

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |

THE
LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1840.

No. 11.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE PASSIONS—A MASQUE.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

I dream'd,—(as wrapt in sleep I lay)—
My Soul,—enfranchis'd,—fled
To realms untrod by living clay,
Unknown, save to the dead,—
And to the Passions, which there rove,
Provoking ghostly mirth,
'Mid elfin scenes, by stream or grove,
In mockery of earth.
Methought I saw their phantom forms,
As o'er this world they sweep,
Uprifting soul of man, as storms,
The bosom of the deep.
Around an open space, there stood
The shadowy multitudes,—
In groups, in crowds,—by plain, by wood,
In various attitudes,—
Expecting the phantastic scene
Which soon burst on the eye,—
The Passions 'tir'd in actor sheen
To mock man's misery!

SCENE I.

First came Revenge, with rapid stride,
His dark eyes flashing fire,
His raven locks he flung aside,
And gnash'd his teeth with ire;
His robe flew wildly in the wind:
A crimson robe he wore,
His hands, by contrast, slightly dimm'd—
For they were red—with gore!
His eye fell sudden on the stain—
When quick as lightning's glare,
A scorching glance flash'd from his brain,—
He gasp'd,—as if for air,—
But not for air, it was, I trow,
Revenge, ne'er needs relief,
Unknown to him remorse or wo,
Nor heeds he wail of grief.
He gasp'd,—'twas with concentr'd rage,
As rapidly he trac'd
With blood-shot eye, on Mem'ry's page,
Foul inj'ry uneffac'd.
'Twas for a moment only—then,
As famish'd tiger might,
That springs infuriate from his den—
He bounded out of sight.

No sooner gone—than there arose,
From out the shadowy crowd,
Derisive shouts at human woes,
Continued long and loud.
A shrill, wild, goblin laugh there rang
High sounding sharp and clear,—
Uproarious although the clang
Of mirthful jest and jeer.
“Ho! Ho!” it rang in accents wild,
And thus a voice was heard,
“Oh Man!—thou less than idiot child,
With animals go herd”

SCENE II.

Next Pride, with stately step advanc'd
His lofty brow uprais'd,—
Around him, rapidly he glanc'd,
Then upwards sternly gaz'd—
As though he scorn'd the world, its bars,
The meannesses of Earth,—
And sought beyond the distant stars,
For priceless, spotless, worth.
The lofty port,—the haughty look,
The lip of high disdain,—
All mark'd the mind that cannot brook
The base, the mean, the vain.
He pass'd:—again was heard the sound
Of laughter shrill and loud
The quip and jest flew quickly round,
Derisive of the Proud.
An elfin voice above it rang
High sounding sharp and clear,
Uproarious although the clang
Of mirthful jest and jeer.
“Ho! Ho!” it rang in accents wild,
And thus the Elf jeer'd he
“Oh Man! thou worse than idiot child,
Too mean for mockery.”

SCENE III.

Then came Despair, with matted hair,
And hollow, sunken, eyes,—
Betraying in their vacant stare,
The Worm that never dies.
In vain, in vain, he sought relief!—
He madly quaff'd the bowl,—

In vain!—the Vampire fangs of Grief
 Had fasten'd on his Soul.
 His tott'ring form rock'd to and fro,
 His arms he wildly threw
 On high,—and shrank,—as from a blow—
 Then—stagger'd out of view.
 Again was heard the Goblin laugh,
 Whilst through the throng there ran,
 Loud exclamations, doubting half,
 A fool, such like, was Man!—

SCENE IV.

Cadav'rous Envy, next appear'd,
 A Mummy, strode he by,
 His flesh, with cancers seam'd and sear'd,
 Disgusting to the eye.
 His mouth display'd an Adder's tongue,
 Snakes crawl'd across his breast,
 Or from his hair in clusters hung,—
 His heart,—a Scorpion's nest.
 He disappear'd,—but now no sound
 Arose,—nor grave nor gay,—
 E'en Spectres seem'd Ease to have found,
 When Envy slunk away!—

SCENE V.

Then came there one—with eyes of blue—
 And cheek of roseate glow,
 And clust'ring curls that sprang to woo
 A neck of spotless snow,
 And as he mov'd,—the rarest Grace—
 (Like Ocean's glassy swell,
 Or softest lines of Virgin's face,
 Or gambol of Gazelle)
 Shot from each step he noiseless took :—
 Around his parted lips,
 Bees humm'd, and fragrant flow'rs forsook,
 To drink, in tiny sips,
 The balmy moisture of his breath :—
 All captive to him, seem'd,—
 The Ghostly Throng forgot their death—
 Of life—again—they dream'd.
 He laughingly a mirror turn'd
 Towards the multitude,
 And show'd a thousand hearts that burn'd
 In Love's beatitude,—
 Then quickly turning it again,
 Was seen a pile of hearts,—
 Some broken, bleeding, torn in twain ;
 And some transfix'd by darts ;
 And Maid'ns with dishevell'd hair
 And thin consumptive cheek,
 Their bosoms bare, in wild despair,
 Their hearts too full to speak ;
 And Manly Youth too, mark'd the scene,
 The Maid'ns, side by side,
 As wo-begone :—but worse was seen !
 The ghastly Suicide !
 His mirror then he veil'd :—he bow'd

And laugh'd right merrilie.
 Love pass'd. Then burst there from the crowd
 Unearthly sounds of glee.
 Wild Goblin shouts rose peal on peal—
 So dread the sound,—so dear,—
 O'er mortal nerves, would horror steal,
 Would creep the flesh with fear,—
 Uproarious although the clang
 Of mirthful jest and jeer,
 The Elfin laugh above it rang,
 High sounding sharp and clear.
 “Ho ! Ho !” it rang in accents wild
 And thus, a Voice was heard :
 “ Oh, Man ! thou less than idiot child
 With animals go herd.”

SCENE VI.

Ambition,—rob'd in purple—now
 Upon the scene appear'd ;
 A diadem oppress'd his brow—
 His hand a truncheon rear'd.
 Of carriage dauntless—free and bold—
 He look'd—Audacity !—
 And lust of pow'r, liquid roll'd
 In that cold, ruthless eye !
 As Arctic Hecla, robe-ensnow'd—
 Of burning breast doth tell,
 That eye, Dominion's furnace show'd,
 Intense with heat as Hell.
 As Afric sands,—at noon-tide hour—
 Will drink the Ocean dry,—
 So, fell Ambition's thirst for pow'r
 This world can't satisfy !
 He wav'd his truncheon ! There stepp'd forth,
 From 'mid the spectral crowd,
 The Shades of Conquerors on Earth,—
 (None now before them bow'd !)
 Sesostris, king of kings, whose frown,
 Was like the siroc blast !—
 The Greek ! who struck Darius down,
 And Empires overcast,
 Who Vict'ry's glaive so bravely bore,—
 The boast of Macedon !—
 The Carthaginian Conqueror,—
 Hamilcar's Mars-like son !—
 Imperial Cesar !—Fiery Goth,—
 And unforgiving Hun !
 That modern Human-Ashtaroth,
 The dread Napoleon !—
 Yet more advanc'd,—but these the chief.—
 Scarce had they left the crowd—
 Than,—(as pursued the catiff thief
 By hue and cry !)—burst loud,
 From each and ev'ry throat, a shout
 Of mirthful, merry, scorn !
 So loud,—Ambition cast about
 A flick'ring glance, forlorn,—
 Then vanish'd cowering from the scene
 Pursued by yells of mirth !

Nor stay'd to face the storm, I ween,
 The Conquerors of Earth !
 A few there were who made a show
 Of worldly dignity
 And, daring, ventur'd back to throw
 Retort reproachfully.
 At which, yet louder and more loud,
 Arose the deaf'ning roar
 Of ghostly glee,—and sway'd, the crowd,
 With laughter more and more.
 Again was heard, the Goblin laugh,—
 Whilst through the throng there ran,
 Loud exclamations, doubting half,
 If such a fool, were Man !
 Well did Ambition play his part !
 Well ap'd he Human shame !
 And prov'd,—the fineness of his art—
 The thunders of acclaim.

SCENE VII.

And now, crept on the scene, a form
 Attenuate and thin,
 So frail, the echoes of the storm
 Of ghostly, goblin, din
 (That moment pass'd,) to bear him down
 Were seemingly enough ;
 So tim'rous,—even woman's frown
 For him, it were too rough.
 He wistly gaz'd,—above, below,
 Then quickly threw behind
 A look so keen,—it seem'd as though
 He'd strain his eye-balls blind :—
 A start !—and then he leapt, to fly,
 (His eyes distended wide—)
 But sudden stopp'd, despairingly,
 And reel'd from side to side.
 He shudder'd, shriek'd,—convulsive groans
 Of horrid, hideous, tone,
 Burst from him fast,—and piteous moans
 Might melt a heart of stone.
 He wept and sobb'd and wrang his hands,
 In frightful agony ;
 Collaps'd his form,—(as Convict stands
 Beneath the fatal tree)—
 He sank at last upon the ground :—
 Attendants bore him off.—
 And now was heard, one only sound,
 Disgust too deep to scoff :
 No face, approving smile betray'd :—
 But this e'en made it clear,—
 How truly had the Actor play'd !
 That meanest Passion, Fear !

SCENE VIII.

Scarce were the sounds of loathing spent,
 That pain'd the wounded ear,
 Than one appear'd—how different
 From trembling, coward, Fear !

'Twas Fame ! a tall, majestic, Shade,
 Of beauteous symmetry,—
 As Hesper bright, resplendent,—made
 For man's idolatry :
 It beckon'd ;—quick appear'd a train
 Of those who on the Earth
 Have striven hard, that thing to gain,
 Which gain'd, is nothing worth,—
 That airy, phantom thing, a name !
 A breath-created bubble,—
 Yet sought—(Oh, boasting Reason ! Shame !)
 With toil, and anxious trouble.
 They came !—The Pride of Intellect !
 The jewels of the World !
 In splendid sheen, the Earth's Elect !
 Fame's Oriflamme unfurl'd !
 The Bard of Avon,—Shakespeare ! he
 By Genius deified,—
 And he, of Angel minstrelsy
 Blind Milton ! side by side.
 And all who *crown* Parnassus' hill,
 As Byr'n * of hapless lot,—
 Child of the Sun ! in rapture's thrill
 " Conceiv'd !—in fire, begot !"
 Gigantic Minds ! and not alone
 The Great of fitful song,—
 Of strains divine ; but there too shone
 The glories that belong
 To Science, Lit'rature and Arts,
 Philosophy profound !
 The English Newton,—French Descartes,
 And Goethe, (trumpet-sound !)
 Th' Athenian Sage,—who, long ere blaz'd,
 (At the Almighty nod !)
 The Christian Faith,—an altar rais'd
 Unto,—“ The Unknown God !”
 Thus splendid, gorgeous, the array
 Refulgent on the scene,—
 And yet—('twill mayhap mar the lay
 To tell what now was seen,)
 The breeze spread out the Flag ! Was read
 A word—of magic sound
 To breathing men, but to the Dead
 Of emptiness profound :
 'Twas “ Immortality.” It blaz'd
 In characters of light :
 Upwards in adoration gaz'd
 The train !—and at the sight
 Convuls'd with laughter, sway'd the crowd,
 And mirth and jeer, abhorrent,
 Burst forth, as from the thunder cloud
 The rain descends, a torrent !—
 But still, uproarious though the clang
 Of mirthful jest and jeer,
 The Elfin laugh above it rang
 High sounding sharp and clear,

* The Lord-Poet pronounced his name as it is here written.

"Ho! Ho!" it rang: "Thou straw-crown'd
King

Of Self-Idolatry,—
Vain Man!—conceited, silly, thing,
Too mean for mockery!"

The scenic show just then was stopp'd:—

A rushing sound was heard
And overhead, an Angel dropp'd
His wings as doth a bird.—

He lighted on the actor scene,—
A vast, gigantic, Form—
Of with'ring glance, and awful mien,
His brow, dark as the storm.

The air grew cold near where he stood,
So cold, as to congeal,—

(As Ice-Berg's dreaded neighbourhood
In Northern Seas we feel).

The Angel dread, it was, of Death!—

That Monarch of the grave
Who Ghoulish-like, battens on the breath
Of dying gasp or rave.—

He bore a Spirit from the Earth,
A youthful, beauteous, form,—
So fair!—it seem'd of Heavenly birth
With breath of Heaven warm!

It slept!—the Angel laid it down.

Instant he took his flight,
And quick, as avalanche from crown
Of Alp,—was lost to sight.

The Spirit open'd its eyes,—and gaz'd
Enquiringly around,—

And search'd again,—and look'd amaz'd,
Some object was not found.

It rose, and press'd its brow, as one
That strives to gather thought.

As follows, light, eclipse of sun—

So Mem'ry's rays it caught.

It stretch'd its hands unto the crowd
And pray'd imploringly—

"Once more!—but once!"—to be allow'd
Its friends on Earth to see.

Then frantic cries for—Husband!—Child!

In quick succession burst,

As gusts of Tempest hoarse and wild,
Or, yells of the Accurs'd.

The very Ghosts seem'd sore dismay'd,
So thrilling were the shrieks!

(Thus pow'rful the impression made
When sweet Affection speaks;)

'Twas but a momentary gloom
O'erhung the Spectre crowd—

(For sadness is not Spectre's doom.)—

Broke forth joy's laughter loud,
Wild Goblin shouts rose peal on peal
So dismal to the ear,

O'er mortal nerves would horror steal
Would quake the heart with fear.

Nor ceas'd the shrieks:—still, "Husband!
Child!"

"But once!"—full clearly rang
Above the Goblin shouts so wild
Tremendous tho' the clang!

At last,—the Human feeling left
The Spirit's heaving breast—
The last fond tie of life was cleft!
Then mock'd She with the rest!

At this last horror, frighted fled
My Soul to Earth again,
And, seeking refuge from the Dead,
Hid, nestling, in my brain.

LIFE AT THE BAR.

LORDS Eldon and Stowell—Sons of a barge-master and small coal-dealer at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Lord Stowell borrowed forty pounds to go the circuit, and both supported themselves for a time by their talents as private tutors.

Lord Tenderden—Son of a barber at Canterbury; he received an eleemosynary education, but obtained the means to go to college; while there he enjoyed from a company in the city of London, an exhibition of three pounds per annum, until he took his degree. Some years since, in dining with the company, he very feelingly alluded to the circumstance, and expressed his gratitude.

