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THE  
LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

CANADIAN MAGAZINE;

A MONTHLY REPOSITORY OF

TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS,

&c. &c.

.....  
"A fragrant wreath, composed of native flowers,  
Plucked in the wilds of Nature's rude domain."  
.....

NEW SERIES—VOLUME IV.

Montreal:

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1846.



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 THE FIRST FRIEND.  
 SCENE ON THE OTTAWA RIVER.

# THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. IV.

JANUARY, 1846.

No. 1.

## MONICA; OR, WITCHCRAFT.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

### CHAPTER I.

In the year of our Lord 1559, just after the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne of England, there stood a fine old baronial residence, surrounded by a park full of stately trees, and separated from the high road which led to the town of Leicester by a stone wall, terminating in an old-fashioned gateway of the same material.

A lofty avenue of oaks and elms conducted the traveller to Conway Place, a substantial residence of the olden times, which had stood the brunt of the civil wars between the rival roses, and still seemed to bid defiance to decay. About a hundred yards from the stone steps which led into the interior of the mansion, stood the Gothic village church, with its low-arched door, embowered with ivy, and over-canopied with the green drapery formed by the thick foliage of two large chestnut trees, which seemed coeval with the edifice, and beneath whose ample shade more vows had been pledged, and more hearts lost, than the altar within had ever seen united. A fair piece of water, in which a fleet of swans delighted to see reflected their own images, and on which a little white skiff occasionally expanded its snowy sail, spread out in front of the house. This reservoir was fed by a narrow stream, which after gurgling melodiously through wood and field, lost its identity in the fairy lake below. It was a beautiful, quiet spot, such as childhood loves, rich in trees and flowers, sparkling waters and green grass. The highly-cultivated gardens were surrounded on three sides by a moat, which had been of great use during the troubled times before mentioned; and the old draw-bridge, with its clanking chains and pulleys, was still regarded with a sort of awe, by the *infantry* of the family, although at present, it only served the peaceful purpose of a bridge to connect the gar-

dens with the park and pleasure grounds, through which a well-worn foot-path led to the town.

Sir Luke Conway, the present possessor of this fair domain, was a Knight of the Shire, and a person of considerable consequence in that neighborhood. His character for political pace and consistency, did not, however, keep pace with his wealth. It had been proved by all, that whoever sank in these unsettled and distracted times, Sir Luke would swim. That if by changing his creed he could save an acre of his fine property from confiscation, he would have turned Turk. In the early part of the Eighth Henry's reign, he had been a zealous Catholic, kept a private confessor in his house, and regularly attended mass. When that wicked tyrant, to gratify his insatiate lust, raised his sacrilegious hand against the church, because it refused to sanction his abhorrent crimes, Sir Luke Conway was still a staunch adherent and supporter of the reigning monarch, and had lent his aid in the work of rapine and spoliation. During the short reign of the weak, uncle-ridden, boy-king, he continued a zealous Protestant and Reformer; and as readily returned to the mass and the confession, in the reign of the much-injured and calumniated Mary. But Mary had sunk broken-hearted to her grave; and her sister had just ascended the throne—had abjured the Catholic religion, and established upon its ruins the national church, thus proving an instrument, in the hands of an over-ruling Providence, for bringing about much good. But harsh and cruel were the means employed by the she despot, for bringing her people to agree to the forms of the new religion, which, as a great political state machine, she endeavoured with all the energies of her masculine mind, to establish.

Then began that reign of persecution against the hapless Catholics, who still dared, in defiance of royal edicts and unjust executions, the loss of property and the constant dread of imprison-

ment or death, to worship the God of their fathers, according to the form of words and ceremonial, in which they had been born and brought up.

Among the most zealous of the new church party, appeared our old Knight, whose religion was of such an accommodating nature, it might well be presumed, that he possessed no religion at all. He banished the symbol of the cross from his dwelling, beheaded and defaced all the images of the saints, that for so many ages had graced the niches in the old church, and forbade any of his numerous tenants or servants, to practice any of the Romish rites, on pain of imprisonment, which was only a synonymous word for utter ruin.

Though Catholic at heart, most of these people submitted to his commands in sullen silence; for they well knew that it was as much as their lives were worth to disobey. One alone, of his large household, dared to dispute his authority; and that individual was his only daughter and heiress, a bright sparkling girl of fifteen, the idol of his heart and the delight of his eyes. Monica Conway had been a spoiled child from her cradle. The last survivor of a large family of sons and daughters, it had pleased God to save the infant in the sad hour which hurried the mother to the grave. Unlike the rest of her family, Monica was healthy and robust, and possessed an energetic, masculine mind, united to a nobly proportioned form, and a face of striking beauty.

The dotting old man, for he had married late in life, and was sixty when Monica was born, could see no fault in his darling child; and from the time she had strength to pull his beard and scratch his face, she was suffered to have her own way. Her will being thus fostered, as it were, in a hot-bed of parental love, it could not be wondered at, that the young precocious damsel should strive to maintain that in girlhood, which she had enjoyed with unrestrained freedom as a child.

"It shall be so—I insist upon it—I will do it!" were times to which she had so often danced, that they had become fixed traits of character, which no after exertion could efface.

A Catholic foster-mother had nursed her—a Catholic priest, the most amiable of men, had instructed her, and Catholics had tended her cradle, and awake in her young heart all those tender emotions of love and gratitude which glow spontaneously from a generous, warm nature like hers. What she would not yield to force, could always be coaxed out of her by gentle and affectionate words; and the clenched hand which had shook defiance at those who had dared to oppose

her will, would as readily be cast around the neck of the opposers; and the fire in the bright, flashing dark blue eyes, be quenched in tears, at one word—one little word of kindness, or conciliation. It was this beautiful frankness which formed the great charm in Monica's character. She scorned to act, think, or utter a lie. All was clear and straight-forward with her. If she loved, it was expressed with the utmost warmth and sincerity; and if she hated, it was told with proud and bitter scorn, without reflecting for a moment on the mischief that such a confession might occasion. Hatred with her was no settled vindictive passion. It was the child of the moment, and generally died with the circumstances that called it forth.

The Queen's edict had just been issued, commanding all persons, under a heavy penalty, to go to church; and Monica had laughed aloud when her father read the parchment to the assembled villagers. She declared that she would not go; and Sir Luke, for the first time in his life, had ordered her to her chamber, and given her a severe reprimand.

That afternoon, a Protestant clergyman was expected at Conway Place, to officiate, for the first time, in the parish church, and to act as chaplain to Sir Luke's family, and superintend the education of his daughter.

"I wonder what he is like—whether he is young or old, handsome or ugly, Barbara!" cried Monica, as she turned from the mirror, in which she had been arranging her rich brown curls, and addressed an orphan cousin, two years her senior, who had been brought up with her from infancy. "But if he is a saint, and as beautiful as Adonis, I am determined never to like him, after dear father Godfrey!"

"I hope he is a man of God!" said Barbara Heatherton. "Since all religion has been banished from the place, we have been living in a state of heathenish darkness.

"Better that than in heretical error, Barbara! I verily believe that Satan has seduced you into becoming a Protestant!"

"Not Satan, but the blessed word of God."

"And do you expect me to love you still, after this confession?" cried her impetuous companion, holding her cousin fast by the arm, and looking into her very soul, with her clear, bright eyes.

"I trust my change of opinion will be followed by your own. Oh, Monica, dear! if you would but read that blessed book with me!"

"Avaunt, Satanas! Tempt me not! Here is my safeguard," (taking a crucifix from her breast, and pressing it devoutly to her lips.) "With this I can defy thee! What! Have we traitors within our own citadel? Does she, who holds the

strong place in my heart, rebel against me? Nay, traitor!" she continued, half crying and half in jest, and placing her hand upon Barbara's mouth. "Say not another word, or I shall hate you!"

"Only to love me all the better to-morrow, Monica! I defy your hatred—you cannot hate."

"Duty compels me to hate a heretic!"

"Duty ought to compel you to be a good maiden, and go to church," returned Barbara, with a smile.

"I will see it pulled down first, and Hubert Vincent, our worshipful parson, hung to the steeple with the bell rope."

"Monica! Who is a cruel despot now?"

"Oh! if I were but queen of this fair island, for one day—one little day!"

"What a deal of mischief would be compressed into a few short hours. What sorrowful years of remorse would follow the rash acts of one brief day. I rejoice for your own sake, sweet cousin, that you are not a queen."

"I wish that I could help the poor, oppressed, pious Catholics."

"They were the oppressors once, Monica. Infinite justice has but turned that lowest, which was once uppermost."

"Oh! your cold-hearted, calculating Protestants are such philosophers—I protest against them all! The race do not belong to me—they are of the genus of the fish, with the ice of the torpedo, and the rapacity of the shark!"

"When will you grow tired of railing?"

"When my tongue grows tired of talking; and as I am a woman, there is little chance of my becoming weary. But here is Alena!"

"Ladies," said the waiting woman; "the clergyman is come, and Sir Luke wishes your company in the oak parlor."

"Now, if he belongs to the genus you named, my pretty visen, he will prove an odd fish."

"What does he look like, Alena?" asked the impatient Monica, of her favourite fire-woman, who, she well knew, was of her own way of thinking.

"Like all them folks, my lady! long-faced, sallow, and crop-eared; a vinegar cruet, set in an ebony frame. Doubtless we shall have pleasant times. I hear that he is to preach in the dear old church to-morrow."

"Alena," said Barbara, gravely, "that conversation is unbecoming in one of your station. You may go—we will follow you presently."

With a slight elevation of the shoulder, and a glance at her young mistress, in the hope that she would take her part, Alena reluctantly obeyed, and hand in hand the cousins entered the oak parlor.

## CHAPTER II.

It is a large room, commanding a delightful prospect over hill and dale, with old arras suspended in various warlike devices against the walls, which were panelled to the very ceiling with dark carved oak, and seated in a huge elbow chair, near the massy table which commanded the centre of the room, sat Sir Luke Conway, and at his elbow stood the strange ecclesiastic.

Sir Luke was a pale old man, with a fresh complexion, a round unmeaning face, and fine flowing white hair. His cold, prominent blue eye, and small puckered-up mouth, betokened selfishness, and a keen relish for the enjoyments of the table. His dress consisted of a slashed doublet and trunk hose, and a short Spanish cloak was worn negligently depending from his shoulders. Most persons, upon first sight, would have pronounced him a handsome, courtly-looking old man; but few, very few, would have found anything prepossessing in his expression; still less in his conversation, which was but the echo of the sentiments and opinions of others.

Quite a contrast to Sir Luke, was the gentleman at his side. Hubert Vincent, a popular Protestant preacher, of the Geneva school, a tall, spare man, with high features, a sharp, thin face, sallow complexion, and small, deep-set, keenly observant grey eyes. His dark hair was cut away from his temples, and terminated in a sharp point in the centre of his high brow. He wore his beard short, and cut in the same pointed fashion. A plain black gown and bands, and Geneva cap, comprised his costume, which accorded well with the stern, intellectual-looking face, and scholastic air of the stranger. He was a man calculated rather to impress awe upon the beholder, than to awaken contempt and ridicule; and Monica felt a sudden chill fall upon her gay spirits, when she found herself in his presence.

"This is my daughter, good master Hubert. A fair child, and affectionate withal; but for the lack of her mother, rather wilful, and over-indulged by her old father."

"The consequence—the natural consequence of unrestrained liberty in the season of youth, Sir Luke. Young lady, I am happy to make your acquaintance."

He proffered his hand to Monica, with a grave smile; but the refractory maiden drew back.

"I wish," she replied, with more frankness than courtesy, "that I could return the compliment. I like you not, sir, priest! I am a Catholic, and proud of belonging to the true church."



I can feel no pleasure in the company of those who differ from me."

"So young and so presumptuous! Humility is a Christian virtue of great price. Young lady! take the advice of a friend, and endeavour to cultivate its growth."

Then turning sorrowfully to Sir Luke, he remarked, that it must be to him a source of deep regret, that he had suffered his child to grow up independent of parental control.

"Ah, my good sir! it cannot be helped now!" said the easy-going baronet. "If her mother had lived, it would have been different; but I—what can I do?—she laughs at me when I scold her, and I never struck her a blow in my life."

"Poor child, she is greatly to be pitied," sighed master Vincent. "The most beautiful garden, left to itself, cannot fail of degenerating into a wilderness of weeds."

"That which is considered as a weed in some countries, and regarded with little favour, is cherished as a flower of great price in others, master Vincent. It is from these despised weeds that the best of our medicines are extracted. I would rather possess the power of the nettle, that can wound the heel that tramples it down, than the simple beauty of the primrose, which every unclean ruffles with impunity."

"Why not emulate the sweetness and perfection of the rose, young mistress. It is the emblem of purity; and its sweetness, like piety, survives its own decay. It is not destitute of defence. The thorns which surround it protect it from the rude hand of the spoiler, in the same manner that religion protects the virtuous from the contaminating touch of vice. Strive to be like the rose, that all may esteem and love you."

"I have chosen my emblem, master Vincent. Leave me unmolested, and you will find me a plain, harmless plant; but if you call out my bad qualities by ill-judged severity, you will find that the nettle when irritated has a sting."

"But, my dear young lady, such a thought as retaliation of injuries, should never be so much as mentioned among Christians."

"I know nothing of your Christianity. I hate your new-fangled church; it never shall be my church. Reformed, quotha! God save the mark! Look at the fruit which your new tree of knowledge bears—hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. As is the fruit, so are the root, the stem and the branches. When Monica Conway finds rest beneath its shadow, flowers will flourish around the ivy tree."

"Is it right or fit, think you, in a maiden scarcely sixteen, to give her judgment in a matter of such vast importance," said master Vin-

cent, looking sternly upon her—"a matter of which she knows nothing. Ignorance is the parent of presumption; how pitiable is yours!"

"I was born and brought up in the Catholic faith," said Monica, proudly. "I shall not depart from it at your bidding. If I am wrong, I am no worse off than my fathers. They held it sacred, and whilst I have life so will I."

"Retract those rash words until after to-morrow, Monica Conway. To-morrow, God willing, you will hear for the first time, the pure doctrines of Christianity preached in a reformed church; and as truth is stronger than error, it may find its way into that stubborn heart, and teach you to despise the gaudy trappings and ceremonies of the church of Rome. The religion which you possess, is but a refined system of idolatry."

"And will you dare to tell me," cried Monica, her proud upper lip wreathing with an expression of unequivocal scorn, "that all our blessed saints and holy fathers, who were lights of the world in their day, were no better than pagan idolaters? Oh, man! man! who is presumptuous now?"

"You are too wilful to listen to reason," said the Divine. "It is useless attempting to argue with you in this frame of mind. I will pray, and that right earnestly, to God, for your conversion."

"Keep your prayers for yourself, good sir; you will need them all. For my part, I do not mean to conform to your new form of worship."

"Monica!" said her father, with more severity of look and tone than he had ever assumed towards his fair refractory child. "I insist on your attending church to-morrow."

"I will obey you, sir, in all other things. This is a matter of conscience. In this, I cannot."

"Oh, shame, young lady!" cried master Vincent. "Is this the duty which you owe to your parent?"

"If one of your Protestant converts were the child of Catholic parents, and they forbade her to go to church, which way would the path of duty lie then?" cried Monica, with flashing eyes. "To church! to be sure; you would not seek to violate her tender conscience; the goodness of the cause would absolve her from all obligation. Is it not so, sir priest?"

"Monica!" said Sir Luke, in a tone of alarm, without permitting the minister to reply to her pert speech; "your obstinate refusal to accompany us to church, may involve me in great difficulty, and bring down the vengeance of the law upon your own head. Away to your apartment, and think over what I have said. I tell you, girl, that I must, and will be obeyed."

Sullen and indignant, Monica retired.

"What is to be done with her?" said Sir Luke, holding up his hands, and casting a rueful look at his companion.

"Nothing rash—nothing violent; she possesses a strong mind and good talents. By and by she will think and judge for herself. Sow but the good seed in her heart, and God will give the increase. I have more hope for her in her perverseness, than if she were totally indifferent upon the subject. Opposition is sooner overcome than apathy; wait patiently, and see what a few weeks will bring forth."

The priest retired to his chamber, and Sir Luke betook himself to the sports of the field, and Monica and her cousin had a long argument, which nearly ended in a quarrel, about the merits and demerits of the new chaplain.

### CHAPTER III.

DARK, wet and gloomy the morning dawned; but neither threats nor entreaties could prevail upon the wilful Monica to accompany the family to church. Sir Luke stormed, Mr. Vincent reproved, and Barbara scolded, but Monica had her own way.

After watching the party disappear through the old Gothic door-way of the church, she returned to her own room, and drawing a small crucifix from a drawer, placed it on her table, and sinking upon her knees before it, relieved her swelling heart with a bitter gush of tears.

"Oh! crucified Redeemer!" she cried, "blessed hope of my fathers! may I never be induced to forsake thee: still shed upon thy crring child the marvellous light of thy glorious presence!"

After spending several hours in going through a long form of prayers, she rose from her knees, and put back the bright brown curls that shaded her face, and which were moistened by her tears. Her eyes suddenly rested upon a plainly-bound book, which lay upon the table, and which had evidently been placed there on purpose to attract her attention. She quickly took it up, then flung it from her, as if she had been stung by a viper. It was a copy of the new translation of the Bible, which had been ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the realm.

"From Mr. Vincent, of course; but he need not imagine that I will read it."

Still, as her eye rested upon the volume, a strong curiosity to look into it, entered her heart. Its having been prohibited by the priests of her own persuasion, added to the strength of the temptation. She would only look at the cover and examine the clasps; there could be no harm in that.

Oh, woman! woman! hadst thou left the tree the moment Satan tempted thee to eat of the forbidden fruit, thou hadst been safe, and thy children free. Curiosity is a strong fiend; it mastered Monica in the end, and she hastily unclosed the book. On the fly leaf, she discovered the following sentence, written in a very beautiful clear hand:

"Monica Conway, from a friend who earnestly prays for her salvation."

"I shew!" muttered Monica; but she read on—

"Oh! I hope not, hapless maid, to find  
Alone, the strait and narrow way;  
When born in sin, by nature blind,  
In error's paths you darkly stray,  
Read! may the star of faith illumine,  
The clouds that shade life's dreary road;  
And rising o'er the sullen tomb,  
Reveal the gate that leads to God!"

Monica turned over the leaves doubtfully; in spite of herself, those lines softened her heart towards Master Vincent. He seemed to take an interest in her destiny, and she believed him sincere.

"The book shall speak for itself," she said; "come what may, I will read it."

Carefully bolting the door, and glancing wistfully round the apartment, to see that no human eye was upon her, she turned to the first chapter of St. Matthew and began to read.

What a wondrous book is the Bible, particularly read for the first time, by a person arrived at an age to think and act, and reason for himself. It is lifting up the curtain that hides the invisible world, and catching a reflection of the glory of God from behind it.

Monica read on, and almost gasped for breath, such was the intense and overpowering interest its mysterious pages awoke in her breast. All power of throwing it aside was taken from her; she could no longer put it down. Her first impression was, that she was a lost creature—that nothing could save her; then again, wrapt into admiration at the glorious character of the Redeemer, sudden gleams of divine light shot across the dark chaos of her mind, giving birth to hopes which raised her high above the howling billows of despair. At length she closed the book, but not until the last chapter of the Apocalypse had been concluded; and sat for a long time in deep thought, her head resting upon her clasped hands.

The shades of evening were closing round her. The family had returned from the last public service of the day; and Barbara Hentherton, alarmed at her cousin's long absence, knocked hastily at the door.

"Monica, are you well? Open quickly!"

"I am well, but much engaged; go down, I will come presently."

"Yes!" she said, solemnly, when the retreating steps of Barbara no longer sounded upon her ear; "I have been in error; I see it now; I will no longer have many Gods, and bow as I have done, before the shrines of saints, who have no power to answer prayer. Henceforth my only star shall be the heart—my God, a Spirit, which must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Away, ye vain idols!" she cried, suddenly snatching the crucifix from its niche, and a small ivory image of Madonna, before which, in humble prostration, she had uttered so many vows. "Ye shall deceive my soul no more."

Wrapping them in her white lace apron, she ran quickly down stairs into the servants' hall, where a bright fire was blazing upon the hearth. Here she found Mr. Vincent drying his wet garments, for the rain was still falling heavily, and most of the domestics gathered round the fire. Hurried on by the impulse of her feelings, and without pausing for a moment's reflection, Monica stepped upon the hearth, and cast the images into the heart of the blaze. A stifling cry of wrathful execration burst from the serving men, who in heart were all Catholics; and they drew back with pale cheeks and frowning brows, and scowled upon the daring act of the rash enthusiast, while a ray of joy kindled up the deep-sunken eyes of Master Vincent, as he turned with an approving smile, and gazed in surprise upon her beaming face.

"The accursed witch!" muttered one of the servants, a more intelligent-looking man than his fellows. "May this impious act be visited upon her in her own flesh. As she has burnt the Son of God and put him to open shame, so may she burn hereafter in the flames of hell!"

Half-terrified at her own vehemence, Monica heard not the fearful anathema pronounced against her by her father's servant; and if she had heard, little emotion of fear or anger would it have awakened in that restless, impetuous heart. As the flames enveloped the images before which she had often prostrated herself in childish adoration, she turned an enquiring, hesitating glance, upon Master Vincent, which seemed to say: "Have I done right?" He read her meaning, and quickly answered:

"Right—quite right. The moment that an old usage, however sanctioned by custom, becomes sin in your eyes, cast it from you. It is not the image of the Saviour you have committed to the flames; for what sinner ever drew portrait of the living God, but a vile idol, which has usurped his place. I would that Laurence Wilde,

who even now reprobated your virtuous act, had courage to perform the like himself."

The man smiled disdainfully, and his stern grey eye fell upon Monica with such a glance of deadly, life-destroying hate, that it did not escape the observation of the chaplain. He made no comment upon what he saw, but presently took an opportunity of leading the young lady from the hall.

#### CHAPTER IV.

MONICA no longer refused to accompany Sir Tulse to the parish church; and she even listened with attention and interest, to the eloquent, but rather lengthy sermons, of Hubert Vincent; but in religion, as well as on every other subject, she chose to think and decide for herself. Alas! for our poor neophyte, she had rejected the communion of her worshipped church, to fall into an error still more deadly. Instead of trusting to the Holy Spirit, and listening to the advice of Master Vincent, she trusted wholly to her own reason, and the weak scarcely formed judgements of sixteen; till the imposing, but fallacious doctrines of Arius, although unknown to her, were such as she received as gospel truth.

To disclaim original sin, to deny the actual deity of Christ, and to believe in the perfectibility of human nature, appeared to her, not only rational, but absolutely necessary to salvation. She viewed with compassion, almost bordering upon contempt, the jarring creeds of different sects, which even at that time were forming throughout the kingdom. All forms and ceremonies appeared to her as utterly absurd and useless, and she discarded all prayers, but those which sprang spontaneously to her lips, as the inspiration of the moment gave them birth. There were days when the language of her mind spoke only in prayer—deep, fervent, simple prayer; and weeks again would elapse, without a single address or supplication to the throne of grace. This desultory worship did not produce upon her life and actions those salutary and beneficial changes which a purer creed and more constant mode of worship never fails to effect; and with all her aspirations to the throne of God, and her intense desire to become good and holy, she was humbled and disappointed at the little progress she made.

Shocked at the fatal doctrines which she had so warmly adopted, and which she openly avowed, Master Vincent employed all the powers of his fine mind, to win her from the edge of the fearful precipice on which she stood. Tears, prayers, entreaties, all were vain. Monica was

blinded; she spurned his arguments, laughed at his denunciations, called him a narrow-minded bigot, and would not be convinced.

