure, for it was in the near vicinity of Granada, overlooked by the Moorish fortresses of Loxa and Zalea, and situated in the midst of a vast vega that was continually scoured by squadrons of the foe, who suffered not a warrior to issue from its gates unmarked, who intercepted its forays, and overpowered by their strength the gallant bands of Christian knights that dared boldly to encounter them. Thus harassed and unable, through the vigilance of the Moors, to obtain supplies from abroad, provisions began to grow scarce in the garrison of Alhama—but still the spirit of its warriors remained untamed. Their brothers, their companions in arms, had fallen by the arts of the crafty and vindictive foe, and there was not a brave heart among them, but burned to avenge the slain. The Knights of Calatrava, who composed part of the garrison, could scarcely be restrained from attempting some desperate assault against the hated Moor. Their hitherto invincible band had been put to flight, by a superior force of the fierce El Zagal, who surprised them in an unguarded moment, loitering beside one of the winding streams of the vega, and those of their number who had fallen into the hands of the enemy had been cruelly massacred, and their heads borne at the saddle bows of their conquerors, in triumph to Granada. Such an insult, they panted to avenge, but Don Gutierre, had learned caution from necessity, and difficult as he found it to restrain their ardour, he knew too well the weakened state of the garrison, to attempt for the present any adventure of moment. His only hope of being able to hold the fortress lay in the expectation of supplies and reinforcements from the army of the sovereigns, at that time carrying on their warlike operations in a distant part of the country. But day after day passed, and this expectation was rendered vain, for the Moors, who lurked in great strength among the mountains, suffered no aid to reach them. Their prospects darkened—and of three alternatives, a death of famine, a shameful surrender, or a bold sally against some one of the strong posts of the enemy, they were, after many stormy councils, nearly united in choice of the latter.

Added to these general sources of disquiet, private griefs weighed heavily on the perplexed mind of the commander, and the moments not given to the arduous duties of his station, were consumed by poignant and sorrowful regrets. After the departure of Hamet El Zurayni for Granada, the Count de Padilla had immediately, accompanied by his daughter, repaired to Seville, under pretence that affairs of importance called him thither, but in reality for the purpose of removing Donna Inez from the danger of another

interview with her lover. There he had remained till Boabdil and his followers quitted the Castilian court, when he returned to Cordova, and gave Donna Inez in charge to the queen, whom, with the king and the infanta, she accompanied to Vaena. In that fortress she remained till after the surrender of Alhama, when in her passage across the mountains to rejoin her father, her escort was attacked and dispersed by an armed band of the enemy, and she with her attendants captured and borne away by the Moors. The Count de Fuenza, after having, as himself related, performed prodigies of valor in defence of the lady of his love, had with two other knights and a few faithful followers, made good their escape, and succeeded through many perils, in reaching Alhama, with the unwelcome tidings of the *rencontre*.

And ill were they received, and ill borne by the bereaved and unhappy father, who lost no time in employing secret emissaries, through the influence of immense bribes, to penetrate into every Moorish town and city, for the purpose of gathering, if possible, some tidings that might lead to the recovery of his lost treasure. But in vain—she could nowhere be traced, and the uncertainty in which he was destined to remain respecting her fate, occasioned Don Gutierre keener pangs than could have been inflicted by the sad assurance of her death. She had been his pride—his idol—the sole bequest of one whom the grave had long since taken to its rest, and whose memory he still cherished even with romantic affection, and he would have sank beneath the blow which stripped his desolate tree of its last fair blossom, but for the necessity, which he felt to be imperative, of active and unceasing exertion. To him, all looked for counsel and support in this hour of dread and perplexity, into his ear were breathed the murmurs of the discontented, the fears of the timid, the wants of the helpless, and the importunities of the bold and enterprising, so that few and brief were the moments, in which Don Gutierre was permitted the sad solace of brooding in retirement over that misfortune which had withered the fondest and most cherished of his earthly hopes.

One day, when a stormy council of war had been held in the garrison, where few agreed, and from which all had retired dissatisfied, Don Gutierre, wearied, and almost disheartened, shut himself up in his own apartment and issued orders that none should intrude upon his solitude. A favourite page only, sat reading in the ante-room, and as the Count paced, with a rapid and unquiet step, over the soft carpets, or cast himself upon the piled up cushions where the banished Moslem had so lately reclined in indolent repose, soft thoughts came thronging fast upon his heart, driving forth, even in this crisis of dismay and terror, the harsher ones of war, bringing back to his bosom the radiant form of his lost and tender Inez, giving to his eye her smile, to his ear

the low sweet tones of her gentle voice, till instinctively he stretched forth his arms to clasp the shadowy image, and tears rained over his bronzed and war-worn cheek, when the vision faded from his waking eye, and the stern reality flashed sadly on his mind. Other thoughts, by turns, occupied him—plans for the safety and relief of the garrison—the possibility of attempting a foray, the desperate purpose of attacking, with his famished and enfeebled force, some stronghold of the foe—and so on, from one theme to another, roved the thoughts of the anxious commander, till he was aroused from his absorbing meditations by a sudden stir without, the echo of voices, and the closing and unclosing of doors, as though persons were entering or retreating in haste.

Don Gutierre paused in his rapid motion to listen to the sounds, and was in the act of going forth to learn from whence, or whom they proceeded, when Garcia, the page, entered the apartment, and turning sternly towards him, he demanded the cause of the disturbance.

"My lord," answered the page, "a Moor has surrendered himself at the gates of Alhama, and demands an audience of its commander."

"Has the renegade aught to say worthy of a hearing?" asked Don Gutierre. "If so, conduct him hither—but if not, cast the unbaptized dog forth from the walls, before he has learned that Spanish nobles are feeding upon horse-flesh, and goes back to babble the shameful secret to the rejoicing unbelievers."

"I know nought concerning the matter of which he would speak to your excellency—but only that he is most urgent to be admitted to your presence," returned the page.

"He broached no secrets then? wears he the garb of a soldier, or comes he to us in the garments of peace?"

"He is meanly clad, my lord, and bears upon his shoulders a box of merchandize. I am fain to think he brings some article of value, which he hopes to dispose of to your excellency, at his own price."

"Tut, tut, boy—brought he bread, we would speedily traffic with him—but rich shawls and glittering gems will not satisfy the cravings of hunger, else might we feed plenteously, for the Moslem left good store of these gauds in our garrison; but a grain of corn in the eyes of a famished man, is of more worth than a carcanet of rubies. Yet I will see him nevertheless—perchance I may sift out of him somewhat that shall avail us in this hour of need. Bid Puerto conduct him hither, be yourself in attendance, and let a strong guard wait without, we may have occasion for their services."

The page retired, and Don Gutierre awaited without impatience, the appearance of the stranger. Accustomed to the visits of roving Moors, who as minstrels, fortune tellers, or venders of merchandize,

sometimes from other motives, penetrated into the Spanish garrisons, he expected only to hear some trivial request, or witness the display of some article of which it was hoped he would become a ready and generous purchaser. A few minutes elapsed, when the Moor made his appearance, attended by Garcia and Puerto. There was certainly nothing striking in his exterior. He was a man somewhat above the middle height, with huge beetling brows, beneath which flashed forth the dark luminous eyes peculiar to his race. His thick and slightly grizzled beard descended nearly to his breast, and his complexion looked as if it were perfectly bronzed, by constant exposure to the rays of a burning sun. He wore an immense turban of a dingy red, and his garments were mean in fashion and quality, resembling those worn by the lower classes of his countrymen; a box of merchandize was strapped to his shoulders, which, as though its weight were burdensome, he loosened immediately on entering, and placed upon the floor. Don Gutierre scanned him with a scrutinizing look, and slightly bent his haughty head, in acknowledgment of the Moor's low and silent obeisance.

"What would you with me, renegade?" he sternly demanded—"think you I can sell precious moments from weighty concerns to cast away upon vagrants, that thus you importune to be admitted to my presence?"

"Pardon, my lord," returned the Moor, bending his body till his beard swept the ground, "and if your excellency will grant me a moment's patient hearing, I may utter that which will win forgiveness for my boldness".

"Say on, and briefly."

"I have a precious jewel to dispose of, that once blazed in the turban of Mahomet, and I would crave permission to display it privately to your excellency's gaze."

"What jugglery is this? I want not jewels—see, here are hundreds gleaming in my sabre's hilt—and I would give them all sooner than this good blade which has in times past, and still will, I trust, mow off scores of turbaned heads, before its edge is dulled with blood."

"Yet deign to glance at the gem of which I speak, my lord. For the sake of him you worship, the great and holy prophet of your faith, deny not my request; you know not its surpassing value—to you only will I dispose of it—and to your ear alone, without witnesses, can I speak farther concerning it."

Don Gutierre was startled by the Moor's earnestness—it betrayed a mystery which awakened his interest, and without farther parley he motioned his attendants to withdraw. No sooner did the stranger find himself alone with the commander, than casting a cautious glance around, he softly approached him, and bending towards his ear, said in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper:

"My lord, I have a boon to crave,—but I forbear to name it, till I shall have rendered you some service, which will compel you to deem me worthy of the guerdon I shall ask. Should I, before tomorrow's dawn, deliver the fortress of Zalea into your hands, would you suffer me to name my own reward, nor withhold it from me, should it be in your power to bestow?"

Don Gutierre started, and turned a look of keen inquiry upon the Moor, nor could he restrain a smile, as he glanced over his humble exterior, and contrasted it with the arrogance of his proposal.

"I must learn," said the Count, "by what means you have it in your power to effect the purpose you name before I pledge myself to one whose appearance is no guarantee for the performance of his word."

"There are those in the garrison of Zalea," answered the Moor, "who have motives, strong even as my own, for betraying it. We understand each other, and at a given signal one stands ready to admit a body of troops within the citadel. Trust in me—assent to my proposal, and before midnight you are its master. Disregard my offer—disbelieve my word, and within two days the garrison of Alhama will fall beneath the sword of the terrible El Zagal."

"You speak boldly, Moor, and I would fain learn whether it were safe in me, to trust your word. Is it not possible for you to give me some pledge, some token of your sincerity? Why, else, should I believe that you will be truer to me than to those of your own faith and blood?"

"Their faith is no longer my faith, neither do I reserve the tyrant who has usurped the throne of Granada, and I would rather see every fortress in the kingdom garrisoned by the soldiers of Ferdinand, than held beneath the sway of the lawless traitor El Zagal."

"Enough, enough, bold Moor,—if the fires of hatred and revenge light you on to this deed, I have faith in your sincerity—but I would have been slow to trust to any motives, based on the promptings of your new found creed."

"And your Excellency will remember the conditions on which I fulfil the purpose I have named," said the Moor, stepping earnestly forward, and laying his dark hand lightly on the arm of the Count.

"Aye, renegade," returned Don Gutierre hastily, and with a look of disgust shaking off the contaminating touch—"if your demand be within the limits of possibility, and it prove not at variance with my honour as a knight, and my courage as a soldier, to grant it, what you ask shall be yours. But, if we fail through your means to achieve the prize, or if by word or look you betray one symptom of purposed treachery towards us, I swear by my knighthood, that my own hand shall deal your death blow, and cast forth your worthless carcase as food for the carrion birds of prey."

"Spare your threats, my lord, for those whom

they may intimidate," said the Moor in a scornful accent. "I came not hither to betray you, neither through the workings of any evil passion do I purpose to deliver the fortress of Zalea into your hands. I forbear at this time to name my motives—but they are not unworthy one of nobler seeming than myself—and to prove to you that revenge has no part in them, I require of your Excellency, that the victory of tonight shall be won, if possible, without bloodshed—at all events, with as little as may be,—and that the conquered garrison shall be well cared for, and treated with the courtesy and kindness, which is but seemly for Christian knights to show towards the vanquished."

"Your demands upon us multiply, sir Moor," returned Don Gutierre with an angry frown. "But it matters not,—though your countrymen deserve but little mercy at our hands, yet shall it be shown them, if you faithfully fulfil your promise. Admit us within the citadel of Zalea, nay, let but one of my bold knights set foot upon its walls, and I will answer for the speedy submission of the garrison—with bloodshed, or without, as they themselves shall choose. So, now I listen to no more conditions, for time is precious, and there are others who must have a voice in this matter as well as myself. Ho, there, Garcia, Puerto! summon the guard, and bid them watch well over the safety of this fellow, till such time as I shall determine how far, or whether at all he is worthy of regard;" and so saying he threw his cloak around him, and walked with a stately step from the apartment.

Don Gutierre lost no time in summoning a council of his knights, to whom the overtures of the Moor were immediately made known; and it is hardly necessary to say, that not one timid voice arose to speak of caution or distrust—all were eager for the enterprise, and the Knights of Calatrava, the shame of whose recent disgrace remained to be effaced, and the deaths of their slaughtered comrades to be avenged, refused to debate a subject, on which they were already resolved. Don Gutierre was fearfully aware of the unsuitness of the garrison to encounter any risk; yet he well knew his caution would be pronounced timidity, perhaps cowardice, and he consequently forbore to urge it; but yielding to the wishes of his excited nobles, consented to trust to the faith of the Moor, and that very night set forth under his guidance, on their daring expedition.

All was now the bustle of haste and preparation in Alhama—those who were to remain in charge of the garrison, murmured; but those destined to go forth, and to avoid dispute the number had been decided by lot, were elate with joy, and already glorying in anticipations of expected triumph. Gaily, as if a tournament awaited them, they sprang upon their high bred steeds, impatient to depart. In advance of the little band of chivalry, mounted on a mule, and guarded by a file of soldiers, sat the Moor,

ready to conduct them forward to the promised prize. But before issuing from the gates, the wary commander, still doubtful of his faith, thought best to make one more test of his sincerity, and in presence of the assembled knights sternly addressed him.

"Sir Moor," he said, "we are about to set forth lured by you, to victory or death; and before we pass the barrier of these gates, I would hear you swear by the beard of your prophet, that you mean us no treachery."

"I choose rather to swear by the cross of yours, Count de Padilla, which I esteem a holier, and more binding oath, that I have in naught deceived; or misled you, and if you are destined to fail in this night's enterprize, it will be neither through falsehood nor treachery of mine."

"The saints forbid that I should wrong, by false judgment, even a renegade Moor, yet I cannot do otherwise than distrust one of your crafty race. But remember, that this sabre," and he raised the weapon with a menacing gesture, "deals death upon your head, if through your cowardice, we fail in our undertaking, or if by one sinister glance, you attempt to play us false. Lead on,—and guide us safely at your peril."