Lord Gifford—Prior to his being called to the bar, articled to a solicitor near Exeter. His rise was chiefly owing to the interest of the marchioness of Conyngham, to whom he was distinctly related.

Lord Langdale, the Master of the Rolls—not very long since an accoucheur, and married a daughter of Lord Oxford, whose family he had attended.

Sir John Williams, one of the judges of the Queen's Bench. Son of a horse-dealer in Yorkshire.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

NEVER attempt to strike the guilty where, by the misdirected or too hasty blow, the innocent, the gallant, and the good, may suffer. Never attempt to expose a villain if your efforts in so doing are likely to injure those who have been the unsuspecting dupes of his artifice. Never wager a larger sum than you carry in your pocket. Never shake hands with a man if you are not really glad to see him. Never forget, when you meet, to recognise your friends, and be even more careful to offer your salutation to those that are poor. Never run extravagantly into debt, for it is the by-path which leads to moral destruction. Never quarrel without a sufficient cause, but if it be necessary that you do take up a quarrel, then see that quarrel firmly to an end. Never betray confidence of any kind, but more particularly that of woman.

THE CHASE OF A FLYING SHADOW,

THAT RESTED NOT UNTIL IT SLEPT IN GLOOM
AND FOREVER.

BY EDWARD LYTON BULWER.

“Man walketh in a vain shadow : and disquieteth
himself in vain !”

THERE is one feeling which is the earliest-born with us—which accompanies us through life, in the gradations of friendship, love, and parental attachment—and of which there is scarcely one among us who can say, “It has been realized according to my desire.”—This feeling is the wish to be loved—loved to the amount of the height and the fervour of the sentiments we imagine that we ourselves are capable of embodying into one passion. Thus, who that hath nicely weighed his own heart will not confess that he has never been fully satisfied with the love rendered to him, whether by the friend of his boyhood, the mistress of his youth, or the children of his age. Yet even while we reproach the languor and weakness of the affection bestowed on us, we are reproached in *our* turn with the same charge ; and it would seem as if we all—all and each—possessed within us certain immortal and spiritual tendencies to love, which nothing human and earth-born can wholly excite ; they are instincts which make us feel a power never to be exercised, and a loss doomed to be irremediable.

The simple but singular story which I am about to narrate, is of a man in whom this craving after a love beyond the ordinary loves of earth, was so powerful and restless a passion, that it became in him the source of all the errors and the vices that have usually their origin in the grossness of libertinism ; led his mind through the excess of dissipation to the hardness of depravity—and when at length it arrived at the fruition of dreams so wearying and so anxious—when with that fruition, virtue long stifled by disappointment seemed slowly, but triumphantly to awake—betrayed him only into a punishment he had ceased to deserve, and hurried him into an untimely grave, at the very moment when life became dear to himself, and appeared to promise atonement and value to others.

Rupert de Lindsay was an orphan of ancient family and extensive possessions. With a person that could advance but a slight pretension to beauty, but with an eager desire to please, and a taste the most delicate and refined, he very early learned the art to compensate by the graces of manner for the deficiencies of form ; and before he had reached an age when other men are noted only for their horses or their follies, Rupert de Lindsay was distinguished no less for the brilliancy of his *ton*, and the number of his conquests, than for his acquirements in literature and his honours in the senate. But while every

one favoured him with envy, he was, at heart, a restless and disappointed man.

Among all the delusions of the senses—among all the triumphs of vanity, his ruling passion, to be really, purely, and deeply loved, had never been satisfied. And while this leading and master-desire pined at repeated disappointments, all other gratifications seemed rather to mock than to console him. The exquisite tale of Alcibiades, in Marmontel, was applicable to him. He was loved for his adventitious qualifications, not for himself. One loved his fashion, a second his fortune ; a third, he discovered, had only listened to him out of pique at another ; and a fourth accepted him as her lover because she wished to decoy him from her friend. These adventures, and these discoveries, brought him disgust ; they brought him, also, knowledge of the world ; and nothing hardens the heart more than that knowledge of the world which is founded on a knowledge of its vices—made bitter by disappointment, and misanthropical by deceit.

I saw him just before he left England, and his mind then was sore and feverish. I saw him on his return, after an absence of five years in the various courts in Europe, and his mind was callous and even. He had then reduced the art of governing his own passions, and influencing the passions of others, to a system ; and had reached the second stage of experience, when the deceived becomes the deceiver. He added to his former indignation at the vices of human nature, scorn for its weakness. Still many good, though irregular, impulses, lingered about his heart. Still the appeal, which to a principle would have been useless, was triumphant when made to an affection. And though selfishness constituted the system of his life, there were yet many hours when the system was forgotten, and he would have sacrificed himself at the voice of a single emotion. Few men of ability, who neither marry nor desire to marry, live much among the frivolities of the world after the age of twenty-eight. And De Lindsay, now waxing near to the end of his thirtieth year, avoided the society he had once courted, and lived solely to satisfy his pleasures and indulge his indolence. Women made his only pursuit and sole ambition ; and now, at length, arrived the time when, in the possession of an intrigue, he was to become susceptible of a passion ; and the long and unquenched wish of his heart was to be matured into completion.

In a small village not far from London, there dwelt a family of the name of Warner ; the father, piously termed Ebenezer Ephraim, was a merchant, a bigot, and a saint ; the brother, simply and laical-ly christened James, was a rake, a boxer, a good fellow. But *she*, the daughter, who claimed the chaste and sweet name of Mary, simple and modest, beautiful in feature and in heart, of a temper rather tender and gay, saddened by the gloom which hung forever upon the home of her childhood, but soften-

ed by early habits of charity and benevolence, unacquainted with all sin, even in thought, loving all things from the gentleness of her nature, finding pleasure in the green earth, and drinking innocence from the pure air, moved in her grace and holiness amid the rugged kindred, and the stern tribe among whom she had been reared, like Faith sanctified by redeeming love, and passing over the thorns of earth on its pilgrimage to heaven.

In the adjustment of an ordinary amour with the wife of an officer in the — regiment, then absent in Ireland, but who left his *gude woman* to wear the willow in the village of T—, Rupert saw, admired, and coveted the fair form I have so faintly described. Chance favoured his hopes. He entered one day the cottage of a poor man, whom, in the inconsistent charity natural to him, he visited and relieved. He found Miss Warner employed in the same office; he neglected not his opportunity; he addressed her; he accompanied her to the door of her home; he tried every art to please a young and unawakened heart, and he succeeded. Unfortunately for Mary, she had no one among her relations calculated to guide her conduct, and to win her confidence. Her father, absorbed either in the occupations of his trade or the versions of his creed, of a manner whose repellent austerity belied the real warmth of his affections, supplied but imperfectly the place of an anxious and tender mother; nor was this loss repaired by the habits still coarser, the mind still less soft, and the soul still less susceptible, of the fraternal boxer, and good fellow.

And thus was thrown back upon that gentle and feminine heart, all the warmth of its earliest and best affections. Her nature was love; and though in all things she had found wherewithal to call forth the tenderness which she could not restrain, there was a vast treasure as yet undiscovered, and a depth beneath that calm and unruffled bosom, whose slumber had as yet never been broken by a breath. It will not, therefore, be a matter of surprise that De Lindsay, who availed himself of every opportunity—De Lindsay, fascinating in and consummate in experience—soon possessed a dangerous sway over a heart too innocent for suspicion, and which, for the first time, felt the luxury of being loved. In every walk, and her walks hitherto had always been alone, Rupert was sure to join her; and there was a supplication in his tone, and a respect in his manner, which she felt but little tempted to chill and reject. She had not much of what is termed dignity; and even though she at first had some confused idea of the impropriety of his company, which the peculiar nature of her education prevented her wholly perceiving, yet she could think of no method to check an address so humble and diffident, and to resist the voice which only spoke to her in music. It is needless to trace the progress by which affection is seduced. She soon awakened to the full knowledge of the recesses

of her own heart, and Rupert, for the first time, felt the certainty of being loved as he desired. "Never," said he, "will I betray that affection; she has trusted in me, and she shall not be deceived; she is innocent and happy, I will never teach her misery and guilt!" Thus her innocence reflected even upon him, and purified his heart while it made the atmosphere her own. So passed weeks, until Rupert was summoned by urgent business to his estate. He spoke to her of his departure, and he drank deep delight from the quivering lip and tearful eye with which his words were received. He pressed her to his heart, and her unconsciousness of guilt was her protection from it. Amid all his sins, and there were many, let this one act of forbearance be remembered.

Day after day went on its march to eternity, and every morning came the same gentle tap at the post-office window, and the same low tone of inquiry was heard; and every morning the same light step returned gayly homewards, and the same soft eye sparkled at the lines which the heart so faithfully recorded. I said every morning, but there was once in each week which brought no letter—and on Monday Mary's step was listless, and her spirit dejected—on that day she felt as if there was nothing to live for.

She did not strive to struggle with her love. She read over every word of the few books he had left her, and she walked every day over the same ground which had seemed fairy-land when with him; and she always passed the house where he lodged, that she might look up to the window where he was wont to sit. Rupert found that landed property, where farmers are not left settle their own leases, and stewards to provide for their little families, is altogether a sinecure. He had lived abroad like a prince, and his estate had not been the better for his absence. He inquired into the exact profits of his property; renewed old leases on new terms; discharged his bailiff; shut up the roads in his park, which had seemed to all the neighbourhood a more desirable way than the turnpike conveniences; let off ten poachers, and warned off ten gentlemen; and, as the natural and obvious consequence of these acts of economy and inspection, he became the most unpopular man in the county.

One day Rupert had been surveying some timber intended for the *axe*; the weather was truly English, and changed suddenly from heat into rain. A change of clothes was quite out of Rupert's ordinary habits, and a fever of a severe nature, which ended in delirium, was the result. For some weeks he was at the verge of the grave. The devil and the doctor do not always agree, for the moral saith there is no friendship among the wicked. In this case the doctor was ultimately victorious, and his patient recovered. "Give me the fresh air," said Rupert, directly he was able to resume his power of commanding, "bring

me whatever letters came during my illness." From the pile of spoiled paper from fashionable friends, country cousins, county magistrates, and tradesmen who take the liberty to remind you of the trifle which has escaped your recollection,—from this olio of precious receipts Rupert drew a letter from the Irish officer's lady, who, it will be remembered, first allured Rupert to Mary's village, acquainting him that she had been reported by some very good-natured friend to her husband, immediately upon his return from Ireland. Unhappily, the man loved his wife, valued his honour, and was of that unfashionable temperament that never forgives an injury. He had sent his Achates twice during Rupert's illness to De Lindsay Castle, and was so enraged at the idea of his injurer's departing this life by any other means than his bullet, that he was supposed in consequence to be a little touched in the head. He was observed to walk by himself, sometimes bursting into tears, sometimes muttering deep oaths of vengeance; he shunned all society, and sat for hours gazing vacantly on a pistol placed before him. All these agreeable circumstances did the unhappy fair one (who picked up her information second hand, for she was an alien from the conjugal bed and board) detail to Rupert with very considerable pathos.

"Now then for Mary's letters," said the invalid; "no red-hot Irishman there, I trust;" and Rupert took up a large heap, which he had selected from the rest as a child picks the plums of his pudding by way of a regale at the last. At the perusal of the first three or four letters he smiled with pleasure; presently his lips grew more compressed, and a dark cloud settled on his brow. He took up another—and he read a few lines—started from his sofa. "What, ho, there!—my carriage and four directly!—lose not a moment!—Do you hear me?—Too ill, do you say!—never so well in my life!—Not another word or—My carriage, I say, instantly!—Put in my swiftest horses! I must be at T—tonight before five o'clock!" and the order was obeyed.

To return to Mary. The letters which had blessed her through the live-long days suddenly ceased. What could be the reason?—was he faithless—forgetful—ill?—Alas! whatever might be the cause, it was almost equally ominous to her. "Are you sure there are none?" said she, every morning, when she inquired at the office, from which she once used to depart so gayly; and the tone of that voice was so mournful, that the gruff post-man paused to look again, before he shut the lattice and extinguished the last hope. Her appetite and colour daily decreased; shut up in her humble and fireless chamber, she passed whole hours in tears, in reading and repeating, again and again, every syllable of the letter, she already possessed, or in pouring forth in letters to him, all the love and bitterness of her soul. "He must be ill," she said at last; "he never else could

have been so cruel!" and she could bear the idea no longer. "I will go to him—I will soothe and attend him—who can love him, who can watch over him like me!" and the kindness of her nature overcame its modesty, and she made her small bundle, and stole early one morning from the house. "If he should despise me," she thought; and she was almost about to return, when the stern voice of her brother came upon her ear. He had for several days watched the alteration in her habits and manners, and endeavoured to guess at the cause. He went into her room, discovered a letter in her desk which she had just written to Rupert, and which spoke of her design. He watched, discovered, and saved her. There was no mercy nor gentleness in the bosom of Mr. James Warner. He carried her home; reviled her in the coarsest and most taunting language; acquainted her father; and after seeing her debarred from all access to correspondence or escape, after exulting over her unupbraiding and heart-broken shame and despair, and swearing that it was vastly theatrical, Mr. James Warner mounted his yellow stanhope, and went his way to the Fives Court. But these were trifling misfortunes, compared with those which awaited this unfortunate girl.

There lived in the village of T— one Zacharias Johnson, a godly man and a rich, moreover a saint of the same chapter as Ebenezer Ephraim Warner; his voice was the most nasal, his holding forth the most unctuous, his aspect the most sinister, and his vestments the most threadbare of the whole of that sacred tribe. To the eyes of this man there was something comely in the person of Mary Warner: he liked her beauty, for he was a sensualist; her gentleness, for he was a coward; and her money, for he was a merchant. He proposed both to the father and to the son; the daughter he looked upon as a conciliating blessing sure to follow the precious assent of the two relations. To the father he spoke of godliness and scrip,—of the delightfulness of living in unity, and the receipts of his flourishing country house; to the son he spoke the language of kindness and the world—he knew that young men had expenses—he should feel happy to furnish Mr. James with something for his innocent amusements, if he might hope for his (Mr. James') influence over his worthy father: the sum was specified, and the consent was sold. Among those domestic phenomena, which the inquirer seldom takes the trouble to solve, is the magical power possessed by a junior branch of the family over the main tree, in spite of the contrary and perverse direction taken by the aforesaid branch. James had acquired and exercised a most undue authority over the paternal patriarch, although in the habits and sentiments of each there was not a single trait in common between them. But James possessed a vigorous and unshackled, his father a weak and priest-ridden mind. In domestic life, it is the mind which is master. Mr. Zacharias Johnson had once or

twice, even before Mary's acquaintance with Rupert, urged his suit to Ebenezer; but as the least hint of such a circumstance to Mary seemed to occasion her a pang which went to the really kind heart of the old man, and as he was fond of her society, and had not yet held those conferences with Zacharias which ended in the alliance of their interests,—the proposal seemed to Mr. Warner like a lawsuit to the Lord Chancellor, something rather to be talked about than to be decided. Unfortunately, about the very same time in which Mary's purposed escape had drawn upon her the paternal indignation, Zacharias had made a convert of his son; James took advantage of his opportunity, worked upon his father's anger, grief, mercantile love of lucre, and saint-like affection to sect, and obtained from Ebenezer a promise to enforce the marriage—backed up his recoiling scruples, preserved his courage through the scenes with his weeping and wretched daughter, and, in spite of every lingering sentiment of tenderness and pity, saw the very day fixed which was to leave his sister helpless for ever.