"Would to God that she had remained a Catholic! but as that creed is, it was better than this. Poor child! if she were to die, what, what would become of her? Alas! alas! I fear that she is a vessel of wrath fitted for destruction!"

So said Mr. Vincent, as he paced to and fro his study, and thought of the beautiful but misguided Monica, with feelings of intense interest; for her frankness and unaffected zeal in a cause she loved, had awakened emotions in his breast, which he would gladly have banished thence, and which he looked upon as delusions of Satan.

In the meanwhile, the austere mode of living which he had gradually introduced at Conway Place, was most distasteful to the young heiress of that rich domain. All dancing, masks, and revel, had been banished, and he frowned down the more elegant and simple amusements, of music and singing. Sir Luke, who was growing old, and, moreover, felt rather qualmish upon the score of his many sins, thought that, by driving all mirth and cheerfulness from his hearth, he should ensure an entrance into heaven. He joined earnestly in all Mr. Vincent's plans of reform, listened with as much devotion as he could command, to his long prayers and discourses, and never saw his daughter gaily attired, but he endeavoured to deliver a homily himself upon the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

This sudden change from gay to grave, failed not to produce a reaction in the mind of Monica. She scorned everything that looked like hypocrisy or formality, and for fear of being thought more pure than she really was, she went into the other extreme, and her extravagant spirits, together with the heretical doctrines which she held, gave rise to strange surmises in the minds of her father's household.

"She is given over to a reprobate mind!" sighed the good minister, in solitude.

"She is mad!" whispered Barbara, to dame Fearwick, the rich widow, whose dashing son Walter, the handsomest cavalier in the whole country, was desperately enamoured with Monica. "See how she tosses her head, and smiles to herself, and talks to the air, as she walks up and down beneath you lofty row of elms."

"Now say not so, good Barbara; the maiden is a little eccentric. I see no great harm in her talking to herself. I had a trick of that kind when I was her age," said the kind matron, who, dotingly fond of her only son, was not a little pleased at the idea of his taking to wife the richest heiress in Leicestershire.

"Now, pray God, it be not with familiar spirits, that she holds these mysterious conversations," continued Barbara, narrowly watching from the chamber window, the jestications of her cousin, who was repeating aloud to herself Chaucer's beautiful tale of Palamon and Arctite.

"She is a witch!" muttered Laurence Wilde, the gardener, resting upon his spade, as she flitted past him; "and has sold herself to the devil. Do not I hear her day after day talking to him! Were she a poor woman, instead of a high-born lady, the faggot and the tar barrel would put an end to her infernal incantations!"

Then going up to Monica as she turned round at the end of the walk, he gloomily raised his hat and said:

"Young mistress, excuse my boldness; but I am curious to learn with whom you are talking."

Monica was so accustomed to repeat poetry aloud, that she was not always herself aware of the fact, and she started and replied with a smile.

"I was talking to myself, good Laurence; not repeating my own words, but the thoughts of one who has been dead long, long ago."

"Those who talk with the dead, are no company for the living," replied the man, drily.

"You misunderstand me, Laurence," said Monica, amused at his superstitious dread that her conversation was with invisible spirits. "Clever men, who lived in the times that are gone, wrote down their thoughts on paper, which have since been printed, and made into books; thus, though dead to the world, they still live and speak to us in their works."

"Aye, printing!" said the man, moodily; "that is a species of necromancy, that I have heard was invented by the Devil and one Dr. Faustus. So, mistress, you possess the key of that knowledge."

"I do, and would not part with my book-lore, for all my father's broad acres and gold crowns."

"See what good it will do for you, mistress Monica—what good it has done for you. It was doubtless the devil and these books that tempted you to burn the holy wood. The spark that kindled that flame will never be extinguished for you."

He turned to his work, and Monica stood rooted for a while to the spot.

"What can he mean?" she said; "his manner is singular, his voice and gesture fierce and menacing; he surely means me no good. But why should I fear him, what power has he to injure me?" and casting a proud, disdainful glance upon the hireling, she determined never to talk again aloud in his hearing, and returned to the house.

She found Dame Fenwick, Barbara, and young Walter, in the oak parlor.

"Fair mistress Monica!" cried the young cavalier, kissing her hand. "What has happened to disturb you, that you suffer a frown to mar the serenity of your countenance?"

"Now judge for me truly, my friends, if I have not reason to feel angry. I amuse a dull hour by repeating to myself aloud, the chivalrous verses of our admirable Chaucer, and one of my father's servants imagines my conversation to be held with evil spirits. I wish I had the power to command such attendant spirits; if they inspired me with the same glorious thoughts, and pictured to my mind's eye such bright fantasies, I would cherish them as ministering angels."

"Shall I chastise the rude fellow for his impertinent remarks, Lady Monica?" said Walter Fenwick, as he watched with delight the color that mantled over her beautiful cheeks.

"Oh, no! no! that would be too great a punishment for a slight offence. Leave him to me; if he believes that I possess supernatural powers, one of these dark nights I will dress myself up in the bearskin, which my great grandfather, Dennis Conway, wore at the mask given by the French king, in honour of our gallant Henry the Fifth's marriage, which cannot fail to frighten him out of his wits!"

"By your Lady!—" commenced the young cavalier.

"Fish, master Walter," said Monica, smiling. "Our Lady is out of fashion; you are a Protestant, and must choose some other name to swear by."

"Then, by your own bright eyes, charming Monica! I would barter my hopes of knighthood, for a hug from that same bear!"

"What think you of a stroke of her paw?" returned Monica, striking him smartly over the cheek with her small white hand. "Is that worth the gold spurs?"

"Ah, if I could ever hope to claim the paw as mine own!"

"Seek the gold spurs, master Walter, and win and wear them; but the hand never! He who hears with my bearish humours, I must bear always on my heart; your image leaves no impression there. Like the shadow which the sun casts upon the dial, it varies with the hour, and the first cloud that covers his face, obliterates it altogether."

"Is your heart, then, Lady Monica, a heart of stone?"

"I hope so."

"Wherefore?"

"Because I would have the impressions made upon it lasting," said Monica, laughing. You,

my brave wooer, have a heart of wax, I am told, which melts at the glance of a lady's eye; but the wound is so slight, that the next fair dame you meet can heal it."

"Ah! you have been told that I am a general admirer!—and so I am! for I admire the whole sex; but, charming Monica, I never loved but one."

Walter Fenwick spoke the truth. He was a gay, dissipated, extravagant man, who possessed a handsome person and a winning address, and whose leading propensities might be embodied in three words, war, woman and wine. A brave soldier, a general lover, and a reckless boon companion, his ambition never rose above being thought conspicuous in one, or all, of the three. Yet he loved Monica, and for her sake would have resigned the worthless distinctions he coveted.

He had sought her hand from her father, and gained from him a hearty consent; but Monica, who neither regarded his noble figure, nor fine face, nor the fashionable accomplishments of the day, in which he greatly excelled, with a favourable eye, laughed at his suit, and turned all his amorous speeches into ridicule. This, which might have provoked him into anger, only served to stimulate his passion. A practised and successful gallant, he would not suffer himself to be beaten out of the field by a wild country girl. He haunted her like her shadow, fluttering like a poor moth around the taper which consumes it. There were times when Monica, tired with her own disdain, suffered herself to be amused by her lover; but in her gayest moods, she never held out to him, by word or deed, the least promise of his ultimate success.

Vanity is a powerful passion; it blinds us even yet more than love. The handsome Walter Fenwick believed it impossible that Monica Conway could really behold him with indifference. He was so accustomed to say: "She shall be mine!"—to consider her as a costly jewel reserved for his own wearing, that the idea of another attempting to gain possession of it, never troubled him. Her scorn, he construed into a playful *badinage*, a reckless way she had of showing her power; and as her pretty disdain gave more zest to his passion, than the flattering speeches of less fastidious dames, he rather encouraged, than resented a war of words.

"I have no wish to be convinced," said Monica, turning from him to the window; "and if we are to remain friends, you must mention this subject no more."

She spoke with so much firmness and decision, that a pang of doubt and jealousy, for the first time, thrilled through Walter's breast.

"My dear Monica, you are too severe upon my son," said Dame Fenwick, who marked the change which passed rapidly over Walter's countenance. "He has your father's sanction in thus addressing you."

"Ah!" returned Monica, "I see how it is: you are all conspiring against my liberty, but I mean to remain free. My father shall not choose a husband for me, as he would choose a horse. In a matter which so nearly concerns my happiness, I mean to judge for myself."

"Monica, you are not worthy of the love of such a gallant gentleman," said Barbara, blushing; "a few years hence, and you will be sorry for your neglect."

"That is as much as to say: 'Good Mistress Monica, have compassion upon Master Walter, or thou wilt lose thy chance of matrimony, and die a virgin.' Gramercy, cousin! is there no other gallant in the county of Leicestershire, worthy of a maiden's favor, but the inconstant gentleman now present. It is true, I am a novice in the art of love; but I will not take for my master, one who has repeated the same stale compliments to a dozen damsels. The heart that has wooed so often, is in no danger of breaking for love."

"Say that you prefer another, Monica, and I will abandon the pursuit?" said Fenwick, turning upon her the bright blue eyes that had won for their owner, golden opinions from the first and fairest in the land.

"I cannot utter a falsehood, even to free myself from your importunity, Master Walter. You are as dear to me as any other bachelor; and so little do I care for your favour, that it would not deprive me of an hour's sleep if we never met again."

"Cruel girl! how you love to torment me. But I gather hope from your frank confession. The heart that is not enthralled by another, in time may learn to love me."

"Nay! don't flatter yourself, but seek out another sweetheart as soon as you can. I will be her bride's-maid, and dance at the wedding."

She said this so joyously, and looked so bewitchingly handsome, that Walter interpreted her words to suit his own wishes; and pouring out a cup of canary, he drank happiness to his bride, and nodded to Monica.

"You think I am only in jest, Master Walter," she replied; "but time will shew."

"Hang time! give me the present, which is all that legitimately belongs to man."

Then taking up Monica's lute, and running his hand over the strings, he sang in a clear, melodious voice:

"Time ever was a foe to man,  
He brings grey hairs and sad regrets;  
I'll cheat the tyrant while I can,  
And court the sun before he sets.  
While the morning light,  
And the summer flowers,  
Around my path in glory shine,  
I'll leave dull care to envious night,  
And woo young love in rosy bowers,  
Defy stern fate, and laugh at time!"

## CHAPTER V.

A broad well-trodden footpath led from the park of Conway Place through the park to the town. The foot passenger did not immediately gain the high road by this track, but found himself in a deep green lane, which formed a dense shade in the hottest days of summer weather. There the wild rose and the eglantine flung their fantastic wreaths from spray to spray, filling the air with their delicious odours; and the black-bird tuned his shrill pipe, and whistled sweetly the live long day. A picturesque old stile, overhung by an immense weeping willow, was reflected in the brook, which, issuing from a thick grove of willows, crossed the lane and entered the park, to form the pretty fairy lake already described. A bridge of planks, upon which you stepped from the stile, was the connecting link between the park and the rare natural avenue of sweets that led to the main road. About fifty yards from the stile, a neat cottage, surrounded by its fragrant hedge of hawthorn, and a pretty garden of herbs trimly kept, attracted attention and charmed the eye. This was owned by Roger Snell, the basket-maker—a man who was well to do in the world for his station, and made an excellent living by his business, as he supplied most of the shops in Leicester with his wares. Snell's wife had been dead for several years, and his family, consisting of five children, the eldest of whom was a girl of eighteen, all lent their assistance in the basket-making. Even the youngest, two boys of six and seven years of age, were employed in sorting and peeling the sallows for their father's work.

Now it happened that these two urchins thought fit to play truant, and were busy, not in the sallow grounds, but chasing a flock of geese in a neighbouring field, which were shrieking and hissing with all their might at their juvenile tormentors.

"Brats! monkeys! troublesome pests! that you are. Come home to your work instantly, or I will fetch you home with a long stick!" screamed a sharp female voice, and Dorothy Snell darted across the lane with a long peeled wand in her hand to put her threat into execution.

Never did sudden anger mar a prettier face than

that which belonged to the basket-maker's daughter; or render harsh and dissonant a voice, which, at its owner's pleasure, could be soft and feminine in the extreme.

"Mark! Matthew! Do you hear me, you scamps! you raggamuffins! Oh! that I had you within the reach of my arm!"

The boys answered the imperious call of their sister with a loud laugh of defiance, and "Well done, Dolly! catch us if you can!" This so exasperated the damsel, that not perceiving that Squire Fenwick was standing with one foot upon the stile, in the act of crossing, and regarding her with looks of faithful admiration and surprise, she sprang upon the bank to get a nearer glimpse of the truants, and losing her balance, fell into the brook.

It was but a moment's work for Walter to spring upon the bridge and assist the distressed damsel to rise. Hurt she was not, for the brook was not more than two feet deep; but she was very much frightened, and her clothes and hair were saturated with water.

"Hoighty, toighty, pretty maiden! This ducking will, I hope, cool your passion," said Walter, laughing. "It is a pity to spoil such a lovely face with useless anger. Those red pouting lips were only made for smiles and kisses."

"Mind your own business!" said Dolly. "I want none of your help! so keep your remarks to yourself."

She covered her blushing face with her hands, and burst into tears—not tears of shame, but anger and mortification.

"My dear girl," said Walter, who, starting from the scorn of Monica, was not insensible to the charms of the beautiful rustic; "it is my business to comfort every pretty woman in distress. Will you allow me to lead you home?"

"I can find the way myself."

"Where do you live?"

"What's that to you?"

"A great deal more than I can possibly tell you. You have only fallen into the water, from which you have received no great hurt; but I have fallen in love, and unless you condescend to smile upon me, I fear I shall be a long time before I recover my senses. Will you not allow me to go home with you?"

"I dare not," said the girl, regarding the handsome gallant with a more confident air. "Father would never forgive me; he never lets a sweetheart of mine come into the house."

"You have sweethearts, then?"

"Not many; only two strings to my bow. All girls that are not old and ugly," and here she smiled up in his face with a look of arch mean-

ing, "have some. I care for neither of mine. One is as plain as a pike-staff, and the other is as poor as a church mouse. They cannot wear embroidered gloves and French ruffles like you."

"Do you like such toys?" asked Walter, carelessly taking a ring from his finger. "Wear this, pretty one, for my sake."

"Oh, la! how beautiful!" cried the girl, putting it first upon one finger, and then upon another. "But see, it is too large for all but my thumb."

The girl's hand, though brown, was small and delicately formed. On pretence of fitting the ring, Fenwick took it in his own.

"Too large, by St. George! Keep this till I come this way again, and I will bring one that will fit these pretty fingers."

"But don't let father see you. When will you come again?"

"To-morrow; will you be at the stile at this hour?"

"If father is out of the way. But look ye, gentle sir! if you find a white stone on the top of this post, tarry a while, for I shall surely come. If a black one, be off, for then father will be at home; and he is an awful man when he is angry!"

"Have you a mother?"

"No; I am my own mistress, and keep father's house."

"Have you sisters?"

"Thank goodness, none. I have four brothers, all younger than myself. They are so many incarnate plagues. God help the mother who has nought but males. By my lady! I wish mine had taken two to heaven along with her. They vex and torment me out of my life; and all the mischief they do, father lays upon my shoulders."

"It is hard for you to have the trouble of other people's cross brats," said the Squire. "I doubt not, pretty Dolly! that you would rather have them of your own."

"Not I; children are my horror! But holy mother defend us! Who have we here?"

"Do not be frightened, Dorothy," said Fenwick, in a low voice. "It is only one of those strangers who have lately made their appearance among us, whom they call Egyptians, or Gypsies. By St. George! if Pharaoh's daughter was as handsome, there was some excuse for King Solomon's partiality."

"Handsome!" muttered Dorothy; "that dark skin handsome! I could eat as fair a face out of a piece of oak that was polished five hundred years ago."

With an envious scowl that completely destroyed the beauty of her own face, Dorothy Snell regarded the young Gipsy who approached them.

The elegant proportions of her slight symmetrical figure were set off to the best advantage, by a loose flowing dress of coarse grey cloth, confined around the waist by a red silken sash. She wore a turban of the same color and material round her head, which left bare a high, clear olive forehead; while it suffered the long jet black ringlets of silken hair to wave negligently round her face, partially shading features which would have suited an Eastern Queen. She paused upon the little bridge, and regarding the pair with a glance of keen enquiry, said, with an arch smile:

"The poor and the rich meet together; but the same star does not preside over both. The woollen kirtle is for the poor man's cot—the rich silk and feathers for the lordly hall. Maiden! if you look too high, you will fall too low. Gay cavalier! if you stoop too near the earth, you will soil your white plume in the dust."

"It requires small wit to declare a self-evident fact, Sybil," returned Walter. "I have heard that your people possess the power of discerning future events. How do you acquire this art?"

"By making use of the faculties given to us," replied the Gipsy. "The Gipsy lives by her wits; if they fail her, she must starve. Shall I tell your fortune?"

"But will you tell me the truth?"

"I will try."

"Well, I will venture; but not here—not in public," he continued, glancing at Dorothy. "Go home and change your wet clothes, my dear; I will be with you anon. Now, Sybil, this way," and he sprang over the stile into the park as he spoke. "Now we are alone; tell me something of my future destiny."

"Give me your hand," said the Oriental, "and cross mine with silver."

"Here is gold: now give me a golden fortune."

"To give is not in my power; I can only reveal that which is to come. My art only enables me to judge, by what has been, that which is to be. I connect that which is afar off with that which is near, and seldom fail in my calculations."

She looked long and earnestly into the palm of the large white hand that trembled in the grasp of her long slender fingers. The Sybil shook her head thoughtfully.

"You will mar, not make a fortune. I read no luck in these crooked lines. A life of dissipation and folly—a death-bed of remorse—a dishonored and early grave. Such has the future in store for you!"

"Pshaw!" said Fenwick, snatching his hand from her. "That is mere guess-work. Come, I will ask you a few questions, to try your boasted

skill: Do I love that girl with whom I was even now conversing?"

"Love!" said the Gipsy, disdainfully. "Does the cat love the mouse that it tosses upon its talons?—the kite, the poor sparrow that trembles in its claws. The gold which you gave to me would win possession of such love as she has to bestow. But beware, young gallant! an evil spirit dwells in your fair piece of clay: rouse it not into action—it bodes you no good."

"That is to say. 'She will yield to my will, and I will find the east-of mistress more troublesome than the wife.' I begin to have a little insight into the spirit of your art. You say that I love not this pretty rustic, and you are right. But am I heart-free?"

"You love a lady, who loves not you—one, who never will become your wife."

Walter started, and grasped her hand.

"Over her early bloom, your love will fall like a destroying blight. If you would be prosperous and happy yourself, give over a pursuit, which, if continued, will ruin both."

The color had faded from young Fenwick's cheeks, and his teeth chattered in his head.

"Oh! God!" he muttered to himself: "can this be true? Tell me, accursed hag! does she love another?"

"No—but she will love and wed."

"Sorceress!" cried Walter, interrupting her. "It is false—you have lied to me—I will not believe one word of it! She has no other lover! Shall have no other! She shall be mine—mine alone, in spite of thy foul prophecy!"

"Had I told you that she loved you, which I know to be false, you would have believed me. But listen, young man, with patience to my proposal. The events that mark the life of man, spring more commonly from the circumstances in which he is placed, than from design. Many of these circumstances arise out of his own folly and indiscretion. What would you give me if I could persuade your haughty mistress to regard you with a favourable eye?"

"A hundred gold crowns, and my eternal gratitude," cried Walter, joyfully.

"Agreed," said the Gipsy. "Meet me in this place to-morrow night, and we will confer more at leisure upon this subject."

She crossed the stile, and in the lane was accosted by Dorothy, who had just returned from changing her wet clothes. She felt a superstitious dread of the dark-eyed stranger, and drew back from the bridge to let her pass.

"That is," she thought, "if she can cross running water."

"Have you anything to ask of me?" inquired the Sybil.



"What will be my fortune?" asked the girl, in a faltering voice.

"Low and base, like your character," returned the Gipsy. "But in death you will be exalted above your fellows."

"That will do me no good."

"It will serve as a moral to others," returned the Gipsy, with a glance of contempt. "The good in you lies all upon the surface. Within, your heart is corrupt and your temper bad. Those who would be happy and fortunate, should eschew your company."

"Thou art a witch!" said the basket-maker's daughter.

"Am I not a true prophetess? It needs no magic to read your character, or the fate that it involves," said the Sybil. "But one piece of advice I will give you, though I know that it will be given in vain. Shun that man's company. The thistle and the rose cannot be placed in the same nosegay, without injuring each other."

She glided down the lane as she ceased speaking, and was soon out of sight.

"Dorothy! Dorothy! my pretty Dorothy!" cried Fenwick, leaping over the stile. "What did that strange woman say to you?"

"She told me that I should marry a handsome cavalier, and die a rich gentlewoman," said the girl, with a ready lie.

"Ha! did she so? Thou art indeed a pretty flower, worthy of being worn in a nobleman's crest. But the flower is wild, and needs cultivation. Dost thou think that thou couldst love me, Dolly?"

"I will tell you when you bring me the pretty ring," said the girl, tossing back her fair hair from her comely round face. "But hark! there is father's voice. I hear him speaking to the boys in the swamp. Good-den!"

And casting a bright, saucy glance, at the young man, she entered the cottage, and clapped the door after her, and he pursued his way to the town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A THOUGHT.

BY IVAN.

God gave the Eagle wings to soar  
Aloft, and heav'n's high arch explor  
With firm undazzled sight:  
God gave to man the winged mind,  
Its dwelling-place to seek and find  
Beyond the source of light.

Confine the monarch of the air  
To some dim cage; in fierce despair  
He beats his bars and dies  
While grov'ling man consents to dwell,  
Imprison'd in vice's sombre cell  
Nor e'er for freedom sighs!

Frederickton.

## THE SAILOR-LOVER'S SONG.

BY H. H.

Oh! bound my barque o'er the waters free,  
And dance o'er the sparkling foam,  
Oh! bear me swift o'er the moon-lit sea  
To my lov'd one's peaceful home!  
As the waters wild thy rible'd slides lave  
I'll sing to the evening wind:  
Oh! we'll gaily cleave the crested wave  
And leave all our cares behind!

Away! away! o'er the moon has set,  
Or you taper's twinkling sped!  
Away! away! 'tis years since we met,  
And my heart with doubt hath bled!  
Through far foreign lands I've wander'd long  
But I've ne'er forgot my home—  
I've ne'er forgot that my heart belong'd  
To thee, love!—to thee alone!

On the barren shores of northern climes,  
Or beneath more southern skies,  
At morning's prime, and at evening's chime,  
For thee, did each hope arise:  
Oh! minded well was thy golden hair,  
And thy last sweet sparkling smile,—  
Thy sunny eyes, and thy cheek so fair  
Dimpled with many a wife!

Thy parting words, and thy love-forc'd tears  
And thy dear sweet trustful lies,  
Oh! I've ne'er forgot though many years  
Have pass'd since that night of bliss!  
Away! away! o'er the bright waves bound,  
Onwards with the speed of light,  
For my heart has found in all around!  
This fair world all pure and bright!

Away! away! to you moon-lit shore,—  
Away! to you taper's ray,—  
Away! 'till I pour at her feet the store  
Of my pent-up love! away!  
Then bound my barque o'er the waters free,  
And dance o'er the sparkling foam.  
Then bear me swift o'er the moonlit sea  
To my lov'd one's peaceful home!

Hamilton, December, 1815.

## SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PIETRO MALLAST.

"I fear, long looking on my lady's eyes,  
That rival yonder sun's refulgent light,  
May in the end destroy the bias of sight!"—  
So did I speak, determin'd to be wise,  
And turned my gaze aside: but heaviest sighs  
Shook my poor heart, and I had died outright  
If once again their glance (alas! how bright!)  
Had not revived me, "All in vain he tries  
To 'scape, who carries in himself a foe,  
And death is worse than blindness. Should it be  
The will of fate that I must cease to see  
My latest look on her I will bestow,  
Whom, but to be permitted to behold  
Is worth a Cæsar's fame, a Cæsar's cherish'd gold.

FRICKTON.

Frederickton, N. B., December, 1842.

# THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

A POEM.

BY THE LATE DR. HASKINS.

*Quotenus hoc simile est quod meate videmus.*

LUCRETIUS, IV. 751.

## PART I.

I.

I sing the Sea whose tideless waters lave  
The loveliest lands that beauteous earth can boast;  
I sing the Sea whose ever tuneful wave  
Murmurs sweet music round each blissful coast;  
The Roman, Greek, the Carthaginian brave,  
The navies of the proud Phœnician host,  
Alike to dark oblivion's realms have gone,  
Yet still in lust'rous pride its stream rolls on.

II.

Thou glorious mirror of a sunlit sky,  
How doth the heav'n's look down o'er thy blue deep,  
Emmour'd of its peerless purity!—  
In thy ærean caves what treasures sleep,—  
What forms, once beauteous, 'neath thy billows lie,—  
How many for whom true hearts once did weep!—  
I gaze upon thy broad extension vast,  
And ponder o'er the unreturning Past.

III.

Transcendent Deep—in the World's history  
Thy name and fame recorded live for aye;  
Still in the storied page we read of thee!—  
Emblaz'd with glory's never dying ray  
Thy name inwoven with each deed we see;  
Remembrance of a far distant day,—  
Of by-gone eras, trophied years of old,  
By thee the wond'rous tale is sweetly told.

IV.

Magnificently spread—o'er-canopied  
By yon æthereal dome of cloudless blue,  
Translucently thy purpling waters glide,  
Ouvrilling the heav'n's elysian hue.  
Matchless, majestic, on in pomp and pride  
Thy billows roll, upon the shore to strew  
Their sparkling spray, and kiss the narrow strand  
Border'd by blooming flow'rs—a lovely band.

V.

Romantic Tide!—while Poesy hath pow'r  
To charm my thrilling soul, her voice shall sing  
Thy praise and glory; still with many a flow'r,  
Fresh gather'd from the fragrant breast of spring,  
And buds sweet breathing of the vernal show'r,  
Shall twine a garland o'er thy flood to fling;  
Aloft by fancy borne my soul looks down  
O'er thine expanse, and wreathes a votive crown.

VI.

Sea of all seas!—it is no idle thought  
To deem—as yonder gorgeous glowing sky  
From thy still bosom gentler hues hath caught,—  
Thus may thy mirror to our souls supply  
A glimpse of Eden elsewhere vainly sought;  
So tranquilly the pictur'd heavens high,  
Reflected, on thine azure bosom sleep,  
As storms no more could break that slumber deep.

VII.

From Calpe's height to Syria's palmy shore  
In majesty thy waters sweep along;  
While, like a spirit, the south wind breathes o'er  
Their graceful swell, with gently plaintive song.  
Still soillest thou as in the days of yore;—  
Thou changest not, thy billows are as strong,  
As glad, as free, as when Alcides rode  
O'er their blue backs, stern Vigour's dauntless god.

VIII.

And gentle too, as when young Aphrodite  
Rose from the deep, with dark dishevell'd tress;  
Her dripping form with pearly lustre bright,  
Her bosom swelling in its loveliness;  
O'er her soft snowy limbs a rosy light,  
That made beholders blind, yet not the less  
Entranc'd each heart; so that none turn'd away,—  
But fascinate, spell-bound, and rank in that dazzling ray.

IX.

Thy classic legends—wild and rich romance  
Of ancient days—soul-stirring histories—  
Thy storied gulphs—far-reaching wide expanse,  
Where navies rode that knew none other seas—  
Thy beauteous bays, peopled in Poesy's trance  
With beings bright, fabled divinities,—  
Th' enthusiastic dream of fancy's pride—  
Still haunt my heart, while gazing o'er thy tide.

X.

And mid the imag'ry whose heavenly hues  
Enchant my soul, in bright reality  
Proud forms arise, the theme of many a muse;  
Of glorious days the pomp and pageantry  
Before me pass; while that my thought pursues  
The tale of former years revealed by thee;—  
And as thy stream rolls on by scenes sublime,  
Thus o'er my spirit rolls the flood of time.

## XI.

Methinks from Argos' shore, Mycenæ's strand,  
I view th' heroic navy sweep along,  
Beneath stern Agamemnon's high command,  
To wreak their wrath on Troy for Paris' wrong ;  
Gilt'ring in arms I see Alhides stand  
Upon the prow, amid a warlike throng,  
And with a royal brow where vengeance low'rs  
Point with his shining sword to Iliot's tow'rs.

## XII.

Next—the worn chief, in war and council sage,  
Steers with white sail from fair Calypso's Isle ;  
Th' enchantress sees, and cloaking well her rage,  
Still woos him back with many a wanton wile.  
But all in vain ; his ocean pilgrimages  
The chief pursues, nor heeds her harmful guile ;  
To his own rocky home I see him wend,  
To bid Penelope's long sorrows end.

## XIII.

Oh ! blind old Bard !—how sovereign was the spell  
Wherewith thy strains entranc'd my bosom young !—  
How at thy voice did my wild spirit swell  
With glorious dreams, and rove those scenes among,  
Gilt by thy muse with light ineffable,  
And peopled with a dazzling world of throned  
Immortal as the verse in which they live ;—  
Mine was a bliss no strains but thine could give.

## XIV.

Thy genius, like the climate that gave thee birth,  
Resplendent, rich, robed in celestial rays,  
Hath more of heav'n than of low-lying earth ;—  
A sunlike halo with refulgent blaze  
Circles thy fame ;—time shall behold no dearth  
Of rotaries to crown thee with fresh bays—  
Undying Homer ! peerless lord of song—  
Time's stream but wafts more wide thy praise along.

## XV.

From Balearic Isles, that like green gems  
Adorn the deep, new deck'd by hand of spring,—  
Dorne by the balmy breeze our strong ship stems  
The surge, and flies as falcon on the wing.  
Fair France—thy pictur'd coast to harbouric hemis  
The full-brimmed tide : while like a welcoming  
Sardinia sends her wafted fragrance o'er  
The purpling sea, and smiles from her far shore.

## XVI.

Proud Gulph of Lyons !—lothy to I leave  
Thee and thy reminiscences behind ;  
But, onward, on the haughty billows heave  
Their foamy crests ; while favouring is the wind,  
The destin'd port doth now our bark receive.—  
O'er Genoa, mid her snow-white walls enshrin'd,  
Her lordly palaces, her marble halls  
Of princely pomp, the golden day-light falls.

## XVII.

Not much is here to bid the traveller stay ;  
Yet hath her hist'ry many a stirring tale ;  
And names whose glory will not soon decay :—  
Columbus,—Doria, who made Venice quail,  
Haught mistress of the Seas for many a day—  
Made the noon blaze of her renown wax pale ;  
Muzzling her Lion's mouth. No more clate,  
And Genoa mourns those years in widow'd state.

## XVIII.

Isle, where Theocritus sweet sung his lays,  
His charming pastorals in Doric strain,—  
Trabacria, where wanton nature plays  
Her sportive tricks and gambols not in vain ;  
On ev'ry side, where'er the trav'ler strays,  
Thy plains and valleys teem with golden grain,  
Vine-yards, and orange-gardens, olive groves,  
And chequer'd forests, far as vision roves.

## XIX.

Fair Isle—bright Sicily !—haunt of the Muse—  
Full many a pleasing tale she tells of thee—  
Dion's renown—the seer of Syracuse—  
Th' asserter of man's right—sweet liberty  
Him too he conquer'd—not unskill'd to use  
Reverses, with a spirit calm and free—  
The philosophic tyrant Dionysius,  
Who chang'd for rods his sceptre, wise and specious.

## XX.

Scylla still roars, but her sea-dogs are dead ;  
Cæryllis now no more the current sways ;  
No more with whirling waves, attraction dread,  
Its eddying vortex the stout bark betrays,—  
No longer Etna thunders overhead ;  
But calm in pride the scene superb smiles—  
Tow'rs o'er the prospect with parental smiles,  
The guardian genius of Earth's loveliest Isle.

## XXI.

'Tis said, that Plato, in far distant days,  
Once sped from Greece to Etna's height supernal,  
To see from thence the sun diffuse his rays  
At morn—bright fringe of the King eternal ;—  
Now in our times, when steam hath all the praise,  
With locomotives, gas, machines infernal—  
He would be deem'd a strange, half witted wight,  
Who sped so far to view such glorious sight.

## XXII.

Oh !—says poetic !—have ye steel for erer ?  
Is man, with all his mind, a mere machine—  
His spring the love of wealth—relaxing never,—  
To grub for money Wisdom's golden mean ?—  
No—there are cords within that nought can sever,  
Strung in the soul, that yet shall thrill, I ween ;  
And Man, the slave of steam, and shares and stocks,  
Shall bless the pow'r, which now he, scornful, mocks.

## XXIII.

Steam hath its day and Poesy had hers,—  
Mankind have changeful minds—not the mere mass ;  
Nature on few the gift of thought confers—  
The many-headed monster's still an ass,—  
But Man—the noblest one—full often errs,  
Still rushing from extremes t' extremes—alay !—  
Now for Utilitarianism stern and real  
Then catching at a cloud and forms Ideal.

## XXIV.

Solomon says on earth there's nothing new ;  
What is has been, still changing all around ;—  
That once 'twas so, we grant with reverence due,—  
But many novelties have moderns found—  
Percussion Guns—with rifled cannons true—  
Galvanic clocks—air tunnels, that astound—  
Professor Drusen's fell arsenic fume,  
That wraps the woes of war in deadlier gloom.

XXV.

Revolving pistols—Palxhan's Howitzers—

Warner's long range—the Bude light—and what not—  
With "the Perpetual Pill," when nature errs.

But what I meant t' observe—almost forgot—

Is this—that well nine inmost soul infers,

From what hath been, and is, still Nature's lot,

That Poesy—exalted Queen of Mind—

Agala shall rule and reign o'er humankind.

XXVI.

Religion's hand-maid, hear'n-horn Poesy.

With starry eyes of glory dazzling bright,

And pensive brow upturn'd unto the sky,

Beaming from her sweet face celestial light,—

With lofty look wrapt in communion high,—

Tho' deem'd moon-struck by shallow senseless wight—

Imperial ruler of the realms of thought,

Hath sacred pow'rs for man's ennobling fraught.

XXVII.

While he who built the Pyramid's unknown—

His name conceal'd in dark oblivion's tomb,—

While Babylon lies low in dust o'erthrown,—

Proud Nineveh is lost in sunless gloom,—

While Time o'erturns the haughtiest monarch's throne

Forgetfulness, oblivion, still their doom—

Homer survives, and o'er the wreck of ages

Triumphant reigns in his immortal pages.

XXVIII.

So Shakspeare—Britain's noblest Bard,—shall reign

In hearts of men, till time shall be no more;—

His legacy of a surpassing strain

Made the world rich with wealth unknown before;

And literature may henceforth seek in vain

For such a priceless gift t' encrease her store;—

When Shakspeare is forgotten Earth shall hear

Her death-knell toll—her last hour will be near.

XXIX.

Blest Bard—thou soul of Genius!—thy pure gift

Is past all price,—yet much may we lament

That thou, in fancy's wanderings uncontrol'd,

So much alloy hast with thy bullion blend.

Where'er we turn, bright treasures welchold,

With much to cause our spirits discontent;

Now more than man thou seem'st—then, fool, or fribble

Neglecting all that's great for pun or quibble.

XXX.

If Goethe, Schiller, Byron, in one mind

With Scott and Bulwer were together roll'd,—

They would not make one Shakspeare, thus combin'd.—

Yet deep I feel thy faults tho' this I hold;—

Nor do I bow before thy genius blind;—

Tho'rt often trifling, tame, obscure, and cold;—

Yet Man must travel far, although a roamer,

Ere he will find thine equal save in Homer.

XXXI.

The present day's prolific in invention,—

Merchanies thrive while Poesy hides her head;—

'Tis easier getting Patents than a Pension;

The simple-minded Muse may beg her bread.

That Verse is not in vogue I need not mention;—

Love—Soul of Song—poor thing!—is long since  
dead;—

Petrarch and Tasso—hear, oh! hear in Hades,

With Leonora and Laura—matchless Ladies.

XXXII.

Magnetic Telegraphs would bring the news

To Hades in the turning of a post;—

It were enough to make a spirit lose

Its inward essence, and give up the ghost,

To hear that Love, Romance, the laurel'd Muse,

Are all consign'd to dark oblivion's coast;—

Save some small sparks which still on earth are latent—

For nurturing which I mean to take a patent.

XXXIII.

Howe'er the arts of Peace may thrive, howe'er

The Poor be fed, and hous'd, and cloth'd,—'tis sure

The Arts of War do flourish far and near.

If *Staying* be a Science, nought is truer

It hath of late made progress without peer.

Death is, no doubt, for mortal life a cure,—

Thus are improvements made in sword and gun,

And all to give the Infernal World rich fun.

XXXIV.

"Some have escap'd the Doctor's pill," said Gay,

In his thief-making Opera.—No doubt,

Doctors were dangerous, often, in his day;

Chirurgeons too;—at this my Muse don't put;—

But now so many modes are found to slay,

He is a hardy man who lives it out—

Amid those arts destructive and outrageous,

Worse than the Small Pox, Plague, and ill contagious.

XXXV.

Man's life's not long e'en at its utmost tether;

Nature finds ways enow to slip the chain;

Despising shocks of time, and grief, and weather,

Till three score years and ten he might remain

On Airth,—as Yankees say,—might hold together

For seventy years,—but now that hope is vain—

With Steam, and Warner's range to slay afar,

The No Plus Ultra of the Art of War.

XXXVI.

But hold, my Muse!—to cure thy dismal vapours,

Lo! Etia o'er its lovely island tow'rs;

With gradual slope its cone stupendous tapers,

With foliage garb'd, and ever-blooming flow'rs

Crowning the citi's, where the blethe killing capers;

And creeping vines drink in the vernal show'rs;

While far as view can reach o'er sea and land,

All is delicious, bright, superb, and grand.

XXXVII.

Away, away,—no time to loiter long

Have such as hasten o'er the brimming sea,

From port to port, where crowded vessels throng,

In search of gain, with tireless industry.

Small love have they of sights, still less of song;—

Yet one not Mammon's slave nor votary,

Might find his profit, hing'ring on that shore,

From which we cleave the surf with dashing proe.

XXXVIII.

Blar-eyed divinity—unlovely Mammon!—

Pintus of old was lame—but tho' art blind—

Halt, wither'd, juiceless, dry, as smoke-cur'd Salmon—

Jak'd, broil'd, till nought but skin and bones we find,

Still thupst thou upon thy swinish gammon;—

Headless of Nature's form with charms entwinkl'd;

Hapacious, foul, still whistling, like the seaman,

For golden gales—half harpy, and half demon.

XXXIX.

But this is from my theme,—yet what's a Poem  
Without an Episode as safety valve  
For pent-up thoughts, thro' which the Muse can blow 'em  
Sky high:—my metaphor I'm loth to halve.  
Should critics carp at this, mayhap I'll show 'em  
A thing or two that their blind eyes will halve.  
Should any Morns mock my humour native,  
I'll tip him a slight Irish hint, the cut-throat.

XL.

Your pardon, Reader!—'tis the rhyme, the rhyme,  
Not reason that thus makes my verse profane;—  
I must avoid the like for future time,  
And shall adopt a sober serious strain,  
With here and there a touch of the sublime,  
But nought to give the gentle reader pain.  
So here it goes.—Lo! dread Vesuvius raises  
On high its awful brow begirt with blazes.

XLI.

Pierce flames aloft, begirt with glare of hell;  
Bala's far tide is all one crimson glow;  
The heavens are hot with fumes insufferable;  
Like blood you lay red rolls its waves below;  
With sanguine fiery flush the skies rebel,  
And, glaring grim, congenial frowns bestow  
Upon that furious mount, whose blasting breath  
Suites the dim stars with paleness as of death.

XLII.

Deep sleeps fair Naples at the midnight hour;—  
Proximity to danger makes us calm—  
Constant, not casual, danger hath this power:—  
Turenne's might bow, the Turk makes no salam  
When shots come close that mark the bravest crew;—  
For ticklish feelings Battle's breath is halm:—  
His head for aye so loose sits on his shoulders,  
His coolness in close quarters shocks beholders.

XLIII.

"Pshaw!—he's a Fatalist,"—some one will say—  
"That's the true cause of all his apathy."—  
I don't believe it. Fatalism may  
Do middling well for a mere theory,—  
None act upon it but th' insane, for they  
Oft practise what they preach. The Turk is free  
As moral agent, spite the Koran's fables,  
And knows it—but what's this to do with Naples.

XLIV.

'Tis dead of midnight;—with terrific roar,  
The dread Volcano thunders in its might;—  
Stupendous masses roll their volumes o'er  
The lurid heavens; while forked flames make bright  
Yon murky mountain and the distant shore—  
Like demons' tongues outtolling, with their light  
Of Hell make hideous all the prospect round;  
While Nature starts from her still sleep profound.

\* Turenne, in one of his battles, perceiving a cannon  
shot right thin for his head, is said to have duck'd, with  
the observation, that, "he always made it a point to bow  
to gentlemen of that family." He was killed by a cannon  
shot notwithstanding.

XLV.

Morn breaks;—Galeta's distant headlands gleam  
With dawn's first ray. Calm, cloudless, is the morn;  
The sunsmiles down with an untroubled beam;  
Vesuvius still fierce frowns as tho' in scorn  
Of Nature's smile and Earth's enraptur'd dream:  
Laugh the fresh flow'rs from spring's young bosom  
born;  
And o'er the lovely land—tho' empurpled sea,  
Sweet fragrance floats—Morn's breath of purity.

XLVI.

Bright with the dew of dawn,—whose radiant gem  
Sparkles on ev'ry leaf, and bud, and blade,  
Lovelier than pearls of Jewell'd diadem,—  
The full musk-rose with all her charms display'd  
Droops graceful on her green and slender stem,  
With her young offspring high. The groves array'd  
In vernal garb, with blushing blossoms crown'd,  
Sway'd by the breeze of morn shed odours round.

XLVII.

With gardens overhung, with slopes and fields  
Vine-clad, and rich in all diversities  
Of loveliness that bounteous Nature yields,  
Back'd by blue hills see gorgeous Naples rise:  
Yon mountain range her matchless climate shields  
From the rude influence of stormy skies;  
While the sweet West soft breathes o'er her still bay,  
Her fountains cool, green groves, and gardens gay.

XLVIII.

How lovely is fair Naples—how doth she  
O'er gaze the like like some fair ruling queen,  
Youthful and proud, supreme in sovereignty,  
Thro'ld in her charms, amid those glorious scenes  
Elsewhere unroll'd; earth and air and sea  
Lie hush'd in blissful trance, ward o'ld serene.  
Save that stern sentinel, that cannot keep,  
Like giant grim o'erwatching beauty's sleep.

XLIX.

Luxuriant land! how doth the spring pour forth  
Profusion round, of blossoms, buds and flow'rs  
To deck the bosom of reviving earth,  
And furnish fair her wreath of vernal hours;  
While Nature thrills aloud her song of mirth,  
Resuscitate with all her genial pow'rs;  
And one sweet hymn from all her tribes ascend  
To her blest Benefactor, Father, Friend.

L.

Here may the pious heart forever dwell  
With grateful love on the Creator's praise;  
'Neath Nature's smile, here may Religion swell  
With bliss benign, and her glad altar raise.  
All round is Paradise: ere Adam fell  
Such scenes begirt him in his sinless days;  
And seems it that a realm, so bright, so blest,  
Might give us joys like what he once possess'd.

LI.

But ah! the taint, the deadly taint within,  
Embitters all, wherever we may rove;  
Earth is no Eden, though her smile may win  
Our fond regard, nor ill deserve our love.  
Still when I enjoy her charms we would begin,  
Our ardent souls with bliss and pleasure prove,  
We ever find, as says the Royal Preacher,  
Much vanity commingled with the creature.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

BY T. D. P.

[The press has so teemed within the last few years, with translations from the French writers, that perhaps the Editor of the Literary Garland may not wish to fill his pages with a species of writing; which has become so common as to be almost unattractive;—but the translator has been induced to send him the “*Dernière Fée*,” from the conviction that it would fully repay a perusal. It is unlike the usual style of French Novels, it contains a deep and holy moral, which is decorated with all the affluence of a rich and vivid imagination, and which ever peeps out, with a calm and lovely expression, from the richness of a tale which almost rivals the far famed wonders of *Scheherazade*, with her *Thousand and One Nights*:—and, certes, could this renowned Princess have summoned to her aid the genius of *Do Balzac*, and availed herself of his spirituelle creations, she might perchance have been still living to enchain the world with her magic tongue.—T. D. P.]

There was once upon a time, a chemist and his wife, who resided far from the world, and yet lived most happily. The chemist, his spectacles on nose, was always engaged in keeping up the fire in his furnaces; and sometimes during the whole day, he would blow at them with his old worn-out and blackened bellows, too absorbed to speak; while his wife, seated in the laboratory, heeded not the smoke, the fumes of the charcoal, or the various odors. She spoke rarely, her usual language being the amiable smile, which came playing over her beautiful lips. When wearied with his labour, the chemist bethought himself to turn a fond and admiring look upon his beloved wife. She was handsome, and altogether agreeable in her person; but as she passed the whole day in the laboratory, she cared not for her toilette, and her beauty would not have been perceived at the first glance.

The cottage which they inhabited resembled a cave; the walls were covered with thick black smoke, which had been gathering upon them for years; the glass in the window, cut into ovals and small squares, seemed intended to place a veto upon the light of day; for the rays of the sun could scarcely penetrate through the thick dust which covered them within, while without, a joyous vine, which clothed the walls with its living tapestry, cast over the windows a network of interlaced branches. The floor of the cabin presented a singular appearance; it was damp and always dirty, while the furrows traced upon it by the broom, told how often a generous hand had attempted to produce order from this chaos. From the cracks in the wall were often heard the hum of the crickets, that murmured rejoicingly, untroubled in their asylums; and many a mouse trotted tranquilly through this abode of peace.

innocence, and the chemist, without any fear of deceitful snares.

In the midst of a mass of tables, bottles, and instruments, was always seen the chemist, his hair covered with the white ashes from his charcoal, his face bent over a retort, the ruddy light of his fire tinging all around, and resting with a bright glow upon the face of his fair wife, who ever regarded the interior of her little domain with a satisfied look. The black roof—the absence of the sun—the implements of chemistry; these things would not have pleased the world; but the chemist and his wife were happy, and let no one censure them that they found not their happiness in the stroke of a broom, the death of a cricket, the destruction of a spider's web, or the capture of a poor little mouse: happiness for them was in other things.

One spring morning they opened a window: the pure air circulated through the laboratory, and the sun sent in its brightest rays, tracing a brilliant line, in which floated a multitude of atoms of dust, that seemed to chase each other like swarms of flies, which gather above a stream on a beautiful summer's evening. The thoughts of the chemist were as numerous and almost as restless as the flies; the gentle influence of the air, and of nature, just peeping in through the seldom opened window, gave them a direction very different from those which usually crowded his brain. He looked at his lovely wife, who, seated on a worm-eaten chair, was amusing herself with looking into the “*Cabinet des Fées*.” Her golden hair, just parted on her forehead, seemed like the halo of light around the head of the saints.