The Moor made no reply, but even by the red torch light, a burning glow was visible through the swarthy hue of his cheek, and a scornful smile, that seemed to say, "my hour of triumph, haughty noble, will ere long arrive," momentarily curled his lip.

It wanted just an hour to midnight, when the adventurous band passed forth from the gates of Alhama, and wound silently down the steep acclivity, on the summit of which the fortress stood, to the broad plain below. Zalea lay at the distance of two leagues, and cautiously the impatient warriors traversed the intervening space, every hand grasping the lance, and every heart glowing with the certainty of success. The moon had long since sunk behind the mountains, but the snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada yet caught the reflection of her beams, and the stars gleamed faintly through the soft glow that still lingered in that southern sky. Not a sound was abroad, save, that as they passed on, the brief extatic song of the nightingale, telling her love tale to the rose, burst forth at intervals from the flowery thickets of the vega. No one spoke, except in subdued whispers to his nearest companion—but often every eye turned with an eager and restless glance, towards the point where the Moor paced slowly onward, to the goal of their impatient hopes.

At length the fortress was seen perched upon its rocky height, and its glancing lights, moving to and fro, infused new zeal into the hearts of the warrior band. The slow pace at which they had hitherto proceeded became unconsciously accelerated, though still silently and with caution they approached the walls of the garrison. Don Gutierre, anxious and unassured, spurred his charger to the side of the Moor,

watching with a jealous eye his countenance, and urging upon the soldiers who guarded him, vigilance, and if it were necessary, severity, in the discharge of their duty. But unmoved, the object of his suspicion passed steadily on, guiding his mule gently and slowly up the winding path, and pausing only when he reached a point directly below the citadel. There too the whole troop halted, when the Moor alighted from his mule, looked for a minute anxiously and earnestly upward, and then uttered a low and prolonged sound, like the faint note of a suffering bird. A moment of intense anxiety succeeded, when the signal was answered from above, and immediately a strong cord was cast down from the wall, which, with joy unspeakable, was instantly seized by a knight, who lost no time in attaching to it the scaling ladder, which was to give them access to the heart of the fortress. It was quickly drawn up and firmly fastened, and almost as quickly, the bold foot of Don Gutierre sprang upon the wall,—that gained, and he defied the treachery of the Moor, even were it intended, but in this moment of triumph, his heart whispered, that he had done him injustice, and he secretly vowed, if his life were spared, to make him ample atonement for the wrong.

The commander was followed in rapid succession by those below, but already the treachery was discovered, the guard shouted aloud and rushed on to repel him, but he held them at bay, till his whole force had gained the wall, when they turned and fled, panic-struck and affrighted, from the unknown force of their midnight assailants. Don Gutierre, backed by his dauntless followers, pursued his advantage, and possessed himself of a strong tower of defence without the loss of one of his number. Still he pressed on—the alarm was rapidly spreading, but he found allies within the fortress, adherents to king Boabdil, who gladly lent their aid, even to the Christian, in winning from the hated El Zagal his usurped possessions, and before the garrison was fairly aroused, the citadel was won, the Moorish standard torn from the battlements, and the sacred banners of the cross unfurled to float triumphant over the conquered walls of Zalea. It was a brief, almost a bloodless victory, for in the midst of success Don Gutierre, remembering his promise to the Moor, commanded his followers to spare all who surrendered, else might they have rushed on, goaded by the recollections of past wrongs, to slay without mercy all within reach of their weapons.

The submission of the place, after the capture of the citadel, was a matter of course, and the Christian knights waited not for the dawn of day to commence their feasting and rejoicings. They found the magazines abundantly stored with all that, for a goodly length of time, might minister to luxury or comfort, and from many a stately palace had the sound of the *mêlée* driven the affrighted inmates, leaving the untasted banquet to regale the Spanish victor, who

nothing loath, took possession of the lighted halls, and revelled in the dainties which had been so hastily deserted by those for whom they were prepared. The quarters of Don Gutierre were in the palace of the Alcayde,—but he forebore to seek rest or refreshment, till his vigilant eye had seen every arrangement carried into effect, that tended to ensure the comfort and security of the new garrison—and even then, he had partaken only sparingly of the rich repast that might have tempted a palate accustomed to fare more luxuriously than his had done of late, for he was exhausted by excitement and fatigue, and he hastened to retire, hoping to enjoy some repose before another day should call him forth to new duties and exertions.

Scarcely, however, had he dismissed his attendant, and laid his wearied head on the embroidered cushions of a low luxurious couch, when a door partially concealed by a projecting pillar opposite, slowly unclosed, and he started as he beheld the figure of the Moor, cautiously enter the apartment. The Count had not cast off his clothes, and in an instant he sprang to his feet, seized his sword, and would have summoned his page, but the Moor penetrating his intention, hastened to prevent it.

“Forbear, my lord,” he said in a low stern voice, “we want no witness to this interview—it ends not here,—since if you owe me aught for the services of this night you will not hesitate to follow whither I shall lead,” and as he spoke, he moved again towards the door by which he had entered.

Don Gutierre stood irresolute, wondering what all this mystery might mean, and debating within himself whether, in his responsible situation, it were advisable to risk his person alone with one, who for aught that he knew, might still intend him evil; yet ashamed of betraying his doubts to the man, who on this very night had voluntarily rendered him an incalculable service—a service which he had not—never could repay. The Moor remarked his hesitation with a smile of contempt.

“Does your Excellency still distrust me?” he asked. “It were well to do so, if I had in aught deceived you, or failed to fulfil a single iota of all that I promised. But my part of our mutual compact is completed, and through my aid you are now undisputed master of the fortress of Zalea, and enabled, from its overflowing magazines, to relieve the famishing garrison of Alhama. It now only remains for you, my lord, to redeem your knightly pledge, and if it is your purpose so to do, you will cast away doubt, and trust yourself for one hour to my guidance!”

“And therefore not name your demand upon this spot; circumstances may arise to make my presence necessary here within that hour, and it would have an ill seeming for the commander of a newly conquered garrison to be found absent from his post.”

“All is quiet, my lord, and I will guarantee it remaining so, and before the morning watch is called, you shall, if such is your pleasure, be safely sleeping on that couch, from which my intrusion has just now aroused you.”

“But whither would you conduct me? and wherefore, I ask again, would you lead me hence? Name your request and I swear to grant it. I feel deeply the vast weight of obligations under which, by the services this night rendered, you have laid me, and if the hoarded wealth of my coffers can repay you, it is yours.”

“Nay, Count de Padilla, I crave not gold, I have already more than enough of the sordid dust. It is valueless, compared to that which I shall ask, and which, I well know, it will try your very soul to grant.”

“You shroud yourself in mystery, sir Moor, and I must e’en follow you to unriddle it. But remember—for though you have been true to me so far, I know my person is obnoxious to your race; remember that I have a stalwart arm and a stout heart, and if I am set upon by men or devils, I will not yield an inch, till with this trenchant blade, which has never failed me at my need, I have pinned a score of them to the earth,” and so saying, he grasped his sword, and drawing his cloak about him, prepared to follow his guide.

“Had evil been intended to your Excellency, I should not have waited for this hour of quiet to inflict it,” said the Moor. “But let us hold no longer parley here, for although these walls have changed masters, there may yet lurk within them, eyes and ears far more to be dreaded than mine.”

As he spoke he unclosed the door through which he had entered, and passed out, followed by Don Gutierre. It led into a spacious and luxurious apartment, still faintly illuminated by the waning light of a silver lamp, that hung suspended from the ceiling. Crossing it with rapid steps, they passed into a corridor, which apparently extended through one wing of the palace, and was terminated by a door that opened upon a terrace, from whence steps descended to a small quadrangular court, paved with marble. This the Moor, closely followed by Don Gutierre, quickly crossed, and opening a low door, in a massive wall, that formed one of the opposite sides of the court, he discovered a narrow and spiral flight of stairs that wound up to the tower above. These he immediately began to ascend, and after climbing to an immense height, they reached a small apartment, that seemed but the entrance to a more spacious one within, and which shewed through its unfolded door, the luxurious draperies, soft carpets, and embroidered cushions, so well loved by the Moslem, and was lighted by lamps that diffused at once a soft radiance, and a delicious perfume around.

Before passing onward the Moor paused on the

threshold of the outer apartment, and turned towards the wandering and perplexed commander.

“Don Gutierre de Padilla,” he said, “I have already told you, that I was not instigated by malice or revenge to play a traitor’s part towards my countrymen—listen now, and judge if the motives by which I have been actuated, are unworthy of a soldier and a knight. Three score Christians languished here in captivity, and I vowed to obtain their release, for their faith is mine. Thirty were on the morrow doomed to suffer death, in retaliation for those Moors who were slaughtered in the passes of the Serrania, and I swore that I would sooner betray the fortress into the hands of the Spaniard, than permit a drop of their blood to flow. Listen yet a moment—these massy walls, within which we now stand, bear the name of the Infidel’s tower—the prison house of Christian maids and matrons, where they languish out their lives in captivity, or it may be, should they chance to please the beauty-loving eye of the Alcayde, they exchange it for the silken bondage of his thronged and glittering harem. There is one here—one favoured above the rest, to whom these apartments are devoted—who on the coming day was fated to become his victim—but I hazarded a deep and deadly oath, that I would peril life, fortune, fame, to save her, and I have done it—Count de Padilla, you have said that I deserved somewhat at your hands for the services of this night—but when I tell you, that I have rescued your lost daughter from the profanation of a Moorish harem, and restored her pure and unharmed to your arms, can I ask of your grateful heart a boon which it shall deem too precious to bestow.”

“No, no, generous Moor, such benefits as these can never be repaid. But my daughter! my lost and tender Inez! withhold her not from me—let me clasp her in my longing arms, and her lips shall utter fervent blessings, such as my heart acknowledges, but my tongue knows not how to frame into words.”

The Moor slightly bending his head, passed on to the inner apartment, Don Gutierre also entered. It was vacant, but raising to his lips a small silver whistle, he blew a shrill summons that was almost immediately answered by the appearance of a female slave, through an opposite door. To her he spoke a few words in the Moorish tongue, when she retired and a moment after, a light step was heard advancing; a fair and youthful figure sprang into the apartment, and bounding into her father’s outstretched arms, the lovely Inez cast herself with words of passionate love upon his breast. Tears rained from the eyes of the stern warrior, tears of gratitude and joy upon the precious head that nestled so fondly in his bosom, and for a few blissful minutes the father and child remained clasped in an embrace, too rapturous for words. When Inez again looked up, she met the eloquent gaze of the Moor, bent earnestly

upon her, and then she slid from the fond arms that unfolded her, to the ground, where, as she knelt at the feet of her father, the Moor cast himself beside her, and both raised their imploring eyes to the face of Don Gutierre. The bashful lips of Inez refused to give utterance to her emotions, but with fervid eloquence the Moor plead his impassioned suit.

“Count de Padilla, you have pledged the untainted honour of a Castilian noble to grant me whatever guerdon I should ask. Behold it here—I crave not wealth, nor honours, but bestow on me this precious hand, and earth holds not a gift I covet.”

A vivid crimson dyed the temples of the proud Count as he listened to these words, and as he glanced from the radiant form of the young Inez, to the mean habiliments, the turbaned brow, and swarthy visage of the bold Moor who dared to ask for such a prize, his first impulse was to chastise him for his insolence, and then drive him forth forever from his sight. But nobler feelings quickly chased away a purpose so unjust, and with the remembrance of all he owed to this obscure and unknown individual, came a thrill of admiration, a glow of fervent gratitude to warm his heart, and grasping the hand of his benefactor:

“Noble Moor,” he said, “it is not for me, whom you have overwhelmed with benefits, to withhold aught, that it may pleasure you to ask—I would indeed, that you had coveted wealth, or rank, or honour, and it would have given me joy to heap them all upon you—but since it is not so, take that which I prize above them all—that precious boon you crave. Speak, my Inez, shall it be so! wilt thou repay what thy father never can, and with the blessing of thy love, make glad the home of this generous stranger?”

The fair girl raised her soft dark eyes for an instant to those of her father, with an expression of glad, yet bashful assent, that could not be misunderstood, then rushed into his arms, and hid her blushing face upon his bosom.

“Found and lost in one brief hour, yet I gainsay thee not,” exclaimed Don Gutierre, in a voice of strong emotion, as bending down he fixed his moistened eyes, with a loving gaze, upon her beauty, then putting her gently from him, he turned away, and walked into the outer apartment, to hide the feelings, which the father’s heart struggled vainly to subdue.

“Now comfort thee, sweet,” said the Moor in a whispered tone; “my playful vengeance is satisfied, and I seek no further triumph.” And in an instant, grasping the huge turban which had wreathed his brows, he cast it upon the ground—the tunic also, and mantle—the false beard and eyebrows, were quickly stripped from his person, and the contents of a small vial, which he plucked from his bosom, restored his complexion to the bright and glowing olive, which was its natural hue. Brief and magical

was the transformation, and when Don Gutierre, in a few minutes, re-entered the apartment, he started on beholding a youthful knight in burnished armour, clasping the hand of the bright and smiling Inez. Bewildered and amazed, he fixed his eye inquiringly upon him, and with that long and earnest gaze, the truth flashed full upon his mind, for then he recognized the features of Hamet El Zurayni, the despised and rejected lover of his daughter, and read in the cast off raiment that strewed the floor, to whom it was that he owed the fortunes and successes of the night. El Zurayni penetrated his thoughts, and stepping hastily towards him :

“Count de Padilla,” he said, “I pray you pardon the deception I have practised, and let the motives which urged me to it cancel the transgression. Listen to my brief detail, and then say if I have acted unworthily. After King Boabdil, with his enfeebled and diminished court, had retired to Almeria, many of his knights dispersed themselves in small bands among the mountains, to carry on a sort of predatory warfare against the troops of the usurper El Zagal. It was while engaged in this service, that I learned, from one who had mingled in the affray, of Donna Inez’s capture; and that, with her attendants, she had been conveyed to the fortress of Zalea. My resolution was immediately taken, and, with four Moorish knights, who longed to do despite to El Zagal, we hastened hither, and enrolled our names among the defenders of the garrison. I was not slow in discovering the place of Donna Inez’s confinement, and when I learned that the Alcayde, a young and noble Moor, had, already intoxicated by her beauty, destined her to grace his harem, and distinguished her by marks of peculiar favour, my blood boiled with indignation. But I forcibly repressed my wrath, and so successfully insinuated myself into his good opinion, as to obtain an office immediately about his person. Thus situated, I soon gained his entire confidence, and having found means secretly to communicate with Donna Inez, I solemnly pledged myself to achieve her freedom, or lose my life in the attempt. Within the fortress also, were numbers of Christians, as well as Moors, adherents of King Boabdil, daily enduring indignities and scorn, and many, likewise, doomed to a cruel death, and I concerted with my friends on the best method of serving these, and averting from Donna Inez the fate to which she was destined. We agreed but upon one course; it was that which has been this night pursued, for we were in the garrison of an enemy, and friends or foes must be sacrificed. The choice was made—there was no other alternative, and the issue has proved such as our sanguine hopes predicted. Count de Padilla, my tale is told—my task ended, and my fondest wishes accomplished—unless, indeed, you withhold from the Christian knight, the precious gift, which was so nobly surrendered to the Moorish renegade.”