It is painful to go through that series of inhuman persecutions, so common in domestic records; that system which, like all grounded upon injustice, is as foolish as tyrannical, and which always ends in misery, as it begins in oppression. Mary was too gentle to resist; her prayers became stilled; her tears ceased to flow; she sat alone in her "helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart," in that deep despair which, like the incubus of an evil dream, weighs upon the bosom, a burden and a torture from which there is no escape nor relief. She managed at last, within three days of that fixed for her union, to write to Rupert, and get her letter conveyed to the post.

"Save me," it said in conclusion,—“I ask not by what means, I care not for what end,—save me, I implore you, my guardian angel. I shall not trouble you long—I write to you no romantic appeal:—God knows that I have little thought for romance, but I feel that I shall soon die, only let me die unseparated from you—you, who first taught me to live, be near to me, teach me to die, take away from me the bitterness of death. Of all the terrors of the fate to which they compel me, nothing appears so dreadful as the idea that I may then no longer think of you and love you. My hand is so cold that I can scarcely hold my pen, but my head is on fire. I think I could go mad if I would—but I will not, for then you could no longer love me. I hear my father's step—oh, Rupert!—on Friday next—remember—save me, save me!”

But the day, the fatal Friday arrived, and Rupert came not. They arrayed her in the bridal garb, and her father came up stairs to summon her to the room, in which the few guests invited were already assembled. He kissed her cheek; it was so deathly pale, that his heart smote him, and he spoke to her

in the language of other days. She turned towards him, her lips moved, but she spoke not. “My child, my child!” said the old man, “have you not one word for your father!”—“It is too late?” she said; “can you not preserve me yet?” There was relenting in the father's eye, but at the moment James stood before them. His keen mind saw the danger; he frowned at his father—the opportunity was past. “God forgive you!” said Mary, and cold, and trembling, and scarcely alive, she descended to the small and dark room, which was nevertheless the state chamber of the house. At a small table of black mahogany, prime and stately, starched and whaleboned within and without, withered and fossilized at heart by the bigotry and selfishness, and ice of sixty years, sat two maiden aunts: they came forward, kissed the unshrinking cheek of the bride, and then, with one word of blessing, returned to their former seats and resumed their former postures. There was so little appearance of life in the persons caressing and caressed, that you would have started as if at something ghastly and supernatural—as if you had witnessed the salute of the grave. The bridegroom sat at one corner of the dim fireplace, arrayed in more gaudy attire than was usual with the sect, and which gave a grotesque and unnatural gaiety to his lengthy and solemn aspect. As the bride entered the room, there was a faint smirk on his lip, and a twinkle in his half-shut and crossing eyes, and a hasty shuffle in his unwieldy limbs, as he slowly rose, pulled down his yellow waistcoat, made a stately genuflexion, and regained his seat. Opposite to him sat a little lank-haired boy, about twelve years old, mumbling a piece of cake, and looking with a subdued and spiritless glance over the whole group, till at length his attention rivetted on a large dull-coloured cat sleeping on the hearth, and whom he durst not awaken even by a murmured ejaculation of “puss!”

On the window-seat, at the farther end of the room, there sat, with folded arms, and abstracted air, a tall military-looking figure, apparently about forty. He rose, bowed low to Mary, gazed at her for some moments with a look of deep interest, sighed, muttered something to himself, and remained motionless, with eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning against the dark wainscot. This was Monkton, the husband of the woman who had allured Rupert to T —, and from whom he had heard so threatening an account of her liege lord. Monkton had long known Zacharias, and always inclined to a serious turn of mind, he had lately endeavoured to derive consolation from the doctrines of that enthusiast. On hearing from Zacharias, for the saint had no false notions of delicacy, that he was going to bring into the pale of matrimony a lamb which had almost fallen a prey to the same wolf that had invaded his own fold, Monkton had expressed so

warm an interest, and so earnest a desire to see the reclaimed one, that Zacharias had invited him to partake of the bridal cheer.

Such was the conclave—and never was a wedding party more ominous in its appearance. “We will have,” said the father, and his voice trembled, “one drop of spiritual comfort before we repair to the house of God. James, reach me my holy book.” The Bible was brought, and all, as by mechanical impulse, sank upon their knees. The old man read with deep feeling some portions of the Scriptures calculated for the day; there was a hushed and heartfelt silence; he rose—he began an extemporaneous and fervent discourse. How earnest and breathless was the attention of his listeners! the very boy knelt with open mouth and thirsting ear. “Oh, beneficent Father,” he said, as he drew near to his conclusion, “we do indeed bow before thee with humble and smitten hearts. The evil spirit hath been among us, and one who was the pride, and the joy, and the delight of our eyes, hath forgotten thee for awhile: but shall she not return unto thee, and shall we not be happy once more? Oh, melt away the hardness of that bosom which rejects thee and thy chosen for strange idols, and let the waters of thy grace flow from the softened rock. And now, oh Father, let thy mercy and healing hand be upon this thy servant, (and the old man looked to Monkton,) upon whom the same blight hath fallen, and whose peace the same serpent hath destroyed.” Here Monkton’s sobs were audible. “Give unto him the comforts of thy holy spirit; wean him from the sins and worldly affections of his earlier days, and both unto him and her who is now about to enter upon a new career of duty, vouchsafe that peace which no vanity of earth can take away. From evil let good arise; and though the voice of gladness be mute, and though the sounds of bridal rejoicing are not heard within our walls, yet grant that this day be the beginning of a new life, devoted unto happiness, to virtue, and to thee!” There was a long pause—they rose—even the old women were affected. Monkton returned to the window, and throwing it open, leaned forward as for breath. Mary resumed her seat, and there she sat motionless and speechless. Alas! her very heart seemed to have stilled its beating. At length James said, (and his voice, though it was softened almost to a whisper, broke upon that deep silence as an unlooked-for and unnatural interruption,) I think, father, it must be time to go, and the carriages must be surely coming and here they are—no, that sounds like four horses.” And at the very moment the rapid trampling of hoofs, and the hurried rattling of wheels were heard; the sounds ceased at the gate of the house. The whole party, even Mary, rose and looked at each other—a slight noise was heard in the hall—a swift step upon the stairs—the door was flung open, and so wan and emaciated that he would scarcely have

been known but by the eye of affection, Rupert de Lindsey burst into the room. “Thank heaven,” he cried, “I am not too late!” and, in mingled fondness and defiance, he threw his arm round the slender form which clung to it all wild and tremblingly. He looked round. “Old man,” he said, “I have done you wrong; I will repay it; give me your daughter as my wife. What are the claims of her intended husband to mine? Is he rich? my riches treble his? Does he love her? I swear that I love her more! Does she love him? look, old man, are this cheek, whose roses you have marred, this pining and wasted form, which shrinks now at the very mention of his name, tokens of her love? Does she love me? You her father, you her brother, you her lover—ay, all, every one among you know that she does, and may heaven forsake me if I do not deserve her love! give her to me as my wife—she is mine already in the sight of God. Do not divorce us—we both implore you upon our knees.” “Avaunt, blasphemer!” cried Zacharias—“Egone!” said the father. The old ladies looked at him as if they were going to treat him as Cleopatra did the pearl and dissolve him in vinegar. “Wretch!” muttered in a deep and subdued tone, the enraged and agitated Monkton, who, the moment Rupert had entered the room, had guessed who he was, and stood frowning by the sideboard, and handling, as if involuntarily, the knife which had cut the boy’s cake, and been left accidentally there. And the stern brother coming towards him, attempted to tear the clinging and almost lifeless Mary from his arms.

“Nay, is it so?” said Rupert, and with an effort almost supernatural for one who had so lately recovered from an illness so severe, he dashed the brother to the ground, caught Mary in one arm, pushed Zacharias against the old lady with the other, and flew down stairs, with a light step and a lighter heart. “Follow him, follow him!” cried the father in an agony, “save my daughter, why will ye not save her?” and he wrung his hands but stirred not, for his grief had the stillness of despair. “I will save her,” said Monkton; and still grasping the knife, of which, indeed, he had not once left hold, he darted after Rupert. He came up to the object of his pursuit just as the latter had placed Mary (who was in a deep swoon) within his carriage, and himself set his foot on the step. Rupert was singing, with the reckless daring natural to his character. “She is won, we are gone over brake, bush, and scour,” when Monkton laid his hand upon his shoulder; “Your name is De Lindsey, I think,” said the former—“At your service,” answered Rupert, gayly, and endeavouring to free himself from the unceremonious grasp. “This, then, at your heart!” cried Monkton, and he plunged his knife twice into the bosom of Rupert, who staggered and fell. Monkton stood over him with a brightening eye, and brandishing the blade which reeked with the best blood of his

betrayed, "Look at me!" he shouted, "I am Henry Monkton! do you know me now?" "Oh, God!" murmured the dying man, "it is just, it is just!" and he writhed for one moment on the earth, and was still for ever!

Mary recovered from her swoon to see the weltering body of her lover before her, to be dragged by her brother over the very corpse into her former prison, and to relapse with one low and inward shriek into insensibility. For two days she recovered from one fit to fall into another—on the evening of the third, the wicked had ceased to trouble, and the weary was at rest.

It is not my object to trace the lives of the remaining actors in this drama of real life—to show the broken-hearted father to his grave—to see the last days of the brother consume amid the wretchedness of a jail, or to witness, upon the plea of insanity, the acquittal of Henry Monkton—these have but little to do with the thread and catastrophe of my story. There was no romance in the burial of the lovers—death did not unite those who in life had been asunder. In the small churchyard of her native place, covered by one simple stone, whose simple inscription is still fresh, while the daily passions and events of the world have left memory but little trace of the departed, the tale of her sorrows unknown, that the beauty of her life unrecorded, sleeps Mary Warrier.

And they opened for Rupert de Lindsay the mouldering vaults of his knightly fathers; and amid the banners of old triumphs and the escutcheons of heraldic vanity, they laid him in his palled and gorgeous coffin!

I attempt not to extract a moral from his life. His existence was *the chase of a flying shadow, that rested not till it slept in gloom and for ever upon his grave!*

AN "EXQUISITE" EPIGRAM.

I was walking one day with a friend by my side,
And, soon, a strange animal, both of us 'spied—
No hair on his hands, but all o'er his ears,
A right thrifty crop in ringlets appears.
We looked for the paws, and the ribb'd-bjbb'd nose
We looked for the tail and the extensive toes,
We guess'd him a "critter" escaped from the shows!
We should have considered him one of Nick's
witches,
Had not the queer fellow been rigged out in
breeches;
"What quadruped, Dick? pray, tell if you can,"
"That creature," said he, "is here, called a man!"
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

IMPORTANCE OF RULES.

GIVE children rules, no matter what. Rules are unity, unity is divinity. God is one, the devil is changeable.

(ORIGINAL)

LITERARY CRITICISM.

"The truth is, that these gentlemen reviewers ought to read over the fable of the boys and frogs, and should also remember it is much more easy to destroy than to build, to criticise than to compose."

Lockhart's Life of Scott.

"A man of taste, like the philosopher, should be a citizen of the world, acknowledge merit, wherever he meets it, indifferent, whether it shines forth, in a Raphaël or Apelles, in a Michael Angelo or Glycon."
Webb on Painting.

THE politician, with a stern, inflexible mind, suffers his character to be villified, his feelings lacerated, and his reputation torn into shreds, by caterers for public taste. Such a reception accords not with his wishes; but public opinion has decided, that this is the ordeal, through which he must pass, to attain the elevation at which he aims. The Spaniard has some show of reason, for his delight in contests of physical skill, where one and all:

"—to the crowded circus fare
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion
share,"

but the gratification, experienced in torturing the feelings and trying the *mental* endurance of those who happen to be placed prominently before the world, is both senseless and in the highest degree injurious. The effect of this open *physical* contest upon the mind of the Spaniard, as traced by Byron,

"Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain,"

might, not very unaptly, be applied to the present hallucination of putting high minded political men to severe *mental* torture. Politicians, however, from constant exposure, become hardened. Time with its bracing influence, invigorates their nerves, establishes their confidence, and enables them to break away, from such cobweb-like nets. The fiery darts of hatred find them at length, clothed with an impenetrable armour, and prepared to withstand the shock of any onset.

But with the *literary man*, it is different. He offers himself, as a candidate for public fame, when most in need of friendly aid and sympathy. Having hitherto lived in a world peopled by his own imagination, it has become customary with him to view all objects with a friendly eye, and loving heart, for from the germ of acquaintance with the pure and good, with the high and holy, firm friendship has sprung up, and shows forth its refining influence, its beautiful fruit, by unutterable love, and exquisite desire; in contemplations worthy of noble powers, and in openhearted communion with the exalted in heaven, and lovely on earth.

He has contemplated with his "mind's eye" the great and good of antiquity, and made himself ac-

quainted with the experience, ideas, and feelings of men of past ages, renowned for wisdom, and elevated by genius. With *them* he has held familiar intercourse, and garnered in stores of their wisdom. He has asked them for the keys of the intellectual treasure-house, and by entering into their inmost character, seeking the origin of their conceptions, and striving to assimilate himself to them, in every particular, he has been enabled to draw forth things new and old.

“For out of olde felde’s, as men saieth,
Cometh all this newe wine from yere to yere,
And out of olde boke’s in gode faicth,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere,”

Thus, by carrying his mind back, to the time in which they lived, by placing himself in their situation, by becoming possessed of the same spirit, and actuated by the same living principle, he now “thinks and feels, only with the thoughts and feelings of the noblest beings.”