Conscious of his gaze, she raised her blue eyes, full of ingenious sweetness, to her husband's

face, and quitted her book, happy in obtaining a look of affection from him.

The chemist reflected: during a moment of expressive silence, thoughts rapidly passed through his mind, of this young girl, who was the light of his eyes, whom he had chosen for a gentle recreation, from his labours. Was he devoted enough to her? She, young and simple as she was, could not take any very deep interest, nor find much amusement in the experiments or studies which absorbed him so entirely. From this time, he consecrated himself more to this young being, whose happiness was confided to him. He devoted, every day, some of his precious hours to her, and surrounded her with the attentions of love.

In about a year, these sacrifices received a sweet recompense, for the wife of the chemist became the mother of a child, beautiful as the day. Then the laboratory became the theatre of scenes more touching and more various. The black roof echoed to infantine cries; but the chemist complained not. Caliban, the old unique servant of this little household, quitted his spade to gaze upon the child, dressing his uncouth face in smiles, and striving for a gentle voice with which to speak to it. And the young mother, seated in her worm-eaten chair, tossed up and down the little rogue, whom she covered with her kisses.

This young peasant, whom the chemist had chosen for her *naïveté* and simplicity of character, seemed now informed with a new life. She became spirituelle in all that related to him. She lived but in the life of this little being, who played upon her bosom; and the happy chemist perceived and acknowledged that nature had crucibles much better than his own, and a method, far superior, of combining her elixirs.

The chemist was one of the most astonishing and original beings that the fire from heaven had ever warmed. If ideas depend, as many teach, upon the interior form of the brain, his should have had the dazzling and extraordinary aspect of those chemical productions which apothecaries expose to the eye of the passer-by, and which present the most brilliant and multiform crystallizations. From his youth he had lived only for the arts and sciences, which he had studied with ardent enthusiasm; he had also acquired a profound knowledge of human nature. He thoroughly understood all the springs of both the mental and physical machine; by one glance he could discern the symptoms, cause and progress of a malady, and could immediately prescribe for it. He saw into the sources of pleasure and pain, of the passions and virtues, with such unerring truth, that the perfection of human happiness seemed to be within his grasp.

Perhaps the greatest proof of his wisdom, and the sublimity of his mind, was, that having attained this pinnacle of human science, he was contented to live in his laboratory between a cricket a mouse, Caliban, the spiders, his wife and a child. Had he gone to Paris, he would have won for himself boundless wealth and fame; but he had reflected deeply, and reasoned thus: "If, by his knowledge of physical laws, he healed all diseases, why all the world would come to him; there would be no more need of physicians, consequently the physicians, out of revenge, would have quietly invited him to pass out of the world. If by his foresight and knowledge of human nature, he could accommodate all law suits, and decide all difficult questions, then lawyers would be no longer required, and his science would thus procure him the hatred of the advocates, who, more cruel than the physicians, would not scruple to use the rack and torture. If government learned that he could make diamonds, they would shut him up, and keep him constantly employed in fabricating them for their own benefit; or they would put out his eyes that he could not make them at all; and in this case government would be more cruel than either physicians or lawyers. The perfectability of human reason would become the ruin of society, which subsists only on the follies, the maladies, the passions and diseases of each one." Thus reasoning, the chemist had the almost incredible judgment to compare the glory which he might have acquired, to the smoke of his furnace, the riches, to the charcoal that blackened his hands, and whose vapours could kill; and seizing the god of happiness by the ears, he forced him to remain forever in his laboratory.

It was thus he simplified his existence. To give occupation to his active mind, he sought to discover new secrets; he took a pretty wife, who did nothing, knew nothing, seldom spoke, and he decided that their world began at the door of the cabin, and ended at the garden wall. In the evening, he would walk out with his wife to a shady glade, where they drank in the pure air of heaven, and listened to the melody of nature. And the happy chemist, putting aside all thought of his retorts and mixtures, talked gaily to his wife, and compared the mysterious glimmering of the stars to the soft lambent light which played from her beautiful eyes; she smiled upon him, her heart glowed at his admiration, and was filled with adoring love for her husband. They lived indeed a happy life; and well might the chemist laugh at the men of the world, who were madly striving to catch soap bubbles, which burst almost before they grasped them; and he clapped his hands in joyful ecstasy as he kissed his fair wife and applauded himself for his choice, and gloried that he had

resolved the one great problem, that of a happy life. He laboured more and more at his crucibles, sought ever to snatch one more secret from the great heart of nature; and he endeavoured to explain to his wife what he did, and to excite her interest. She comprehended nothing, but she listened with as much attention as if she understood all.

Around this cottage was a garden, which seemed made expressly for them; the vegetables took pleasure in growing there, the vine bent under its heavy clusters, and a stream meandered through, and watered this little corner of the promised land.

The chemist had proved to his wife, (for she believed all he said) that they ought to eat only vegetables and fruit; they would thus extinguish the fire of the passions: they lived therefore on the produce of their garden, where a cow also found her herbage. Caliban, the servant of this happy household, made the vintage and the harvest, winnowed the wheat with a machine invented by his master; and this good servant knew no other existence than to rise at day break, cultivate the little garden, and soberly prepare the repast of the chemist; in the winter to spin, make his cloth, and go to bed. He had suppressed the use of thought, as too fatiguing an exercise; and the *ne plus ultra* of his employment, was to pay to the collector of the commune, the seventeen francs, which was the tax the chemist paid for his two acres, his wife, his crickets, his mice, his spiders, Caliban, the cow, the rats, and a poor little dog, who was the friend of all the house.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE cottage in which these four beings, who were formed so exactly for each other, lived, deserves an exact description, though too much reality should not be put into a fairy tale. It is necessary, however, for the true enjoyment of the recital, to believe its foundation is truth.

This cottage of goodness, was situated about twenty leagues from Paris, in one of those valleys where nature seems to have hid herself with all her treasures. The whole aspect of the landscape was varied and beautiful; the trees were the most graceful, the meadows the most laughing; the brooks the most limpid; here a drooping vine, there a rude cabin; still further, a picturesque mill, with its sonorous waterfall, blending with which, often was heard the voice of some young peasant girl, chanting a naive air, or the soft note of some shepherd's flute. Indeed, so lovely was this valley, so smiling, so quiet, so remote from the noise of the city, that it was the very place

to which disgraced ministers should have retired in the first moments of their fall.

As the chemist offered nothing to the cupidity of robbers, but books of science, charcoal, retorts, and little bottles, he could live without any danger in the little cottage, which was placed on the slope of a hill, at some distance from the village; and so secure and confident was the chemist, he always left his door unfastened, a little circumstance which completes admirably the picture of his simple manners.

The cottage was so situated, that its chimney was even with a level plat, on the top of the hill, from which spread out an immense forest, from whence the chemist obtained his charcoal, and other precious ingredients.

Whoever has travelled much, knows there are in France, and every where else, indeed, remote places, little villages, embosomed in quiet, far from all the public routes, where the people live in profound ignorance of the things of the world, where they learn nothing of political revolutions, except by the change of arms on the seal to the letters of advice sent to the collectors, or by the sign over the warehouse of the powder and tobacco merchant; in fine, villages, where those who do not pay taxes, and do not buy tobacco and powder, may live and die without knowing who is the mortal that governs them; without even hearing of Paroquoy Roux, of Regnaults, of pectoral paste, of Lord Byron, of hydrogen gas, of magnetism, of merobons, of duchesses, or water-carriers. A happy ignorance for themselves, but a great misfortune to sovereigns, directors of theatres, poets, undertakers, and above all, for duchesses. If this luminous description answers no other purpose, it will at least acquaint the reader, that the village, a quarter of a league from the cottage of the chemist, was one of these privileged places.

But this was not all: the habitation of the chemist was surrounded with a sanitary cordon of ignorance, which it was impossible to surmount, for it had been established by superstition and the headle of the parish. That its full force may be estimated, it is necessary to cast a glance back to the period of the arrival of the chemist in this country.

It was night—a fitful night, almost dark, for the moon was encompassed by dark clouds. It was Sunday, and the last Sunday in December, a dark era; the wind whistled howling through the trees, the inhabitants of each of the cottages were gathered close together, shuddering as the withered branches fell upon their thatched roofs, while one or another repeated some tale of horror, which had occurred on such a night. It was near midnight when the sound of a heavy vehicle,



dragging its slow way through the street, drew all to their windows, and by the light of the struggling moon, they saw the uncouth form of Caliban, leading by the bridle a thin horse, that much resembled the one described in the Apocryphal, on which was seated the pale spectre of death; this horse drew an open waggion, on which were piled mattresses, reports, mathematical instruments, crucibles, phials, glasses, furnaces, &c.; and on the top of this motley cargo was perched the chemist, his head covered with a bear-skin cap, a huge pair of spectacles upon his nose, and his hands filled with books. While the frightened inhabitants gazed, awe-struck, upon the horrible cortège, the bell of the village church broke upon the silence, with the sad toll for a dying person; the frightful tales they had just listened to, the groans of the tempest, the dark cloudy light of the moon, gave to this spectacle the air of a diabolical convey, and contributed to sow the seeds of fear, which became so great, that when it was known that these were the new inhabitants of the cottage on the hill, those who had sold the property to the chemist almost feared to use the money which had been paid for it, and they passed it through vinegar, that the infection of the devil might be purified from it. This fear would, however, have passed away, had the chemist been seen like other people, at the market, drinking at the cabaret, or smoking a pipe; but none of these things did he ever do.

At last, the villagers ventured (for curiosity prevails every where) to approach the house of the chemist, that they might examine and see what was doing by this envoy of the devil. But they gained little information; all was quiet around it, and they could perceive no signs of life, except the black smoke, which ever poured forth from the enormous chimney of the cottage; and from this, they concluded that Satan had established there, a breathing hole for hell, particularly as the chemist had so enlarged the chimney, that a cavalier, with his lance, his ensign, his trumpet, his horse, his gun, and his two moustachios, could have passed out of it without so much as ruffling the cockade on his chapeau. On seeing such a huge thing always vomiting such a dark, heavy smoke, it was almost impossible that the peasants should not associate with it all dark things; others, more enlightened, would perhaps have wondered still more, had the chimney never smoked at all; but in a village, particularly such an ignorant one, they reason differently from what they do elsewhere.

The terror of the villagers was finally brought to a climax, and an impassible barrier placed between the hill, its inhabitants, and the village, by

the recital of the beadle, who, strong in sacerdotal power, ventured one evening to walk past the mysterious habitation, not only for the gratification of his own curiosity, but because the curé wished to know if the chemist, notwithstanding his devilry, could be induced to make the bread offering to the church. The beadle was an important man in the village, for he knew how to calculate, and could read and write; and thus, doubly guarded with ecclesiastical power, and mental acquirements, he set out to reconnoitre the proscribed cottage; his first glance showed him the frightful Caliban, seated upon a large stone, covered with moss, playing with his dear little black dog, who rested his intelligent head against the coarse face of the domestic. The chemist, blackened by the charcoal, was grotesquely dressed, like one whose whole mind was absorbed in study. His wife leaned upon his shoulder, her pretty face sparkling with love, her soft golden hair blended with the long jet black ringlets of the chemist; her white arms were thrown around his neck.

The setting sun shed upon the group a rosy light, which seemed to the beadle, to confirm the impression that the cottage was the gate of hell. All that he had heard of the temptations of St. Anthony, rushed to his mind. Caliban appeared to him a great monkey, seated on a tortoise; his dog was a horned demon; in a stone, covered with green moss, was the crab that sprang into the pot of holy water; the beautiful wife of the chemist, was the she devil, with a celestial face, but the heart of a courtesan; and the chemist himself, seemed the devil-in-chief, surrounded by serpents; Caliban's spade was his cloven foot. And what added still more to the confusion of the beadle's senses, was the frightful noise which echoed all around him; for it so happened just as he passed, the chickens, dog, and cow, set up their cries. The chemist and his wife laughed at the clamour, and Caliban swore because the dog had bit his ear. The beadle, seized with an indescribable terror, fled, not daring to look behind him, but feeling as if a host of devils were trooping at his heels. He related every where the dangers he had encountered, and cautioned every one from venturing near the hill, where dwelt the devil incarnate in the shape of the chemist.

In the reign of superstition, when they burned young girls who had the night-mare, because they believed them the prey of a devil, more astonishing facts than these, related by the beadle, would have gained credence, and spread fear, and consternation, so that it is no wonder the cottage was regarded with deep fright, mingled with terror. Thus, a double barrier of ignorance and fear, se-

parated the village from the happy cottage, whose inmates were thus isolated from the rest of the world.

We will return now to the chemist, his pretty wife, the faithful Caliban, and little Abel.

As Abel grew, he played with the dog, thrust his finger into the cricket's hole, and tormented the mice; but these good beasts had no reason to regret it; for Abel's mother had taught him, he *must never injure anything with life*. As Abel was never confined in any bandages, his delicate limbs developed themselves in full freedom: he tossed himself about, and rolled on the floor of the laboratory, making his mother shudder and tremble, as he ran against, and knocked down the bottles of poisons and acids; but he always reassured her with his gentle voice:

"I take care, my little mamma!"

His soft hair mingled with the spiders' web, his face was blackened by the charcoal, he climbed upon the furnaces, he wished to taste every thing, touch every thing, laugh at every thing, and play without constraint; and nature smiled at the beautiful picture which was thus presented in the humble cottage of the chemist, where she reigned a sovereign. But that which formed the highest joy of Abel, was to sit by his mother's side, while she showed him the pictures in the "*Cabinet des Fees*," and told him the stories which they illustrated; he listened with eager delight to the wonderful histories of the "*Green Serpent*," "*Graciosa and Perceinot*," and the "*Blue Bird*;" but that which most delighted him, was the apparition of the "*Fairy Abricotine*."

The expression of Abel's face, indicated the delicacy and *noblesse*, united to the courage, which would have made him, at the age of eighteen, the proudest page that ever graced the court of a princess; but the chemist had destined him for a life more extraordinary than was ever led by page or troubadour.

This great man, always meditating, always seeking, had finished by finding what he deemed the great secret of life. His reflections had taught him that there existed for social man, more of evil than of good. He affirmed that Adam and Eve were happy in Paradise, only because they were in a state of ignorance, and that this parable in the Bible pointed out the true path to happiness; he admitted that civilization gives many wonderful enjoyments, but that the desires and the troubles are as much keener in such a state, as the pleasures are more lively; therefore, in a state of nature, there are fewer evils, and that while perhaps less is enjoyed, the happiness which is found is more pure and unswilled, like the river at its source. It was

this idea which had brought him to the cottage, where his wife, Caliban and himself, lived a life exempt from alarms: a rustic life, free, broad, even poetical. Love, gratitude, benevolence, and light labour, filled their souls, and occupied their hands; and the sweet union of all that nature gives to man, joined to affections the most simple and touching, constituted their life. The fruits of the earth decked their table, pure water quenched their thirst, the light of heaven was theirs, their dress was simple and modest. Caliban was the humble friend, his heart was filled with but one idea; he had the gratitude of a dog, his touching fidelity and his unwavering obedience. What then was wanting? The chemist adored his wife: she adored him; their hearts were as one; life was as one perpetual honey-moon. Let the women of the cities exchange their hotels, diamonds, and gay clothing, for the linen dress of this chemist's wife, her cottage and her peace of mind, and would they not gain by it enduring happiness?

The chemist, thus happy in his own most successful experiment, had decided that Abel should be brought up in the same principles, that his heart should be left to develop itself like his pretty body, as it pleased indulgent nature; he should not be tormented by learning arts and sciences. His mother—that mother, whose fond eyes never left him—his father, who bred him quite as deeply, though more gravely—Caliban and the dog, should be the only beings he should know; the cottage should be his universe, the garden around it, his world. (Thus, the chemist, by his obscure, and yet perhaps rational reasoning, had extremely simplified education.)

This happy child of nature never complained; the merry laugh of infancy was ever on his lips; his actions and his speech were equally free from constraint. The chemist always answered kindly the many questions of his child; sometimes they were puzzling, but they were always replied to in a way calculated to instil into his mind, the principles with which he wished to color the future life of his dear Abel. He flattered himself that his success in science would enable him to protract his own life to an advanced age, so that he should have time to perfect his son in his life plan. The mother, persuaded that her husband was a living image of God, thought whatever he decided was for the best, and readily conformed to his designs; she had not enough strength of thought to perceive the objections, nor enough of determination to express them. She displayed the most perfect submission to her husband's wishes; she lived only for him and her child; hers was a tranquil and a happy life, and as it was the chemist, who

made it so, she thought, naturally enough. "Thanks to him, my son will be as happy as I am."

The good chemist was a truly wise man, and though he hoped to live to a good old age, he provided against any accident which might occur to him: he told his wife he had deposited under the hearth stone of the huge chimney, a talisman of potent value against all the difficulties which she and Abel might have to encounter, were he removed from them; but he begged her never to raise the stone, or seek for it, till she was ready to quit the cottage forever.

The arrangement made, they continued to live on in the laboratory, the scene of all their happiness. Thus time insensibly passed on, unmarked by any great events, till Abel attained his eighteenth year. The tradition of the cottage of the devil was a sure protection to them, from all inroads from without; and, as yet, they had encountered no incident to mar the peace of their existence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SONG OF THE SYLPH.

BY H. J. K.

A mossy vale was open  
Beside old woods,  
Which through the wild rocks sloped  
To distant floods,  
And waving trees surround—  
Where the brown leaves quiver  
By a clear small river—  
'Twas fairy ground.

And from the banks of moss  
Had nature thrown  
A pendent arch across—  
An unheaven stone,  
Lichen and red fox-glove,  
With harebells wove between,  
Had spread a sylvan scene  
For happy love.

There lay a lovely grot  
'Mid beechen boughs—  
A wild fantastic spot  
For lover's vows—  
To living thing unknown—  
Which evil spirits shun,  
And thimorousays of sun  
Peep in alone.

Through branch and berry cluster  
That air it bent—  
A light and softened lustre  
The mild moon lent.  
And there so fair and young,  
With tones and graces winning,  
A gentle Sylph was singing—  
And thus she sung:—

When the last beams of the setting sun  
Slowly sink behind the hills—  
Gilding their heathly summits dun,  
Glowing in their lucid rills—  
Thus when the calm of evening hours  
Soothes the sultry sun of day,  
Amid the breath of dingle bow'rs  
To the glens we hie away.

Where from a little cavern dim  
Murm'ring flows a blue cascade,  
And round the grassy basin's brim  
Flowers spring that never fade—  
Where none but Elves have ever trod,  
Phantoms often have been seen,  
There we'll dance on the velvet sod  
Along with the fairy queen.

We love to glide in solitude  
In the shade of leafy trees—  
Where nought but winds disturb the wood  
In sighing their symphonies.  
Or sink at dusk in a cobweb bed  
Wrought around the crest of flowers,  
Where bell-shaped blossoms hang o'erhead  
And perfume the dewy bowers.

When the pale moonlight is glancing,  
To the spider's line we cling—  
Where the scene is most entrancing  
Haste we on with gauzy wing—  
By pleasant streams—by meadows fair,  
Cultured vale and lonely dell—  
We meet to braid our tressy hair  
With fairy flax and heather bell.

She ceased, and onward went—  
Her tones would seem—  
With murmured music blend  
Of that loved stream—  
As it foamed and fell among  
The rocky, sylvan dells—  
With their flower-cups and bells—  
Of which she sung.

## MY MARY.

BY IVAN.

AND CAN I'er forget thee, though thou art  
Far from the arms that fain would clasp thee now?  
No, loved one of the fair unclouded brow,  
I still embrace thee in a changeless heart:  
And never shall the hallow'd men'ry part  
From this sad spirit—of the hours we spent  
Together 'neath hope's azure firmament—  
When, casting off thy sex's bashful art,  
Thou didst confess I had not lov'd in vain,  
Then were the fountains of my soul unseal'd—  
I melted into tears, sweet tears that yield  
More bliss than smiles enstirne. The summer's rain  
Fostereth the drooping rose—lova brighter beameth  
When on the passion flower a tear drop gleameth.  
Frederickton.

# ISABELLA; OR, THE MAIDEN OF GLEN SAUGH.\*

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

17 2.

## CHAPTER I.

"Oh! knew he but this happiness, of men  
The happiest he, who, far from public rage,  
Deep in the vale with a choice few retired,  
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life."

Thomson.

In the northern part of M—shire, and in one of its wildest straits, or glens, in the beginning of the present century, was situated the farmstead of Glen Saugh. It lay in the bosom of a small valley, and was enoircled by high hills, almost destitute of trees, but clad with heather to their very summits. To an eye accustomed to the richly-wooded scenery of the south of Scotland, or more fertile England, the spot might have appeared bare and rugged; but to those who could admire nature in her stern, as well as gay and sportive moods, it would have presented a picture of simple and sublime grandeur. No human habitation was in sight but that of Glen Saugh, and it lay, safely cradled, at the base of the surrounding hills, and was sheltered by them from the bleak and chill northern blast. There was no entrance to the glen, except at one end, where the hill separated, and formed a pass, deep and gloomy, but sheltered, and easily accessible, even to vehicles.

The farm-house was a substantial two story building, of stone, with a slate roof, and not at all romantic in appearance, though situated in a spot so secluded and favourable to romance. On the contrary, it looked most comfortable, with all its out-buildings ranged behind it, and forming a square court-yard. At one end of the house was a small garden, which was evidently designed more for use than ornament; but the rose bushes and bright flowers scattered over it, showed also that the hand of taste was not wanting. Before it, a burn, well-stocked with silvery trouts, danced joyfully, at having escaped to such a sweet, lovely spot, where it might revel amid the luxuries of nature, without the dread of its clear, sparkling waters, being degraded into a mill dam. This burn was called the Saugh, and

from it the Glen derived its name. The interior of the house was very plainly furnished, and in the good old style. The best room, that in which strangers were received, had no carpet, or bright window curtains, but a beautifully clean floor, and a dozen high-backed, oaken chairs, and a round table of the same wood, but black with age, and bright with the rubbing it daily received. At the upper end of the room was a large mirror, surmounted by three peacock feathers, and at the opposite end, stood the *armoire*, or cup-board, which contained the guidwife's china, and silver spoons, which, with the large chest of home-made linen, formed the accustomed accompaniments of the Scottish country bride; and there these much prized articles remained, unbroken and bright, as, when twenty-two years ago, they came home with Lillias Murray, James Leslie's bride, to take up their abode in Glen Saugh.

This spot was secluded from the rest of the world, more in appearance than reality, for, about two miles beyond the pass, which formed the entrance to the Glen, lay the small village of Forwood, and nearer still, a cottage, the residence of Mrs. Forsyth, the widow of an officer.

The inhabitants of Glen Saugh consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, and their family of two sons and two daughters. James Leslie was a good specimen of a race of farmers now nearly extinct, and of the good old school. He did not aspire to that imitation of the manners and habits of the neighbouring lairds, which has proved the ruin of many respectable farmers, and sent, as colonists, to a distant land, those who might otherwise have remained at home, happy and contented, to cultivate the spot occupied by their less aspiring forefathers. He was respected by all around for his good sense and sterling worth. He was passionately attached to his native glen; and it was but natural, he said, for none but Leslies had dwelt there for three hundred years, and it grieved his heart to think that he would be the last, as neither of his sons would consent to be farmers. His wife, Mrs. Leslie, was a

\* It was formerly the custom, in the North of Scotland, before the word "Miss" made such innovations in its language, to designate the farmers' daughters as "the maidens," and the eldest was distinguished as "The maiden."

woman of superior abilities, which her children inherited from her, especially the two eldest, James and Isabella. James, at this period, was about twenty-one years of age, and as his ambition aimed at a profession, he had chosen that of medicine, and was absent, completing his studies. He was one of those geniuses, whom we sometimes find, uniting the greatest simplicity of mind, and diffidence of manner, to the highest order of abilities. Isabella was about eighteen, and particularly attractive in appearance. She was above the middle height, and well-formed; and a lighter or more buoyant step never trod her own heathery hills. Her face was not such as is usually termed beautiful; but whoever had once looked upon her intellectual forehead, and dark expressive eyes, would be tempted to repeat his gaze. Her hair was black as jet, and simply braided, without any other ornament than the snood, or ribbon, worn by every country maiden. The next in years to Isabella, was Lillias, a pretty, blue-eyed, laughing damsel, of sixteen, and Robert, her youngest and favourite brother, who was about fourteen, and the pet of the family. He, as well as his brother, was very anxious to acquire a profession, and his father yielded to his desire, although he felt grieved that neither of his sons should succeed him in the Glen.