Don Gutierre smiled—a bright and joyful smile—and joining the hands of Inez and El Zurayni, clasped them for a moment between his own, then, turned away, and, followed by the happy lovers, retraced his steps back to the apartment, which an hour before he had quitted, full of dark foreboding and distrust.

Montreal.

(ORIGINAL.)

FASHION'S FOLLIES.

I am an odd, old-fashion'd kind of man—
Not very old, but as I say old-fashion'd;
And, now and then, as chance may be, I scan
In mood the mildest and most unimpassioned,
All that may hap to disarrange the plan
Of social solacement, which—plague and fash on't—
The bread and butter, mim-mouth'd innovation
Of these queer times is making desolation.

All that was simple, sensible, and kind,
In good old times, is now despised—contemn'd
By fashion's law—to common sense how blind!
Mankind seem govern'd, and their acts condemn'd;
And, 'neath its sway and censure, how resigned
The greater portion of them crouch and bend.
There is no doubt this fashion's a brave word,
Howe'er incongruous 'tis—howe'er absurd.

Hear ye its vot'ries—listen to their prate,
In tones enthusiastic beyond measure—
So it does seem—they'll lo'rd and long debate
Of good old worthies of the past—a pleasure,
Swelling, apparently within, as they relate
How fondly their bright stores they reap and treasure.

Yet were those mighty-minded 'mong us now,
Their simple plainness would be quizz'd, I vow.

Pope, Shakspeare, Scott—imperishable names—
Nor in themselves, nor in their works, did shew
The senseless foppery which now proclaims
The man much envied—the applauded beau—
The courted—flatter'd—the admir'd of dames—
Except to ridicule and maul them so:
One scarce would think those names could be their
passion,
But so it is—and why? It is the fashion.

Fashion, with many, is their all-in-all;
It is their motive toward good and bad:
They go to church the same as to a ball;
They don a broider'd scarf or tartan plaid;
They torture a piano, or they squall;
Their alms and visits are withheld or paid;
They walk demurely, or they reckless dash on,
Just as may be the then prevailing fashion.

It is a war of artifice 'gainst nature,
Downright hypocrisy throughout prevailing;
The kindly feelings of a kindly nature,
Have no scope here—all bootless, unavailing,
To force their way, where not a single feature
Of honest-heartedness relieves the mailing
Of selfish coldness which engirdeth all,
Who, soul and body, own fell fashion's thrall.

Shades of our Highland and our Lowland mothers,
Of "good old English gentlemen's" good wives;
Of Erin's ancient matrons, and of others,
Who reel and strathspey danced as for their lives,
And country-dance and jig too—what now smother

Our indignation and keeps it in gyves;
When at them all, as *vulgar*—so pride goes—
A pert, incipient miss turns up her nose?

Departed spirits of the famous Gow—
Neil Gow, "the man that played the fiddle weel"—
And of all fiddlers, who e'er in a row,
Gave forth inspiring music for a reel;
Of the great Peter—piper, who did blow
Thy stirring strains to many a gallant chiel—
What would ye think if ye could learn by chance,
Genteel young men now don't descend to dance.

It is enough—I can no longer brook
The subject, 'tis so far from being pleasing;
I will ensconce me in some quiet, warm nook—
The weather now is just like fashion—freezing—
I'll read the *Garland*, or some other book,
To circumvent old Time, and stop his teasing,
And with my friends, who're not in fashion's
train,
I will enjoy myself "now and again."

DOBBIN.

(ORIGINAL.)

TRIFLES.—NO. IV.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN OF CANADA.
PART II.

It was my intention, on commencing my first article on this subject, to examine the various Canadian works in the order in which they were published, but the difficulty of procuring them compels me to adopt a somewhat more irregular mode, and to proceed in whatsoever order I may obtain them. I can only hope that my want of method will be overlooked from the impossibility of avoiding it.

A great many works, or rather narratives, the productions of Recollet and Jesuit priests, were written about the year 1640. These missionaries seem to have been most indefatigable in their labours for the conversion of the Indians, and to have been alike assiduous in quest of information regarding their adopted land. The details of these relations are too

minute to be of general interest, and chiefly allude to the scenes amid which the writers lived, and to the objects for which they laboured. They speak, too, but of one subject, being *des brièves relations de la Nouvelle France*, or *des relations de ce qui s'est passé en la Nouvelle France*. Many of these publications were in Latin, but a complete collection of them is not supposed to exist.

For some years after the death of Champlain, which happened in December, 1635, the zeal of the priests was greatly checked by the continual feuds which existed between the Hurons and Iroquois, and the intermediate tribes; but this time they seem to have employed in compiling and arranging the materials of their previous observations. That these compilations, as they purport to do, give authentic descriptions of the aborigines of the country, cannot be doubted, for the situations in which the narrators were placed afforded them the best opportunities of obtaining information, besides the minuteness with which the most trivial things are noted, bears internal testimony of their truth, though the prejudices of the profession of these missionaries, and of the age in which they lived, may have rendered them but mediocre observers.* Among the writers of whose accounts concerning the Indians in Canada we read, are Rosette, M. de St. Cosme. Hennepin, Perin, the Baron de la Hontan, and the Bishop of Mieux, who travelled in North America by the desire of the Queen of France.

In 1667, was published at Paris a narrative of the campaign of the Marquis de Tracy against the Iroquois, which gives a terrible account of the mode of warfare in those days. This expedition was undertaken by M. de Tracy in 1666, who, notwithstanding that he was more than seventy years of age, wished

* It would seem that the zeal of these worthy men was sometimes applied, without scruple, by the governors for the purposes of colonial policy. In the year 1687, the then Governor of Canada, De Nonville, made use of the influence which the Jesuit Lamberville possessed over the tribe of the Iroquois, with which he resided as missionary, to allure their chiefs to Catarqui under pretence of terminating by a conference and treaty, the differences which had hitherto existed between them. On their arrival at Catarqui, they were shamefully put in irons, embarked for France, and sent to work in the galleys. Lamberville, shocked at De Nonville's perfidy, threw himself on the mercy of the Iroquois, disavowing all knowledge of or participation in the infamous perfidy. The conduct of the Indians was most magnanimous; the tribe granted him guides to conduct him to a place of security, and delayed hostilities until he was safely removed from danger. On parting, the old man addressed him as follows: "We are authorised by every motive to treat you as an enemy, but we cannot resolve to do so. Your heart has had no share in the insult that has been put upon us, and it would be unjust to punish you for a crime you detest still more than ourselves. But you must leave us, our rash young men might consider you in the light of a traitor who has delivered up the chiefs of our nation to shameful slavery."

to command in person. His army was composed of 600 French soldiers, about the same number of Canadians, and 100 savages of different nations. With these and two rude pieces of artillery he routed the enemy, reduced their villages to ashes, and destroyed an immense quantity of grain collected by the savages, sufficient to have maintained the colony for two years. On his return to Quebec he caused several of the enemy to be hung, in revenge for the death of his nephew.

Louis Hennepin, a Recollet missionary, whose name we have already mentioned, published a long account of his voyages in America, from Mexico to Canada, in the year 1683. This work is dedicated to Louis the XIV. in a strange tirade of adulation, and though the truth of its contents are much doubted by Charlevoix, (who be it remembered was of a different order,) yet the fact that his second work on the same subject underwent four editions at Amsterdam, speaks loudly in its favour. Hennepin evidently suffered great persecution after his return to France, from the jealousy of M. de la Salle, by whom he was commissioned to explore the Mississippi. He was banished from France on account of his refusal to return to America, and retired to Holland, where he dedicated the new narration of his discoveries to William III. His accounts of the Indians, with whom he lived several months, are said to be remarkably accurate and well written, though Charlevoix declares "*qu'ils sont écrits d'un style de déclamation qui choque par son enflure.*" It is very natural that Charlevoix should have been shocked by the "truths more plain than pleasant," which Hennepin advanced, in relation to some instances of gross misconduct on the part of certain Jesuits towards the Indians, for it would appear that some of the latter missionaries did not always go upon the principle *sum cuique tribuere*, when their interests were concerned.

In 1703, and the following years, le Baron de la Hontan published several works on North America, and among others, a Dictionary of the Algonquin language. His descriptions of the manners and customs of the Indians in Canada are interesting, though, like most other writers on this subject, he speaks of them only as he found them, without reference to their early condition. Macintosh (of whom I shall speak in course) has gone farther, in a speculative point of view, at least, than any other writer on this interesting subject. It is hardly to be expected that much more will now be discovered regarding their primitive state, for the difficulty of doing so increases proportionably as the race diminishes in numbers and importance, and as its character merges in that of the whites.

François Joseph Lafitau, a missionary Jesuit and historian, in the year 1718, published a work relative to the discovery of the plant ginseng, which the Chinese hold in high estimation, and which they col-

lect from Corea and Tartary. It was discovered in the forests of Canada, by this Jesuit, and called *Aurelia Canadenses*. The technical name of the plant to which it has so great a resemblance, (for there seems to be some doubt as to its being exactly the same species), is *panax quinquefolia*. The first which was sent to China sold at a great price, and the demand for some time was so great, that the value at Quebec rose from 1s. 8d. per lb. to £1 0 10. Smith, in his History of Canada, says, that in 1752, the quantity exported exceeded £20,000 in value. He attributes the discontinuance of this lucrative trade to a wrong method of preparation by the Canadians, which so greatly deteriorated it in value, that the Chinese refused to purchase it. A more probable reason, however, I should conceive, was its not possessing the same quality as the genuine plant, or perhaps from motives of policy, the Chinese prohibited the trade entirely. L'Abbé Raynal, however, supports the former opinion,* and if such be the case there surely can be little difficulty in reviving a branch of commerce, which, if well conducted, may prove a source of wealth both to the colony and to the individuals engaged therein.

Lafitau makes mention in his work of a strange analogy between the language of the Indians of Canada and that of the Chinese, particularly in the name of the plant to which he refers. From this circumstance, he, like some other writers, infers the descent of the North American Indians from the inhabitants of Asia, at a more recent period than the flood, and conceives that America at one time was joined to Asia. For the evident demonstration of these conjectures, however, some stronger proof is required, than that a single word in the language of two nations, many thousand miles apart, should be found to be used by both in the same sense.

The next work of which I shall make mention, is that of Charlevoix, published at Paris, in 1744, under the title of "*Histoire et description générale de la Nouvelle France, avec le Journal Historique d'un voyage fait par ordre du Roi dans l'Amérique Septentrionale, avec les cartes et figures.*"—6 vols in 12mo. As this book forms a standard work on almost every subject connected with Canada, and as much has been said both in praise and dispraise of it, a careful perusal becomes necessary, and I shall therefore defer my remarks, on it until next number.

JONATHAN GRUB.

(To be continued.)

CONJUGAL PUNCTUALITY.

A married gentleman in the East Indies is in the habit of receiving lengthy and affectionate epistles from his wife in Europe. These he never opens, but carefully puts them by, tied up and labeled according to their dates, in order, on his return, that his wife should read them to him all in a lump.

* See vol. 5, page 73.

(ORIGINAL.)

GEOFFREY MONCTON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER VI.

"BE ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," was the advice of the Divine Lawgiver, when he sent his disciples forth on their heavenly mission to an evil world. Religion had formed no part of my education, since the death of my good aunt. I was almost ignorant of its forms. But the sacred volume was not unknown to me. In the multitude of sorrows which had bewildered my young heart, I had sought for consolation in its holy, pages nor had I risen from the perusal un comforted. On retiring from the presence of Robert Moncton, my mind overwhelmed with bitter thoughts, and every evil passion in my nature struggling for mastery, I sought the solitude of my miserable chamber. By chance the Bible lay open upon the table; my eye glanced involuntarily upon the page, and was forcibly arrested by the sentence with which I have commenced this chapter. "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves,"—what better course could I pursue? From what source could I receive better counsel? None, that so entirely suited my present condition. I sat down and pondered over the past, and with gloomy apprehensions looked forward to the future. I was alone in the house of the oppressor. Harrison had disappeared. I had neither friend nor adviser to admonish me in this straight. To follow the suggestion of my own impetuous feelings, was to quit Mr. Moncton's house for ever, and fling myself upon the world—but then, said reason, you throw away six years of hard labour—lose your dear bought indentures; and for ever put a bar to your rising in your profession; without money or friends to recommend you to another situation, and with Robert Moncton for an enemy, you have little chance of obtaining bread. To bear my evil lot for one year longer, would place me beyond his power. I should be of age, and free from his control. For once I thought coolly. I will adopt Harrison's advice—curb my own headstrong temper, and endeavour to conciliate the evil disposition of my master, by ceasing to irritate him with constant

opposition. I will conscientiously perform my duties, treat him with respect as my uncle and guardian, and leave the rest to Providence. Having made up my mind to adopt this line of conduct, I washed my feverish hands and face, made my toilette and sought the office. Here I found Mr. Moncton engaged with papers of consequence. He held out his hand as I approached.

"Are we friends, Geoffrey?"

"That depends upon circumstances," said I, hardly able to curb my natural obstinacy. "I hope we may become such."

He appeared surprised at the alteration in my manner.

"It has been your own fault that we have been otherwise, Geoffrey—I really wish to serve you." He paused. "I am greatly displeased with my son," he continued, "he has thwarted all my plans for his advancement. If he continues to act in direct opposition to my wishes, it were better for him, had he never been born." He stamped upon the floor, and ground his teeth in a sudden paroxysm of passion. I, who had never before seen his immovable face alter its gloomy expression stared at him in amazement. Can he feel? That cold exterior, is all deception—like the snow that covers the brow of the volcano, concealing from the careless observer the hill beneath. "Geoffrey," he continued, "if you act wisely you may become dearer to me than this rebellious son."