From such sources, then, his knowledge proceeds. A clear conception of *beauty*, as it exists around, about, and *within* him, is deeply impressed upon his mind. Its *open* signification, as well as *deep* and *hidden* meaning having possessed him, he comes forth, to mingle in the business of this every day life, to participate in its joys, to share its sorrows, as well as to refine its pleasures. Imbued with the love of *truth*, and the desire of diffusing it, he is effectually prepared to unfold the beauties within himself, to open mines of instruction and delight for mankind, and to impart to others the genial influences of love and good will.

But *where* does he find those, upon whom it is incumbent to comprehend his high nature? Is it not *foremost* among the ranks of his opponents? Do they remember the many cares and obstructions he has been necessitated to encounter. In the place of stimulating men of genius, and granting them liberal indulgence, do they not rather oppose them, with the view to injure their feelings, and destroy the reputation of their labours.

Happy, however, for those who met with such a reception, this opposition had, at times, an effect contrary to anticipation. Literary men were induced to peruse the works of authors, hitherto unheard of, and discover the reason of so much unbecoming and unmitigated severity. Ofttimes it occurred that amongst those who examined for themselves, were a few, who, judging not so much by any outward adornment, as by the inward and spiritual meaning bodied forth, perceived as on the banks of the majestic Rhine, “a blending of all beauties,” recognized their high and lofty genius, and ever after continued their intimate friends and steady assistants. By such discerning minds, these authors, (the energies of whose moral and intellectual natures, were enlarged by deep insight into the myste-

ries of creation, and whose souls were the peculiar habitations of glowing and ennobling thoughts) were cherished and encouraged.

Between such men, there is usually a strong bond of union, from the consciousness that they are pursuing one path, and have a single aim constantly in view. The same divine original is indelibly engraved in the hearts of each, so that one spirit appears in both, and the like pure motives actuate them.

The influences, which such high-minded, and generous men exerted were usually happy, Authors perceiving that they were esteemed by those capable of judging, were induced to persevere in the track, which unerring nature pointed out to them, and obtained that bright and lasting fame which was their soul’s earnest, and fervent desire.

It must be acknowledged, that severe criticism has been advantageous, when minds, not purely intellectual, were withheld, through fear of depreciation or reprehension, from engaging in those literary pursuits, for which nature had, evidently, not designed them. They became aware that they could not obtain a lasting reputation, as cultivators of literature, and were induced, wisely and judiciously, to make a choice more suitable to their intellectual endowments.

Still, although the severity of criticism was, in some respects beneficial, its influence upon the naturally sensitive, was usually detrimental. Not all possessed a confidence in their own powers, sufficiently firm as to enable them to overlook present discouragements, and to pursue their labours, with a view to more enlightened times. The life of Keates, whose writings abound in passages, “which came home to every bosom, alive to each nobler, and kindlier feeling of the human heart,” was shortened, by base and unfeeling criticism, in which, notwithstanding his beauties were obvious, notice was taken merely of his defects. Passages of true merit were passed over, and parts, faulty in the smallest degree, were treated with unmerited abuse. These critics were of that school which deals liberally in satire and ridicule, but characteristically confines its censures to those authors who care not to attach themselves to any coterie but have independence enough to think for themselves. As the inquisition in Spain, has, in many instances, materially injured delightful productions, so has such severe criticism been the chief cause of the loss, not only of the *works* of authors, but even of the authors themselves.

Let us not, however, be understood to intimate, that such criticism is dispensed at all times; we only wish to say, that it *has been done*, and experience fully proved it to be *injurious*. It caused those naturally unassuming, but with superior talents and attainments, to shun this fiery ordeal, and instead of spending their lives upon works of profound charac-

ter, to devote their powers to such subjects, as chime with the popular taste. Others, who could scarcely be accused of sensitiveness, but who preferred *not* to be abused, have been induced, because not allowed to be profound, to endeavour, at least, to be popular. In this way, the world has been unjustly deprived of men of eminent capacity, not less ambitious than others of intellectual power and renown. They were led to consider *popularity*, as a sure test of literary merit. Hence their aim was not to appeal to the *earnest* feelings of man's heart, not to excite his love for the beautiful and *true*, but to pamper his insatiable appetite for novelty, and thus, by pleasing the generality of readers, promote their own vanity, and selfish ends. Such, perhaps, might not have been the characteristics of writers of *fiction*, had critics, laying aside the "littleness of personal hate," been inspired with that superior generosity, which would have prompted them kindly to point out their errors and imperfections, and, at the same time, pay due regard to their many excellencies. But when criticism proved the medium, through which a writer gave loose reins to the "wantonness of wit, and acrimony of malice," no one can deny, that it was a great hindrance to the increase of authors of sterling merit, especially when the love of detraction was carried to such an extent, as to have caused the demolition of many productions, well worthy of being preserved. It is by no means surprising, that some preferred writing such works as ensure present fame, to spending their lives on compositions which only elicit invective and satire.

Fortunately for literature, there have been those, who willingly resisted, and boldly bore the brunt of the attacks of criticism, rather than seek that fleeting popularity, which, doubtless, they could have attained by misapplying their powers. Elevated with the love of literature, they nobly disregarded personal interest, and faithfully fulfilled the responsibilities imposed by genius. *Reputation* was not the aim of their exertions; their object was to elevate the intellect of man, to refine his taste, and cause him to draw a deep pleasure from the observation of the fair and godlike in nature. To such men,

"Who scorned delight and loved laborious days,"

Fame has atoned for the shattered nerve, the jaded spirit, the wearied heart; verily, they have had their reward. If fame did not *immediately* answer to their call, in *after days*, it abundantly repaid them for this deficiency.

Many, eager to attain to the goal of glory and fame, have unhappily for their own feelings, been compelled, by the superior merits of their competitors to leave the course. Of men of this character, the corps of critics, in former times, was principally composed. Such men, however, should not allow their minds to be blinded by disappointment. Refined feelings and pure motives, invariably lead to

generous actions. Endeavouring to forget their own vain attempts, they should view with pleasure, the high aims of others, and delight in aiding their efforts. Instead of being envious of their success, they should take pride and pleasure in giving them due honour, and seeing them faithfully accomplish their utmost wishes.

But what is more surprising than all, is to see *him*, who has been labouring in the field of literature, and has tasted the sweets of science, who has become acquainted with the deep mysterious wonders of nature, and has experienced her soothing and enrapturing influences, to behold such an one, turn against another, who has offered himself as a fellow labourer. We expect to see such men attract each other, as two magnetic needles; moved by one impulse, and actuated by the same principle. Our disappointment, then, is proportionately increased, when we reflect upon such an one's accustomed reception, which may likened to that of "a strange dog entering a kennel, pre-occupied by many others, who, immediately attacked and worried by the rest, either by boldly defending himself, or pertinaciously refusing to quit, eventually obtains a domiciliation, and becomes an acknowledged member of the fraternity." An observer might be led to imagine, from the strange conduct of established authors, occasionally exhibited towards youthful and inexperienced writers, that they held in reverence the trite old maxim, "familiarity breeds contempt." It, however, is rather the effect of weakness; and "exactly resembles the conduct of certain mothers, who, though assuredly without hating their daughters, are sometimes unwilling to behold them assume, even when authorized by their age, the privileges of womanhood. They, in fact, dislike to observe any symptoms of the approach of that moment in which they must pass away like shadows from the stage, in order to make room for individuals they cannot help regarding in some measure, as rivals or intruders." But how much more honourable and high minded to see the older occupant in the fields of literature, looking smilingly upon the endeavours of the new-comer, with eyes open to his budding youthhood, bestowing judicious praise upon his excellencies, and clearing from the way, all obstructions to his energetic co-operation in the delightful realms of *poesie*, or the fairy land of romance.

The reader will, by this time, *if he did not before*, readily perceive that criticism, when employed by reviewers to parade their unsparing wit or malignant sarcasm, at the expense of authors, is, in most instances, hostile to their peace, but when used, as it should be, to convey a just opinion of a work to the public, it is useful, both to the author and the reader.

Remember then, oh, critic! that while you have a sacred duty to perform on the part of the public, you should also show due regard for the delicate feelings of the author. We counsel you for your

own peace of mind, fairly and tenderly to apply criticism. Otherwise your nights will be disturbed by the visions of those whom you have sent to Lethe—your pleasant dreams will be changed into thoughts of starving authors; their emaciated forms will follow you, their care-worn features harass you, and their long and shrivelled fingers will eventually throttle you. Beware then, critic; we kindly, and in the spirit of gentleness, entreat you, beware. We do this, influenced by no selfish consideration, but having reference *solely* to your own good—that you may enjoy your nights peacefully without any soul-startling apparitions. When rosy-fingered Aurora has duly ushered in the morn, we should not wish your minds to be distracted by unwelcome recollections, or your bosoms disturbed by thoughts of injustice done, merit neglected, or worth slighted. Rather would we have you appear with benignant smiles, happy countenances, bosoms free from perturbations, and hand stretched forth to welcome the humble aspirants of fame.

In closing, we would sum up our remarks upon the high and arduous duty of the reviewer, with the following apt quotation:

“Critics are tasters for the public, in all literary banquets; it is their duty to hinder “strange flesh,” from supplanting wholesome viands; and the distillations of nightshade from filling cup and goblet instead of Falernian and genuine Chateau Margaux. They should be careful not to imitate, Sancho Panza’s physician, who, from mischief or malice permitted no right nourishment to reach the lips of the governor of Barataria; but be considerate and wise, and allow their readers indulgence, only in those things that are sweet and wholesome.” B. F. M.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING MR. BUCKINGHAM’S DESCRIPTION OF THE VERY ANCIENT WILLOW, WHICH STILL GROWS IN THE GARDENS OF SEMIRAMIS, AT BABYLON.

Oh, solitary tree!

Living memento of the mighty past!
Strange dreamy images the mind o’ercast,
As dwell its thoughts on thee.

Where roved Semiramis,
Thou still dost stand;—perchance her foot she staid
Beneath thy silvery boughs, in the deep shade
To woo the zephyr’s kiss.

There now thou standest lone!
And as the winds thine ancient branches sway,
Thou dost respond to their light, mirthful play,
With melancholy moan.

The wandering Arab hears,
And deems in thee unearthly spirits dwell;
Then hastes with flying foot, the tale to tell,
Of his dark doubts and fears.

But thou, mysterious tree!
What secrets deep, lie hidden in thy breast!
’Twere strange indeed, if aught *could* be at rest,
Knowing, what’s known to thee.

Thou hast outlived thy race,
Lone dweller now amid decay and death,
Where e’en the violet, with her perfumed breath,
No eye may ever trace.

Amid thy foliage dim,
The wild bee never lurks, nor e’er is heard,
’Mong thy soft folded leaves, the chant of bird,
Warbling her vesper hymn.

Not so, ah, mournful tree,
When in their glory shone those garden’s bright,
And plants of every clime, how fair to sight,
Smiled gaily there with thee.

Then, thou didst gently wave
Thy drooping boughs about the queenly head
Of fair Semiramis, and soft dews shed
Her beauteous brow to lave:—

While at thy feet unrolled
Lay Shinar’s plain, in whose bright midst there
shone,
The hundred gates of mighty Babylon,
Her towers and domes of gold.

Where are her myriads now?
Her valiant kings, and he, who built yon tower
To brave the heavens? Spent is their little hour!
Oh tree, why lingerest thou?

There thou hast stood, and seen
Their doom fulfilled,—and now se’est ruin sit
In their bright halls, and mark’st the dark bat flit,
Where song and dance have been.

Ancient and voiceless tree,
Could’st thou find human utterance, to impart
All the dread secrets treasured in thy heart,
Dark would the history be.

How thou could’st moralize
On worldly hopes,—thou who can’st boast a span
Ne’er in time’s earliest ages, reached by man,
The mighty, nor the wise.

Briefer than thine, oh tree,
Earth’s glories are,—for thou hast seen them pass
Age after age, as in a magic glass,
Yet change comes not to thee.

Still may time pass thee by
Untouch’d, unscath’d,—for thou dost seem to bind
Us with the past,—so closely thou’rt entwined
With its strange history.

E. L. C.

Montreal, September 5, 1840.

THE IRISH SERVANT'S STORY.

BY CHARLES O'MALLEY.

POWER was detained in town by some orders from the adjutant-general, so that I started for Cork the next morning, with no other companion than my servant Mike. For the first few stages upon the road my own thoughts sufficiently occupied me, to render me insensible or indifferent to all else. My opening career—the prospects my new life as a soldier held out—my hopes of distinction—my love of Lucy, with all its train of doubts and fears—passed in review before me, and I took no note of time till far past noon. I now looked to the back part of the coach, where Mike's voice had been, as usual, in the ascendant for some time, and perceived that he was surrounded by an eager auditory of four raw recruits, who, under the care of a sergeant, were proceeding to Cork to be enrolled in their regiment. The sergeant, whose minutes of wakefulness were only those, when the coach stopped to change horses, and when he got down to mix a "summat hot," paid little attention to his followers, leaving them perfectly free in all their movements, to listen to Mike's eloquence, and profit by his suggestions, should they deem fit. Master Michael's services to his new acquaintances, I began to perceive, were not exactly of the same nature as Dibdin is reported to have rendered to our navy in the late war. Far from it; his theme was no contemptuous disdain for danger—no patriotic enthusiasm to fight for home and country—no proud consciousness of British valour, mingled with the appropriate hatred of our mutual enemies; on the contrary, Mike's eloquence was enlisted for the defendant. He detailed, and in no unimpressive way either, the hardships of a soldier's life, its dangers, its vicissitudes, its possible penalties, its inevitably small rewards, and, in fact, so completely did he work on the feelings of his hearers, that I perceived more than one glance exchanged between the victims, that certainly betokened any thing save the resolve to fight for King George. It was at the close of a long and most powerful appeal upon the superiority of any other line of life, petty larceny and small felony inclusive, that he concluded with the following quotation:—

Thru for ye boys!

"With your red scarlet coat,
You're as proud as a goat,
And your long cap and feather."

But by the piper that played before Moses it's more whipping nor gingerbread is going on among them; av ye knew but all, and heerd the misfortune that happened to my father.

And was he a sodger? inquired one.

Troth was he, more sorrow to him, and wasn't he amost whipped, one day, for doing what he was bid?

Musha, but that was hard.