Isabella was a frequent and most welcome visitor at Mrs. Forsyth's cottage, and during the long winter evenings, she would sit, delighted, listening to the glowing descriptions she received of the distant, gay world and its inmates. Mrs. Forsyth loved to recall the scenes in which she had mingled in her youth, and with such an attentive auditor, she never wearied in picturing the brilliant masquerades, the fêtes and balls which she had then attended. Isabella heard with delight of the gallant soldier, who would one day be leading his troops to battle, and carrying death and victory wherever he trod, and next evening courteously and gracefully leading some stately dame, in hoop and high-heeled shoes, through the "minuet de la cour," and wondered, in the simplicity of her heart, how Death and Pleasure could thus walk hand in hand. Mrs. Forsyth, fearful lest these lively pictures would have the effect upon Isabella's imagination, of leading her to despise her own humble, but happy home, would also detail the scenes of horror and misery, through which, as a soldier's wife, she had passed. This had a salutary effect, for if Isabella ever formed a girlish desire to visit these distant abodes of fashion and gaiety, when she thought of the misery which also was to be found there, she felt thankful that her own dear Glen was far removed from them, and that strife and crime were there unknown.

## CHAPTER II.

"But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,  
Jenny, who kens the meaning o' the same,  
Tells how a neighbor lad comes o'er the moor,  
To do some errands and convoy her home."  
Burns.

Love will sometimes find its road into the most remote places, where Ambition, Avarice and Vanity in vain attempt to intrude themselves, and it need not therefore be surprising, that it found its way into the lonely Glen Saugh. About four miles from the Glen was situated the farm of Broombank, tenanted by James Farquharson; but as it is there the custom to designate the tenant or proprietor by his farm, he was always called "Old Broombank." But he had a son named, by way of distinction, "Young Broombank;" and Charlie Farquharson was the blithest and best-looking farmer in the whole countryside, and the cause of innumerable jealousies and heart-burnings among the rural belles. He had been for some time a frequent visitor at the Glen, and often he and Isabella met, apparently by accident, at Hunter's Knowe, a pretty green knoll, close by the burn-side. It was whispered that his visits were not unwelcome. It is true, that when Isabella heard his well-known knock at the door, her cheeks assumed a darker tint of the rose, and a pleased smile played about the corners of her dimpled mouth; but as, at this period, Young Broombank had not inquired what feeling produced this effect, we will patiently wait till he, the person most concerned, made the discovery.

In a widely-scattered country parish, Sunday is the only day on which all the surrounding inhabitants are collected together, and many are then the kind greetings and affectionate, sidelong glances interchanged. The large cart comes slowly along, containing an aged sire, seated among a groupe of grand-children, whose mother in vain attempts to subdue their noisy tongues into a silence becoming the sacred day, especially as they approach the village church. But this is a conveyance only for age and childhood. The farmer's daughters, fair and rosy, are mounted upon the small ponies, peculiar to the north of Scotland, and ride demurely along, sometimes escorted by a "niebor lad." It is not unusual for them to come ten or twelve miles to church, and therefore, in the interval between the sermons, instead of returning home, the young people wander through the Kirk-yard, quietly conversing, while the more sedate and elderly are seated in groups, making kind enquiries after each other's families, or gravely listening to the village sages criticising and coun-

menting upon the sermon they have just heard. Sometimes a youthful pair, apart from the rest, and unconscious of the significant looks with which they are regarded, are whispering at what time they will be found at the trysting-place during the forthcoming week.

The village church is generally placed upon a lonely spot, and that of Furwood was perched, as if dropped by a passing angel, upon the summit of a gently sloping hill, and the "manse," close by the kirk, peeped modestly out from the midst of a cluster of laburnum, lilac and rowan trees. All around was peace and quietude. The spirit of charity and good will seemed to pervade the whole of the pastor, which was, in truth, a fitting emblem of himself.

Every Sabbath morning did Isabella wend her way to this lonely spot, but not alone. Young Broombank was always waiting at the entrance of the Glen, and was welcomed by a kindly smile. The road was too short when they were together, and they lengthened it out as much as possible, by wandering through all the by-paths, to pluck wild roses and hare-bells. But Isabella had another convoy besides Broombank, and this was the minister's young son, one of the merriest little curly-headed rogues, with a mischief-loving eye—but who ever saw a minister's son who was not the ring-leader of all the madcaps in the parish? Little Pattie, for such was his name, and his dog Crocus, a wiry, rough-looking terrier, who always seconded his young master's wild pranks, regularly left the manse about half an hour before the time of worship, and generally met Isabella about half way from the Glen. Little Pattie used always to be welcomed with a kiss, and Crocus with a caress, when they met her; but, alas! times were now changed, and Charlie Engharson usurped their place; not that he received the kiss or the caress, but what was equally as bad, he engrossed all her attention. Pattie and Crocus soon felt that they were treated only as supernumeraries; and one day when Pattie addressed Isabella, and received no reply, he took mortal offence. Poor child! he knew nothing of love, and its silencing effects. He only saw that Isabella's eyes were following her lover as he climbed a rock to pluck some wild flowers for her, but he did not think it necessary that her ears should be with him also. Pattie and Crocus disappeared, and were never more seen on the Sabbath mornings taking their accustomed walk towards the Glen, though many a wistful glance stole in that direction; but pride existed in the heart of Crocus, and "wee Pattie," and they smothered in their bosoms their wounded feelings.

This life of peace and happiness could not be

expected to last forever. It was not intended that life should be free from care, as even the brightest sky must sometimes be shadowed by a passing cloud. Death, allured by its beauty, entered Glen Saugh; but left it not, without marking his course by a deadly blight.

James Leslie, one stormy evening, after returning from a neighbouring fair, felt himself very ill. Next morning the village doctor was summoned, and pronounced him to be dangerously ill. Night after night did Isabella and her mother watch by the couch of sickness, and listen to the delirious ravings which fever called up; and still, despite of the doctor's grave looks, hoped and believed that he would recover. They said that he was so strong and healthy, and that his constitution would carry him through it all; but the hurricane often snaps the sturdy oak, while it merely bends the delicate branches of the drooping willow. One morning he appeared to revive, and for the first time since his illness, was sensible. He gazed upon the pale and anxious faces around him; all his family were present, except his eldest son, who was momentarily expected, intelligence of his father's illness having been conveyed to him.

"Lilias," he said, addressing his wife, "where is James? I would like to look once more upon him before I die."

The weeping mother could not answer; but Isabella, sobbing, replied that they expected him immediately.

"Lilias, dearest!" he continued, "do not grieve so much; I ain would remain with thee, to watch over my children; but God's will be done! Though they will sadly miss me for a time, all will yet be well again. Isabella! I know that you will use every means in your power to soothe your mother's grief, and I place great confidence upon you. You have strong feelings, but you must put a curb upon them, and comfort her when I am gone!"

He laid his hand upon the heads of Lilias and Robert, and gave them his parting blessing, at the same time desiring them to obey their mother and Isabella, as they would himself. Poor Lilias! usually so gay and light-hearted, was now sad enough, and, lest her sobbing should disturb the dying moments of her father, left the room.

"Oh, if I could but see James again!" said the father, raising his eyes to the window, and taking a last, lingering look at the sun, whose departing rays streamed into the apartment.

At that instant, Lilias, entering the room, exclaimed:

"Father, here is James!"

"God, I thank Thee!" said the dying man; "Thou hast granted my prayer!"

As James entered the room, he started as he looked round and beheld the scene before him. He had left them all in health and happiness. Could the pale ghosts before him, be his mother and sisters? He came but in time to receive his father's last breath, and his blessing. The dying father wished to speak, and raised himself up to give his son some parting advice; but, with an indistinct murmur upon his lips, he fell back, and his spirit returned to Him who gave it!

What a wonderful change death makes in a mansion! The vacant cradle is in its accustomed place, but the baby which used to slumber there, is shrouded and in its grave. The arm chair is still in the wonted corner of the fire-side; but its venerable occupant is gone, and we behold him no more!

Deeply did the bereaved family at Glen Saugh mourn their loss, so sudden and afflicting; but their grief was partly absorbed in the anxiety they felt for their mother. They were surprised at the fortitude, or rather apathy, with which she sustained her loss, and they felt a kind of horror, as they looked upon her calm and collected countenance, as she sat beside the dead body of her husband, and gazed upon the inanimate face.

As the funeral train was leaving the house, Isabella and Lillias, leaning upon each other, wept bitterly, and refused to listen to the comforting words with which Mrs. Forsyth and some other kind neighbours were endeavouring to console them; but Mrs. Leslie walked calmly to the window, and drawing the curtain aside, gazed upon the moving concourse of mourners, till the last had vanished through the pass; then quietly letting the curtain fall, she said:

"I will soon follow!"

As she uttered these words, she looked around, and beheld Isabella and Lillias weeping. Then, a tear dimmed the mother's eye, and faltering, she murmured:

"Poor things! you will soon be lonely enough!"

That evening Mrs. Leslie went to bed, but never rose again. The same fever which had destroyed her husband, had entered her veins, and already the vacant, wandering eye betokened its effects.

That day week, another funeral train slowly wended its way through Glen Saugh—another coffin was lowered into the grave, and James and Lillias Leslie were left to their last sleep in the lonely kirk-yard. When children, they had herded their flocks together, and the same plaid had often sheltered them both from the rain. When no longer children, they had plighted their troth on the hill-side, and were wedded. Since

then, time had glided quietly and happily away, and now the same grass waved over the last resting place of both.

When James and Robert Leslie, after a long, lingering look, turned away from the grave which contained both their parents, and returned to the Glen, how mournful was their reception! Lillias, completely exhausted by watching and grief, had quietly suffered Isabella to lay her in bed, and she was slumbering with the tears still wet upon her cheek, and like a child which has wept itself to sleep, sobbing convulsively. Isabella had, at first, been so stunned by these sudden bereavements, that she felt as if in a horrid dream. Death had never, within her memory, entered her family, and at first she could hardly comprehend the extent of her loss. The return of her brothers roused her from the state of stupefaction into which she had fallen. When they entered the room, she was seated at the table, with her head bent forward, and resting upon her hands. Roused by the noise, she looked up, and they shuddered when they encountered the wild, grief-worn expression of her dark eyes, as she turned a bewildered gaze upon them. Robert went up to her, without speaking, and putting his arms around her neck, kissed her cheek. This action, simple and affectionate, broke the ice which had congealed around her heart, and tears immediately forced their way from her eyes. She leant upon his shoulder and wept bitterly for some time, till, at length, greatly relieved, she appeared more like her former self.

The house felt so empty and lonely, that the orphans entreated Mrs. Forsyth to remain with them for a few days, to which she willingly consented. Every person talked in whispers, as if the dead were still with them, and, as if fearful of disturbing their last repose, they walked noiselessly about. By degrees, a grief less violent succeeded, and a smile would sometimes light up the April-like countenance of Lillias; but it was often checked by a rising tear.

Isabella, feeling the responsibility which now devolved upon her and James, controlled her feelings as much as possible, and appeared outwardly calm and collected. She called to mind the precepts they, who were no more, had taught her, and she thought the best tribute she could pay to their memory, was by following them; and she endeavoured to bend in thankfulness and submission to the Divine hand which had sent these trials.

One morning they had all been sitting together for more than an hour, without a word having been exchanged, each occupied with their own sad thoughts, when Isabella's eye chanced to rest upon a book which was lying upon a shelf, just

as her mother had left it. Her eyes filled with tears, and James, observing the direction of her looks, and conjecturing the cause, said, affectionately:

"Isabella, I think change of scene would do you good. It would divert your thoughts, and you really require it, you are looking so ill."

"Do not say so, James," she replied; "I cannot leave the Glen, though everything is so changed from what it used to be; all around is now so sad and dreary. Even the sun does not shine so brightly now; though, perhaps," she continued, sighing, "the change is in my own heart!"

"But, I fear!" continued James, "that it will be necessary for us to leave the Glen for a time, if not altogether. You are aware, Isabella, that I am no farmer, and Robert is but a boy, and incapable of undertaking the management of the Glen. I received my diploma, authorizing me to practise my profession, a few days before you sent me intelligence of my father's illness, and I have just got a letter from an old school-fellow, who resides in the town of S——, informing me of the death of his uncle, who was a surgeon there, and advising me to avail myself of this opportunity to begin practice. It is a pretty place, and I think you will like it. The distance is only thirty miles, so that when you feel inclined, you may easily pay a visit to any dear friends you leave behind."

Observing the blush that rose to Isabella's cheek as he said "dear friends," and knowing that she thought he meant Broombank, he could not resist smiling, and added:

"Of course, I mean, whenever you wish to see Mrs. Forsyth."

Isabella had no further objection to their immediate removal, and as Robert was resolved to follow the same profession as his brother, she felt glad that she would continue beside him, for she could not now have borne a separation.

### CHAPTER III.

"Nae mair at Logan Kirk will he,  
Atween the prence's meet wi' me;  
Meet wi' me, and when its mirk,  
Convoy me hame frae Logan Kirk."

*Ballad.*

In former times, when land was of little value in Scotland, it was customary for the Lairds, when they were in immediate want of money, to send for a tenant, and agree that upon paying a small sum, he would receive a lease of his farm for a number of years, and, if he desired it, for two or three life rents after they had expired, at a rent

which was, at that period, proportioned to its value. In the course of time, as land became more valuable, this rent amounted to little more than the taxes alone at the present day. Glen Saugh had been taken upon these terms, and it now descended to James, or as we shall call him, Dr. Leslie, as the last included in the life rent, at a rate not the tenth part of its value. He now sub-let it to another tenant, from whom he received its full equivalent, and thus he derived a considerable annuity from this source.

It was now resolved that they should begin active preparations for their departure from the Glen, and Isabella experienced great relief in the hurry and excitement, and rapidly acquired better health and spirits. Lillias, whose bright eyes never seemed designed as a nursery for tears, actively assisted her elder sister, and was delighted with the prospect of beholding that busy world, of which she had heard so many wonderful tales, and which was the "El Dorado" of her imagination. Neither was Young Broombank idle, and every day he came over to see how matters were proceeding, and whether he could be of any service to his fair neighbours, for his kind heart always delighted in assisting others. It may easily be imagined with what feelings he regarded their departure from the Glen, and how painfully he anticipated the blank it would leave in his existence. He would have asked Isabella to render a separation unnecessary, but, alas! his present circumstances would not permit this, and his feelings revolted from asking her to suffer poverty on his account. In the course of another year, he would have a home prepared to receive her, and till then, he trusted that she would remain constant to her first love.

A complete change had come over Isabella's mind since the death of her parents. She felt all the responsibility of her new position, and inwardly determined to sacrifice her own interests and happiness, if necessary, to promote the welfare of her charges. Her situation roused all the dormant energies of her spirit; for, under a quiet, unassuming exterior, she concealed a highly imaginative and intellectual mind, united to feelings too sensitive and easily wounded, to mingle with the world on which she was but entering. Her education had not been neglected, and although she did not possess those accomplishments now deemed requisite in almost every station of life, yet in a knowledge of the history and traditions of her native land, few could equal her. When her brother James had been at home, at intervals, from college, he had instructed her in Latin, and was equally surprised and delighted with the rapid progress she made. Smile not, reader, at a simple country maiden, whose whole



life had been passed in a lonely Scottish glen, being a Latin scholar. Such things will sometimes happen. Learning, like love, penetrates the most remote corners, and often appears when least expected. Thus was the learning of Europe treasured up, for centuries, in the bleak, sea-girt island of Iona.

Broombank had long felt and acknowledged her intellectual superiority, and it had only the effect of increasing the feelings of love and respect with which he already regarded her, and she looked upon her rustic lover as perfection.

The time had now arrived when she was to bid adieu to the only home she had ever known, and she felt it hard to tear herself away from the scenes of her youthful happiness. James had preceded them by a few days, in order to procure a residence, and the furniture had already been forwarded. All that now remained for the three orphans, was to bid adieu to their early friends, Mrs. Forsyth, and once more to visit the grave of their parents. The evening previous to their departure, they devoted to this purpose, and silently they wended their way to the cottage. Mrs. Forsyth was deeply grieved at parting with them all, but particularly with Isabella, whose company had served to enliven many a long winter evening. She gave Isabella a few words of advice, and made her promise to write frequently. At parting, she added:

"Always remember, Isabella, that you may rely upon my friendship, and in any circumstances of difficulty in which you may be placed, have no hesitation in applying to me; and though, I hope," she continued, smiling, and endeavouring to look cheerful, "that you may never require my assistance."

After bidding her an affectionate farewell, they hastened to pay the visit reserved to the last, and the shades of evening were already beginning to fall as they entered the silent Kirk-yard. Lilius and Robert had brought some flowers to plant upon the grave of their parents, but their surprise was great, to find, upon approaching it, that an affectionate hand had anticipated them, and that two rose bushes, green and flourishing, graced, with their beauty and fragrance, the bed of death. Lilius and Robert endeavoured to conjecture who had paid this tribute of affection to the memory of the dead, but Isabella's heart whispered that it could only be he who, perhaps, might have become their son had they lived, and a tear of gratitude to Charles Farquharson, mingled with those of grief, which fell to the memory of those who slept below. They lingered by that hallowed spot till darkness spread its gloom around, and in vain endeavoured to tear themselves away. Difficult as it

must be to leave the Glen, Isabella thought the trial could be nothing when compared to this. At length, with a resolution to overcome this weakness, she rose, and taking Lilius and Robert by the hand, she turned to leave the church-yard, and did not trust herself to look back again. As they approached the small gate, through which they had to pass, they were startled by a sob, proceeding from a tomb near them.

Lilius and Robert turned pale as they quickly gazed around to discover whence the sound proceeded, and Isabella's heart beat violently. She felt as if the invisible spirits of the dead were hovering around, bewailing the departure of their orphan children to the home of strangers. Their fears, however, were soon quieted, for they beheld little Pattie rising from behind a tombstone, where he had been sitting, and coming towards them, weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, Pattie?" said Isabella, as she kissed the poor child, who put his arms around her neck, and forgetful of her recent neglect, only thought of her departure.

"Ye're a' gaun' awa'," said he, sobbing, "an' I'll ne'er gang to the Glen again, neither me nor Crocus; see, pair fallow, hoo sorry he is to part wi' ye;" and Crocus, with drooping ears, came and rubbed his head against Isabella, as if entering into all the regrets of poor Pattie.

"But I will return very soon and see you again, Pattie," she replied; "so be a good boy, and do not cry any more; but tell me why you are in the church-yard so late?"

"Ye ken," said Pattie, "me an' Crocus didna' behave oursel's weel the day, an' we were shut up in the room ower there; ye can see the window o't quite weel frae here. Ye ken," continued he, a roguish smile breaking through his tears; "that auntie Tibbie's cat has three wee kittlins, and auntie aye keeps them wrapt up in woad in a wee creel. So this mornin' she gaed out, an' says I, Crocus, man, ye're lookin' unco dull; auntie Tibbie's out, come awa', lad, and we'll hae some fun wi' her kittlins. So I gaed an' shut the auld cat up in the press, where auntie keeps a' her jam an' jellie, an' Crocus an' me yokit out, an' played wi' the kittlins. Crocus took hand o' the legs, an' ruggit them weel; but ye wadna' hurt them, Crocus, wad ye?"

Crocus here shook his tail, and looked up very innocently in his master's face, as if to confirm his assertion.

"In the middle o' a' our fun, wha should open the door an' walk in, but auntie Tibbie. Eh, lass! how Crocus an' me jump't."

"'Preserve me!' cried auntie, as she grip't me

by the hair; 'ye ne'er-do-weel loon, ye've killed a' my bonnie kittlins!

"She scolded sae loud, that she brought the hail house in, and she was just beginnin' to skelp me, when ding gaed first a'e jellie can, and daug gaed anither, till I thought a' the pigs in the press wad hae been smashed.

" 'Guid saul us! what's in the press?' quo auntie Tibbie, as she let gae her grip o' me, an' ran to open it.

"The moment it was opened, Grizzie, the auld cat, frightened at the noise she was making with the jellie cans, jump't out, o'er auntie's head, an' took the mitch clean aff o' her. Auntie was sae angry at seein' a' her guid jellie cans broken, that she could nae langer haud her han's aff o' me, but my mother said she wad just shut me up in the room, an' droon Crocus, if we didna behave ourselles better; but I tell't her richt out, that if she drooned Crocus, I wad just droon auntie Tibbie's auld cat, an' the kittlins, tae, so she just shut us baith up in the room. But," continued Pattie, more seriously, "when I saw ye a' comin' into the kirk-yard, looking sae wae-ft, I could bide nae langer, an' I opened the window, an' me an' Crocus lemp't out, an' I was sae sorry to see you a' greetin', that I sat me down an' grat tae."

Isabella could not refrain from smiling at Pattie's droll account of auntie Tibbie's kittlins, and Robert and Lilius laughed outright; but they all soon relapsed into their former feelings of sorrow.

"I say, Isabella," continued Pattie, looking slyly in her face, "guess wha I saw here the night afore yestreen?"

"I do not know, Pattie," she replied, though Pattie very shrewdly suspected that she had an idea, by her confusion.

"Weel, I saw Young Broombank, though he didna see me, an' he came into the kirk-yard wi' twa sic' bonnie rose busses, an' he planted them ower there," continued Pattie, pointing to the grave, "an' he sat for a long time, thinkin' like, an' then he got up slowly, an' gaed his wa's hame."

After bidding the disconsolate Pattie farewell, the orphans hastened away home. It was quite dark long before they entered the Glen, and upon entering it, they found Young Broombank coming to meet them. He had intended to spend the evening with them, but it was so late when they returned, that he only remained a short time. Isabella accompanied him as far as the end of the garden, and when she was about to bid him good night, he turned round, and taking her trembling hand in his, he said:

"Isabella! you must know by this time, how

fondly I love you, and I cannot tell how this parting grieves me. This time twelve-months I will have a home to offer you, but till then, I leave you free. I ask no promise that you will become mine, for that would not be just, for you are going where many brawer, and richer in this world's wealth, will seek you, but perhaps their hearts may not be as true as mine. Oh, Isabella! if you forget me, I will be miserable!"

"I never can forget you," replied Isabella, "as long as my parents and Glen Saugh have a place in my memory, for I cannot think of them, but I will also think of you. No," she continued, while the tears glistened in her eyes, "I will never forget the Sabbath mornings we have spent together. You will never meet me at the Glen again, and see me to the kirk. Yes, every Sabbath morning I will remember you, and the many walks we have had together."

As Isabella stopped, unable to proceed, with the tears falling fast, her lover could hardly refrain from making her pledge her word that she would become his as soon as his circumstances would admit; but with a self-command, honorable, as it was generous and confiding, he merely added:

"I will believe in your constancy, Isabella!"  
And thus they parted.