"I should be sorry to rise on another's ruin—I would rather gain your favour, uncle, on any other terms."

My words seemed to strike home to his heart, or rather conscience. The one, he had never possessed, the other, though deadened, spoke often in tones to his guilty soul which could not be mistaken.

"Foolish boy! you are blind to your own interest. But you belong to a family famous for playing the fool, it runs in the blood of the Monctons."

"You surely are an exception uncle," I replied in a sarcastic tone.

He was too much occupied in thought to notice

my meaning, but turning to me with a lively air he said :

"Geoffrey, you have been a good lad upon the whole, and I am willing to forget your past acts of indiscretion. From this day I exempt you from the common drudgeries of the office, and you are free to pursue your professional studies in your own chamber. I likewise intend allowing you certain sums quarterly to enable you to maintain your situation as a gentleman; I wish you to improve yourself in general literature, and will spare no expense in procuring for you the fashionable accomplishments of the day. Only conduct yourself to my satisfaction, and your fortune is already made."

In spite of all my high-souled resolutions, human nature triumphed; and I hailed the prospect of my emancipation from bondage, with inconceivable delight. I had not the knowledge of character which I now possess; years of experience, of bitter experience, had not then taught me to read in the countenance the mind and moral character of the man. Young, ardent, unused to kindness, and anxious to think the best of human nature, I believed that I had wronged my uncle, that he was not so vile as he had hitherto appeared. He certainly had repented of his unchristian-like conduct to the orphan whom Providence had committed to his care, and was willing to promote my interest for the future. I shook him warmly by the hand, begged his forgiveness for my past folly, and thanked him sincerely for his offers of service. He looked long and steadily in my countenance, lighted up as I am sure it must have been, with the enthusiasm of my feelings. He appeared satisfied with my sincerity, and doubtless marvelled at the credulity of his victim.

My uncle's house of business, and office, was in Hatton Garden, but he had lately taken an elegant mansion in Piccadilly, to which I had seldom been admitted. Never as a guest, though occasionally, I had conveyed letters of importance to Mr. Moncton in his private study. Judge then my surprise and satisfaction in being transported from the old dull dingy den in Hatton Garden, to this princely dwelling. Exchanging my forlorn, dusty, ill-furnished garret, for a handsome chamber provided with all the luxuries which modern refinement has rendered necessary to our comfort. A small, but well selected library crowned the whole. Astonished at the unexpected change in my circumstances, I did little else the first day, but walk to and fro, my spacious apartment, examining the different volumes in the bookcase, the elegant prints which adorned the walls, and the press, full of fine linen, and fashionably cut clothes, which a note from my uncle, very kindly worded, had assured me were mine.

I should have been perfectly happy; had it not been for a vague, unpleasant sensation, a certain dwelling of the heart, which silently seemed to reproach me for accepting all these benefits from

one, whom I did not love; and for whom I could never feel respect. I foolishly silenced this unerring monitor, which ought never to speak in vain; and time brought with it the punishment which I deserved.

I dined alone with Mr. Moncton, and was duly inducted to my cousin's empty chair. He asked me if I were satisfied with the apartments selected for my use? I was warm in my thanks, and he appeared pleased. After the cloth was removed, he challenged me to a game of backgammon. I was a novice to the game; my uncle was the winner, and, for the first time in my life, I thought him an agreeable companion. His manner of conversing with me, however, was abrupt and authoritative, and he often took me by surprise. After drinking several bumpers of wine in succession, he pushed the bottle to me.

"Help yourself, Geoffrey."

"I have had enough."

"Nonsense boy! dont you like wine?"

"I hardly know. It is a beverage I have been little accustomed to drink."

"Ha! ha! that's good—are not you anxious to increase your knowledge?"

"If I take more just now, I shall be drunk."

"What then?"

"I should be ashamed of myself."

"And were you never drunk?"

"Never!"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"And never were intoxicated—it's time you should be as wise as other men, then; fill your glass."

He drank deeply. I followed his example—but the wine to my surprise, had no effect upon my senses; whilst my uncle's gloomy countenance relaxed much of its severity.

"Geoffrey," he said, "Do you remember your parents?"

"My mother perfectly—of my father I have but a very indistinct recollection."

"Should you like to see their portraits?"

"Are they in existence?" I eagerly exclaimed!

"Ah, how my heart yearns to look upon them."

"Well, I can gratify you." He rose or rather staggered up, and opening a cabinet of elegant workmanship, returned with two miniature pictures, which he placed in my eager hand. "I found these among my brother's papers—keep them—they are yours—but—don't look at them now."

How I longed to disobey him—with a sigh, I placed the precious deposit in my bosom, and was about to quit the room.

"Sit down, Geoffrey, you are too sober to go to bed yet. Let us drink to your better fortune. Do you like the profession I have chosen for you?"

"Much."

"Have you made any progress in your legal studies?"

I told him, that I hoped, he would find me less deficient on this head than he expected. He asked me some difficult questions, and, half intoxicated as he was, appeared surprised at my answers.

"By the bye," he continued, "I was not aware until lately, of your fondness for literature. The manner in which you have devoted your leisure hours deserves some praise."

"Who told you, sir, the manner in which I passed my leisure hours?"

"Your friend Harrison? By the way, what has become of him?"

"I wish I knew. His absence is a great loss to me."

My uncle fixed his large dark eyes full on my face. "I have some doubts, as to that. Who or what is this Harrison? You were his friend and confidant—you doubtless know?"

"Of his private history, nothing. His moral character, I know to be excellent."

"Whew!" said my uncle, "all this is very fine in theory—young people like you are easily deceived. Has he never hinted that he was once in better circumstances?"

"He has, and blames his own imprudence, for being reduced to his present situation."

"Humph! imprudence, is a respectable name for intemperance, dissipation, and vice of every description. Your moral young gentleman might easily preach against sins which had caused his own ruin. Believe me, Geoffrey, the vices and passions of most men are alike, but some have greater art in concealing them."

"I cannot believe that."

"Not now, but the time will come, when you will wonder how you ever thought otherwise—but to get rid of a dull subject—were you ever in love?"

In spite of myself I felt the blood rush in a crimson tide to my face. The image of the beautiful girl I had rescued from death swam before my eyes. To answer this question was impossible. I hastily rose, and lighting a candle at a side table, wished Mr. Moncton good night, and retired."

"What did he mean by all these questions?" I exclaimed, as I threw myself into a chair in my own apartment. "Were they instigated by mere idle curiosity, or had he some purpose to answer? God knows. He is a strange man. I am glad the cross examination is over."

I drew from my bosom the portraits he had given me. The first case I unclasped, contained the fine manly face of my father. The gay happy countenance, full of hope and intelligence, seemed to smile upon his unfortunate son. I raised my eyes to the mirror. The same features met my glance, but oh, they were saddened by early care. At twenty, I was but a faded likeness of my father. I sighed as I pressed the portrait to my heart, and vainly wished

that my face wore the same serene and joyous expression.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings whilst gazing on the picture of my beloved mother. The fast falling tears for a while shut these fondly remembered features from my sight; but they still floated before the eye of my soul in all their original loveliness. The sweet calm face, the lofty modest brow, the dark intellectual eye, the small rosy mouth, with its gentle confiding expression, recalled the lost happy hours of early childhood; and like a child, I bowed my head upon my hands and wept. "And is it of you, dearest mother, that bad men dare to whisper hard things—could they look upon that sweet modest countenance and believe aught against your honour. I could curse my father, though his only son, could I believe him such a villain as to take an unfair advantage of such youth and innocence. No! 'tis a base, an infamous falsehood, invented by bad men to answer some bad purpose, and may I perish when I believe it for one moment true."

I locked up the portraits carefully in my desk and retired to bed; but the wine I had drank, and the unusual excitement of my feelings prevented me from closing my eyes in sleep until the dawn of day.

From that hour, I became my uncle's man of business, his confidential clerk, and chief agent in matters which required address and skilful management. If he did not regard me with affection, he respected my principles, and placed the greatest reliance on my abilities. In short, I became his right-hand, attending him in all his journeys, and was present at every suit he carried into court; but what afforded me a far greater triumph, was the consequence which these marks of favour gave me in the eyes of my uncle's visitors. I no sooner appeared with him in public, than invitations crowded in upon me from all quarters. The shabby and despised lawyer's clerk was forgotten in the well dressed and accomplished Geoffrey Moncton. The ladies regarded me with smiles of approbation, and the men looked upon me as a rising genius, and I was intoxicated with the adulation I received from the world and its smooth tongued votaries. Six months glided rapidly away, and every day brought with it fresh sources of pleasure. Though fond of society, I hated dissipation, and had no relish for the common vices with which many young men degrade both their physical and mental powers. My uncle laughed at what he termed, my unnatural prudence, and tried, by every art, to engage me in scenes and pursuits from which my mind revolted, and his own example only served to strengthen my disgust. The romantic passion I had conceived for the fair unknown, acted as a secret talisman in securing my heart and affections from the contaminating influence, to which I was often exposed. In vain I frequented places

of public amusement, in the hope of once more beholding the charming countenance, whose bright eyes had effected the conquest of my young and inexperienced heart. I was still doomed to suffer the most provoking disappointment.

One evening, I returned late from the office in Hatton Garden. My uncle was from home, and a great press of business had detained me long past the dinner hour. The porter opened the door, and one of the footmen, with whom I was a great favourite, addressed me in a mysterious manner, as if willing to impress me with the importance of the news he had to communicate.

"Mr. Geoffrey, Sir Alexander Moncton, my master's uncle, sir, is in the dining-room, waiting to speak to you. I told him, sir, that we expected Mr. Moncton home tonight, and his gentleman brought his portmanteau, and he intends staying here for a few days."

"Thank you, Saunders, for your information," cried I, hurrying off to my apartment, to make some alteration in my dress. My heart beat audibly. I was at length to be introduced to the great man of the family, who might, if he pleased, become a powerful friend to his friendless relative. It was fortunate that my uncle was from home, and I should be allowed to speak for myself. I was so anxious to make a favourable impression upon Sir Alexander, that I took an unusual degree of pains in adjusting my dress; but the more pains I took, the less I succeeded in pleasing myself. One suit, which indeed was my very best, I fancied made me look vulgar; another was unbecoming—in short, no bride on the morning of her nuptials ever felt so diffident of herself, as I did on that eventful day, which I predicted was to be the most fortunate in my life. The extravagance of youthful hope is only equalled by youthful vanity, and, whilst standing before the finely polished mirror, contemplating my own person with infinite satisfaction, I forgot the stigma attached to my birth, my dependent situation, and the very proud man in whose presence I was about to appear.

After pondering for a few minutes over the manner in which I should address Sir Alexander, a sudden sense of the absurdity of my conduct struck me so forcibly that my day dream vanished in a hearty fit of laughter. "Hang it!" I exclaimed, "what a ridiculous puppy, I would make of myself with all this affectation and nonsense. Nature is the best guide in works of art; why should not our conversation and manners, be governed by the same unerring laws—simplicity and truth, possess a charm which can never be attained by studied airs and imaginary graces. It is better to appear as I am, with all my imperfections on my head, than affect to be what I am not; even if by so doing, I should ensure the good opinion of my rich relation. Regaining my composure with these wise reflections I join-

ed Sir Alexander in the dining room, just as the first course was placed upon the table. Introducing myself with as much ease as I could assume, I explained the nature of the business which had detained me so long at the office, and apologized for the absence of my uncle, and the lateness of the dinner hour; all which he received in very good part—shook me very kindly by the hand, and took his seat at the board, with the air of a man determined to make up for lost time. I did the honors as well as I could, but acquitted myself very awkwardly, in spite of the encouraging looks of poor Saunders, who gave me various silent hints, by touching my toe, or arm, whilst officiating in his vocation, which only increased my blunders. Little was said, during our meal, and I was heartily glad when the cloth was withdrawn, and Sir Alexander and I were left alone to improve our acquaintance over a bottle of excellent port. He commenced the conversation.

"You are a son of Edward Moncton?"

"Yes, his only son."

"I was not aware that my unfortunate nephew left a son. It is strange, that I should have been kept in ignorance of such an important circumstance. Your father offended me by his extravagant and imprudent conduct, and I early predicted the termination of his mad career; but, my displeasure by no means extended to his orphan son. I cannot comprehend, why your existence should have been kept a secret from me."

He paused, and fixed a pair of large melancholy, but very piercing eyes, so intently on my face, that I left the blood rush to my very temples. "I do not doubt your veracity, young man. You are too like the man I loved so long and well, for me to question your origin. But are you sure that you are his legitimate son?"

"I feel no doubts on the subject," I exclaimed vehemently. "My heart tells me that I am his legitimate son: and I am confident that Heaven will one day enable me to substantiate my claims."

"Does Robert Moncton admit them?"

"No!"

"On what ground does he disown your legitimacy?"

"He says, that no certificate of my mother's marriage is in existence; and without such document can be procured, the world will not acknowledge me as Edward Moncton's legitimate son."

"Or Sir Alexander Moncton's heir," replied the Baronet. "But I am not like the rest of the world, Geoffrey, I dare to think and act for myself. This uncle of yours, is an artful and designing man. I knew him, and his ways of old, and his son is a scoundrel. It is mortifying to the pride of an English gentleman; the representative of an old and noble family, to acknowledge such men as his successors."

The old man rose from his seat and paced the room for some time in silence. He was so much occupied with his own thoughts that I had leisure to examine his countenance more minutely. Age, for he was considerably turned of sixty, had slightly bent his tall and very commanding figure, and had subdued, but not quenched, the fire of a pair of the finest dark eyes I ever beheld. His forehead was high, his nose aquiline, his mouth small and very handsomely formed, and the whole face, though pale and furrowed by the touch of years, wore a benevolent and intellectual expression. Independently of his rank, and the relative position in which we were placed, his physiognomy created in my mind the most powerful interest.

After a few turns he resumed his seat. "Geoffrey," he said, grasping me warmly by the hand, "I sincerely wish that your legitimacy could be proved. It would not be Robert Moncton's bare assertion that would make me believe you a bastard. There is something about you which greatly pleases me, and so forcibly reminds me of the best days of your father that for this circumstance alone I promise to befriend his son. If ever you should stand in need of assistance, seek me in your distress, and you will be sure to find a friend."

I endeavoured to speak—but my heart was too full. I was quite overwhelmed with such unexpected kindness. Before I found words to express my thanks, a loud knocking at the door announced the return of my uncle.