To be sure it was hard; but, faix, when my father seen that they didn't know their own minds, he thought, anyhow, he knew his, so he ran away; and devil a bit of him they ever cotch afther.—May be, ye might like to hear the story, and there's in it for yes too.

A general request to this end being preferred by the company, Mike took a shrewd look at the sergeant, to be sure that he was still sleeping, settled his coat comfortably across his knees, and began.

Well, it's a good many years ago my father listed in the North Cork, just to oblige Mr. Barry, the landlord there; "for," says he, "Phii," says he, "it's no soldier ye'll be at all, but my own man, to brush my clothes and go errands, and the like o' that; and the king, long life to him, will help to pay ye for your trouble—ye understand me."—Well my father agreed, and Mr. Barry was as good as his word. Never a guard did my father mount, nor as much as a drill had he, nor a roll-call, nor anything at all, save and except wait on the captain, his master, just as pleasant as need be, and no inconvenience in life.

Well, for three years this went on as I'm telling, and the regiment was ordered down to Banthry, because of a report that the "boys" were rising down there; and the second evening there was a night party patrolling, with Captain Barry, for six hours in the rain, and the captain, God be merciful to him, tuk cowld and died; more betoken, they said it was drink, but my father says it wasn't; "for," says he, "after he tuk eight tumblers comfortable," my father mixed the ninth, the captain waded his hand this way, as much as to say he'd have no more. "Is it that ye mean," says my father, and the captain nodded. "Musha, but it's sorry I am," says my father, "to see you this way, for ye must be bad entirely to leave off in the beginning of the evening." And thru for him, the captain was dead in the morning.

A sorrowful day it was for my father when he died; it was the finest place in the world; little to do; plenty of diversion; and a kind man he was—when he was drunk. Well, then, when the Captain was buried, and all was over, my father hoped they'd be for letting him away, as he said, "Sure, I'm no use in life to any body, save the man that's gone, for his ways are all I know, and I never was a sodger." But, upon my conscience they had other thoughts in their heads, for they ordered him into the ranks to be drilled just like the recruits they took the day before.

"Musha, is'nt this hard," said my father; "here I am an ould vitrin that ought to be discharged on a pension, with two and sixpence a day, obliged to go capering about the barrack yard practising the goose step, or some other nonsense not becoming my age or my habits;" but so it was.

Well, this went on for some time, and, sure,

they were hard on my father, had'n't he his revenge, for he nigh broke their hearts with his stupidity ; oh ! nothing in life could equal him ; devil a thing, no matter how easy, he could learn at all, and, so far from caring for being in confinement, it was that he liked the best. Every sergeant in the regiment had a trial of him, but all to no good, and he seemed striving so hard to learn all the while, that they were loath to punish him, the old rogue !

"This was going on for some time, when, one day, news came in that a body of rebels, as they called them, was coming down from the Cap of Mulnawick, to storm the town and burn all before them. The whole regiment was of course under arms, and great preparations were made for a battle, meanwhile patrols were ordered to scour the roads, and sentries posted at every turn of the way, and every rising ground, to give warning when the boys came in sight, and my father was placed at the bridge of Drumsnag, in the wildest and bleakest part of the whole country, with nothing but furze mountains on every side, and a straight going road over the top of them.

"This is pleasant," says my father, as soon as they left him there alone by himself, with no human craythure to spake to, nor a whiskey shop within ten miles of him ; "cowl'd comfort," said he on a winter's day, and faix but I've a mind to give you the slip."

Well, he put his gun down on the bridge, and he lit his pipe, and sat down under an ould tree, and began to ruminare upon his affairs.

"Oh, then, it's wishing it well I am," says he, "for sodgering ; and, bad luck to the hammer that struck the shilling that listed me, that's all," for he was mighty low in his heart.

Just then a noise came rattling down near him ; he listened, and before he could get on his legs down comes the General, ould Cahoon, with an orderly after him.

"Who goes that ?" says my father.

"The round," says the General, looking about all the time to see where was the sentry, for my father was snug under the tree.

"What round ?" says my father,

"The grand round," says the General, more puzzled than afore.

"Pass on, grand round, and God save you kindly," says my father, putting his pipe in his mouth again, for he thought all was over.

"D——n your soul, where are you ?" says the General, for sorrow a bit of my father could he see yet.

"It's here I am," says he, "and a cowl'd place I have of it ; and av it wasn't for the pipe I'd be lost entirely."

"The words wasn't well out of his mouth when the General began laughing, till ye'd think he'd fall off his horse ; and the dragon behind him—more by

token, they say it wasn't right for him—laughed as loud as himself.

"Yer a droll sentry," says the General, as soon as he could speak.

"Be gorra, it's little fun there's left in me," says my father, "with this drilling and parading, and blackguarding about the roads all night."

"And is this the way you salute your officer ?" says the General.

"Just so," says my father ; devil a more politeness they ever taught me."

"What regiment do you belong to ?" says the General.

"The North Cork, bad luck to them," says my father, with a sigh.

"They ought to be proud of ye," says the General.

"I'm sarry for it," says my father, sorrowfully, "for may be they'll keep me the longer."

"Well, my good fellow," says the General, "I haven't more time to waste here ; but let me teach you something before I go. Whenever your officer passes, it's your duty to present arms to him."

"Arrah, it's jokin' ye are," says my father.

"No, I'm in earnest," says he, "as ye might learn to your cost if I brought you to a court martial."

"Well, there's no knowing," says my father "what they'd be up to ; but sure if that's all I'll do it with all 'the veins,' whenever yer coming this way again."

The General began to laugh again here, but said.

"I'm coming back in the evening," says he, "and mind you don't forget your respect to your officer."

"Never fear, sir," says my father, "and many thanks to you for your kindness in telling me."

Away went the General, and the orderly after him, and in ten minutes they were out of sight.

The night was falling fast, and one half of the mountain was quite dark already, when my father began to think they were forgetting him entirely. He looked one way, and he looked another, but sorra bit of a sergeant's guard was coming to relieve him. There he was, fresh and fasting, and daren't go for the bare life. "I'll give you a quarter of an hour more," says my father, "till the light leaves the rock up there : after that," says he, "by the mass ! I'll be off, let it cost me what it may."

Well, sure enough, his courage was not needed this time ; for what did he see at the same moment but a shadow of something coming down the road, opposite the bridge ; he looked again ; and then he made out the General himself, that was walking his horse down the steep part of the mountain, followed by the orderly. My father immediately took up his musket off the wall, settled his belts, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and put it into his pocket, making himself as smart and neat looking as could be, determining, when ould Cahoon came up, to ask him for leave to go home, at least for the night. Well,

by this time the General was turning a sharp part of the cliff that looks down upon the bridge, from where you might look five miles round on every side. "He sees me," says my father; "but I'll be just as quick as himself." No sooner said than done; for, coming forward to the parapet of the bridge, he up with his musket to his shoulder, and presented it straight at the General. It wasn't well there, when the officer pulled up his horse quite short, and shouted out, "Sentry—sentry!"

"Anan!" says my father, still covering him.

"Down with your musket, you rascal; don't you see it's the grand round?"

"To be sure I do," says my father, never changing for a minute.

"The ruffian will shoot me," says the General.

"Devil a fear," says my father, as it does not go off of itself."

"What do you mean by that, you villain?" says the General, scarce able to speak with fright, for every turn he gave on his horse my father followed him with the gun—"What do you mean?"

"Sure ain't I presenting," says my father, "blood and ages, do you want me to fire next?"

With that the General drew a pistol from his holster, and took deliberate aim at my father; and there they both stood for five minutes, looking at each other, the orderly, all the while, breaking his heart laughing behind a rock; for ye see, the General knew that as he retreated, my father might fire on purpose, and as he came on that he might fire by chance; and sorra bit he knew what was best to be done.

"Are ye going to pass the evening up there, Grand Round?" says my father, "for its tired I'm getting houldin' this so long."

"Port arms," shouted the General, as if on parade.

"Sure I can't till yer passed," says my father, angrily, "an' my hand's trembling already."

"By heavens, I shall be shot,"—says the General.

"Be gorra, it's what I'm afraid off," says my father; and the words wasn't out of his mouth before off went the musket, bang, and down fell the General smack on the ground senseless. Well, the orderly ran out at this, and took him up and examined his wound; but it wasn't a wound at all, only the wadding of the gun, for my father, God be kind to him, ye see—could do nothing right, and so he bit off the wrong end of the cartridge when he put it in the gun, and by reason there was no bullet in it. Well, from that day after they never got sight of him, for the instant that the General dropped, he sprung over the bridge wall and got away; and what between living in a lime kiln for two months, eating nothing but blackberries and sloes, and other disguises, he never returned to the army, but ever after took to a civil situation, and driv a hearse for many years.

THE FRENCH VILLAGE,

AN AMERICAN DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

ON the borders of the Mississippi may be seen the remains of an old French village which once boasted a numerous population of as happy and as thoughtless souls as ever danced to a violin. If content is wealth, as philosophers would fain persuade us, they were opulent; but they would have been reckoned miserably poor by those who estimate worldly riches by the more popular standard. Their houses were scattered in disorder, like the tents of a wandering tribe, along the margin of a deep bayou, and not far from its confluence with the river, between which and the town was a strip of rich alluvion, covered with a gigantic growth of forest trees. Beyond the bayou was a swamp, which during the summer heats, was nearly dry, but in the rainy season presented a vast lake of several miles in extent. The whole of this morass was thickly set with cypresses, whose interwoven branches and close foliage excluded the sun, and rendered this as gloomy a spot as the most melancholy poet ever dreamt of. And yet it was not tenantless—and there were seasons when its dark recesses were enlivened by notes peculiar to itself. Here the young Indian, not yet entrusted to wield the tomahawk, might be seen paddling his light canoe among the tall weeds, darting his arrows at the parroquets, that chattered among the boughs, and screaming and laughing with delight, as he stripped their gaudy plumage. Here myriads of mosquitoes filled the air with an incessant hum; and thousands of frogs attuned their voices in harmonious concert, as if endeavouring to rival the sprightly fiddles of their neighbours; and the owl, peeping out from the hollow of a blasted tree, screeched forth his wailing note, as if moved by the terrific energy of grief. From this gloomy spot, clouds of miasm rolled over the village, spreading volumes of bile and fever abroad upon the land; and sometimes countless multitudes of mosquitoes, issuing from the humid desert, assailed the devoted village with inconceivable fury, threatening to draw from its inhabitants every drop of French blood which yet circulated in their veins. But these evils by no means dismayed, or even interrupted, the gaiety of this happy people. When the mosquitoes came, the monsieurs lighted their pipes, and kept up not only a brisk fire but a dense smoke against the assailants; and when the fever threatened, the priest, who was also the doctor, flourished his lancet—the fiddler flourished his bow—and the happy villagers flourished their heels, and sang, and laughed, fairly cheated death, disease, and the doctor, of patient and prey.

Beyond the town, on the other side, was an extensive prairie—a vast unbroken plain of rich green, embellished with numerous flowers of every tint, and whose beautiful surface presented no other variety

than here and there a huge mound—the venerable monument of departed ages—or a solitary tree of stunted growth, shattered by the blast, and pining alone in the gay desert. The prospect was bounded by a range of tall bluffs, which overlooked the prairie, covered at some points with groves of timber, and at others exhibiting their naked sides, or high, bold peaks, to the eye of the beholder. Herds of deer might be seen here at sunrise, slyly retiring to their coverts, after rioting away the night on the rich pasture. Here the lowing kine lived, if not in clover, at least in something equally nutritious; and here might be seen immense droves of French ponies roaming untamed, the common stock of the village, ready to be reduced to servitude by any lady or gentleman who chose to take the trouble.

This little colony was composed partly of emigrants from France, and partly of natives—not Indians, but *bona fide* French, born in America, but preserving their language, their manners, and their agility in dancing, although several generations had passed away since their first settlement. Here they lived perfectly happy; and well they might; for they enjoyed, to the full extent, those three blessings on which the declaration of independence has laid so much stress—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

If this village had no other recommendation, it is endeared to my recollection as the birth-place and residence of Monsieur Baptiste Menou, who was one of its principal inhabitants when I first visited it. He was a bachelor of forty, a tall, lank, hard-featured personage, as straight as a ramrod, and almost as thin, with stiff black hair, sunken cheeks, a complexion a tinge darker than the aborigines. His person was remarkably erect, his countenance grave, his gait deliberate; and when to all this is added an enormous pair of sable whiskers, it will be admitted that Monsieur Baptiste was no insignificant person. He had many estimable qualities of mind and body, which endeared him to his friends, whose respect was increased by the fact of his having been a soldier and a traveller.

Across the street, immediately opposite to Mons. Baptiste, lived Mademoiselle Jeanette Duval, a lady who resembled him in some respects, but in many others, was his very antipode. Like him, she was cheerful, and happy, and single; but, unlike him, she was brisk, and fat, and plump. Monsieur was the very pink of gravity; Mademoiselle was blessed with a goodly portion thereof—but hers was specific gravity. Her hair was dark, but her heart was light; and her eyes, though black, were as brilliant a pair of orbs as ever beamed upon the dreary solitude of a bachelor's heart. Jeanette's heels were as light as her heart, and her tongue as active as her heels; so that, notwithstanding her rotundity, she was as brisk a Frenchwoman as ever frisked through the mazes of a cotillion. To sum up her

perfections, her complexion was of a darker olive than the genial sun of France confers on her brunettes; and her skin was as smooth and shining as polished mahogany. Her whole household consisted of herself and a female negro servant. A spacious garden, which surrounded her house, a pony, and a herd of cattle, constituted in addition to her personal charms, all the wealth of this amiable spinster. But with these she was rich, as they supplied her table, without adding much to her cares.

Baptiste and Jeanette were the best of neighbours. He always rose at the dawn, and after lighting his pipe, sallied forth into the open air, where Jeanette usually made her appearance at the same time; for there was an emulation, of long standing, between them, which should be the earliest riser.

"Bon jour! Mam'selle Jeanette," was his daily salutation.

"Ah! bon jour! bon jour! Monsieur Menou," was her daily reply.