## CHAPTER IV.

"But where does my *Phyllida* stray?  
And where are her grots and her bowers?  
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?  
The groves may perhaps be as fair;  
And the face of the valleys as fine;  
The swains may in manners compare,  
But their love is not equal to mine."

Shenstone.

NEXT morning, faithful to his promise, Broombank was at the Glen by dawn, and found the orphan family prepared to quit the home of their childhood. Lilius and Robert had been down to the burn, and had gathered a number of the prettiest pebbles, which, they said, they would keep in remembrance of their native glen. Isabella plucked a forget-me-not, and placed it between the leaves of her Bible. With sorrowful hearts, they bade a final farewell to Glen Saugh, and proceeded in silence through the pass, perhaps, for the last time.

A melancholy forchoding had taken possession of young Broombank, of which he was unable to divest himself, notwithstanding the confidence he placed in Isabella; and this feeling increased, as they approached Torwood. They soon arrived at the village inn, whence the stage was almost ready to depart; and after having repeatedly

shaken hands with them all, and promised to come to S—— as soon as possible, they parted.

With a melancholy look, Broombank watched the coach till it was out of sight, and then, turning silently away, he drove homewards, without venturing one single glance in the direction of the now lone and desolate Glen. Much happier are they who depart, than those who are left behind. The former, at least, have novelty of scene and strange faces around, to divert their minds from dwelling upon sorrowful thoughts; but the fond, pining heart, which watches the loved ones depart, and vainly endeavours to strain its sight beyond the range of mortal vision, in hopes to catch yet another glimpse of the receding form, and then returns to its silent, desolate home, experiences, alas! all the bitterness of real sorrow.

As they journeyed onwards, the orphans were diverted by observing the various travellers who were in the coach beside them, and with the bold and romantic scenery through which they passed. They themselves engrossed a great deal of attention, and as they were unconscious of their own prepossessing appearance, they attributed it to the sympathy of the travellers for their recent loss, which their deep mourning betokened. Grief had softened the expression of Isabella's dark eyes; and taught the long silken lashes to droop languidly over them, while the faintest tinge lingered on her cheek. Lillias, with her large blue eyes, half shut, and her rosy mouth demurely pursed up, was endeavouring to look very dignified, for she had several times detected a young gentleman, her next neighbour, looking admiringly at her. Robert, with his fine countenance, thoughtful and meditative, sat quietly between his sisters, and ever and anon gazed silently in Isabella's face, as if to read her thoughts.

By degrees, the stage became almost empty, as the several travellers arrived at their destinations, except a few who were also proceeding to S——, and the gentlemen endeavoured to amuse their silent companions, by pointing out the beauties of the country through which they were passing. Those were not the unromantic days of steam and rail-roads, which now hurry a traveller through a country so rapidly, that only a passing glimpse can be caught, much in the style in which poor Von Woodenblock's wonderful leg still propels him onwards. In these sober times, an artist might have filled his portfolio with sketches while seated on the top of the coach, so slowly and majestically did it move along. The gentleman, whose eyes were so fond of resting upon the smiling countenance of Lillias, now enquired very politely of Isabella, if S—— were her destination. She replied affirmatively, and he

added, that he also was proceeding thither. This led to a conversation, in which the name of Dr. Leslie was mentioned, and Isabella informed him that he was her brother.

"Indeed," he replied; "I am one of your brother's most intimate friends, and certainly can congratulate him upon the acquisition to our society which he brings from the north," and a glance at Lillias plainly showed, for whom this compliment was particularly intended.

Isabella was delighted to find among strangers, one who had been so intimate with her brother, and the rest of the time was passed in agreeable conversation. At length, as they were traversing the summit of a lofty hill, Lillias said, impatiently:

"What a long time we have travelled to-day, and yet I see no appearance of the town."

At that instant, the coach made a sudden turn in the road, and her companion, without replying, pointed over the edge of the precipice, from which they were distant but a few paces, and then leant back, gazing on her face, as if to enjoy the expression of surprise that would follow. And Lillias did open her eyes to their largest possible extent, as she looked in that direction, and beheld the town far, far beneath them, and directly at the foot of the steep, perpendicular mountain they were traversing, safely excoined; and looking, from the height from which she gazed, like the mimic towns which children build with toys. The sight was so sudden and unexpected, that they all uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration, as they looked down upon it, so fairy-like it seemed, dotted with all its gardens, and cottages; and washing into its very streets were the rippling waves of the German ocean, which spread its gently undulating surface far as the visible horizon extended. They descended to the town by a circuitous road, and were not disappointed upon a nearer approach to it.

As they drove up to the inn at which the stage stopped, their brother was awaiting them, and held out his hand to assist his sisters to alight; but Lillias' admirer, who had already descended by the other door, interposed his.

"Why, Munro, you here also?" said Leslie, shaking him heartily by the hand; "and you all appear to be quite at home with each other," continued, he, laughing.

"Oh, yes!" replied Munro, "and the name of Dr. Leslie was the talisman that introduced me."

"I fear it will be of no service to you, in any other quarter, though," said Leslie, as he drew Isabella's arm within his own, and entered the inn, while Lillias and Robert followed, escorted by Munro.

That night, they slept at the inn, and James was very much amused by the simplicity of the many questions they asked him, and the originality of their remarks, respecting their adventures of the day. Next morning, they returned to their future residence, and found ample employment, for several days, in arranging their furniture.

Dr. Leslie had every prospect of success in the practice of his profession. For, besides having been well recommended by some friends in the neighbourhood, his quiet, unassuming manners, and the kind attention he bestowed upon those whom he attended, contributed to render him a general favorite. Happiness again began to smile upon the orphan family, clouded only by the memory of their recent losses.

The town of S—— had a population of between two and three thousand inhabitants, and as it was the county town, it had a more active and stirring appearance than one of its size generally possesses. All the business of the county was transacted in it, and therefore it abounded with lawyers. There was also a branch of a bank established in it, and it possessed a hall and assembly room. It is not therefore to be supposed, that S—— was an insignificant place, without pretensions to gentility. On the contrary, it was rather aristocratic, and copied, as nearly as possible, the manners and customs of the surrounding noblemen, whose splendid country seats adorned its neighbourhood, and who resided there about six months in the year, and thus furnished models for the aspiring towns-people to imitate, during the other six. Almost every evening there was either an assembly, a concert, or a card party, the latter being an amusement in which the gentlemen and ladies of S—— took an especial delight. As in the greater number of small towns, the society was divided into two distinct classes, one the *genteel*, and the other the *ungenteel*; the latter consisting of the mechanics and shop-keepers, the former, of the banker, the lawyers, and other professional men, and their families. Such was the place in which the Leslies now came to reside, and in which all they beheld was so different from the simplicity of Glen Saugh.

They were of course often invited, with their brother, into company, and soon became general favourites. At first, many of the customs they beheld, astonished them not a little, but by degrees this feeling wore off, and they gradually became accustomed to their new mode of life. Isabella was as much admired for her mild, dignified manners, as the light-hearted Lillias, for her playful vivacity. Though their life had hitherto been secluded, except from the society of

the neighbouring farmers and their families, at Glen Saugh, there was not the least tincture of rudeness or vulgarity in their manners and appearance. Many persons assimilate the country and vulgarity together. This is a great mistake, for in the town it is the result of affectation and absurd imitation of the higher classes, while in the country there is less pretension, and consequently, more simplicity, and less vulgarity.

Isabella did not forget her promise, to write to Mrs. Forsyth, and some weeks after her arrival, she despatched the following letter:

"MY DEAR MRS. FORSYTH,—You will, long ere this, have been not a little astonished, and perhaps grieved, at my continued silence, but I did not wish to write till I was enabled to give you some idea of our new home, and the numerous acquaintances we have already formed since our arrival. It confuses my head when I think of all the new faces I see around me every day, and the varieties of amusements which I witness,—I cannot be said to take a share in them—for I have not yet so far recovered from a sense of my late afflictions. I feel surprised at the facility with which I adopt the habits of those around me. I still rise almost as early as I did when in Glen Saugh, but the hours are much later at night, and it is generally midnight before we retire to rest. James has already a large circle of acquaintances, and is daily acquiring more.

"Perhaps you would like me to describe my present habitation. It is a small, white cottage, with green blinds, situated a very short distance from the town, and separated from the road by a diminutive flower garden, whose transient beauties the chill autumn blasts are already beginning to destroy. It contains six rooms, over which I exercise despotic sway. The first sight which greets me at morn, as I gaze from my chamber window, is the lofty range of Granpian hills, from which I watch the fantastic mists rolling majestically away, and dispersing before the brightness of the rising sun. The last upon which my eye lingers at eve, is the silvery moon, as she sails through the starry heavens, and looks down with a gentle smile, as she sees her beauty so faithfully reflected in the mirror-like ocean below.

"For the sake of James, I go more into scenes of gaiety than my inclination prompts me, but as he desires it, I comply with cheerfulness. Cards occupy a great deal of time and attention here, but they must be a very dull way of passing an evening, if I may judge by the sober looks and silence of those engaged with them. As I think conversation much more rational and agreeable, I have made up my mind that I shall not learn

to play, therefore when any one attempts to instruct me, I endeavour to appear as stupid as possible, till they give me up, in despair, and go to Lillias, who is an apt scholar. Lillias is quite delighted with the gay life we are leading, and sometimes she requires all my grave lectures to restrain her, she is so lively; and I am almost afraid her little head will be turned by the flattery she receives. She talks nonsense to perfection, though the gentleman dignify it by the name of wit. The most remote corner of the room in which she is, may be discovered by the laughing and talking which proceeds from it, for it is contagious to look upon her happy, contented face. If I did not possess a large share of magnanimity, I would be very jealous of all the attention she receives, for, while she is engrossing the company of so many, I, seated in a quiet corner of the room, am talking to some long-headed scholar, for, somehow or other, either from my sober physiognomy, or some reason I know not of, they all think I have a touch of the philosopher about me, and often talk to me upon subjects much too learned for my shallow comprehension. To all they say, I yield a silent assent, which pleases them, while it conceals my ignorance. The other evening, I had the satisfaction of overhearing a remark, which was made by a very learned gentleman, who had been favouring me with a lengthy dissertation concerning the antedeluvian world. He said, that Miss Leslie was the most sensible young lady he had ever met.

"Is it not strange that two years should make such a difference between sisters, for Lillias looks up to me as to a mother, while I regard her as quite a child, and still requiring to be counselled and controlled. She has recovered that happy lightness of spirit which she possessed before sorrow subdued them, for hers is a disposition which feels misfortune keenly at the moment, but soon revives, while I nurse sorrow and brood over it. Her temperament is widely different from mine, and certainly more congenial to happiness."

"But I will really convince you, as well as my friends here, that I have turned philosopher, if I proceed in this strain, so I will introduce a more agreeable subject, and endeavour to give you a description of some of our near acquaintances."

"The most remarkable characters with whom I have as yet become acquainted, are two maiden sisters, named, Miss Kate, and Miss Jeanie Duff, who, although sisters, are as dissimilar to each other, as day and night, in appearance, as well as in every other respect. They are long past the bloom of youth, and indeed all the married ladies declare, that since they can remember, the

two sisters were grown up young ladies. Miss Kate, the eldest, is a tall, stout, large, round figure, surmounted by a jolly, good-natured countenance, and is not more refined in her manners than appearance. Miss Jeanie, on the contrary, is quite an aristocratic-looking lady, and very dignified and prim. She was a great beauty in her youth, and still retains many traces of it, despite the ravages of time. Indeed, she was so famed for her charms in her earlier days, that she was distinguished by the illustrious title of the 'Star of the North.' She has taken a great fancy to me, a compliment which I duly appreciate; and she often entertains me with anecdotes of by-gone conquests. She amused us all very much the other evening. We were out at tea at the clergyman's house, and his son, a pretty little boy, while detailing some childish story to Miss Jeanie, knelt before her. Lillias, observing this, said, laughingly:

"Ah, Miss Jeanie! you are the only lady present, who can boast of having a gallant at her feet."

"Indeed!" replied Miss Jeanie, with great dignity, "he is not the first who has knelt there."

"I turned to Miss Kate, and enquired if she also could say as much."

"Truth, no!" replied Miss Kitty, with a hearty laugh; "de'il a wee e'er said to me, Kate Duff, will ye tak' me? They a' gied over to Jeanie, there, but, after a', we hae haith landed in the same bog, an' fient a hair is she the better o' a' her offers."

"Miss Jeanie, as is generally the case with beauties, was very disdainful in her younger days, but at one time she was at the point of getting married. A gentleman of a very ancient and honorable family, sued, and not in vain, for the lovely Miss Jeanie's hand. Everything went on smoothly, and as marriage licenses were not then in such vogue as at present, the banns were duly proclaimed in the parish church, and the wedding appointed to take place on the following Thursday. On Monday, however, Miss Jeanie received a visit from her lover, and the conversation turning upon the antiquities of families, he unfortunately remarked that his was very ancient, and that an alliance with one of its members, might be regarded as a high honour."

"Indeed!" replied Miss Jeanie, "since it is an honor, I desire it not, and I consider it none, for a Duff is as good as a Gordon at all events."

"This broke off the match, for Miss Jeanie would listen to no apologies from her dignified lover, and she therefore remains an unwedded bride to this day."

"There is a good anecdote told of Miss Kitty,

which is truly characteristic of her. The local militia were formerly drilled in a large field, beyond her residence. As they were proceeding thither one morning, very early, with the band playing, the music interrupted Miss Kitty's gentle slumbers, and rising up, she listened. Being determined to view the martial array also, she flew to the window, and clasping up a pillow before her, so as to screen her from their sight, she peered over the top of it. Captain Stuart, who is a bit of a wag, observing her good-natured countenance, surmounted by a night cap, reconnoitering them over the top of this new-fashioned palisade, halted, and bowing most gracefully, cap in hand, raised his sword, and gave her a military salute. In a moment, forgetting her dishabille, down went the pillow, and Miss Kate, shaking her fist at him, roared out, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole regiment:

“ ‘Wait till I catch ye, Sandy Stuart, an' troth if I dinna clout yer hafts to ye, my name's no' Käte Duff !’

“ This of course drew the attention of the whole regiment upon her, and the rest of the officers could not resist joining in the hearty laugh, raised at poor Miss Kitty's expense.

“ Last night, there was a whist party, at the residence of Mr. Murray, the banker, to which Dr. Leslie, and his two elegant sisters, were duly invited. We arrived about seven, and after tea, were ushered into a room, with which the votaries of cards must have been highly delighted. I, however, looked about me as usual, either for a rational companion with whom to converse, or an amusing book, and was quite delighted when Miss Murray put one of the latter into my hands. It was covered with crimson morocco, and most splendidly bound and gilt. For a time, I was afraid to open it, it was so like a thing intended only to be looked at, but turned it over very carefully, until at length I observed the word ‘Album’ inscribed on the back of it. ‘Oh, this is something new,’ thought I, for I never before heard of any science called Album, and I only hoped that its contents might not prove too learned for my country education. Curiosity now got the better of my fear, and opening it very carefully, I began to explore its varied contents. I was rather surprised and delighted to find that it contained some beautiful pictures, and a quantity of poetry, apparently addressed to its fair possessor. She was seated opposite me, playing cards, while I examined the book, and compared notes, as I read some of the verses dedicated to her, and was astonished at the brilliant imaginations their authors must have possessed. While I read of auburn locks, Grecian noses, hazel eyes and foreheads of Parian marble, and beheld hair

of rather too brilliant a hue to pass under that denomination, a nose which possessed neither the Roman, Grecian, nor aquiline outline, grey eyes, and a low forehead, I sighed, as I thought how sadly deficient I was in taste.

“ While I was inwardly commenting thus, a gentleman, to whom I had formerly been introduced, and who was, like myself, an anti-whist player, taking compassion upon my puzzled countenance, seated himself beside me, and smiling, said:

“ ‘To judge by your looks, Miss Leslie, the book you are perusing must be of a more grave character, than those of its class generally are.’

“ I felt a little confused at his narrow observation of my countenance, but replied, that it was the first I had ever seen of the kind.

“ ‘Indeed,’ he replied, ‘do not say so, to any other person, but get a similar one as soon as possible, for it is requisite in good society to possess one.’

“ ‘I might easily procure such a book,’ I replied, ‘but how could I ever be able to fill it?’

“ ‘Give yourself no concern regarding that,’ he said, ‘but when you meet a young gentleman at a party, notwithstanding you may never have before seen him, ask him if he can draw. If he replies no, ask if he can paint. If he again replies in the negative, insist that he can do both, but is too diffident to acknowledge it, and tell him that you expect he will display his talents in your album, which you will send him to-morrow. If he blushing declines the honor, insist upon it, and next day despatch it, nicely done up, in silk paper, accompanied by a finely perfumed billet, requesting that it might be returned in a couple of days, as another victim is about to be visited. If the youth is an accomplished lady's man, he will instantly know how to proceed, but if he is a poor, innocent, unsophisticated youth, he will survey its fine gilt morocco binding, and, almost fearful of its ornamented pages, turn them over very carefully, with the tips of his fingers, and wonder what he will do. In this perplexity, he wraps it up, and proceeds to an intimate friend, a lawyer's clerk, and a complete dandy, who first laughs heartily at his rustic friend, and then accompanies him to a bookseller's shop, where, with all the taste of a connoisseur, he rejects all the common pictures, as unworthy of a place in its beautiful pages, and ends by purchasing one, which costs a sum far exceeding either his convenience or inclination to pay. If he is an experienced gentleman, he will coolly sit down, with a collection of the British poets around him. From one, he will select a line upon raven tresses; from another, one in praise of sky-blue

eyes. This he strings together, and labels, original!

"Indeed!" said I, starting as he proceeded, "is that possible? I am glad I have no Album, and nothing will induce me to procure one."

"I had no intention of frightening you," replied he; "on the contrary, I hope you will allow me the honor of being the first contributor when you get one?"

"I will," I replied, laughing; "but I expect that you will have the honesty to name the authors from whom you take your quotations, as I suppose you will proceed in the manner of the experienced gentleman."

"Time wore away very agreeably as I was conversing with Mr. Lindsay, and we were both quite astonished when twelve o'clock struck. He possesses the art of entertaining, more than any other person I have ever met, and while instructing you, seems to be seeking information himself. Do not think that because I speak highly of him, I am in love; for, though I believe there is such a thing as love at first sight, it requires esteem and respect to produce that feeling in my heart, and these are partly the work of time. Mr. Lindsay is tall, and his complexion is rather fair than otherwise. Though his features are not regular, there is a harmony, if I may so call it, in their expression, which amply compensates for any slight defect in the outline. His forehead is high and broad, his eyes are dark blue, very quick and intellectual in their expression. The mouth well formed, but there is a want of firmness about it, which would lead me to think his disposition very pliable and yielding, too much so, perhaps, for a man. Thus you have a specimen of my powers as a physiognomist, which stand a fair chance of being tested, as the subject upon which they are tried seems determined to improve our acquaintance. James has just entered, to inform me that he will drink tea with us this evening. But I must now take leave of you, and prepare for the reception of my guest, with whom I hope to make you more fully acquainted in my next. Give my love to all my dear friends in Torwood, and at Broombank, and this parcel to little Pattie.

"With many apologies for my tediousness,

"I am,

"My dear Mrs. Forsyth,

"Yours, affectionately,

"ISABELLA LESLIE."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE SISTERS; A TALE OF CANADA.

BY E. L.

It was on a clear cold day in the month of February, 18—, that two ladies were seated in a handsome parlor, of a little romantic village in that part of the Province of Canada now termed Canada East.

The eldest, who was about twenty years of age, was beautiful, tall and graceful, with long raven hair falling in natural ringlets around her lovely neck and shoulders; her forehead was high, and white as alabaster, while underneath beamed a pair of dark eyes, with a glance so bewitching, that she had turned the heads of half the young men of the village. Yes! she was beautiful—but then she was proud and haughty, and though naturally of a good disposition, yet she had been so flattered and sought after, that she had become coquettish and vain, and the seeds of many a folly had been sown in her young bosom, which, if it did not destroy, marred much of its original beauty. She was sitting beside the fire with a volume in her hand, and appeared to be absorbed in reading.

We will now turn to her less beautiful, though very interesting companion. She had just attained her eighteenth year, was rather below the medium size, of a pale countenance, (owing to ill health) which, at first sight, would have looked rather insipid, had it not been for the lovely blue eyes, with their long silken lashes, which beamed forth with such a mixture of love and good nature on all around. Her hair was of a light glossy brown, parted over her forehead in the Madonna style. She was busily engaged in worsted work, but now and then would pause and listen, as if expecting some one.

"I wonder mamma does not come, Adela!" she said, turning to her sister; "she promised to return by three o'clock, and it is now past four."

"Now, Josephine, do not fret about her. I dare say she will be here soon. The poor person she went to visit may be more seriously ill than she expected, or she may have called on some one else, for you know when she is on her errands of mercy, she never likes to pass any whom she can relieve."

"I know it," replied Josephine; "and what a blessing it is to have such a mother, and how thankful we should feel to our Heavenly Father that she is spared to us so long. Oh! I should be so glad to accompany her, and I hope in the summer to be able to do so."

"Well, for my part," said Adela, "I have no ambition to distinguish myself by such means; I would much rather stay at home and read, or work,

or any thing else, and leave visiting the sick and tending babies, to those who, like yourself, are better qualified, and more disposed to do it."

"Yet, sister, do you not think that you would experience more solid and lasting pleasure in relieving the bodies, and comforting the souls, of the poor and afflicted, than you do in poring over these novels from morning till night?"

"Yes, yes! I know you think I should be happier, and perhaps I should. But listen, do you not hear sleigh bells? perhaps it is mamma."

The girls ran to the window, and saw that it was their mother with a young lady, whom they did not know.

"I wonder who that is with mamma!" said Adela. "Perhaps it is our cousin, Miss Montrose."

"Oh! perhaps it," replied Josephine; "I shall be so glad to see her, poor girl!"

We will now leave them, while Mrs. Stanley is making her way into the house, and give our readers a little of the former history of our young friends.

They were daughters of a once wealthy merchant of the city of Montreal, named Stanley. He was an Englishman of a proud family, yet, notwithstanding, had taken an active part against Her Majesty's government, in the troubles that a few years since agitated this Province, by which means he lost most of his property by confiscation, and was obliged to flee for shelter to the neighbouring republic. Mrs. Stanley was a fine looking woman, of French extraction, but educated in England. She was an excellent wife and mother, and a devoted Christian.

Mr. Stanley did not remove his family from the Province, but to the village where they were first introduced to the reader, about fifty miles distant from Montreal. Mrs. Stanley preferred living there with her daughters, to leaving her native land, dearly as she loved her husband, and warmly as she sympathised with him in his misfortunes; for she knew not where he would finally fix his residence, and till then his family would have been but an incumbrance. She had property of her own sufficient to supply them with all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. She often heard from her husband, and was daily expecting his return, when she received the heart-rending news of his death. He had been suddenly cut off, far from home and kindred, and strangers had laid him in the lonely grave. He died blessing his wife and children, and commending them to that Being, who has promised to be the widow's God, and a Father to the fatherless. They were for a long time inconsolable, but time, the soother of all sorrows, at last reconciled them to theirs.

They continued to live retired, though Adela mixed a good deal with the society of the village, and often went to the city to spend a few months with her mother's brother, Mr. Montrose. Mrs. Stanley had another brother, who had lately died, bequeathing to her care (his wife being already dead) his only child, a daughter of sixteen years. She it was whom Mrs. Stanley now brought to what was to be in future her home.