He appeared surprised—I thought annoyed, by the presence of Sir Alexander, whilst he cast on me a hurried and suspicious glance. Whatever his feelings were he quickly mastered himself, and gave the Baronet a most cordial and flattering welcome. Sir Alexander returned his advances with cool politeness, and it was evident that he too put a restraint upon his feelings.

"I am sorry, Sir Alexander, I was from home when you arrived—I hope my people were not deficient in attending to your comfort?"

"By no means, Robert. Your absence gave me the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with this young gentleman, who I feel proud to call my relation."

Mr. Moncton cast towards me a contemptuous look, while a sarcastic smile half curved his thin lip.

"I am happy to find your time was so pleasantly employed, and that Geoffrey did the honours of the house so well. By the bye, Geoffrey—are those papers transcribed I left with you on Monday?" This he added in a sharp, authoritative tone, as if he anticipated a reply in the negative.

"They are, sir—and many others have passed through my hands since then."

"I commend your diligence, Geoffrey," he said, affecting an air of complacency, "and am really sorry to take you away from such agreeable com-

pany, but business, Sir Alexander, must be attended to. This bundle of papers is of great consequence, and must be transcribed by noon tomorrow. You need not go to the office tonight—step into my study—you will find all you require there."

I felt convinced that this was but a stratagem to get rid of my presence. I fear I took the papers with an ill grace, bowed and retired.

It so happened that the study opened into the dining room, and without meaning to do so, I left the door but partially closed, and sitting down at the table, began mechanically to transcribe the uninteresting documents. Several hours passed away. I heard the gentlemen conversing in gentle tones, evidently upon business of little moment. The servant brought in coffee, and shortly after that I concluded they had set in to drink until supper should be announced. In the midst of drawing out the items in a long deed of settlement, my attention was aroused by the mention of my own name, and the following conversation fell distinctly upon my ear:

"This nephew of yours is a fine lad; how comes it that I never heard of him before?"

"You are not aware, Sir Alexander, that he has no legal claim to our notice—he is but a bastard of my brother Edward's, whom I have educated and reared out of charity."

"That was an act of kindness hardly to be expected, Robert, from one of your profession," said the Baronet, with a provoking laugh; "but I suppose you have got your penny worth out of the lad."

"He possesses good abilities," returned Moncton, in a discontented tone; "but he is a headstrong, ungovernable, obstinate fellow, and not over grateful for all the obligations he has received at my hands. He will never come to any good, and I often bitterly repent adopting him into my family."

"When you are tired of him," said Sir Alexander, carelessly, "turn him over to me; I will see what I can make of him."

"You are not in earnest?"

"Never more so."

A long silence ensued. My hand trembled so with agitation, I endeavoured in vain to direct my pen. "It is useless," I said, mentally—"I cannot write—the deed may go to the devil, for what I care!" and I flung it from me. "That man is a consummate scoundrel!" and at that moment I longed to have him beneath my feet. Sir Alexander again resumed the conversation:

"Who was the mother of this lad?"

"A young person of the name of Rivers, the only daughter of a poor curate in Devonshire. You know my brother's dissipated habits. He seduced the poor girl from her peaceful home, and the father died shortly after of a broken heart. This boy was the sole fruit of the connexion; but the parents were never married."

"I always heard to the contrary; and I can scarcely believe Edward guilty of such an act of villany."

"Extravagant men, of unsettled principles, are not much troubled with qualms of conscience," said my uncle; "but on his death bed, Edward repented deeply of this act, and recommended the child to my protection, in such moving terms that I considered myself bound in duty to provide for him, and he has found an asylum with me ever since."

"When he is out of his time what do you mean to do with him?"

"I have not yet determined; in all probability I shall retain him in my office, as my managing clerk."

"But his abilities are too good to be sacrificed in such a menial situation. Take him in as under partner, and I will advance the necessary premium."

This proposal appeared greatly to irritate my uncle, and he replied with some warmth:

"Sir Alexander, I have a son."

"True," replied the other, with provoking calmness; "Geoffrey would prove a formidable rival to your son. I do not wonder at your anxiety to keep them apart. By the bye, what has become of Theophilus?"

"He is abroad. His last letter was dated from Venice; but it is little that he troubles me with his correspondence. He is better where he is. He is a great source of trouble and vexation to me when at home. But we must make some allowance for the follies of young men: we were once young men ourselves, Sir Alexander."

"I should be sorry if ever I resembled him," returned the Baronet. "His conduct has been such that it makes me blush when I think that we bear the same name. It was to speak to you, Robert, on this painful subject that brought me to town."

"I am sorry, Sir Alexander, that is not in my power to defend him," said Mr. Moncton, in an humble voice. "You have more influence with him; you are most likely to induce him to renounce his evil courses."

"Great must be the respect he entertained for me and my daughter, when he dared to insult us by seducing this poor girl, on our very estate, at our very doors, and at a time when he asked my consent to pay his addresses to my child. There is only one way by which he could regain my favour. Let him pursue that, and, outraged as our feelings have been, I promise freely to forgive him."

"Name it," said Mr. Moncton, in a low and tremulous voice.

"Let him marry the poor deluded victim whose heart he has already broken."

"And by so doing incur his father's curse;" exclaimed my uncle grinding his teeth, and stamping upon the ground.

"Till he does this, and by so doing wipes off the infamous stain he has attached to our house. I must consider both father and son as strangers."

"You may please yourself, Sir Alexander." "But I will never give my consent to such an union—God knows I cannot."

There was another long pause, and I heard the Baronet traverse the apartment with long and hasty strides. At length he said: "You may be right. This horrible old woman, who has sold her grandchild for the lucre of gain, was once in your service. You best know what relationship exists between your son and the lovely victim of his unhallowed passion. But let it be as it may, Theophilus Moncton shall never darken my doors until the grave has closed over me."

Sir Alexander left the room. A few minutes after a carriage dashed from the door at a rapid pace, and I felt convinced that he had quitted the house. My uncle's step approached the door. My head sunk upon the table, and I feigned to be asleep—and without uttering a word he withdrew. From that hour a marked alteration took place in my uncle's manner towards me. It was evident that the commendations of the Baronet had ruined me with him forever, and he now considered me in the light of a formidable rival. He withdrew his confidence from me, and treated me with the most pointed neglect. But he could not deprive me of the station he had given me. I retained my seat at his table, and my consequence in the eyes of his guests. In a few months the term of my articles would expire, and I had received several private applications from a lawyer of eminence, to accept a place in his office, which rendered my uncle's conduct a matter of indifference. The sudden and unexpected return of my cousin Theophilus gave a very different aspect to my affairs.

CHAPTER VII.

It would be no easy matter to describe the surprise and indignation of my cousin, when he discovered the despised and insulted Geoffrey had become a person of some consequence during his absence. I shall never forget the contemptuous inclination of his head, or the studied air of indifference with which he received my salutations, and under which he endeavoured to conceal his chagrin. The long cherished dislike which I had entertained for him had lost much of its stern character during a separation of many months. I was willing to believe that I might sometimes have been the aggressor, and that time, and a more intimate knowledge of the world, might have produced a favourable change in his character and disposition; and I determined at all events to meet him without any manifestation of our former hostility. I had still to learn that the world rarely improves the heart, and I saw no alteration in Theophilus Moncton, which gave the least hope of mental improvement. After I had been a few minutes in his company I found him more arrogant and conceited than when he had

adieu to his native shores. The affectation of imitating foreign customs and foreign manners rendered him far more annoying in his assumed, than he had been in his natural character. I listened for the first week to his long and self-important details, with tolerable patience, hoping that the theme must soon be exhausted, and the dandy would condescend to remember that he was an Englishman by birth and education; but finding him becoming more Frenchified every day, and disgusted with his egotism, I turned from him with feelings of aversion I could ill conceal. It must have been apparent, even to himself, that I loathed his company.

The sympathy that exists between kindred minds, all have felt at some period of their lives. But the secret and mysterious chords of feeling, which unite hearts formed by nature to understand and appreciate each other, are not more electric in their operation and effect, than those, which have their origin in the darker passions of the human breast. How repugnant to a sensitive mind, is a forced association with persons from whom we can claim no affinity, and whose sentiments and pursuits are at utter variance with our own. I was acutely alive to this sensation whenever I encountered the sidelong sinister glance of my cousin's heavy lack-lustre eyes. We mutually understood each other. He scrupulously avoided addressing his conversation to me, yet, it was chiefly intended for my edification, and was replete with satirical invectives against me. I detested this covert manner of attacking an enemy. It is mean and unfair in the highest degree, as it deprives the person attacked of all chance of taking his own part, and boldly defending himself.

I endeavoured to treat my cousin's illnatured sarcasms with the contempt they deserved; but his provoking speeches galled me exceedingly; and often while I appeared to be totally unconscious of their import, and earnestly engaged in the perusal of some dull law book, I was listening to every word this unamiable being uttered, and quivering with indignation in every limb. Theophilus enjoyed this petty warfare, and I found his powers of tormenting were greater than I had at first imagined.

That Mr. Moncton had a game of his own to play, by the manner in which he had taken me from the obscurity of his office, and introduced me into general society, I was now daily convinced. He met his son with a stern and frowning brow, and whilst in his presence, treated me with marked respect and attention. This rendered my situation far more trying and irksome—I mistrusted the father, and detested the son. I felt, that the former only tolerated my society, and treated me with civility, in the hope of rousing the envious spirit of his debauched and insolent son, to emulate the talents and industry which he at the same time respected and dreaded in his poor relation. One afternoon, whilst sitting over his wine, Mr. Moncton as usual addressed

all his conversation to me. Theophilus seemed more than usually annoyed, and unable to conceal his spite. He suddenly turned to his father, and exclaimed in a voice scarcely audible from the vehemence of his passion :

“You seem sir, to forget you have a son?”

“Yes—when that son forgot what was due to himself, and to his father's house;” was the cold reply.

“You have to thank my *moral* education for that,” was the insolent rejoinder. “I have trod too closely in your own footsteps, and followed too strictly the honest principles of my father—ha, ha, ha! Are you surprised, sir, that your bright example should have operated so forcibly on the mind of your son?”

Shocked at this horrible speech, I looked from father to son, expecting to see the dark eye of the former alive with the light of passion. But no—there he sat—mute as a marble statue; and it was frightful to watch the rigid immovability of his countenance. “God in Heaven!” I mentally exclaimed; “can he hear this from an only son, and remain thus calm?” But calm he was, without even attempting a reply, whilst the insolent wretch continued :

“By Heaven! if you think by advancing that puppy into my place, to bend me to your purpose, you but grossly deceive yourself—I pity the poor puppet who thus sneaks to his bitterest enemy, to obtain that respectability he could never obtain by his own merit. Silly boy! I laugh at his folly—our shallow policy, and his credulity.”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when I sprang from my chair and levelled him at my feet.

“Thank you, Geoffrey?” exclaimed Robert Moncton, rising and ringing for his servants to raise the crest fallen hero from the ground. “You have well answered both for yourself and me.”

“I have been too rash,” I replied, seeing the blood streaming copiously from my cousin's nose; “but he exasperated me beyond endurance.”

“He provoked it himself,” returned the lawyer; “you need be under no apprehension from his anger. Theophilus is a cowardly dog. He can snarl, but he dares not fight. Go to your room, Geoffrey—forget what has past, and you will be better friends after this.” He said this with such an air of bitter irony that I knew not whether he was pleased or offended with me; but who could fathom the mind of such a man. I retired to my chamber, and felt, however mortifying to my pride, that Theophilus Moncton had uttered the truth.

“In another week,” I exclaimed, as I strode through the apartment, “I shall be free.” Theophilus had not been home many days, before I perceived a decided alteration in the once friendly greetings which I had been accustomed to receive from my uncle's numerous guests. I was no longer

invited to their parties, or treated with those flattering marks of attention which had been so gratifying to my vanity, and had given me such an exalted opinion of my own consequence. At first, I was at a loss to imagine what had effected this sudden change. One simple sentence at length solved these unpleasant queries, and pressed the unwelcome truth home to my heart. I was a poor relation.

The day I made this important discovery, I had been detained longer than usual at the office, and meeting with a friend, on my way home, I sauntered with him several times up and down Regent-street, before I returned to my uncle's house. I was not aware that Mr. Moncton expected dinner company, until informed by Saunders in the hall that a large party had just assembled in the dining room. I was not a little provoked at not receiving some previous notice of the circumstance, and being too late for dinner, I hurried away to my own apartment, in order to dress and join the ladies in the drawing-room.

This important affair was scarcely settled, before Saunders entered with a tray, covered with dainties, which he had collected for my benefit.

"I was determined, Mr. Geoffrey, that they should not have all the good things to themselves. See, here is a plate of delicious turtle soup, first rate—the fine plump breast of a partridge, and a most excellent slice of salmon, besides ham and lobster sauce. If you cannot make a good dinner off these, you deserve to be hungry."

I laughed heartily, in spite of my chagrin, and determined to profit by his advice. "Why was I not informed of this party, Saunders?"

"It was all Mr. Theophilus, sir. The party is given in honour of his return. The company was invited a week ago, and, says Mr. Theophilus to the governor, 'I shall say nothing to Geoffrey about it. What a capital joke it will be, to see him bolt into the drawing-room, without first studying the graces for an hour.' I think it was the graces, sir, he said, but whether its a law book, or a book of the fashions, sir, I can't tell."

"But why did not you give me a hint of it, my good fellow?"

"Why, sir," said Saunders, hesitating and looking down, "every body in this world has his troubles, and I, sir, have mine. I was so occupied in thinking about my own concerns that I quite forgot yours."

"And what has happened to trouble such a light hearted creature as you, Saunders?"

"Ah, sir!" said the poor fellow sighing, "you remember Jemima, the pretty house-maid, at Judge Falcon's. I'm sure you do, for your first praising her made me cast an eye upon her. Well, sir, I fell desperate in love with her, and she promised to be my wife, and I gave master warning for next week, and took lodgings in a genteel country looking

house on the Deptford road; when, sir, as ill-luck would have it, Mr. Theophilus' Frenchified valet saw Jemima, and poured such a heap of flummery into the poor girl, that it turned her brain altogether, and she ran off with him last night. Ah, sir, never put any trust in woman. I swear I'll hate them all for Jemima's sake."

"Think yourself a fortunate fellow, in escaping from such a flirt, Saunders," said I. The tears were in the poor fellow's eyes. I really pitied him.