Then, as he gradually approximated the little paling which surrounded her door, he hoped Mam'selle was well this morning, and she reiterated the kind inquiry, but with increased emphasis. Then Monsieur inquired after Mam'selle's pony, and Mam'selle's cow, and her garden, and every thing appertaining to her, real, personal, and mixed; and she displayed a corresponding interest in all the concerns of her kind neighbour. These discussions were mutually beneficial. If Mam'selle's cattle ailed, or if her pony was guilty of any impropriety, who so able to advise her as Mons. Baptiste?—and if his plants drooped or his poultry died, who so skilful in such matters, as Mam'selle Jeanette? Sometimes Baptiste forgot his pipe, in the superior interest of the *tête-à-tête*, and must needs step in to light it at Jeanette's fire, which caused the gossips of the village to say that he purposely let his pipe go out, in order that he might himself go in. But he denied this: and indeed, before offering to enter the dwelling of Mam'selle on such occasions, he usually solicited permission to light his pipe at Jeanette's sparkling eyes—a compliment at which, although it had been repeated some scores of times, Mam'selle never failed to laugh and curtesy, with great good humour and good breeding.

It cannot be supposed that a bachelor of so much discernment could long remain insensible to the galaxy of charms which centred in the person of Mam'selle Jeanette; and, accordingly, it was currently reported that a courtship of some ten years' standing had been slyly conducted on his part, and as cunningly eluded on hers. It was not averred that Baptiste had actually gone the fearful length of offering his hand, or that Jeanette had been so imprudent as to discourage, far less reject, a lover of such respectable pretensions. But there was thought to exist a strong hankering on the part of the gentleman, which the lady managed so skilfully as to keep his

mind in a kind of equilibrium, like that of the patient animal between the two bundles of hay; so that he would sometimes halt in the street, midway between the two cottages, and cast furtive glances, first at the one, and then at the other, as if weighing the balance of comfort; while the increased volume of smoke which issued from his mouth seemed to argue that the fire of his love had other fuel than tobacco, and was literally consuming the inward man.

Such was the situation of affairs when I first visited this village, about the time of the cession of Louisiana to the United States. The news of that event had just reached this sequestered spot, and was but indifferently relished. Independently of the national attachment which all men feel, and the French so justly, the inhabitants of this region had reason to prefer to all others the government which had afforded them protection, without constraining their freedom, or subjecting them to any burdens; and with the kindest feelings towards the Americans, they would willingly have dispensed with any nearer connection than that which already existed. They, however, said little on the subject; and that little was expressive of their cheerful acquiescence in the honour done them by the American people in buying the country, which the emperor had done them the honour to sell.

I remained several weeks at this hospitable village. Few evenings passed without a dance, at which all were assembled, young and old; the mothers vying in agility with their daughters, and the old men setting examples of gallantry to the young. I accompanied their young men to the Indian towns, and was hospitably entertained. I followed them to the chase, and witnessed the fall of many a noble buck. In their light canoes, I glided over the turbid waters of the Mississippi, or through the labyrinths of the morass, in pursuit of water-fowl. I visited the mounds where the bones of thousands of warriors were mouldering, overgrown with prairie violets, and thousands of nameless flowers. I saw the moccasin snake basking in the sun, the elk feeding on the prairie; and returned to mingle in the amusements of a circle, where, if there was not Parisian elegance, there was more than Parisian cordiality.

Several years passed away before I again visited this country. The jurisdiction of the American government was now extended over this immense region, and its beneficial effects were beginning to be widely disseminated. The roads were crowded with the teams and herds and families of emigrants hastening to the land of promise. Steamboats navigated every stream, the axe was heard in every forest, and the plough broke the sod whose verdure had covered the prairie for ages.

It was sunset when I reached the margin of the prairie on which the village is situated. My horse, wearied with a long day's travel, sprang forward with new vigour when his hoofs struck the smooth

firm road which led across the plain. It was a narrow path, winding among the tall grass, now tinged with the mellow hues of autumn. I gazed with delight over the beautiful surface. The mounds and the solitary trees were there, just as I had left them, and they were familiar to my eye as the objects of yesterday. It was eight miles across the prairie, and I had not passed half the distance when night set in. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the village, but two large mounds and a clump of trees which intervened, defeated my purpose. I thought of Gabrielle, and Jeanette, and Baptiste, and the priest—the fiddles, dances, and French ponies; and fancied every minute an hour, and every foot a mile, which separated me from scenes and persons so deeply impressed on my imagination.

At length I passed the mound, and beheld the lights twinkling in the village, now about two miles off, like a brilliant constellation in the horizon. The lights seemed very numerous—I thought they moved; and at last discovered that they were rapidly passing about. "What can be going on in the village?" thought I—then a strain of music met my ear. "They are going to dance," said I, striking my spurs into my jaded nag, "and I shall see my friends together." But as I drew near, a volume of sounds burst upon me, such as defied all conjecture. Fiddles, flutes, and tambourins, drums, cow-horns, tin trumpets, and kettles, mingled their discordant notes with a strange accompaniment of laughter, shouts, and singing. This singular concert proceeded from a mob of men and boys, who paraded through the streets preceded by one who blew an immense tin horn, and ever and anon they shouted to which the mob responded. I now recollected to have heard of a custom which prevails among the American French of serenading at marriages; and I rode towards the crowd, who had halted before a well-known door, to ascertain who were the happy parties, and soon learned that they were Monsieur Baptiste Menou and Mam'selle Jeanette Duval, of whom I have already spoken.

The door of the little cabin, whose hospitable threshold I had so often crossed, now opened, and Baptiste made his appearance—the identical, sallow, erect personage with whom I had parted several years before, with the same pipe in his mouth. His visage was as long and as melancholy as ever, except that there was a slight tinge of triumph in its expression, and a bashful casting down of the eye; reminding one of a conqueror proud but modest in his glory. He gazed with an embarrassed air at the serenaders, bowing repeatedly, as if conscious that he was the hero of the night.

I retired to my former quarters, at the house of an old settler—a little, shrivelled, facetious Frenchman, whom I found in his red flannel nightcap, smoking his pipe, and seated, like Jupiter, in the midst of

clouds of his own creating, talking of merry doings in the village.

Upon after inquiry, I found that many causes of discontent had combined to embitter the lot of my simple-hearted friends. Their ancient allies, the Indians, had sold their hunting grounds, and their removal deprived the village of its only branch of commerce. Surveyors were busily employed in measuring off the whole country, with the avowed intention on the part of the government of converting into private property those beautiful regions which had heretofore been free to all who trod the soil, or breathed the air. Portions of it were already thus occupied. Farms and villages were spreading over the country with alarming rapidity, deforming the face of nature, and scaring the elk and the buffalo from their long frequented ranges. Yankees and Kentuckians were pouring in, bringing with them the selfish distinctions and destructive spirit of society. Settlements were planted in the immediate vicinity of the village, and the ancient heritage of the ponies was invaded by the ignoble beasts of the interlopers.

From that time the village began to depopulate. Some of the inhabitants followed the footsteps of the Indians, and continue to this day to trade between them and the whites, forming a kind of link between civilised and savage men. A larger portion, headed by the priest, floated down the Mississippi, to seek congenial society among the sugar plantations of their countrymen in the south. They found a pleasant spot on the margin of a large bayou, whose placid stream was enlivened by droves of alligators, sporting their innocent gambols on its surface. Swamps, extending in every direction, protected them from farther intrusion. Here a new village arose, and a young generation of French was born, as happy and as carelese as that which is passing away.

Baptiste alone adhered to the soil of his fathers, and Jeanette, in obedience to her marriage vow, cleaved to Baptiste. He sometimes talked of following his clan; but when the hour came, he could never summon fortitude to pull up his stakes. He had passed so many happy years of single blessedness in his own cabin, and had been so long accustomed to view that of Jeanette with a wistful eye, that they had become necessary to his happiness. Like other idle bachelors, he had his day-dreams, pointing to future enjoyment. He had been for years planning the junction of his domains with those of his fair neighbour; had arranged how the fences were to intersect, the fields to be enlarged, and the whole to be managed by the thrifty economy of his partner. All these plans were to be realised; and he wisely concluded that he could smoke his pipe and talk to Jeanette as comfortably here as elsewhere; and as he had not danced for many years, and Jeanette was growing rather too corpulent for that exercise, he reasoned that even the deprivation of the fiddlers and king-balls could be borne. Jeanette loved comfort too;

but having besides a sharp eye for the main chance, was governed by a deeper policy. By a prudent appropriation of her own savings and those of her husband, she purchased from the emigrants many of the fairest acres in the village, and thus secured an ample property.

A large log-house has since been erected in the space between the cottages of Baptiste and Jeanette, which form wings to the main building, and are carefully preserved in remembrance of old times. All the neighbouring houses have fallen down, and a few heaps of rubbish, surrounded by corn fields, show where they stood. All is changed, except the two proprietors, who live here in ease and plenty, exhibiting in their old age, the same amiable character which in early life won for them the respect and love of their neighbours, and of each other.

LOVE.

LOVE was my nature—'twas the well-spring of my existence. When I opened the secret fountains of my heart, its waters gushed out a clear pure stream of liquid gold, and the sparkling current poured a rich tribute at the feet of its mistress. Such were the treasures I lavished, without cessation, upon as bright a being as heaven ever created. She was beautiful—she was pure—sweet, gentle, amiable; in short, she was the perfection of loveliness. I loved her, and the devotion of my heart won the sweetest reward that ever mortal sighed for—the trusting confidence of her own pure breast, which beat in unison with mine. Ah! the rapture of that eventful moment. My brain reels as memory dwells upon that intoxicating draught of bliss. I loved no more. Love was an idle word when used to express the depth and intensity of my passion. Idolatry and love may speak, in part, of its extent. I worshipped with the devotion of the heart, and loved her with the strength of the passions. She was the object of my being, and thoughts of her mixed with every action of my life. The day was fixed which was to see the joining of two hearts that needed no tie to bind them in a closer and more enduring union. That were an impossibility; but the world sanctions a union of hands as well as hearts, and we awaited the solemn ceremony.

FALSEHOOD.

THE first sin committed in this world was a lie, and the first liar was the devil. The Greeks, who allowed their deities almost every weakness, held that they forfeited heaven by falsehood, and that an oath was as sacred to Jupiter, the cloud-compeller, as to the meanest denizen of earth. A regard to truth is the last of all the virtues, and supposes high cultivation. The savage is full of falsehood, both in word and deed; the ignorant man will deceive if he can, but learns if he promises to perform—in other language, to keep his word when he has given it; an important part of truth, but not the whole.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE HEIRESS. A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY E. L. C.

Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die;—
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken,
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken.

Moore.

“Well, Denham, what do you think of Annabelle?” asked Frank Mowbray of a young man, whose arm was linked in his, as together they passed from the piazza of a large and elegant country-house, to the shaded walks of a garden in its rear.

“She is beautiful as a poet’s dream,” returned his companion—“but from the indifference with which she received your assiduities at dinner, I should imagine she was as hard to be won, as the wife of Ulysses in the absence of her lord.”

“Oh, there is nothing alarming in her coldness, Charles. Women have a thousand whimses which we unfortunate wretches are bound to humour, till we become their masters—Clinton Delancy knew her but three weeks, before she was his affianced wife,—and pray what attractions had he to boast over a thousand others?”

“What had he, indeed? an unequalled face and figure,—a bearing such as women love, and a mind, that like a ray of light illuminated every object on which it glanced.”

“Pshaw!” exclaimed Mowbray, pettishly, “he was a high bred Carolinian, nothing more. But you were ever an admirer of this naval demigod, though I confess his magnificence was not at all to my taste.”

“Did any lady ever agree with you in that opinion?” asked Denham, smiling. “No, he ever was the admired of all admirers; the hero of the drawing room, as of the battle-ship, and as such worthy to be the choice of the gifted and beautiful Miss Hope.”

“Well, all his perfections it seems have not exempted him from the common doom of man, and since, without doubt, Captain Delancy is lost to her forever, I see no reason why Annabelle should always remain inaccessible to the suit of another.”

“Mowbray, there are some women, idle as the world deems such a tale, yet there are some few, who are incapable of loving more than once;—and if I read her character aright, Annabelle Hope is of that number. She possesses a shrinking delicacy, a depth, an ardour, a singular devotedness of heart, that will, I believe, ever bind her to the memory of

Delancy, and prove an insuperable barrier to her union with another.”

“I have no such romantic faith in any woman’s constancy, and I believe the only obstacle that at present exists to her acceptance of my suit, is a foolish fancy which she persists in cherishing, that as Captain Delancy’s death remains unconfirmed, he may still be living, and eventually return to her.”

“And are there no reasonable grounds for this expectation?”

“None whatever, I conceive. The last tidings received of the Fearless, the vessel Captain Delancy commanded, were brought by a merchant-man, who saw her in chase of a pirate off the coast of Algiers. Since then nothing has been heard from her, and though the period fixed for her cruise has long since expired, not an individual, who trod her decks, has ever returned to his native shore to tell the story of her fate. The natural supposition, therefore, is, that the vessel and all whom it contained, fell into the hands of the pirates, and met the cruel death, or lingering captivity, commonly inflicted by those merciless barbarians upon their prisoners.”

“And Delancy may be one of those prisoners,—at least while such a cloud of uncertainty hangs over his fate, I am not surprised that Miss Hope clings to the possibility of his return,—and till she is entirely convinced of his death, I am persuaded no one will succeed in gaining her affections—indeed, as I said before, from what I have remarked of her character, I do not believe she will ever transfer them from the dead, to any living object, however attractive or deserving.”

“I would stake my whole law library, the most valuable of my possessions, against the truth of that opinion,” said Mowbray, laughing. “At all events, the old adage, ‘faint heart never won fair lady,’ shall be my motto, while I diligently press the siege against her hand and fortune, which latter is no contemptible item in the inventory of her charms.”

“Fortune!” repeated Denham, contemptuously,—“pardon me, when I say, you deserve not to succeed, if in the pursuit of so beautiful and gifted an

object, pecuniary considerations can have even a feather's weight with you—Annabelle Hope is a fortune in herself to whoever may have the happiness to win her."

The calculating Mowbray was unmoved by the glowing indignation exhibited in the looks and words of his friend, and in a perfectly passionless tone he replied:

"You must renounce some of your boyish romance, Charles, before you make up your mind to marry, or you will get sadly taken in with a wife I am as fully aware as you can be, of all the perfections that concentrate in Miss Hope's person and character,—they might more than satisfy, the most fastidious and exacting. But to him, who has yet a fortune to acquire, her possessions cannot be a matter of indifference. Nor, were she as penniless as myself, could I ask her to share my poverty,—such selfishness and injustice, passionately as I might love her, even I could not be guilty of, aware as I am, that it is in her power at any moment, to form an alliance with the highest and the wealthiest in the land."