She was dressed in deep mourning, and though plain in personal appearance, yet sorrow and desolation were so strongly depicted upon her countenance, that no one could help feeling an interest in her when they looked upon her sweet pale face, and knew that she was an orphan, without brother or sister: 'Tis true she had other relations, but her father having lived some distance from them, and from family differences not having corresponded with them, she felt that she was indeed an orphan. The benevolent expression of her aunt's countenance, however, assured her that she had found a friend who would in a measure supply the place of those she had lost. They were met at the door by the sisters, to whom Mrs. Stanley said:

"Here is your cousin, girls. I hope you will endeavour to make her as comfortable and happy as possible."

"That we shall, mamma," said Josephine, kissing her with the affection of a sister; "I am very glad you are come, we shall be very good friends, I have no doubt."

Adela came forward and welcomed her with kindness, though with less warmth in her manner than Josephine.

"What shall I call our cousin?" whispered Josephine to her mother, as Adela was assisting the stranger to unrobe; "you have not yet told us her name."

"My name is Amanda," said her cousin, who had overheard her; "but papa used always to call me Amy," and as she thought of her father, a tear slowly trickled down her cheek.

"Do not be sad, dear cousin," said Josephine; "we will call you Amy, and we will try to be happy, shall we not?"

"Yes we shall," said Amanda, endeavouring to conceal the emotion which she could not suppress; "but you know not how desolate my heart is."

Mrs. Stanley now proposed that Adela should take Miss Montrose to her room, that she might rest a little before tea. She did so, and returned saying, as she entered the room:

"Oh! mamma, I am very much disappointed in our new cousin. I thought she was very handsome, and I find her very plain. Then she looks so sad and gloomy that I shall not dare to laugh



while she is in the house ; but I suppose she will just suit Josephine."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Stanley, "You are rather premature in your judgment, and you should have at least suspended it until you are better acquainted with your cousin. You ought also to consider the recent loss she has sustained, and how lonely she must feel in coming amongst strangers ; for though I have seen her before, it was when she was a mere child, and I dare say she does not recollect me at all. However I hope you will like her better when you have seen more of her, and at least treat her with kindness."

"Oh! yes, I hope I never shall be found wanting in politeness ; and perhaps, as you say, I may like her better by and bye. But come, Josephine, let us hear your opinion."

"I like the appearance of our cousin much," replied Josephine. "She is not, to be sure, a beauty, but there is that in her countenance that bespeaks a noble mind and a loving, trusting heart ; and then she is in such trouble that we ought to love her for that, if for nothing else."

"You are right, Josephine!" said her mother, adding, "you had better go and bring your cousin down to tea."

Josephine obeyed with alacrity, and found Miss Montrose busily engaged in reading—so much so that her approach was unperceived. She stepped softly behind her cousin and found that it was the Bible she held in her hand. Amy looked up with some surprise, and shut the book, saying as she did so:

"Did you come for me, cousin?"

"Yes, Amy, I came to take you down to tea, and you must forgive my unceremonious entrance and impudence in looking over your shoulder, but I wanted to know your taste in reading, and am happy to find that it coincides with mine. From no other book can we find that consolation and peace of mind which we find there, and which one in your circumstances so much needs."

"Yes," said Amy, "I know that it has been a great blessing to me since my dear papa died. He bade me, on his death bed, cleave to it as my best friend. You will give me your instruction and assistance, will you not, cousin?"

"We will help each other, and I trust we shall spend many an hour pleasantly and profitably. You know that I too have lost a father, and can sympathise with you ; yet I feel that under a kind Providence it was the means of bringing me into our Saviour's fold. It caused me to reflect that I too must die, and as my health is always delicate, and was particularly so then, I thought how necessary it was that I should lead a different

life, and began in earnest to seek, and soon found, that peace of mind which this world can neither give or take away. But come now," she added smiling, "Mamma is waiting tea for us, and I dare say I shall get a scolding for keeping you away so long."

The little family separated early that night on account of Amy's fatigue, but not before Josephine had read a chapter in the Bible, and Mrs. Stanley had offered a prayer to the Giver of all good for the mercies of the past day, and for His protection through the still watches of the night.

The next morning Amy was awakened by a knocking at her door, and some one calling out, "May I come in?"

"Yes, yes," answered Amy, and the next moment Josephine was standing beside her, her face wreathed in smiles, and looking the very personification of placid content.

"Come, cousin! I want you to get ready immediately to take a short walk before breakfast."

"I am ready now ; where shall we go?" asked Amy, as she issued from her room a short time after.

"We shall not go very far, for it is seldom Mamma allows me to go out, as the Doctor thinks I am predisposed to consumption, and I have to be extremely careful of myself."

When they returned they found breakfast waiting, although Adela had just made her appearance.

"Oh! sister," said Josephine, "we had such a pleasant walk, I wish you had been with us."

"I am very glad you enjoyed yourselves," replied her sister, "but for my part I would rather not go out quite so early in such cold weather as this."

After breakfast and prayers were over, Adela observed that she was going out shopping, and invited her cousin to accompany her.

"Certainly, with pleasure," replied Amy ; "and will you not come too, Josephine?"

"No. I think not, I feel somewhat fatigued now from my walk, and am afraid I may have caught cold ; but I may be recruited by the time you return."

Her mother now perceived that she spoke hoarsely, and immediately went to prepare her something to take, while she sat by the fire in an easy chair.

The young ladies, after making their purchases, were returning home, when they met two young gentlemen who seemed to be much engrossed in conversation—so much so that they did not perceive our young friends until they had nearly passed, when looking up one of them bowed very low to Adela, who returned it with a smile.

"I wonder who that is with Frank, he is a fine looking personage at all events, don't you think so, coz?"

"I cannot say," replied Amy laughing, "as I had not a sufficiently fair view to hazard an opinion. But who is Frank?"

"Oh! I beg pardon, I had forgotten that you were a stranger here. Well then, Frank is no less a personage than our village physician, and, *entre nous* he is quite a beau of mine, so I give you fair warning not to lay any plot for besieging his heart—if he has such an article—as I shall maintain a prior claim. But really I wonder who that was with him?"

They were just then passing a pretty cottage when the door opened, and a young girl looked out.

"Good morning, Miss Stanley, will you not walk in?" she exclaimed.

Adela introduced her cousin to Miss Morrell, who welcomed her to the village with much apparent kindness.

"Well, Kate, what is it hangs so heavy on your mind to day?" said Adela, when they had entered and seated themselves, "it must be something of importance if one might judge by the expression of your countenance, which really looks ominous. Come, what is it?"

"It is of great importance, I can assure you; I have prevailed upon mamma to give a party next Tuesday, and I wished to consult you about giving out invitations, and so forth."

"Well, we'll talk about that directly, but first tell me, if you can, who it was we met just now walking with Doctor Denham, I am quite anxious to know."

"I am very happy that I am able to gratify your curiosity," replied her friend. "He is a young minister who is come to reside here for a few months, to supply the place of Mr. Lawton while he is absent. He called upon us last evening, as he has some acquaintance with papa. He is very sociable and agreeable, and I think he will prove quite an acquisition to our small society. And now I have told you all I know about him, are you satisfied?"

"Oh, perfectly," replied Adela, "I wonder if he is very strict."

"I should hope not," replied Miss Morrell. "However we shall send him a card for the party, and then you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself."

After some consultation as to the invitations to be despatched, the young ladies rose to take leave.

"You will favour us with your company, will you not, Miss Montrose?" said Kate, turning to Amanda.

"I shall be most happy to accept of your kind invitation," was the reply, "should nothing occur to prevent it."

When they arrived at home they found Josephine very unwell; she seemed to have a violent cold, accompanied with considerable fever. She had just fallen into a gentle slumber, but soon awoke, enquiring if the girls had not returned.

"We are here," said Adela, "we kept quiet for fear of disturbing you; but, now you are awake, I will tell you some news we picked up on our way. A young minister has come to take the place of old Mr. Lawton, who you know is going abroad for his health. We met him just now, and he is a fine looking man, I can assure you. He is to preach tomorrow."

"Oh! I should be so glad to hear him," replied Josephine, "but I fear I shall not be able."

That night Josephine seemed much worse, and Mrs. Stanley called in Doctor Denham, who left her some medicine, and ordered her to be kept very quiet, as she was naturally so delicate that he was afraid her ailment might become serious. The next morning Josephine seemed more comfortable. Adela, contrary to her usual custom, expressed her intention of going out to morning service, and Amanda, who wished to stay at home with Josephine, prevailed upon her aunt to accompany her. The church was crowded to hear the new minister. Mr. Bailey expressed himself with some diffidence at first, but as he warmed with his subject he acquitted himself with much credit, to the surprise of some of the good people of the village, who had gone with their minds prejudiced against him, but went home with far different feelings. Mrs. Stanley was much pleased with him; she saw at a glance that he united a very pleasing exterior to an humble Christian-like deportment. On their way home they were overtaken by Doctor Denham, who enquired with much solicitude for Josephine, and promised to call in the evening.

They found Josephine much as they left her. She was anxious to hear her mother's opinion of the new minister, and Mrs. Stanley in reply expressed her pleasure with the services of the morning, and her desire of seeing more of him. Adela was warm in her praises as to his looks and manners, but when her cousin calmly asked her where his text was, she blushed, and confessed that her eyes were so busily engaged that she had quite neglected to make any use of her ears.

In the evening the Doctor called, and after conversing for some time and prescribing for his patient, (whom he found still very poorly,) he left, with the request that he should be notified should any worse symptoms approach. He seemed much pleased with Miss Montrose, and expressed

his pleasure rather warmly, as Adela thought; for, though fond of admiration herself, she did not like that others should share in what she deemed her rightful prerogative.

Time passed on, and Tuesday, the day of Mrs. Morrell's party, at length arrived. Amy would have preferred remaining at home with Josephine, but as she was a stranger in the place, her aunt thought it best that she should attend, as it would give her an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the best society of the village.

Adela was all expectation, and dressed herself with more than ordinary care, though rather more simply than usual. The company were mostly assembled when they arrived. After paying their respects to their host and hostess, Miss Morrell came forward and whispered,

"Come now and I will introduce you to our prodigy!" and before the young ladies were aware of it they were standing almost opposite Doctor Denham and the Rev. Mr. Bailey, and the Doctor rising to welcome them, introduced them to his companion. They soon entered into conversation, and Adela, who thought the Doctor bestowed rather too much attention upon her cousin, exerted herself to please, and succeeded so well that strange thoughts of "love in a cottage" began to flit through the minister's brain.

The company amused themselves in various ways, some with music, others with conversation, and a few at the whist table.

"Miss Stanley, will you not favour us with a song?" asked young Henry Morrell, as he approached, and offered to lead her to the instrument.

"Oh! you know I scarcely ever sing, and besides, I am really quite hoarse this evening."

Dr. Denham looked with surprise at Adela, as she uttered this common excuse of singing young ladies; and she blushed on finding his eye fixed upon her, for she knew that he abhorred deceit on any occasion, and he also knew that she was extremely fond of music, and sang and played a great deal. However, after much solicitation, she deigned to comply, with a very good grace.

"Do you not sing, Miss Montrose?" asked Dr. Denham, of Amanda.

"I do, occasionally," she quietly replied, and a gentleman led her to the seat that her cousin had just vacated.

After Amy had played and sang several pieces, and was about leaving the instrument, Mr. Bailey stepped forward, and turning over the leaves of a book of sacred music, asked her to sing that beautiful chant, "The Lord is my Shepherd." She readily complied. Her voice was beautifully clear, and as the piece was a favourite of her own, she sang it with much taste and

feeling, and was highly applauded by all in the room.

"How have you enjoyed yourself this evening?" asked Dr. Denham, of Adela, as they were walking home together. "Does our young minister realize your expectations?"

"Oh, yes, fully!" replied Adela, "do you not think him very interesting?"

"I like him very much, but then I may be a little partial, as we were school-mates. But you must be careful not to take too much interest in him, or I may be jealous, as you know that I have the first claim to your consideration."

"Oh, never fear!" said Adela, laughing. "I dare say he will never think of me again."

They had now arrived at home: Amanda was already there, and sitting with Josephine, who was very ill; and after Adela had entered her chamber, in spite of her afflicted indifference, she caught herself wondering what Mr. Bailey thought of her and her cousin, and whether he would call to see them.

Weeks passed away—Josephine's health continued to decline, and it was evident to her friends that consumption had set its seal on one they fondly loved, and dreaded losing. Mr. Bailey had often called, and had become quite intimate with the family. Josephine loved him as a brother, he was so kindly attentive, supplying her with books, and reading to her himself, when he had leisure. He sometimes attempted to draw Adela into serious conversation, but without much success. She would answer him to be sure, but he saw with pain, that her heart was not interested; and he sighed to think that so beautiful a casket contained no jewel within.

Adela, though at first strongly prepossessed in his favour, treated him coldly and with marked indifference: their tastes were entirely different, and though engaged to Dr. Denham, yet, as we have said before, she loved admiration, and she saw that Mr. Bailey was not disposed to acknowledge her claim to the exclusion of others. She likewise saw, with woman's quick-sightedness, that Amy felt interested in him: for, though her cousin had never owned it, even to herself, yet she unconsciously exhibited symptoms which, to an interested observer, gave sufficient proof that she felt anything but indifference: and she thought that Mr. Bailey would in time see her worth, and acknowledge it, and she was not mistaken.

Amy was not formed to shine in the circles of beauty and fashion; she was naturally rather reserved, and she might be seen many times in mixed assemblies and passed by as a very common-place person. But in the houses of the destitute, and by the bed-side of the afflicted, her character shone forth in its true colors. She

was ever ready to relieve their pecuniary wants to the extent of her ability, and often deprived herself of many little articles of dress, (which others would have thought necessary,) to provide food for the needy.

Mr. Bailey often met her in his pastoral visits to the sick, and it was then that he learned to appreciate her as she deserved. As he observed her so kindly ministering to the necessities of those so much beneath her, in the eyes of the world, he felt that he should indeed be blessed with such a companion for life. He felt surprised that he had ever thought Adela more beautiful than her cousin, (love makes every thing appear lovely) and he at length determined to win her if possible.

One morning as Amanda was returning from visiting some poor person, she was overtaken by Mr. Bailey, whom she had not seen for some days, and as he walked by her side, he poured into her astonished ear the tale of his love. He pleaded his suit eloquently, and an observer might have seen by the sweet smile that lit up Amy's countenance, that it was not in vain. When he requested an answer, she did not swoon, or sigh, or bid him wait, but, (though she blushed a little) frankly placing her hand in his, she assured him how fully she returned his affections, and if he thought her capable of assuming the responsibilities of the station he desired her to fill, she should be happy to aid him all in her power, should her aunt urge no objection.

They parted at Mrs. Stanley's gate, mutually pleased with their interview: he to ponder on his happy prospects, and she to seek her aunt, with whom she wished to have some conversation. She found her in Josephine's room. As she entered, Josephine said, smiling:

"Why did not Mr. Bailey come in? I saw him at the gate just now. I should like to have seen him much, but I suppose he felt rather agitated. Nay, cousin, you need not blush so, for I half-guess what you have been conversing upon; come, tell us all about it. You did not refuse him, did you?"

Amanda saw that Josephine guessed her secret, and related to her and Mrs. Stanley the conversation that had passed between herself and Mr. Bailey. Mrs. Stanley expressed much pleasure at her niece's happy prospects. She highly esteemed Mr. B. for his many amiable qualities, and she knew of none to whom she could with more confidence commit the happiness of her niece.

It was arranged that they should not be married until the ensuing autumn, or winter, as Mr. Bailey was not permanently settled, and also on account of Josephine's health, which was failing rapidly.

Poor Josephine! she felt that her days were numbered, that when a few suns had arisen and set, she should be remembered among those that were and are not. And did her spiritual strength fail her in this the time of her trial? Oh, no! the excellencies of her character shone forth brighter and brighter as she approached her eternal home. That God to whom she had devoted her youth was with her now. Death had no terror for her. She knew in whom she had believed, and though it was painful to think of leaving her dear friends, yet for herself she felt she should make a happy exchange. Many were the affectionate conversations she held with her sister. Adela seemed almost heart-broken at the prospect of a separation; she remembered the many excellent precepts she had heard from that sister's lips, and felt condemned for not having profited more by them. She went to Him who has said, "Ask and ye shall receive," and sought that mercy which was never denied to the penitent. She saw the cheerful resignation of her sister—that amidst the keenest anguish of body, she had yet something far above aught of this world to look to, and she resolved, with Divine grace, to devote the remainder of her days to the Lord.

Josephine gave directions for her funeral, and for the disposal of her little trinkets, with many messages for her absent friends, with all the composure of a person preparing for a journey. She forgot none of her young friends, but left some little token of remembrance for each. She gave her Bible to her sister, saying:

"Here, Adela, is my Bible; it has been my best friend—may it prove yours. Oh! read it attentively when I am gone, and keep it in remembrance of your sister, who hopes to welcome you in an eternity of bliss."

It was a lovely evening in the latter part of August. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills; all nature looked cheerful and gay, in happy contrast to the sad countenances that were gathered around the couch of Josephine. Mr. Bailey was there, and Dr. Denham, besides a few other dear friends, who had been called in. The doctor was anxiously watching his patient's pulse; he could hardly perceive that she had any, and turning to her mother, whispered that he thought she could last but a short time longer. Mrs. Stanley approached the bed, but, as Josephine appeared in a gentle slumber, said nothing. She soon opened her eyes, and seeing her mother stand weeping beside her, she clasped her arms around her neck, saying:

"Oh, mamma, do not weep, it distresses me to see you! I am quite happy, we shall soon meet again; I am only going home a little before you,

and God, who is rich in mercy, will comfort you when I am gone. And now, dear mamma, will you raise me up, that I may look upon the setting sun once more before I go hence."

Her mother did as she desired, when, after gazing a short time, Josephine addressed a few words to each of her surrounding friends; then, turning to her mother, said:

"Mamma, let me lean my head upon your bosom, and sing to me that little song you used to sing in the days of my childhood—it begins, 'Jesus can make a dying bed;' come, dear mamma, do sing!" she murmured.

Mrs. Stanley succeeded in conquering her emotion sufficiently to commence singing, but ere she had finished, Josephine's spirit had returned to God, who gave it. She departed calmly, without a struggle or a groan. Gently did her Saviour lead her through the dark valley; not a shade of care or trouble was discernible on her placid countenance, but she passed away as calmly as a child sinks to sleep in its nurse's arms.

Deep, though not loud, were the expressions of grief that filled that house of mourning. Mr. Bailey officiated on the funeral occasion, and delivered an impressive discourse from these words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" and many fervent aspirations rose from young hearts, that they might live the life, and die the death, of their young friend and companion.

Gentle reader, we have already exceeded the limits we at first anticipated, but, for the satisfaction of those who have followed us thus far in our simple story, we will add, that Adela adhered to her good resolutions, and is an exemplary member of society. Many poor orphans and widows have cause to bless her name.

In about a year subsequent to the death of Josephine, the newspapers contained the following announcement:

"Married, at Grove Cottage, the residence of Mrs. Stanley, on the 15th inst., Edward Denham, Esq., M. D., to Miss Adela, only daughter of the late Henry Stanley, Esq.; also, at the same time and place, the Rev. George Bailey, to Miss Amanda Montrose, niece of Mrs. Stanley."

The cousins still continue to reside in the village where they were first introduced to the reader, Mr. Bailey having succeeded Mr. Lawton, the former minister.

Mrs. Stanley divides her time between her daughter and niece. They live quite retired, enjoying as much happiness as this world is capable of bestowing; and whenever a thought of Josephine steals over them, it is succeeded by the hope that they shall, ere long, meet where parting is unknown.

Gentle reader, we crave you, in your mercy, not to criticise our little story too harshly. It was not originally intended for publication, but should it be the humble means of beguiling one lonely hour, or of lending one young friend to follow in the steps of "our Josephine," we shall be amply rewarded.

## LOVE AND FANCY.

Love caught me (yet a little boy)  
And bound me in his chains of joy:  
Then with his fillet seal'd my eyes  
To all Life's grim realities,  
And left me blind to wander through  
The maze of life without a clue.  
Dut, pitying my forsaken plight,  
Kind Fancy left her balls of light—  
(Love's Sister, who with gentlest art  
Extracts her cruel brother's dart,  
And heals the lover's bleeding heart.)  
She came, and led me by the hand,  
Through all Romance's fairy land;  
O'er Hope's high mountain bode we climb,  
And with the eagle ride sublime  
The mighty winds: and strike my lyre,  
Shrined in the lightning's vivid fire.  
There might I echo ev'ry hymn  
Of the night-watching Seraphim,  
And as the strings my touch beneath  
Rang forth sweet Music's mellow breath,  
My eyes grew founts—whence swiftly swept  
Tears that 'twas rapture to have wept.  
Oh! had I from that cloud-paved height  
Beheld misfortune's gath'ring night;  
The shadow of each coming year  
That crushes hope and fosters fear;  
How gladly had my half-freed soul  
Flung off mortality's control,  
And left so dark a world as this,  
To dwell for aye in realms of bliss.

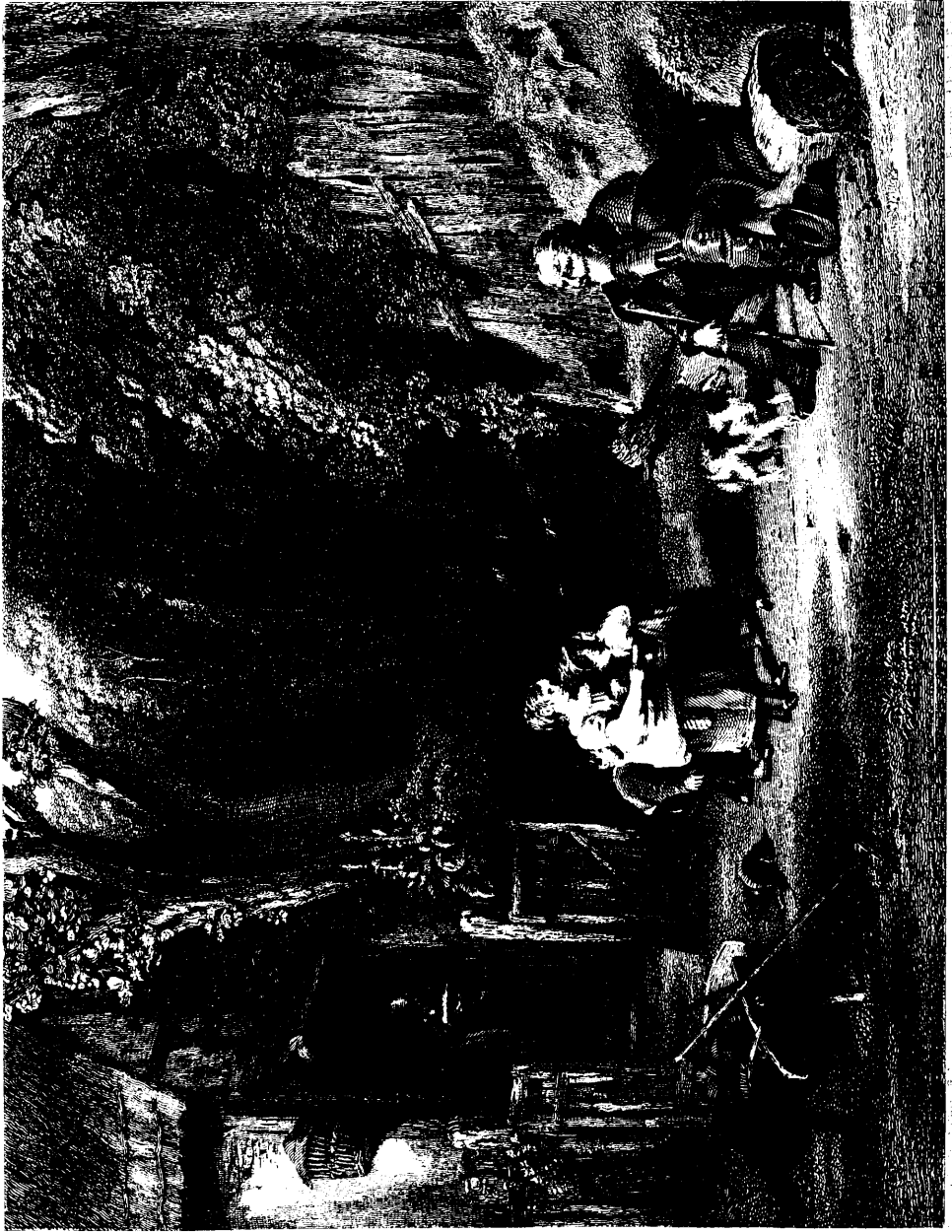
A RHAPSODIST.