"You have a kind heart, Mr. Geoffrey. There's one thing, however, that consoles me under this great trial. The annoyance it has given to Mr. Theophilus—no one this morning to dress him—to flatter his vanity, and tell him what a fine gentleman he is. Oh! 'twas excellent to see him stamping and raving about the room, and wishing all the women in the world at the devil. But hark, there's the bell. More wine—the ladies are in the drawing-room."

(To be continued.)

SONG OF AQUELLA,

BY S. J. BURR.

Come to the forest—come, love, come!

Come, if thy heart is pure and true;
Thy Indian girl a guide to thee—

Her home shall be her lover's too.
Our mountain paths are long and steep,
Our mountain caves are dark and deep;
The wood is close—and, sleeping there,
Our maidens do not dream of fear.

Come to the wildwood—come, love, come!

The ven'son's fresh—the herbs are sweet—
Through smiling vallies we will roam,
And by the lapsing streamlets meet;
Among gay flow'rs the waters glide,
And perfumes greet us far and wide;
No longer, then, the moments waste—
Come to the forest—haste, love, haste!

THE LOVE OF SELF,

Regard thyself—thy being understand,

Its nature scan, its fair proportions know;

Give to the body—to the head—the hand—

To every part, what unto each we owe.

Give to the soul, in its eternal flow

Of power and feeling, and transcendant thought

Such care as shall avoid its endless wo—

Such care, as with maturest wisdom fraught,

Shall seek its glorious worth intensely as we
ought.

RULE OF LIFE.

MAN should carry life like a spirited falcon in his hands, allowing it to mount into the ether, and being able to call it back again to earth, whenever it is necessary.

(ORIGINAL.)

PHILOSOPHY AND THE SEVERER ARTS.*

NO. I.

MR. EDITOR,—It has often grieved me to think of the little interest which this community takes in literary and scientific subjects. The favour with which the *Garland* is received, no doubt indicates a change for the better; but still matters are far from being as they should be. It is with the view of “emending” the false taste which you will confess is occasionally evident, that I have selected the following from among my papers, and if you think it likely to be of service in your endeavour to instruct and amuse the public, I may hand you some more specimens of my essayings in the “severer arts,” especially such as concern more or less the fair sex.

A CRITIC.

A NEW READING IN POPE.

EVERY Eriton ought to take shame to himself that we have allowed the scholars on the continent of Europe to outstrip us so far in the art of Emenda-

* Our friend the critic, from a natural prejudice in favour of his own pursuit, may not be aware how little attention most people have given to the art of criticism. It is no disparagement to our readers to say that some among them may not know what emendatory criticism is. For the benefit of such, and especially of the ladies, who may be interested in the question, we take the liberty of explaining. Before the invention of printing, the copies of a book, were multiplied by writing. It is easily conceived that a work, in passing through the hands of successive transcribers or copyists, would become full of errors from their blunders. It becomes an important task, then, to detect these errors, and restore the work to the state in which it came from the author's hands. This is called emendatory criticism.

The sacred writings have not escaped the errors of transcribers, any more than others, and not a little learning and labour have been employed in restoring them to their original purity. Some of the Germans who have laboured in this field have shown great rashness and presumption. Whenever a passage is not what they think it should be, they pronounce the text corrupt, and proceed to correct it; and in doing this they have recourse to *suppositions*, equally gratuitous as those which our friend the critic makes about the way in which the supposed error crept into Pope's works. It is necessary to know thus much about the matter, in order to see the point of the essay, which appears to us to be a satire upon these emendatory critics.

The strictures of our friend we have taken in good part—and would “emend” the evil complained of—if we could—all that can be done at present is, however, imperceptibly to guide the current into a better channel—it would, with the materials at our command, be running upon defeat, to attempt to force it. One great point has been already gained—and our motto, in the worst of times, has been “*nil desperandum*.”—ED. L. G.

lory Criticism. The thought of this has lain very heavy upon my patriotic feelings for some time; but as I have observed that those only who had done, or thought they had done, something towards wiping off any national opprobrium, have taken the liberty of expressing their sense of it, so neither will I venture to give farther vent to my feelings on this subject, without having endeavoured to deserve the privilege.

After a careful search for a proper case in which to give proof of my powers in this way, I have at last fixed upon a passage from Pope. The reason of my choice is twofold. The field which ancient authors present for emendatory criticism, is already occupied by the Germans. Now, according to an eminent critic, the reason why Milton is not the greatest of epic poets is because he was not the first. It is impossible, therefore, to attain fame and distinction in the hackneyed path of ancient literature. The only thing we can do is, to strike a new path for ourselves, and shake off the dust from our own classics; which, having been little disturbed since they came from the hands of their authors, may be expected to afford many a sweet morsel for a critical palate. My only fear is, that when once a taste for this kind of food shall be acquired, the substance of the books themselves may be pounded to dust to satisfy it; for it is of the nature of an acquired appetite to increase by indulging.

The reason of my choosing the particular passage of Pope which I have selected, is, that it is usual for the first writers on any subject to seize on the most obvious and interesting parts of it; and that I have followed this laudable method will at once appear when I cite the passage:

“The proper study of mankind is man.”

When this sentiment came to be the subject of my periphrases, (I am fond of such short apothegms, for critics, like dogs, succeed best with those bones which they can most conveniently get into their mouths,) I reasoned thus with myself: What is the object of study? To acquire knowledge. What is the use of knowledge? It confers power. Power over what? Over that of which we have acquired the knowledge. Does the poet then mean to say that the proper business of man is to acquire power over man? That is the doctrine of despots and not of poets. Such a principle might come from the Grand Turk, but not from the enlightened Pope. We will therefore endeavour to show that our author did not write thus, or, at least, should not have written thus; and then set ourselves to divine what he did write, or what he should have written.

Man is a gregarious animal; the individuals of the race, therefore, cannot have a separate interest. Of what use, then, would it be for one man to have more power than another? It may indeed be said that such a state of things is advantageous for the com-

munity. But this is a doctrine held only by those who profess absolute principles in politics; and the sentiment involving it cannot be Pope's, unless he belonged to that class of persons. That he did not, his writings show in every line. We take a sentence at random :

“ But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.”

That is, let us be theoretically right whatever practical grievances we may suffer. This is any thing but a part of the creed of the absolute school. Their favourite maxim is : “ That is the best government which is best administered.” Pope therefore did not belong to that school, and therefore could not have given utterance to the sentiment which the line we are examining conveys in its present form.

By considering the ultimate effect of knowledge, we have thus shown that the passage is somewhere wrong. Let us see if, by a similar process, we cannot discover what the true reading is. To the words, “ *the proper study of mankind is,*” there can be no objection, because all are agreed that man ought to study something. It is to a wrong object, then, that our studies are directed. It is obvious that the poet intended to point out what kind of knowledge is most useful to man, or, in other words to direct his studies to that by which his happiness is most affected, and which he, therefore, has most need to have under his control;—for we ought always to bear in mind the sublime truth that *knowledge is power*. Any one who has taken the trouble to follow the foregoing train of reasoning, will, by this time, see what the true reading must be :

“ The proper study of mankind is *woman*.”

The reason why one man ought not to have power over another is, we have already stated, because they cannot have a separate interest. This is by no means the case with the two sexes. Their interests often clash. Witness pin-money, and other matrimonial settlements; ladies' tea-parties and bachelor's dinners, where the appearance of one of the other sex would be considered an intrusion, like that of an enemy into a council of war. It is therefore evidently for the advantage of the whole community of man, that this common enemy be put and kept in subjection.

As to the degree in which our happiness depends upon this being, it is needless for me to speak. Have not sages and poets, from Homer down to the present day, been calling upon gods and goddesses to assist them in giving some faint idea of the pernicious effect of female influence in human affairs. That the other sex, then, is the proper subject for the study of man, is beyond question.

But is there, it may be asked, any direct evidence that such was the original reading? If we attend, however, to the real state of the question, we shall

see that, as such evidence is not to be expected, so neither is it required. It has been proved beyond dispute, that the common reading is not correct, and it has been shown no less satisfactorily what best answers the poet's design; this therefore is to be received as the true reading, until positive evidence be adduced for some other emendation equally probable, *a priori*.

And if we can any in way account for the present false reading, we shall impart to that for which we are arguing a very high degree of probability. We have only, then, to suppose that a taste for alliteration led the printer's devil to read *man* after *mankind*, instead of *woman*. That, in the proof-sheet, the author inserted the syllable *wo*, and that the first impression was thus issued correct. That before another edition was printed, the author fell into discredit, and his books were all burnt. That the printer's son, however, an eminent Turkey merchant, had taken the proof sheets with him to Constantinople, as curiosities, and lent them to a learned Turk. Now, when this Turk came to the line where *man* was corrected into *woman*, he could not see the propriety of the correction; he could not, for the life of him, understand the use of studying an animal which has not a soul, and which he had found means for keeping perfectly in subjection, by lock and key. He therefore looked upon the syllable above mentioned, as the interpolation of some wag, and immediately erased it by a chemical process, in which art he was very expert; for, as is well known, the Saracens, who were of the same religion as the Turks, were the inventors of chemistry. The sheets were of course returned to their owner; and when he reached home and found what had happened to Pope's works, he lost no time in having them reprinted from the proof sheets in his possession; and as they had not the benefit of being revised by the author, who was now dead, they were allowed to come out with that error which has continued to disgrace them ever since, and which we have thus succeeded in correcting.

(ORIGINAL.)

WINTER.

BEHOLD, what a change on the fair face of nature, Now, all under the canopy of heaven, is covered with one sheet of interminable white, and that white mantle, though grand, and glorious, and of virgin purity, surpassing in brilliant splendour all that art can accomplish; yet how different from the mantle of green, trimmed with all variety of colours, which we beheld around us a few months past!

We read in the most blessed of all books, that “ seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat,” will follow each other in regular succession, till time shall be no more. Every season brings its pleasures and its pains; its advantages

and disadvantages. When we suffer from the inconveniencies of winter, we sigh for the genial warmth of summer, forgetting that heat brings languor on the mind and body—clouds of buzzing, biting, rebel flies, and loads the air with thick burning sand and dust, which we cannot but inhale with every breath. In summer, when we languish under the rays of a scorching sun, we sigh for the cooling breeze—we retire to the shade of some spreading grove, we endeavour to train the umbrageous vine to climb up on our windows, to perform the office of Jonah's gourd—but the cool air is not in the shade.

As every season brings inconveniencies, as well as pleasures, peculiar to itself, it is no more than right that the inconveniencies should be borne with, not merely because they are allotments which we cannot escape, but for the pleasures and enjoyments that are, in all seasons, mingled with them. If, in summer, the clouds of suffocating dust blow around us, if the rays of a nearly vertical sun dash down upon, and scorch us—if the countless millions of hungry insects which the teeming earth pours forth in every direction, wage bloody war against us, there are the green clad fields, the beautiful flowers of every delicate tint and hue—the rich luxuriant fields of waving, yellow corn—the vast expanse of the primeval forest adorned with rich foliage, shaking in the breeze, to feast the eye with the endless variety of the great Creator's wisdom, power, and goodness—there are the singing of birds, warbling in the grove, the lowing of cattle, quietly feeding on the green pastures, and the bleating of the innocent lambs, to please and soothe the ear.

Thus, I have endeavoured to impose on myself, not merely the necessity, but the duty of being reconciled to the severity and privations of winter. My reason never fails to convince me that discontent is wrong; but my feelings and my nerves rebel against reason, and set the best arguments at defiance. Winter comes and is in full possession. We are told that frost and snow, sleet and hail, set forth the praise and glory of that Almighty being whose goodness and mercy are over all his works; but, alas! our Canadian winters are cold, severely cold, and hard to endure—still, cold as it is, people say, or affect to say, that they enjoy it, but I cannot join them. The winter is my dread, not altogether the cold; for I can stand the cold as well as many others. The wind and the fire are my terror. Every blast that strikes on the house affects me painfully. The sound which the fire makes in the stove, or on the hearth, reaches to my heart. A cold which sinks the mercury to 26° below 0, as it does this third day of January 1840, requires heat to keep the blood from freezing in our veins. Accordingly the fire is made to blaze, to rattle, and to thunder. Some say they like this kind of music—I wonder if such people are to be believed. The sound of this music is to me terrific. It strikes on my ears, (but ears I need

not say, as if meaning the one on each side of my head; for my body is all ear,) I say it strikes on my ear, my whole body and soul I mean, as the most terrible of all sounds. It seems to create in my body, or at least to awake, myriads of living nerves, and the worst of it is, every one of them is struck, not only in one imperceptible little spot, but all the way, from one end to the other throughout the whole labyrinth of coils. Guess you then, most friendly reader, how I must feel when the wind blows on the house as if to blow it over; and the fire rattles in the stove, as if impatient to pour up a flood of flame through the chimney. I do therefore long for summer, when we can have warmth without fire, when we shall have other music than that of the thunder of blazing, crackling burning, dreadful flame.

A SEXAGENARIAN.

A SCENE IN PARIS.

TRAVERSE the Rue de Sévres at what hour you may, you are sure to meet with one or more Sisters of Charity, in their coarse woollen gowns and clean white *guimpes*, gliding along with the noiseless step acquired by habitual ministry in the chambers of the sick, bent either upon some pious errand between one hospital and another, or carrying succour to the afflicted, or commissioned by their superiors to inquire into the authenticity of some tale of woe. If young, (and many a face both young and fair may be found under the shadow of the *guimpe*), the nun's countenance is usually cast down as she moves along; and, as she passes, her lips may be seen murmuring a prayer or paternoster. But if middle-aged or more, she looks straight before her; her spirit being too much engrossed by the cares and duties of life to need forcible estrangement from the scene around.

Then comes the grave-looking priests, pale with vigils and fasting, about to convey to the pillow of the sick and needy those spiritual consolations of which health and opulence have yet to learn the value. His form is spare, his eye fixed with inward meditation. "Nothing can touch him further" of the vanities of life. He hath but one thought, one hope, one care; the folding of the flock whereof he must render an account to the Lord of all Christian shepherds?

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

THE Poetry of our lives is like our religion; kept apart from our every-day thoughts, neither influence us as they ought. We should be wiser and happier if instead of secluding them in some secret shrine in our hearts, we suffered their humanising qualities to temper our habitual words and actions.—*Lady Blesington*.

(ORIGINAL.)

CANADIAN MELODIES, No. 1.

Without that chain which association gives to every little memorial of scenes and feelings that are past these Melodies may, perhaps, be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful Lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard these simple airs with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of them which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

Thomas Moore.

"C'EST LA BELLE FRANÇAISE."

MUSIC ARRANGED BY MR. W. H. WARREN.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is in a simple, folk-like style.