"This is subtle casuistry, certainly, and worthy of a briefless barrister," said Denham, with a contemptuous smile,—"*I do not, however, consider your views sufficiently disinterested to render you worthy of the bright creature to whose hand you aspire,—and for her own sweet sake, I sincerely wish that her hopes with regard to Captain Delancy's return may be speedily realized.*"

"I thank you for this proof of your friendship," said Mowbray, coldly,—"*but unless the 'dear defunct' returns sooner than at present seems probable, I shall openly or by stratagem have won the hand, at least, of his fair Annabelle. On this I am resolved, and I have her uncle's approbation to sustain me in my purpose.*"

"Her uncle will of course exercise no undue influence over her, and when she comes of age, and his legal authority as her guardian ceases, she is mistress of herself and fortune, and may marry or not, as she shall choose."

"Of age, indeed!" echoed Mowbray, "*and if I win her not before then, I shall waste no more eloquence at her feet. She is not the only star in my hemisphere, though I grant her one of the brightest!*"

"Mowbray," exclaimed Denham, disgusted with the heartless levity of his friend, "*you profane the object of your choice by regarding her as a mere agent to promote your worldly prosperity, and if you continue to connect a being so entirely intellectual, with such low views, I must repeat that you are unworthy to win her.*"

"Thank you again," said Mowbray with a sneer, "*but while Mr. Hope is pleased to encourage my pretensions, I shall not stand in fear of your opposition, even though it come in a shape more tangible than words. He never particularly fancied Cap-*

tain Delancy as a husband for his niece, but has been pleased to express himself decidedly in my favour. I am not indeed a favourite of fortune, but my connexions, my prospects, my rising reputation at the bar, (excuse me, I mean not to boast,) have inclined him to approve my suit,—and as he feels his health rapidly declining, he has given me to understand, that he cares not how soon I become the legal protector of Annabelle."

"She will be a precious charge," said Denham, "*and there are few indeed worthy to possess so much beauty and intelligence."*

"And certainly, not Frank Mowbray, you would say," remarked his friend archly.

Denham shook his head and smiled.

"If he casts a thought upon her wealth, of course not—a king's treasury should be no temptation in comparison with her."

"Go to, Charles, and write a sonnet to your mistress's eyebrow,—you are in the very mood for such folly," said Mowbray, as they paused at the bottom of the extensive garden, and stood leaning upon a little gate that opened into a beautiful woodland beyond.

"I will go to," said Denham, "*but not to seek the muse,—as yet, I am 'fancy free,' thank heaven; but would not answer for continuing so, were I to remain any longer in the society of the fascinating Miss Hope, so I shall take my departure tomorrow, though I had purposed to make a week's visit at Willow Brook."*

"Do not be so absurd, Denham, we are bidden to resist temptation, and I pray you, shew your strength of mind by obeying the command, and going away heart-whole at the end of the promised week."

"I would not answer for my ability to do that, and lest I should prove a formidable rival to you, it is better to flee in time. But a truce to this badinage,—I promised Murray a call *this evening*, and as I take the path across this pretty woodland, the walk will be a pleasant one, will you accompany me?"

"Excuse me this evening,—I have a person to see on business, and after that, if Mr. Hope and Annabelle have not returned from their drive, I will walk to meet you."

Denham nodded assent, and passed through the gate, and Mowbray stood watching his retreating figure, till it was hidden by intervening trees from his view. Then, he too, passed out, but turned his steps in another direction from that chosen by his friend. Many footpaths intersected the woodland, and following one of the narrowest, it led him to a green lane, whose high banks rose like a verdant wall on either side, and were crowned with wild roses, and other fragrant shrubs, whose branches growing in unchecked luxuriance, met, and formed an almost unbroken canopy above the head. The bright tints of a splendid twilight, were slowly deepening into the

soberer hues of evening, while in the east a full orb moon was just appearing above the horizon, silvering the hill tops, on which still lingered the purple hues of sunset, and lighting up the dark masses of the stupendous Alleghanies, with her ascending beams.

Mowbray walked slowly on, lost in deep thought, and utterly insensible to the beauty and the harmony that was so bounteously diffused around him. As the lane wound onwards in many graceful curves, it gradually lost its distinctive character of beauty, and became merged in a tangled thicket, through which it seemed almost impossible, in the absence of sunlight, for the feet to find their way. Mowbray however, from the celerity with which he threaded it, seemed familiar with its intricacies. Parting the low matted boughs of the evergreens with his hands, he descended a steep and slippery path, to a deep glen, through which brawled a noisy rivulet, that was hidden from the eye by the damp vegetation that overgrew its banks.

Crossing the stream, he directed his steps towards the deepest and dampest part of the glen, where stood a miserable looking hovel, that would have been scarce distinguishable to the eye of a common observer. The door was open, and directly in front of it, basking in the purple twilight, sat an aged crone, whose wrinkled features bore the impress of evil passions, and whose small grey eyes glanced restlessly around, with an habitual expression of jealousy and distrust. At her feet, lay a half starved mastiff, to judge by his ferocious aspect, of the true Cerberus breed, and in her hand sat a loathsome toad, which she was caressing, and pampering with crumbs of black and mouldy bread.

"Good evening to you, Mabel," said Mowbray, patting the head of the surly dog, which civility the animal answered by a low growl, and turning fiercely round, he shewed his huge teeth, as though he would repay with a savage grip, the hand that caressed him.

"Down, Firebrand, down!" exclaimed the woman with a scowl, and a voice that grated like the creaking of a rusty hinge upon the ear, and the mastiff crouched submissively at her feet, his fiery eyes glancing like sparks of living fire, maliciously upon the intruder.

"What brings ye to the Wizard's Glen this eve, young man!" she asked, "it cannot be to crave aught of my wisdom, since you have made bold to scoff at my art, and turn away from the predictions I would have uttered in your ear."

"Nor do I care aught, Mabel, for what you may affect to tell me of the future, for I have not a particle of faith in your pretended lore. But there are those who have, and therefore I come to ask your aid,—for I speed not as I wish in my wooing, and there is a rumour afloat, that some of the crew

of the Fearless are alive, though held in slavery by the Algerines."

"Ha!" exclaimed the hag with a malicious laugh, "heard you of that at last? weeks ago was it known to me, but let the winds whisper it in the ear of the pretty Annabelle, and your game is up at once."

"Knew it, say you? why then in the name of all that is good, did you not tell it me before this?"

"Wherefore should I! you asked me not,—and if you had, I tell no secrets except for gold—line my hand with the yellow dust, and you shall have more I warrant me, than you know how to keep."

"Miserly witch! what can gold do for you—they say it is your joy to hoard it, and that this glen is sowed thick with your sordid gains. Help me to win this heiress, or by heaven, I will upturn every inch of this soil to find it,—your pelf, or hers, shall enrich me, so choose, whether to lend me the aid I ask, or to see me here before midnight with mattock and spade, to dig deep for you buried treasure.

"Satan himself, with a shovel forged in his own fires, could not upturn a single sod here, while Firebrand guards the glen. But as for the story of the gold, it is all false, wicked people have malignèd me, and because I have crept away here to hide my poverty, they think my deeds must be evil—ay, gold forsooth,—were it mine, think you, I would cower beneath that wretched roof, and feed upon the stinted dole of charity," and so she muttered on to herself in low unintelligible tones, expressive of her ill humour and discontent.

Mowbray well knew, that over all the unholy passions, which burned in Mabel's breast, the demon of avarice presided, and for the glimpses of futurity which she pretended to grant to the weak and superstitious, who constantly came to consult her, she was in the habit of demanding an exorbitant equivalent in money. Yet her extreme poverty, her actual want of the merest necessaries of life, induced a common belief that her accumulated gains were safely buried in the earth, reserved not for use, but, that miser-like, she might in secret, feast her eyes upon the sordid hoard.

Mowbray, however, was too solicitous for her aid in the present instance, to hazard giving her offence, by dwelling any longer on the subject. He had observed, that though Annabelle disowned any faith in the woman's prophecies, yet that she had a superstitious dread of her, which he thought might be made of use, in leading her to consent to his wishes; he therefore turned to the old Fortune-teller, and addressed her in a more soothing tone.

"Mabel," he said, "I did but jest, so never heed the slander of busy tongues, let them say what they will. And now tell me, if for a reasonable recompense, you will lend what aid is in your power,

to obtain for me the hand of Miss Hope, without any farther delay."

"What aid of mine would you have," asked Mabel in a sullen tone, "you have no faith in my art, neither has the girl ever sought me to ask what the future has in store for her, though I have read that on her fair brow, which she would not suffer the lines of her tiny palm to reveal to my gaze."

"It is because she fears you, Mabel, that she has ever shunned you. I think your predictions would inspire her with such awe, that she would feel impelled to be guided by them. Therefore I would have you haunt her with your presence, cross her path perpetually, and when she least dreams of you, appear suddenly before her. Mutter in mysterious tones of Delancy's fate, and foretell her approaching union with another, whom by your darkly uttered hints, she may readily recognize. This course cannot fail in producing the desired effect, for however she may affect to despise your predictions, her mind is far too sensitive not to be deeply affected by them, though their influence may not be perceptible, or at least not avowed to herself."

"I can do all this," said Mabel,—"nay I have already done it in more instances than one, and changed the hue of a whole life by my arts—but then I won a rich guerdon for my pains—what am I to expect from your hands by yielding compliance to your request?"

"This is but an earnest of what shall be yours if success attend your stratagem," said Mowbray, casting a purse into her lap, through whose net work glittered the shining ore she loved,—“and on the day in which I receive the fortune of my bride, I will place a sum in your hands far exceeding in value, what even your avarice might presume to crave.”

"She has riches beyond count," said the aged crone, as her bony fingers greedily clutched the silken purse,—“promise me but one poor hundred of her many thousands, and she shall be yours before this maple changes its green mantle for the crimson robe of autumn.”

"Say you so?" exclaimed Mowbray, a smile of triumph for a moment lighting up his dark and sinister features,—“let those words be verified, and the sum you ask is yours. None are witness to my truth, but I swear it, and will faithfully abide by my promise.”

"And on those terms, so will I by mine," said the woman; "but deceive me, and though you wed her, wo and misery shall be the portion of your married life."

"Nay, no threats woman,—but remember the bond, and be speedy—there is no time to be lost."

And with these words Mowbray turned from her, and rapidly retraced his way from the glen. The last tinge of twilight had faded from the west, when he regained the lane, but the moon had risen higher

in the heavens, and was shedding her pearly light down upon the still earth, investing the landscape with that soft and shadowy beauty, in which both sense and soul so dearly love to luxuriate. It is the pure only, who are exquisitely alive to the witchery of nature, and it is therefore no wonder that Mowbray again passed on, unheedful and unobserving of that, which was designed by a benevolent Creator, to inspire the heart with intense emotion and delight.

He felt that he was playing a base and dishonourable part, and he strove in rapid motion to still the reproachful voice of his awakened conscience. He had nearly reached home, when in passing a little summer-house near the centre of the garden, a slight sound from within caught his ear. He paused for an instant irresolute, then softly advancing to the building, found himself standing unobserved in the presence of Annabelle. She was sitting with her head leaning upon the table, and her face buried in her hands, and one or two deep drawn sighs evinced the painful emotions to which she was giving indulgence—there in that silent spot,—alone, as she thought, and unnoted by any eye, save His, who knew how to pity the sorrows He had permitted her to endure.

Mowbray felt that he ought not to intrude upon her privacy, but he could not forbear pausing to observe the beautiful effect of the moonlight, as streaming through the open door, it fell with softened radiance on her lovely figure,—and then, the moment seemed so favourable for pressing his suit, that he had not manliness enough to depart and leave it unimproved. It was, perhaps, he thought, the very crisis of his fate,—the rumour, that some of the crew of the Fearless were yet alive and held in captivity by the pirates, had been communicated to him by a friend in Cuba, but it had not yet obtained general circulation—he doubted even if it was known to any individual beside himself; he did not believe that Mabel had ever heard it whispered, till he had imprudently mentioned it to her, and now he knew not how soon she might make use of it, utterly to frustrate his hopes; he therefore deemed it wisest to seize upon every opportunity for the accomplishment of his purpose, and make sure of his prize before any untoward chance should occur to wrest it from him.

Yielding to these suggestions, he entered the summer-house, and at the sound of his step, gentle as he strove to make it, Annabelle started, and raised her head, shewing a face inexpressibly beautiful and engaging, yet still wet with the traces of recent tears.

"Mr. Mowbray," she exclaimed, in a reproachful tone; "I thought you had been absent, and that here, for one hour at least, I might remain unmolested."

"Pardon me," he said, in a subdued voice; "I

did not intentionally offend,—I was ignorant that you were here; but I will retire, and no longer disturb you with my presence.”

“Oh no,” she said, touched by the humility of his look and accent; “let me not drive you away. This hour has always such a saddening influence, that I cannot forbear yielding to it—but I have been here long enough; the air is growing cool, and I will return with you to the house.”

But it was far from Mowbray’s wish to comply with this proposal, and as with gentle force he prevented her departure, he said:

“Do not let us yet quit this lovely and sequestered retreat; since my good fortune has led me to find you here, I beg you will gratify me by remaining, if only for a few brief minutes.”

“But the evening is becoming very chilly,” said Annabelle, in a tone slightly expressive of chagrin; “and I have so recently suffered from a severe cold, that I fear any exposure may renew it.”

“I will not detain you long, my dear Miss Hope. Allow me only a few minutes conversation with you. My happiness depends upon it, and I beg you will not refuse my request.”

Annabelle drew her scarf closely around her beautiful throat, and silently resumed her seat, though evidently agitated and annoyed.

“Pardon me, Miss Hope, for what may seem like importunity,” he said; “but I have obeyed you in not speaking upon the subject nearest my heart, till obedience has become a task too painful for longer observance. The period approaches, when I must bid adieu, for a time at least, to the hospitalities of Willow Brook, and this moment seems granted me to learn from your own lips, the final sentence of my fate. Ah speak, and tell me if I may bear away with me the precious hope, of having awakened an interest in the only heart, I have ever cared to win.”

He paused, but Annabelle remained silent. It was on that very spot, that she had first heard the dear avowal of Delancy’s love, and thus forcibly reminded of that scene, her wounded heart bled afresh, and deep emotion deprived her of the power of utterance. Mowbray understood the cause of her silence, and was secretly chagrined; but he was playing the part of an impassioned lover, and abating nothing of his gentleness, he said:

“Dearest Annabelle, why will you persist in yielding to these deep and unavailing regrets. The purposes of Providence, though inscrutable, are ever wise and benevolent; wherefore then, will you bury in the grave of the past, those gentle sympathies and affections, which would make him who casts the humble offering of his heart and his life at your feet, the happiest and most enviable of men.”