Fredericton.

## TIME.

When we look back on hours long passed away,  
The nothings of that time which now is nought,  
The unnoted acts and long forgotten thought,  
Wherein we lived through many a yesterday,  
We marvel how so fast our years decay.  
On flies unlagging Time, that ne'er hath brought  
Fulfillment to our hope; yet still untaught,  
Unransom'd, we plod on our darkling way:  
And whither? to the morrow that shall be  
Uncalendar'd for us;—to the strong gate  
Whence none reissue, where all seemings vanish.  
Is this to live indeed? or else do we  
But faintly dream towards the morn, and wait  
Till very life our sick illusions banish?

E. W. S.



R U S T I C H O S P I T A L I T Y .

# RUSTIC HOSPITALITY.

A SKETCH.

BY E. L. G.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

He had returned, that weary, way-worn man,  
After long years of wandering, to the land  
That gave him birth.

Stricken in heart, and sad,  
He had gone forth upon that fatal morn,  
Which saw another wed his plighted bride.  
Without one parting word, one look, he went—  
Crossed the broad seas, and in a soldier's life,  
Strove to forget the hopes, on whose fair buds,  
A wintry blight had fallen.

He strove in vain;  
For ever 'mid the tumult of the camp,  
Walked by his side the sweet and gentle form  
Of her he loved—and in the thickening strife,  
Her fondly sheltering arms seemed o'er him spread,  
To ward the death-blow from his dauntless breast.  
So years rolled on—years filled with toil and change,  
With outward change, for none was wrought within.  
Still, still his heart, true to its early dream,  
Throbbed faithful on; and still with memory's eye  
Undimmed by time, he saw his Lucy's face,  
Tearful, and sweet, as he beheld it last,  
At her own cottage door—his heart, e'en then,  
O'er-fraught with secret fear, yet little dreading,  
As thus he paused to catch her parting smile,  
Ere through the silent glen he wound his way,  
That he its tender light no more should feel,  
Falling like heaven's own sunshine on his soul,  
To cheer and bless.

But true, alas! his fears;—  
For she, obedient to her father's will,  
Gave to another her unwilling hand,  
Leaving the chosen of her virgin heart,  
Forsaken and betrayed. Then from his home  
In search of peace he fled, but found it not—  
Nor could forego the love, which of his being  
Had become a part; for, his brief anger o'er,  
Her hapless fate he wept, more than his own,  
And so, again, fair love her light re-kindled,  
Within the broken flame of his fond heart,  
And memories sweet fed the pure vestal flame  
With fragrant oil, that kept it ever bright.

Amid the past, entranced his spirit dwelt,  
Haunted the sylvan dell, or musling sat,  
In the green forest glade, 'mid whispering leaves  
And songs of happy birds, and murmuring breathed  
His oft repeated tale of love and faith  
In Lucy's listening ear.

And with these dreams,  
Came yearnings deep and strong to tread once more  
Those dear familiar paths; to lave his brow,  
With manhood's signet stamped, in the clear stream,  
Where oft in boyish sport, his youthful limbs  
Had wrestled with the wave—to climb the hills,  
Whose verdant heights bounded his childhood's world,  
And from the rose-tree by his mother's door,  
Pluck the bright flowers, which oft in happier days,  
His hand had culled, to deck his Lucy's hair,  
Or shed their fragrance on her snowy breast—  
He, as they faded there, envying their fate,  
So sweet a death to die.

Filled with such thoughts,  
He homeward turned his steps—his sword exchanged  
For pilgrim staff, he gained his own dear land,  
And wandered on a solitary man,  
Through many a fair and well remembered scene,  
To the green vale, within whose verdant bounds  
Were centred once his joys, ambition, hopes.  
But, lone and sad, he stood a stranger there,  
Where erst he dwelt, circled by loving hearts;  
All lay around him, bright, unchanged, and fair,  
Rocks, trees, and gushing streams, smiling in beauty,  
And each quiet cot, with its gay garden  
And embowering trees, with silent eloquence,  
Telling a tale of sweet domestic peace.  
He only altered, stood unrecognized  
'Mid things familiar,—feeling it most strange,  
To rove a stranger, where each thing he saw,  
Howe'er minute, was as a golden link,  
In memory's chain, which bound his spirit  
To the silent past.

Yet, midst his sadness,  
'Twas a deep joy to breathe his native air—  
To gaze at that blue heaven, whose radiant arch  
Bent in its brightness o'er his childhood's home. —

Rapture, to hear again the songs familiar  
Of forest birds that carolled lightly as  
He passed along, trilling the same sweet lays,  
That charmed his infant ear;—to list once more,  
The bee's low hum, as slow she winged her flight,  
O'er beds of fragrant thyme, the treasured herb  
Of each small cottage garden, murmuring,  
So to his ear it seemed, a pleasant welcome  
To his early home.

Onward he went,  
With loitering steps—on to a sheltered nook  
At the far end of that fair grassy vale,  
Where, screened by ancient trees, and swelling hills,  
That seemed to clasp it in their green embrace,  
Stood the low cottage where his parents dwelt.  
Unchanged its look, with its o'er-shadowing trees,  
Its rustic porch, with ivy garlands hung,  
Mild whose green wreaths the black-bird whistled still  
In his old cage, swung from the rafters rude;  
Its garden, gay with many colored flowers,  
The larkspur's azure spikes uprising high  
Like stately sentinels, to guard the band  
Of sister flowers, that humbler bloomed around;  
The ancient paling, interlaced with boughs  
Of drooping birch, hawthorn, and alder bright,  
Lending its roughness such a softening touch,  
As moonlight flings o'er ruins old and grey;  
The wicket open, as in days of yore.  
A pledge of their free hearts, who dwelt within,  
Which to their blazing hearth, and simple board,  
A welcome gave to all.

Dwelt they there still?  
He feared to ask his heart that question brief:  
For, symptom of some change, before the door  
Three cherub children gamboll'd, bright with health,  
Who left their merry sports, to gaze in wonder  
On the toil-worn man, who sat him down  
Upon the fallen log—and pity swelled  
Their innocent young hearts, as they beheld  
His weary gait, his melancholy look,  
Which turned on them so kindly, yet so sad,  
That their warm hearts were melted; so they went  
Timidly forward, the fair younger girl  
And chubby boy, seeming half frightened by  
They knew not what, close clinging to the skirt  
Of their sweet elder sister.

Bolder she,  
With childhood's matchless grace, toward the stranger  
Her little basket held, with its small store  
Of hoarded cakes, and prayed of him to eat.  
The group was exquisite—and that fair girl,  
The fairest of the three, lovely, and bright,  
As the half-opened bud of the young rose—  
There was a something in her voice, her look,  
That moved his heart, stirring its hidden founts,  
Within whose depths, sweet treasured memories slept.

Once had he seen such eyes—so dark, so soft,  
So full of tender thought, so angel-like  
In their celestial glance.

And now, again  
They met his earnest gaze—his Lucy's eyes!  
Her lip, her brow, her cheek of loveliest bloom!  
The very ringlets of her golden hair,  
Crowning with beauty, that young cherub's head!  
He asked her name—'twas the dear name he loved—  
His Lucy's own—she was—she was her child!  
They all were her's, and of their mother  
All bore some secret trait, that touched his heart,  
Till it toward them yearned with such deep love,  
As prompted him to clasp them in his arms,  
With tears of joy and grief.

At that strange sight.  
Forth from the cottage came an ancient dame,  
Reverend and staid, with calm uplifted brow,  
And the clear hue of ruddy healthful age  
Upon her cheek, who when his face she saw,  
Exclaimed, "My son!" and fell upon his neck,  
Weeping glad tears, and with her welcome fond,  
Mingling a prayer of gratitude to God,  
Whose ear had heard her sighs, and pitying them,  
Had led at length the long-lost wanderer back  
To be the staff of her declining years;  
For he on whom she leaned, no longer now  
Walked by her side—alone and desolate.  
She journeyed toward the grave.

But those dear children?—  
Ah! simple was the tale—and sad withal—  
They were his Lucy's treasures—orphans now—  
Both parents lying in the churchyard green.  
Leaving them helpless in the cold, cold world.  
In pity then—but chiefly for his sake,  
Who their dear mother loved, to her lone home  
That widowed matron those sweet children took,  
Changing its gloom to gladness with their smiles,  
Which, like the sunshine breaking through dark clouds,  
Pierced the deep shadows, which with years, had fall'n  
Upon her aged heart—while their glad voices,  
Ringing around her hearth, recalled a glow,  
Faint though it was, of youthful feeling, such  
As often woke again its withered chords.

So reaped she her reward—she who had cast  
Her bread upon the waters, gathered back  
With each returning tide, a store of blessing—  
Self approving thoughts, and happiness,  
To rapture heightened, when her ear drank in  
The grateful murmurs of her long-lost son.  
For that kind deed of love to those dear orphans,  
Who had called his cherished Lucy, mother—  
To them a tender father he became—  
Blessing and blest in that dear cottage home,  
Whence never more he roamed.



# MY CORRESPONDENTS.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

[Mr. Editor:—In accordance with my old friend Mr. Elshender's request, I send you his letter for publication, should you so decide. *Editor* is a fine-sounding title, and as I have not the remotest chance of raising a mutiny against you, and ousting you from your Chair Editorial, I will, with your permission, make my essay in that branch of the profession in a smaller way, by editing a few of the epistolary treasures which are now, or may hereafter come into, my possession. In that case, Mr. E.'s letter will appear as the first of the series.—E. H.]

## HOGMANAY.

GOBERICH, U. C., December, 1845.

MY DEAR EDMOND,—An auld frien' o' mine, ane Tammas Souter, was doon your gait twa or three weeks syne, an' when he cam' back here, he tellt me that he had seen you whiles in Montreal. He gie'd me, too, the wheen blads o' buiks (Garlands, isn't it ye ca' them?) that ye had sent up to me; an' oh! man, it warmed my heart to think that ye hadna' forgot me in my auld days. It's mony a lang day sin' I saw ye last, an' ye were then a geyan throu' ther camstrairy chiel'; mony a bonny plisky ye used to play me, among the broomy knowes of Craignarroeh, when I cam' at an orra time to see your father.

Weel! weel! that's a' past an' gane, an' Tammas tells me that ye're noo a big strappin' fellow, though may be no' sae gleg an' eydent as ye aince were. He says ye've turned writer, an' at first I ettled that he meant ano' o' tho' attorney bodies. When I opened the buiks he broocht, hoover, I saw, without spierin' ony farther, that he meant a *printed* writer, an' glad I was to find it sae, an' that me o' a family I aye likit sae weel, hadna' turned his haun' to evil practices. After readin' twa or three o' them, I began to juloose that writin' couldn' be sae very tickly after a', sin' ye were sic' a dab at it, an' I thoct, if I was to gie ye a bit sereed, ye might maybe get your frien', the Editor, to pit it intul the Garland. Gin my ain name o' Wat Elshender wadna be bonny enouch to gang alongside the fine names that some o' you chaps ha'e, ye maun o'en gie me some ither aye—Jupiter Plantagenet, or onythiu' ye like yersel'.

I was posed for a gae while what to write aboot, but began to think that ye wad be prentin' yer buik aboot Nuresday, an' at the vera name, thochts o' the merry days o' Auld Lang Syne cam' thrangin' on me, like bees on a fine simmer

mornin', bizzin' aboot a heather cove; an' I thoct I wad jist catch twa or three o' them, an' clap them doon on paper for ye.

I ha'e said that thae were merry days, an' there's no a word o' a lee in that. We were merry in Spring—an', min' ye, I'm speakin' o' the time when I was a wean at schule, or, aiblins, a wee while after—lang, lang, at ony rate, afore ye were ever thoct o'. We were merry in Spring, as I was sayin': for it was enouch to gar ony body's heart loup cheerily within him, to hear the bit birdies chirpin' an' singin' sae blithe tul ane anither, an' to see the green buds burstin' oot on the trees an' hedgeraws, an' the wee flowers liftin' their modest heads aboon the sod. We were merry in Summer: whiles threshin' the water wi' our fishin' talkie for hours at a time, an' gin we only catch'd, as the glonmin' cam' on, a par or a beardie, we were as proud as gin we had gruppit a thirty pou' sawmon; whiles speelin' trees after birds' nests—no to herry them, we couldna torture their innocent hearts by roiviu' their offspring frae them—but only to kaek in at their nurseries, and carry up a worm or a slug for the wee gapin' gorbies; whiles rinnin' races on the lea, or, maybe, poukin' the gowan, the harebell and the wild thyme, to croon the fair heads o' our lassie joes. In Autumn we were merry too: takin' a Saturday afternoon's diversion at the grosats an' ither berry busses, or gatherin' hazel nuts in the woods, or, in hairst time, busy in the corn fields, helpin' every body, an' in everybody's gait.

But the merriest time o' a' was Winter. Sic' daffin' as there used to be on the long dark nights, when folks hirsted their creepies inker to the ingle, an' the sang, an' the story, an' the joke gaed roun'. An' when the Yule an' Nuresday time cam' on, sic' wark as we a' had! We young ones wad be lookin' oot our best claes, that we nicht

look braw about the holytide; the lads an' lasses maybe spendin' a tait o' their gathered gear—the tane on a new waistcoat, or a lang-tailed coat, the tither on a tortyshell back came, or a goold-washed-ferd broach; or, aiblins, they micht cof a bit giftie for their friends, to gie them as a hansel on Nuresday mornin'. The auld folks, (the women bodies, I mean) had enouch to do in their huswifeskep, slachterin' hens an' turkies an' geese maist unmercifully, an' gettin' ready a' sorts o' dishes to gar us lick our lips.

I mind ae Hogmanay weel, an' I'll tell ye a' about it, jist as a swatch, like, o' the rest.

It was at auld Mrs. Tamson's; she leavit then in the Kirk-gate, whaur Johnnie Muecklestane had his baxter's shop afterhan'. We were to for-guither at sax o'clock, an' jist as the toon knock chappit I was at the door. Mysie, Mrs. Tamson's lass, let me in, an' ben I gaed to the big parlour, whaur I fand your faither, an' twa or three mae, wi' the Tamsons. Others cam' drappin' in thick an' threefauld, an' the chaumer, ere lang, was as fu' as a bicker o' brose. Howsomever, there was aye room for us to steer about; the auld folks clappit themselves close by the wa', while we young anes footit it fu' deftly, to the springs o' auld Will Semple, the blind fiddler. The nicht drave on wi' lauchin' an' dattin', till, atween ten an' eleven o'clock, we quat the dancin', an' gaed butt to anither room whaur the supper was laid out—name o' your wheelle-whanulies o' jeellies and custards, but guid substantial dishes—howtowdies an' collops, an' sic like: things that didna melt in your mouth, but needit a guide chow to put them ower. Solid as they were, they didna stand us lang, an' back we gaed to the big room again. Will Semple hadna been idle either when we were awa', an' to it he fell, wi' mair smed-dum than ever, at the reels, strathspeys, an' kintra dances, an', at anorra time, a cotillion or twa.

Me an' Jean Tamson—her that's now Widow Walker—were geyan thick in thae days, an' keepin' my e'e on the auld watch on the brace. I slippit near her as it cam' close upon twal o'clock, an' keepit her in converse, for neither her nor me was dancin' that time. Charlie Graham had a kind o' likin' to her, too, an' at the first chap o' twalve frae the muckle toon knock, he made a dash furrit: I was ower gleg for him, though, and gat the first kiss o' Jean. Weel! after that the salutes gaed pappin' roon', like musketry on a review day; we had to kiss every lady there, young an' auld, an', my certie! some o' them tasted sour. When this was ower, we fell to the dancin' again, but after a reel or twa, we closed aff wi' "Bab at the bowster," an' heth! if we didna gar the lassies play spin! Then the women folk gaed awa' to put on their haps, an' the rest

o' us had a glass o' "het pint" round, and sang "Auld Lang Syne," wi' a roosin' chorus, till they cam' back, ready for the road.

Ye're no to think, though, that we drappit the fun here—it was only beginnin'. Ilka had had brocht his bottle an' glass wi' him, an' laid them by in a corner till the now. Some o' us had ginger wine, some currant wine, twa or three brandy, but the maist feck stuck to the peat-reek. They were a' fotch out, an', yokin' in wi' the lassies, we skailed in a' airts, like a bumbee's bike. Your faither and me convoyed the twa Miss Trumbulls hame, an' when their servant lass opened the door, in we stappit, o' coorse, to gie them their first fitin'. They each took a mouthfu' o' your faither's ginger wine—though they hardly did mair than smell my whiskey—and, then, without sayin' "by your leave," up the stairs we ran, an' rappit at auld Mr. Trumbull's chaumer door.

"Wha's there?" quo he, wi' a grunt.

"It's me," I answered him, wi' a squeak.

"An' wha are ye, comin' rampagin' into folk's houses, at this untimeous hour o' the nicht?"

"A happy New Year to ye, Mr. Trumbull!" said your faither.

I followed him up wi' "And the same to you, too, Mrs. Trumbull!"

"Oh! it's you, ye deevil's buckies, is't—wi' your first-fitin'!" cried the auld man. "Come inower, an' let's see ye!"

By this time Bell Trumbull was up wi' a light, an' "ganin' ben, we gie the auld folks a tastin', an' gat their benison. When we cam' oot again, we had Bell an' her sister Naney guid mornin', an' I jaloose our pairtin' salute maun ha'e been rather warm, for the auld man cried oot:

"Holo! wha's that frin' pistols at my door?"

We didna stop to answer, but were aff like learies to the cross, whaur we had trysted to meet wi' a wheen mair birkies.

When we had a' forgathered, we set aff on our first-fitin' tramp; an' whene'er we wan intil a house, I se warrant a' body was weel waukened up, afore we left it. I needna gang through a our visits, as I've naur come to the hinner-en' o' my paper, but our en' at the Trumbulls' ill be a speeimint tul ye. It's enouch to say that it was guid grey licht by the time we wan back to the cross, when, after a hurrah, or rather, an eldritch yell, we smashed our empty bottles against the toon well, an' took aff our several gaits.

Weel! weel! I' aften wunner, whether we should play a lilt or a coronach ower the grave o' thae auld-furrant times. Ony way, if ye want to hear mair about them, jist let me ken.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

WALTER ELSHENDER.

# NEW YEAR'S WALTZ,

45

For the Flute and Piano Forte.

COMPOSED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MRS. MOODIE,

OF BELLEVILLE,

BY FRANCIS WOOLCOTT.

ANDANTE.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system consists of three staves: a single Flute staff and a grand staff for Piano Forte. The Flute part is marked *P.* and the Piano Forte part is marked *Piano Forte.* The second system consists of two staves: a single Flute staff and a grand staff for Piano Forte. The Flute part is marked *delicato.* The third system consists of three staves: a single Flute staff and a grand staff for Piano Forte. The score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a waltz-like melody with various ornaments and dynamic markings.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with slurs and dynamic markings including *cres.* and *f*. The middle and bottom staves are in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and provide harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melodic line with dynamic markings *Ral!* and *p*. The middle and bottom staves continue the harmonic accompaniment. The music shows a change in tempo and dynamics.

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff concludes the melodic line with a *f* dynamic and ends with a double bar line. The middle and bottom staves conclude the accompaniment with a *fine.* marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

*Trio.*

*Legato.*

*p*

*Du capo Waltz.*

The image displays a musical score for a waltz, consisting of two systems of piano and bass staves. The first system is marked 'Trio' and 'Legato'. The second system includes a dynamic marking 'p'. The third system is marked 'Du capo Waltz'. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), a 3/4 time signature, and numerous notes, rests, and slurs. The piano part is written in a style characteristic of early 20th-century sheet music, with many notes beamed together and some slurs. The bass part provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The 'Du capo Waltz' section at the end of the page indicates a repeat of the beginning of the piece.

## THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

BY M. A. M.

THERE are scarcely any phrases in our language which contain more food for thought than do respectively The Old and New Year, and yet, like many others of equal solemnity, they are rendered so familiar to our ears by frequent repetition, that it seems almost superfluous to enlarge thereon. Yet still, to a thinking mind, what a course of thought is laid open by the simple phrases—the Old and New Year—the respective portals of the past and present! Of these, one stands ready to receive us, while the other closes behind, never again to open. At that solemn moment, when the midnight bell chimes slowly and sadly forth the farewell to the Old Year, how eagerly and anxiously do we turn, to cast a melancholy glance through the transparent but impassable barrier on the path we have trodden, where the Old Year is already gradually blending with the dim colouring of its predecessors! Fain would we dwell on the view (which becomes more attractive in proportion as we recede therefrom) but no—no—we are hurried onward—onward—by an invisible arm, even that of the great father of our race—Time! With rising hope do we turn to where the Future lies spread before; it, too, has the same filmy screen, receding ever slowly before our eyes as we advance on our way, and seeming, like its twin sister—The Past,—incomparably fairer when viewed at distance. Scotland's lamented Campbell has sweetly and truly sung:

" 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountains in their azure hue."

Would that it were not so sadly true, even as regards time:—How many bright hopes do we often indulge at the opening of the New Year—how exquisitely fair are the visions which float before the mind, and which are to be realized at some indefinite period or periods of the year!—Days, weeks, and months, roll on, and find the poor wayfarer still as far from those fairy landscapes as when first he saw them, till the dawn of another year brings fresh prospects, and new El Dorados to be again pursued.

If the coming of the New Year be hailed with gladness and rejoicing, well may the departure of the Old be regarded as a period of sorrow.

Another measure is then exhausted of the time allotted to each of us—it can never again be recalled (an idea sorrowful enough in itself!) and of that amount of time, how much has been idly lavished on trifles unworthy the attention even of a rational mind!—how many opportunities of benefiting our fellow creatures have been allowed to pass unheeded—and, in short, how very little of it has been devoted to the great work of salvation—"the one thing needful."

How many changes, too, may have occurred in the course of the past year—all these now rise before us in their former and clearer colouring. Of the friends who welcomed with us the dawn of the year, and who sympathized in our hopes and aspirations, few may witness its close! Some are, perhaps, mouldering in the grave, while others, though still in life, are, as it were, dead to us—either from being removed to an almost immeasurable distance, or, worse still—from total estrangement!

On the present occasion there are many reasons why we should look forward with more than usual interest to the opening year. The course of events is gradually deepening, and may burst forth like a torrent. Amongst the nations some mighty movement seems going forward, which, though now like the subterranean fires, invisible and incomprehensible, may anon break forth with volcanic impetuosity. Who may tell where this state of things will end—who can raise the veil which conceals the next few months from our eyes, and show whether the powers who now stand armed and girded for the contest, fiercely and jealously, regarding the movements of each other—whether they will at length come to an amicable arrangement, or, in pursuit of their own objects "let slip the dogs of war," to ravage and desolate the earth. Who may venture to assure us that the close of this year may not behold these now peaceful Provinces the scene of fierce and sanguinary contention, or that the trampling of armed legions may not resound on the opposing shores of the St. Lawrence? Heaven grant that such be not the case, and that this now prosperous land may not be visited by that fearful scourge—WAR!