It was a sad Canadian maid, Her

tale of sorrow telling, By the rippling stream 'neath a

Maple's shade, That waved near her lonely dwelling. Heigh-ho!

Pity that maids should ever love! Heigh-ho! Pity that men should

e - ver rove!

II.

She had giv'n her heart, all fresh and pure,

To one who had vow'd to cherish ;

She felt that her love would still endure,
And dreamed not that his could perish.

Heigh-ho !
Pity that hearts should ever change !
Heigh-ho !
Pity that love should ever range !

III.

Spring blossom'd then—ere its flowers were gone,

By her swain was that maid forsaken ;

And tidings came that a fairer one
Her place in his heart had taken.
Heigh-ho !
Pity that men should e'er deceive !
Heigh-ho !
Pity that maids should be left to grieve !

IV.

Life was to her a troubled dream,

A night with no cheering morrow ;

And sadly still, by that rippling stream,
She told her tale of sorrow.
Heigh-ho !

Pity that maids should trust away !
Heigh-ho !

Pity that swains should be led astray !

v.

That stream still ripples, bright and free,
Her lonely dwelling laving ;
But, alas, that crimson Maple tree

O'er the maiden's grave is waving.
Heigh-ho !

Pity that maids should ever love !
Heigh-ho !

Pity that men should faithless prove !
Montreal.

OUR TABLE.

THE CANADIAN BROTHERS—BY MAJOR RICHARDSON, KNIGHT OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF ST. FERDINAND, &c. &c. &c.

THIS work, for which public expectation has been some weeks on tiptoe, has at length reached "Our Table" in its complete form, and we are consequently at liberty to remark fully upon it.

We confess ourselves sincerely gratified at the receipt of this publication, which is, we believe, the first of its class issued from the Canadian Press, and is the "mental-facture" of one who owns his birthplace among us, and who is not, even in the literary world of England, "unknown to fame." Indeed, the high literary rank of the author of "Wacousta" is such as will naturally predispose the reader to receive with anticipations of pleasure whatever he may now offer to the world, although we are bound to state that the work before us requires no aids of such an adventitious nature.

At any time, and in any country, would this book take a respectable rank, and would be met with popular favour, but here, and at the present moment, it cannot fail to be hailed with peculiar gratification. We say, at the present moment, because it is one when every thing tending towards the establishment of more kindly feelings, political and social, should be particularly commended, and although the work professes no political character, it occasionally treats upon subjects which, by analogy, may bear a reference to the present condition of these colonies, inasmuch as, the Imperial and Colonial Governments being engaged upon the maturing of a measure, almost unparalleled for its magnitude and importance, in our Colonial history, with the view of assimilating the different races inhabiting the Canadas, and proportionately advancing their united and individual prosperity, it should be the aim of all to lend assistance towards rendering the measure one of permanent and enduring usefulness, for if it be one of experiment and peril, its ultimate success will mainly depend upon the spirit in which it is received by those whose weal it is designed to affect. Confident are we that nothing will more materially assist in the developement of the incalculable resources of these gigantic countries than an union of feeling and sentiment among those who are bound by every tie of interest and affection to shrink from no task which their paramount duties to themselves and to posterity enjoin upon them. One of these duties is to cast a veil over whatever, being held up continually to view, may retard the general weal of the country we inhabit, and the empire of which it forms no unimportant part. This cannot be more effectually done than by using whatever honourable means may be at our disposal to remove all obstacles from the path of those who hold in their hands the balance of our future destinies. The author of the "Canadian Brothers," has (unconsciously and indirectly it may be, as the book has been some years written,) contributed the aid of his powerful pen to attain this most desirable end, by exhibiting the readiness with which all classes and creeds flocked round the standard of their common country in an hour of doubt and danger, ready to gage life and limb to maintain the supremacy of Britain, over these fair and extensive colonies.

In its historical character, too, this work may be safely recommended, containing as it does, much that is useful in point of fact. While we deprecate the superficial reading of history to be gleaned from even a connected chain of historical tales, as being a dangerous medium from which to acquire knowledge, we cannot withhold our opinion that the perusal of fictitious narratives, founded upon historical truths, which the author, neither in words nor spirit has perverted, will be found to afford much assistance to the young student, as being more free from tedium than the graver details of the formal historian; and, in countries such as these, which are lamentably deficient in works treating upon their past existence, such books must be particularly useful. In this light we view the work of Major Richardson, and we doubt not the public will award their praise to the author by meeting it with the liberality which the merits of the work warrant the author in anticipating.

The tale of the "Canadian Brothers" commences with an outline of the state of affairs on the western frontier of Upper Canada, at the period of the American Declaration of War in 1812, and gives a spirited sketch of the military and naval operations of the opposing armies,—the historical characters introduced being the gallant general, Sir Isaac Brock, Commodore Barclay, the celebrated Indian Warrior Tecumseh, and several others of lesser note. Major Richardson has himself heard the din of battle, and his descriptions of the "foughten field" are written with the enthusiasm of his cloth, the contending hosts being placed by the magic of his pen vividly before the eye of the reader. With the result of that unequal struggle, however, our readers are familiar, and the principal interest is of course attached to the personal fortunes of the heroes of the tale, to whose adventures, as in duty bound, the author has devoted his principal attention, introducing a sufficiency of historical reminiscences to render the work one of lasting excellence.

We will not attempt even an epitome of the contents of the "Canadian Brothers," contenting ourselves with remarking that the plot is ably laid, and carried through with unflinching interest—heightened by the mystery attached to some of the principal characters. By the bye, to our judgment, the gallant Major indulges somewhat too freely in the mysterious,—the only fault, if fault it be, which we find in the volumes, except the unhappy attempt at the Caledonian dialect made through one of the military characters, whose uncouth Scotticisms have been, however, explained in a prefatory notice by the author. The dialogue is sound and argumentative, displaying a penetrating and highly cultivated mind,—the "mess table chat" is lively, piquant and witty—sometimes brilliant,—and the whole spirit of the work is of the most liberal *caste*, and, withal, bears throughout a thoroughly colonial character, although many of the *dramatis personæ* are the offspring of other lands.

Altogether the work deserves well of the Canadas, and the British Provinces in general, for in it is the colonial character vindicated from the aspersions hitherto too frequently cast upon it, as being secondary in sterling worth to that of the parent country—an idea the expression of which was as impolitic as its belief was erroneous and unjust. It is indeed obvious that the materials composing colonial society are of the best producible by the mother country, with occasional exceptions unworthy of remark, for the very fact of a wish to emigrate argues a desire to rise to a more elevated position, and there is no ingredient in the human composition more deserving of commendation than a just and properly directed ambition.

There is, too, another feature in the work we cannot justly pass over in silence.

We have more than once had occasion to allude to the ungenerous nature of the treatises upon the American social and political character, written by modern tourists, the evil tendency of which is fully apparent. The "Canadian Brothers" is free from this stain, and while justly censuring the Government of these states, for its almost unprovoked declaration of hostilities against the British Empire, at a moment when that power was engaged with her continental wars, he does not seek to conceal the honourable manner in which the officers of the Republic carried out the orders of those whom they were bound by the constitution and by their oaths to obey. In fact, we would not wonder if he should be thought to lean too favourably to the conduct of the Americans, a contingency the possibility of which has been foreseen by the author, and lest he should be supposed capable of yearning after undue popularity, on either side of the line, he has given the following explanatory facts, bearing reference to a correspondence with Sir H. Taylor, Principal Aid-de-Camp and Private Secretary to His late Majesty, in 1833, at which time it was intended to publish the work, with a dedication, by permission, to the "sailor king," and at a time when, it may be presumed, he had no intention even of visiting the American continent:

The Author has no hesitation in stating, that had it not been for the very strong interest taken in their appearance, by a portion of the American public in the first instance, these volumes never would have been submitted to the press of this country. Hence, to a corresponding feeling might under other circumstances, have been ascribed the favorable light under which the American character has been portrayed. From the dates of the above letters from the principal Aid-de-Camp and Private Secretary to His late Majesty, it will, however, be seen, that the work was written in England, and therefore before there could have existed the slightest inducement to any undue partiality.

That this is the case, the Author has reason to rejoice; since in eschewing the ungenerous desire of

most English writers on America, to convey a debasing impression of her people, and seeking, on the contrary, to do justice to their character, as far as the limited field afforded by a work, pre-eminently of fiction, will admit, no interested motive can be ascribed to him. Should these pages prove a means of dissipating the slightest portion of that irritation which has—and naturally—been engendered in every American heart, by the perverted and prejudiced statements of disappointed tourists, whose acerbity of stricture, not even a recollection of much hospitality could repress; and of renewing that healthy tone of feeling which it has been endeavoured to show, had existed during the earlier years of the present century, the Author will indeed feel that he has not written in vain.

In the *Garland* of April last we gave a quotation from "The Canadian Brothers," descriptive of the escape of a very prominent character—an assassin and traitor—from the hands of his captors,—we now select a short extract, being an exciting scene from what almost immediately follows the formerly published chapter. It refers to the hero of the tale, whose vessel had been employed to convey some prisoners of war from Amherstburg to Detroit, where, after having landed his charge, the young commander lays to for the night, before proceeding back to his station—a period of incaution taken advantage of by the enemy to make a night attack upon the vessel.

Having retired to his own cabin, Gerald was about to undress himself, when he fancied he could distinguish, through one of the stern windows of the schooner, sounds similar to those of muffled oars. While he yet listened breathlessly to satisfy himself whether he had not been deceived, a dark form came hurriedly, yet noiselessly, down the steps of the cabin. Gerald turned, and discovered Sambo, who now perfectly awake, indicated by his manner, he was the bearer of some alarming intelligence. His report confirmed the suspicion already entertained by himself, and at that moment he fancied he heard the same subdued sounds but multiplied in several distinct points. A vague sense of danger came over the mind of the officer, and although his crew consisted of a mere handful of men, he at once resolved to defend himself to the last, against whatever force might be led to the attack. While Sambo hastened to arouse the men, he girded his cutlass and pistols around his loins, and taking down two huge blunderbusses from a beam in the ceiling of the cabin, loaded them heavily with musket balls. Thus armed he sprang once more upon deck.

The alarm was soon given, and the preparation became general, but neither among the watch, who slumbered in the fore-castle, nor those who had turned into their hammocks, was there the slightest indication of confusion. These latter "tumbled up," with no other addition to the shirts in which they had left their cots, than their trousers, a light state of costume to which those who were "boxed up" in their pea jackets and great coats on the fore-castle, soon reduced themselves also—not but that the fog admitted of much warmer raiment, but that their activity might be unimpeded—handkerchiefed heads and tucked up sleeves, with the habiliments which we have named, being the most approved fighting dress in the navy.

Meanwhile, although nothing could be distinguished through the fog, the sounds which had originally attracted the notice of the officer and his trusty servant, increased, despite of the caution evidently used, to such a degree as to be now audible to all on board. What most excited the astonishment of the crew, and the suspicion of Gerald, was the exactness of the course taken by the advancing boats, in which not the slightest deviation was perceptible. It was evident that they were guided by some one who had well studied the distance and bearing of the schooner from the shore, and as it was impossible to hope that even the fog would afford them concealment from the approaching enemy, all that was left them was to make the best defence they could. One other alternative remained, it is true, and this was to cut their cable and allow themselves to drop down silently out of the course by which the boats were advancing, but as this step involved the possibility of running ashore on the American coast, when the same danger of captivity would await them, Gerald, after an instant's consideration, rejected the idea, preferring the worthier and more chivalrous dependence on his own and the crew's exertions.

From the moment of the general arming, the long gun, which we have already shown to constitute the sole defence of the schooner, was brought nearer to the inshore gang-way, and mounted on its elevated pivot, with its formidable muzzle overtopping and projecting above the low bulwarks, could in an instant be brought to bear on whatever point it might be found advisable to vomit forth its mass of wrath, consisting of grape, carnister, and chain shot. On this gun indeed, the general expectation much depended, for the crew, composed of sixteen men only, exclusive of petty officers, could hope to make but a poor resistance, despite of all the resolution they might bring into the contest, against a squadron of well armed boats, unless some very considerable diminution in the numbers and efforts of these latter should be made by "old Sally," before they actually came to closer quarters. The weakness of the crew was in a great degree attributable to the schooner having been employed as a cartel; a fact which must moreover explain the want of caution, on this occasion, on the part of Gerald, whose reputation for vigilance, in all matters of duty, was universally acknowledged. It had not occurred to him that the instant he landed his prisoners his vessel ceased to be a cartel, and therefore a fit subject for the enterprize of his enemies, or the probability is, that in the hour in which he had landed them he would again have weighed anchor, and made the best of his way back to Amherstburg.

"Stand by your gun, men—steady," whispered the officer, as the noise of many oars immediately abreast, and at a distance of not more than twenty yards, announced that the main effort of their enemies was about to be made in that quarter. "Depress a little—there you have her—now into them—fire."

Fig-z-z-z, and a small pyramid of light rose from the breech of the gun, which sufficed, during the moment it lasted, to discover three boats filled with armed men, advancing immediately opposite, while two others could be seen diverging, apparently one towards the quarter, the other towards the bows of the

devoted little vessel. The crew bent their gaze eagerly over her side, to witness the havoc they expected to ensue among their enemies. To their surprise and mortification there was no report. The advancing boats gave three deriding cheers.

"D—n my eyes, if I didn't say she would miss fire, from having her breech unknived last night," shouted the man who held the match, and who was no other than Tom Fluke. "Quick, here, give us a picker."

A picker was handed to him by one, who also held the powder horn for priming. "It's no use," he pursued, throwing away the wire, and springing to the deck. "She's a spike in the touch-hole, and the devil himself wouldn't get it out now."

"A spike!—what mean you?" eagerly demanded Gerald.

"It's too true, Mr. Grantham," said the boatswain, who had flown to examine the touch-hole, "there is a great piece of steel in it, and for all the world like a woman's bodkin, or some such sort of thing."

"Ah! it all comes o' that wench that was here on deck last night," muttered the helmsman, who had succeeded Sambo on duty the preceding night. "I thought I see her fiddlin' about the gun, when the chase was made after the Yankee, although I didn't think to say nothing about it, when you axed Tom Fluke about Sal's apron."

Whatever conjecture might have arisen with others, there was no time to think of, much less to discuss it—the boats were already within a few yards of the vessel.

"Steady, men—silence," commanded Gerald in a low tone, "Since Sal has failed us, we must depend upon ourselves. Down beneath the bulwarks, and move not one of you until they begin to board—then let each man single his enemy and fire; the cutlass must do the rest."

The order was obeyed. Each moment brought the crisis of action nearer: the rowers had discontinued their oar, but the bows of the several boats could be heard obeying the impetus already given them, and dividing the water close to the vessel.

"Now, then, Sambo," whispered the officer. At that moment a torch was raised high over the head of the negro and his master. Its rays fell upon the first of the three boats, the crews of which were seen standing up with arms outstretched to grapple with the schooner. Another instant and they would have touched.

Gerald pulled the trigger of his blunderbuss, aimed into the very centre of the boat. Shrieks, curses and plashing, as of bodies falling in the water succeeded; and in the confusion occasioned by the murderous fire, the first boat evidently fell off.

"Again, Sambo," whispered the officer. A second time the torch streamed suddenly in air, and the contents of the yet undischarged blunderbuss spread confusion, dismay and death, into the second boat.

"Old Sal herself couldn't have done better: pity he hadn't a hundred of them," growled Tom Fluke, who although concealed behind the bulwarks, had availed himself of a crevice near him, to watch the effect produced by the formidable weapons.

There was a momentary indecision among the enemy, after the second destructive fire; it was but momentary. Again they advanced, and closing with the vessel, evinced a determination of purpose, that left little doubt as to the result. A few sprang into the chains and rigging, while others sought to enter by her bows, but the main effort seemed to be made at her gangway, at which Gerald had stationed himself with ten of his best men, the rest being detached to make the best defence they could, against those who sought to enter in the manner above described.

Notwithstanding the great disparity of numbers, the little crew of the schooner had for some time a considerable advantage over their enemies. At the first onset of these latter, their pistols had been discharged, but in so random a manner as to have done no injury—whereas the assailed, scrupulously obeying the order of their Commander, fired not a shot until they found themselves face to face with an enemy; the consequence of which was, that every pistol ball killed an American, or otherwise placed him *hors de combat*.

Still, in despite of their loss, the latter were more than adequate to the capture, unless a miracle should interpose to prevent it, and exasperated as they were by the fall of their comrades, their efforts became at each moment more resolute and successful. A deadly contest had been maintained in the gangway, from which, however, Gerald was compelled to retire, although bravely supported by his handful of followers.

Step by step he had retreated, until at length he found his back against the main-mast, and his enemies pressing him on every side. Five of his men lay dead in the space between the gangway and the position he now occupied, and Sambo, who had not quitted his side for an instant, was also senseless at his feet, felled by a tremendous blow from a cutlass upon the head. His force now consisted merely of the five men remaining of his own party, and three of those who had been detached, who, all that were left alive, had been compelled to fall back, upon their Commander. How long he would have continued the hopeless and desperate struggle, in this manner is doubtful, had not a fresh enemy appeared in his rear.

These were the crews of two other boats, who, having boarded without difficulty, now came up to the assistance of their comrades. So completely taken by surprise was Gerald in this quarter, that the first intimation he had of his danger was, in the violent seizure of his sword arm from behind, and a general rush upon, and disarming of the remainder of his followers. On turning to behold his enemy, he saw with concern the triumphant face of Desborough.

"Every dog has his day, I guess," huskily chuckled the settler, as by the glare of several torches which had been suddenly lighted, he was now seen casting looks of savage vengeance, and holding his formidable knife threateningly over the head of the officer whom he had grappled. "I reckon as how I told you it would be Jeremiah Desborough's turn next."

"Silence fellow, loose your hold," shouted one whose authoritative voice and manner, announced him for an officer, apparently the leader of the boarding party.

Awed by the tone in which he was addressed, the settler quitted his grasp, and retired muttering into the crowd behind him.

"I regret much, sir," pursued the American Commander seriously, and turning to Gerald, "that your obstinate defence should have been carried to the length it has. We were given to understand that ours

would not be an easy conquest—yet, little deemed it would have been purchased with the lives of nearly half our force. Still, even while we deplore our loss, have we hearts to estimate the valour of our foe. I cannot give you freedom, since the gift is not at my disposal; but at least I may spare you the pain of surrendering a blade you have so nobly wielded. Retain your sword, sir.”

Gerald's was not a nature to remain untouched by such an act of chivalrous courtesy, and he expressed in brief, but pointed terms, his sense of the compliment.

A dozen of the boarders, under the command of a midshipman, now received orders to remain, and bring the prize into Buffalo as soon as daylight would permit, and with these were left the killed and wounded of both parties, the latter receiving such attention as the rude experience of their comrades enabled them to afford. Five minutes afterwards Gerald, who had exchanged his trusty cutlass for the sword he had been so flatteringly permitted to retain, found himself in the leading boat of the little return squadron, and seated at the side of his generous captor. It may be easily imagined what his mortification was at this unexpected reverse, and how bitterly he regretted not having weighed anchor the moment his prisoners had been landed. Regret, however, was now unavailing, and dismissing this consideration for a while, he reverted to the strange circumstance of the spiking of his gun, and the mocking cheers, which had burst from the lips of his enemies, on the attempt to discharge it. This reflection drew from him a remark to his companion.

“I think you said,” he observed, “that you had been informed, the conquest of the schooner would not be an easy one. Would it be seeking too much to know who was your informant?”

The American officer shook his head. I fear I am not at liberty exactly to name—but this much I may venture to state, that the person who has so rightly estimated your gallantry, is one not wholly unknown to you.

“This is ambiguous. One question more, were you prepared to expect the failure of the schooner's principal means of defence—her long gun?”

If you recollect the cheer that burst from my fellows, at the moment when the harmless flash was seen ascending, you will require no further elucidation on that head,” replied the American evasively.

This was sufficient for Gerald. He folded his arms, sank his head upon his chest, and continued to muse deeply. Soon afterwards the boat touched the beach, where many of the citizens were assembled to hear tidings of the enterprize, and congratulate the captors. Thence he was conducted to the neat little inn, which was the only place of public accommodation the small town, or rather village of Buffalo, at that period afforded.

The dedication of the work is most appropriate—to Sir John Harvey—than whom a more gallant soldier never drew a blade. He was one of those who fought and bled—suffered and conquered—with the small but noble hosts, whose campaigns are sketched in the historical tale of “the Canadian Brothers.”

The work will be issued to subscribers on Thursday, and may be obtained from the publishers, Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, on the 10th instant. It consists of two neatly printed duodecimo volumes, from the press of Mr. Lovell, in St. Nicholas Street.

We are glad to perceive, that Major Richardson has it in contemplation to publish, early in the ensuing spring, a Canadian edition of “Wacousta,” to enable those who have purchased the “Canadian Brothers,” to complete their sets, as well as to rectify numerous alterations and omissions made in the American reprint of that popular historical novel.

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO—BY A STAFF SURGEON. VOL. II.

It is not necessary that we should do more than notice the appearance of this volume, which treats at considerable length upon the politics of these Colonies, as well as of their history during a few of the past years. It is ably and clearly written, and will be a valuable addition to our Canadian literature, and as such deserves the warm commendations of press and people.

Its appearance, almost simultaneously with “The Canadian Brothers,” and Mrs. Sawtell's Poems, has given the past month something of the character of the “publishing season” of more favoured countries, and is a circumstance well deserving of record among the memorable events of the present year.

THE MOURNER'S TRIBUTE BY MRS. M. ETHELIND SAWTELL.

The mourner, who is induced to appeal to the public, and to offer these sad effusions of her pen, as an authoress, feels deeply that there will be many who will think harshly of her presenting such; but it is to be remembered that the appeal is made as a widow in reduced circumstances, and as a stranger in a land without one tie of affinity.

Her mind has been trained early to sorrow and affliction, and therefore the productions of her muse are tinged, generally, with the sway of her own dejected feelings. Her impressions are those of sorrow, and from that source is derived the plaintive tone of the “MOURNER'S TRIBUTE.”

THE above is the unassuming preface to Mrs. Sawtell's Poems, and we are sure that the appeal is made to those who will not hear it in vain—even if the volume were not as deserv-

ing of flattering notice as, in reality, it is. We have read it through, and find in it much, very much, to commend, and little that we could censure if we would. Some of the pieces are very excellent—all of them good—and through them there is easily perceptible a vein of piety which would in itself cover a multitude of sins.

It is, moreover, the first attempt of one whom misfortune only has tempted to cultivate the field of literature, and who has sought by unswerving industry, and by the application of the talents bestowed upon her by a bounteous giver, to maintain the honourable independence which it is ever the aim of genius to support. We believe that the edition printed, being very limited, is nearly exhausted, so that to recommend it to public favour may be unnecessary, yet would we earnestly desire those who, (and their name is legion) are interested in the good work of fostering native talent, as well as genuine benevolence, to make an attempt at least, to secure a copy of the Mourner's Tribute."

We select the following as a specimen of the style which characterises the work :

THE FADING ROSE.

<p>Say, why should the rose from thy cheek depart ? Or why should its clear tint fail ? No, leave it to those whom a grieving heart May bid the once bright cheek be pale ; But why should thine lessen its blooming tinge, E'er sorrow its canker hath flung ? Thy cheek is but kissed by thine eyelids' fringe, Where rarely a tear-drop hath hung.</p>	<p>No, keep the young rose of thy joy and thy health, And long play the smile round thy lip. Mayest thou never of blighting affliction partake, Nor e'er of its bitterness sip. And keep thy sad tears for those chill future hours, When thy life will have past its spring— Knowest thou that the dew but <i>dims autumn flowers</i> When it weeps for their withering ?</p>
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It is published by Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, and the typography, which is excellent, though the paper might easily have been of a better quality, is from the press of the Messrs. Starke, and is such as to reflect credit upon the state of the "art" in this young and promising country, or indeed in any other.

WILD FLOWERS OF NOVA SCOTIA—BY MISS MARIA MORRIS.

We have seen two beautiful specimens of these flowers, drawn accurately from nature, by the fair artist, who proposes to publish this elegant work. The engravings, which are now in progress of execution in London, will be of the exact size of the flowers they represent, and will be accompanied by letter-press descriptions of their history and properties.

The specimens we have seen are the *Moose Bush*, (*Viburnum Lantoinides*), and *Indian Cup*, (*Saracena Purpurea*), of both of which we have seen the originals in this Province. They are beautiful flowers, and Miss Morris has thoroughly succeeded in catching their exquisite tints. Judging from these, the work will speedily become a favourite with the admirers of Flora's treasures, whether in the Province to which the work is more peculiarly dedicated, or in the other British American Colonies, in which the same flowers will generally be found. Sir Colin Campbell, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, has given his name as patron of the work, and we are given to understand, it is liberally supported in that Province. The Prospectus and specimens are at the bookstore of Messrs. Armour and Ramsay, of this city, where they may be examined, and subscriptions given. The price is a very low one—five shillings for each number, containing three of these beautiful Flora portraits.

THE NEW YORK ALBION.

The new volume of this excellent periodical has been commenced with vigour commensurate to the immense patronage bestowed upon it, and we doubt not it will maintain, if it do not exceed, its former pre-eminent position. We observe that the spirited proprietor has announced his intention of furnishing to his subscribers an engraved view of Buckingham Palace, the town residence of our fair Queen, as a fitting accompaniment to the Portrait of Her Majesty presented during the past year—both of which elegant plates will be furnished to new subscribers paying one year's subscription money in advance. The price of the Albion is, as formerly—six dollars—or, to readers in Canada, including postage, a trifle under thirty-five shillings.

MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN.

So then our Queen is to be married at last—Her people in all the wide empire over which the flag of Britain waves, pray that happiness may crown her union: that no cloud may dim the sunshine of her life, or mar her domestic joys—that the sceptre she so gracefully sways may be but a symbol of her reign in the hearts of a loyal people, and in that of him who is the choice of her young affections. The marriage is one which, though it militates not against, is not called for by, any urgent policy of the state, and is almost the only instance on record in which the Sovereign has shared the prerogative of the subject, and “wed for love.” Peace be around them, and make the glitter of their proud position only an aid to their happiness. We copy the following short paragraph from a London journal,—it contains, we believe, the sentiments of all parties and classes of the people of England and of Britain :

A marriage, which promises a life of domestic happiness to our Queen, and which affords hopes of an heir, whom they can love, to our people, must give joy to every loyal heart. Already we owe so much to VICTORIA, that her happiness must be identical with ours. He does not deserve to be classed among Englishmen who could grudge her a single thing that can add to the joy of her young days, or who would interpose one spot of darkness to cloud the sunshine of a long, a prosperous, and a happy reign.

As to her choice, it is so much a matter of private sentiment, that we hold ourselves precluded from discussion upon the subject. We might possibly have indulged a secret wish that her affection had fallen upon one who might have loved England as the country of his birth, and we might have welcomed the husband of VICTORIA with more affection, had he grown up among us from childhood, and been known to us as one of our own English Princes. But the emotions of the heart can rarely be made to flow in the same direction with the slow, dull current of state policy; and it is a much more generous subject of gratulation to know that our Queen is happy in her husband, than to be able to say that her husband was born an Englishman.

We believe that the union of this young pair is one of spontaneous and mutual affection. It is founded upon the rational basis of an entire union in ages, tastes, and tempers—it offers at this moment the fairest prospect of enduring affection; and now it is resolved upon and avowed, we have only to hail it, in the words of the short and manly Roman prayer—

“Felix, faustumque sit !”

WE have had our attention called, by one of our most valued correspondents, to an error contained in our notice of Mr. Grund’s “Aristocracy of America.” In last number of the *Garland* we stated that the author was an American, which, it seems, he is not, but a German by birth, who had for some time resided in the United States, where he was denied the *entrée* into fashionable society—and failed in obtaining a professorship, at which he aimed, in one of the universities of the Union—circumstances which doubtless contributed to sharpen the fangs of his wit. Such being the fact, we hasten to make the *amende*, believing that many of his statements, which we conceived exaggerated, by a “native,” may reasonably be considered yet more deserving of distrust, when coming from one in the unpleasant situation of Mr. Grund.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received a number of articles from different pens, which the “despotism of space” compels us reluctantly to postpone. In our next number, “Judith,” “Henry Lawson,” “An Adventure at the Springs,” and several shorter articles will appear. “The Gibbet Tree,” we are also compelled to defer, as well as several notices of new books prepared for the present month. We expect from “A Critic,” a fulfilment of his promise.

Our readers will observe that our corps of contributors increases—in fact every “sign of the times,” seems to predict that the day is rapidly approaching when Canada will not be behind her neighbour in all the evidences of Literary taste.