Again he paused, and Annabelle made an effort to speak,—but in vain,—tears were streaming from her eyes, and for a few moments she yielded to a burst of sorrow, which she found it impossible to

resist. Mowbray was more annoyed than touched by her grief, but he wisely controlled his feelings, and once more addressing her in tones of studied gentleness:

“Forgive me, if my warmth has wounded you,” he said; “but it is hard to speak in terms of measured coldness, when the heart is bursting with intense and aching love.”

“It is I, who should ask forgiveness,” at length replied Annabelle, striving to speak with calmness; “I, who feed incessantly upon my selfish griefs, forgetful of their happiness, who bear so patiently with my infirmities. But, oh, Mr. Mowbray, spare me on this subject; my heart is with the dead, and never more can it respond to the fond hopes and affections of the living.”

“Say not so, dear Annabelle; life has but just commenced with you, and though a cloud has darkened its morning sky, why should not its ascending sun shine forth in joy and glory. It may, it will be so! To the heart that has once loved, life must indeed be a desert, unless it again find some kindred heart on which to repose its tenderness and hopes.”

“Such joy is never more for me, Mr. Mowbray. Believe me, I am grateful for your preference, but I would not do you the injustice, to bestow on you a heartless hand. The memory of the past absorbs me, and all of happiness that the future presents, is comprised in the hope of ministering to my uncle’s comfort, and soothing with gentle cares, the weariness of his declining age.”

“And can you perform that task less faithfully, dear Annabelle, with another to aid you in your cares? Your uncle thinks not so, for he sanctions my hopes, solicitous, he says, to see you forming a tie, which shall ensure you a fond and tender protector, when he shall be no more.”

“I am prepared for solitude, for desertion, for a renouncement of all that earth calls happiness,” said Annabelle, brushing away a starting tear; “but I cannot consent to forego a sacred feeling that links me with the dead, nor to violate a sentiment of right and justice, by plighting solemn vows of truth and holy love, which even while my lips uttered them, my heart would pronounce false. No, Mr. Mowbray, the marriage tie is too sacred to be so desecrated, and happy would it be for all, were it less seldom formed through motives of selfish and unworthy policy.”

“Were all as fastidious as yourself on this subject, there would be little marrying or giving in marriage, in this age of the world,” said Mowbray, wholly unable to appreciate the refined delicacy of her sentiments, and with difficulty concealing his annoyance. “But, he immediately added,” if he, who sues for this fair hand, esteems it a happiness to receive it, even on terms in which the heart exercises no dictation, why will you, with such an understanding, persist in withholding it from him? Dearest Annabelle, even

thus coldly rendered, the gift would be inexpressibly dear, and the path of life bright and smiling, could it be traversed in close companionship with you,—even, should those sweet affections which I covet, be denied me, from the confidence and friendship which I am sure of winning, I should derive a solace and a happiness, not to be gathered from the fondest devotion of another.”

“Oh, Mr. Mowbray, forbear,” said Annabelle, with emotion, “the expression of such sentiments pains and oppresses me beyond measure. Why has it been my misfortune to awaken them in a heart, which I would gladly see crowned with all its tenderest and dearest wishes. Could I again love any one in life, it might perhaps be you, but my soul is like a broken lute, which returns no sound to the gentle touch that seeks to awaken its melodies.”

“And you forbid me ever to hope that time, the great miracle worker, may produce some change in my favour?” he asked despondingly.

“I must,—I do;” she answered. “I should do wrong to deceive you,—but let us ever be friends, Mr. Mowbray,” and she extended towards him her hand; “and that our friendship may be firm and enduring, let us from this moment forget that we have ever thought of being more to each other, than that which we now pledge ourselves to be.”

“You impose upon me a difficult, I fear an impossible task,” he said, as he raised her offered hand with respectful tenderness to his lips,—for independently of his designs upon her fortune, the beautiful and gifted Annabelle, had inspired him with an ardent affection, and in the feelings of disappointment awakened by her refusal, he almost forgot that any mercenary views blended with his desire to possess her. “Grant me only,” he continued, after a momentary pause, “the most distant hope of possible success at last, and it will yield some slight alleviation to the anguish of the present moment.”

“I cannot bid you cherish a false hope,” said Annabelle, gently; “but should any change ever come over my heart you shall know it;—and now let us go; it is useless to prolong this subject, and if you would not give me unnecessary pain, you will forbear again to renew it.”

She arose while speaking, and taking his offered arm, they walked in silence to the house.

When they entered the drawing room, Mr. Hope, and Denham, were deeply engaged in a game of chess, while Mrs. Seldon, a widowed relative of Mr. Hope’s, who had long superintended his household, sat on the corner of a sofa, absorbed in the mystery of a new fashioned purse, which she was netting for Annabelle. Directly, however, Mr. Hope made an important move, and his emphatic “check mate!” might have put to shame those startling monosyllables as uttered by the lips of the automaton chess player. Denham, always annoyed when beaten in this

his favourite game, sat looking intently at the few remaining pieces on the board, till convinced there was no longer a place of retreat for his unfortunate king; when pushing back his chair, he passed out to the piazza, whistling merrily to the air of “Moll Roone.” A few turns in the moonlight soon restored his equanimity, and he re-entered in time to echo the laugh of the pleased old gentleman, who was deliberately replacing the pieces in their box, and chuckling with delight over his well-earned triumph. Mowbray had thrown himself into an arm chair by the table, and was intently examining an illustrated edition of Shakspeare, which he had looked at a hundred times before,—while Annabelle, after leaning for a few minutes over her uncle’s shoulder, turned to Mrs. Seldon, and whispering that she could not remain to supper, glided away, though not unobserved, and sought her own apartment.

And how welcome to her were its solitude and silence, for on this evening, her heart had been more than usually disturbed and pained; first, by a conversation held with her uncle during their drive, in which he had urged her with more warmth than usual, to accept the addresses of Mowbray, and again, directly after her return, by the interview in the summer house which has been detailed. Almost unconsciously to herself, she cherished a secret hope that Delaney still lived and would return to her, and this hope tended to nurture the deep and fervent love which she had lavished upon him, and to render the offered affection of another, revolting to her very soul. Yet she was distressed to be the cause of suffering and disappointment to Mowbray, whom she liked, and regarded with sentiments of the sincerest esteem and friendship. She admired his handsome person, his prepossessing manners, and his brilliant mind,—but she had seen none of the darker shades of his character; these he had sedulously kept out of sight, well knowing they would win him no favour, either with the single hearted Mr. Hope, or with his high-principled, and pure minded niece. Neither of them knew, that a dangerous love of play was one of his most prominent vices; that he constantly sacrificed his time, and the fruits of no ordinary talents, at the gaming table, and that to furnish sums for the future indulgence of this fatal passion, the fortune of Annabelle was coveted by him, with an intensity worthy of a higher object.

Mowbray’s father, a barrister, of commanding genius, and prominent station, had been the bosom friend of Mr. Hope, who consequently felt a deep interest and affection in the son, and contemplated with pleasure an union between him and his favorite niece. He was aware that his own life hung upon a slender thread, for the physicians had long since pronounced the disease under which for years he had laboured, to be an organic affection of the heart. He knew consequently, that with the grasp of death, as it were, upon him, he might without the warning of a moment, be summoned from life; and having there-

fore set his house in order, he awaited with the cheerfulness of christian hope, and with imperishable faith in that name which is mighty to save, the change which ere long awaited him.

His only remaining care was for Annabelle—two years must elapse before she would attain her majority, and he felt that she was still too young, and far too beautiful, to be left without a protector. It was therefore with perhaps injudicious zeal, that he urged her acceptance of Mowbray, but she found it impossible to accede to his wishes, to tear from her heart the cherished image of Delancey, and permit another to occupy its place. There was also another cause for her more than usual sadness and emotion on this evening, which was not alluded to, even if remembered by any one around her.

But in the solitude of her chamber, her heart brooded over the thought that this was to have been the evening of her bridal with Delancey, had he returned at the expected time, and it was with tears of bitter anguish that she contrasted her present feelings and situation, with what they would have been, had not her hopes been blighted in the bud. Thus wore away the night, in vain and deep regrets, and from the unquiet sleep which at last fell upon her weary eyes she was awakened by a fearful dream, just as the first ray of dawn stole through the curtained windows of her apartment. She started from her pillow as though it had been strewn with scorpions—an undefined and shadowy sense of evil oppressed her, and throwing wide the casement, she leaned forth to breathe the fresh and balmy air of morning. The landscape seemed sown with diamonds, and the exquisite flowers and fruits of her southern climate were exhaling their delicious incense to the rising god of day. Annabelle felt that there was balm in nature for her wounded spirit, and forbearing to summon her sleeping attendant, she hastily dressed herself and descended to the garden.

Its quiet, and its leafy coolness, soothed and tranquillized her mind, leading her troubled thoughts, "through nature, up to nature's God," and with holier images exorcising the wild and disconnected visions of the night. Thus lost in sober musings, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," she insensibly strayed through the little gate into the woodland, and following one of its many grassy paths, soon paused in the centre of a thick group of beech trees, on a spot, hallowed by the recollection of hours spent there in happier days with Delancey. There was the mossy bank where they had so often sat, and where in the last sad evening preceding his departure, they had exchanged their fond farewells and vows.

She was stooping with tearful eyes to gather some of the violets that gemmed the turf, when the low growl of a dog startled her, and looking quickly around, she saw the figure of the old Fortune-teller, sitting beneath a broad beech, her restless eyes glancing from under the scarlet hood of her cloak, and her

fierce mastiff crouching at her feet. Annabelle grew pale—she had ever shrunk in terror from that witch-like woman—there was something so evil in her countenance, so ominous in her figurative and abrupt language, that she could not shake off a mysterious feeling of dread, that always oppressed her, in her presence.

Mabel had marked the fear and aversion which her person awakened in the breast of the beautiful heiress, and it engendered a degree of hatred in her own, that independently of the promised reward, rendered her a willing instrument to work Mowbray's wicked purpose. As soon, therefore, as she saw herself observed by Annabelle, she began to chant in a low monotonous tone, a sort of doggerel verse, in which she was fond of uttering her mysterious intimations:—

"Gather the violets fair,
But not for the bridal wreath;
The bride-groom sleepeth fast,
The deep green sea beneath:
Wake will he never more;
The sea-weed is his pillow,
And mermaids sing his dirge,
Beneath the briny billow."

Annabelle trembled so violently that she was obliged to lean against a tree for support, and in silent agony she turned her imploring eyes towards the sybil. Her glance was too eloquent to be misunderstood; but instead of winning the silence it asked, it seemed to yield a fierce triumph to the pretended prophetess, for bursting into a wild and withering laugh, she asked in a taunting tone:

"Can you not hear of his fate, maiden, without writhing like a wretched worm in the midst of burning embers? I tell you he has perished, and for another bride-groom shall that dainty form be decked. Ay, I have read it, and it shall be so. The eagle glance shall win you yet,—spite of your coldness and your pride. Annabelle Hope, before the violets spring again from that sod, you shall cease to mourn for the dead, and rove through the greenwood, with the marriage ring given by another, on your finger—ay, by him whom you now scorn."

"Never! never!" burst from the pale and trembling lips of Annabelle,—then by a sudden effort springing to her feet, while the crimson blood rushed tumultuously to her cheek and brow:—

"Woman!" she said, "how dare you arrogate to yourself, knowledge that belongs only to the Most High? You may perhaps impose upon the ignorant and credulous, by your pretended art, but never need you hope that I shall become your dupe."

She turned from her, when she had spoken, and with all the self-possession she could command, walked slowly away, while Mabel, with a laugh of scorn and defiance, again burst forth into a wild prophetic strain:

"Thy lover is sleeping, is sleeping,
Beneath the dark billow,
And mermaids are keeping, are keeping,
Their watch by his pillow."

"Ay, maiden," she shrieked after her, "be like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears to the voice of wisdom, if thou wilt,—but I will ring forth your fate whether you believe it or no," and again she sang.

"Twine the wreath, twine the wreath,
The bridal is near;
The bridesmaid's are waiting,
The bridegroom is here!"

Annabelle quickened her steps, and pressing her hands upon her ears tried to close them against the sound of the sybil's voice,—but every word floated clear and distinct upon the still air of morning, penetrating her sense, and like an unholy spell paralyzing those energies of her mind which would have enabled her to struggle against the fatal influence of the scene. But vainly she essayed to forget it,—her imagination was deeply touched by it, and she could not prevent her thoughts from constantly dwelling on the words of the mysterious chime.

From that time, Mabel incessantly haunted the path of the fated Annabelle—sometimes she would start suddenly up before her, and again, her oracular voice would be heard uttering its predictions from the opposite side of a hedge, or in the deep silence of night it would shriek forth beneath Annabelle's window, telling the fate of Delancey, or pronouncing her own doom in the nuptials that awaited her. A mind of less strength would have sunk beneath this constant persecution, and have yielded its belief to the supernatural power assumed by the sybil; but Annabelle strenuously resisted its influence, and though astonished and perplexed, at many things that were declared to her of the past and the future, and at times terrified and awed, she was not so weakly affected by it, as to make her superstitious feelings urge her on to fulfil the predictions of Mabel.

It certainly made her uncomfortable, however, and struggle against it as she would, strongly tintured her mind with doubt and forebodings. Hitherto, from a scarcely defined feeling, she had forborne to mention the circumstance to any one; but her anxiety to be rid of such importunities, at length induced her to speak of it to her uncle, who viewed it all as one of the old witch's mad freaks, which he promised to put an end to at once. But as Mabel neither feared nor obeyed any one living, it is doubtful whether he would have succeeded in silencing her, but before he had an opportunity to exert his authority, an event occurred which induced Mowbray to dispense with her as an auxiliary to his wishes.

An evening or two after this, as Annabelle sat reading in the library, Mr. Hope entered, and throw-

ing himself into an arm chair, called her towards him, and drew her tenderly upon his knee.

"We have seldom had an hour together of late, my dear Annabelle," he said, as he fondly caressed her, yet with a look more serious than usual; "but as Mr. Mowbray dines out today, I have taken this opportunity to seek you, for the purpose of a conversation, which I have long wished to hold with you, though I know the subject will pain you, and therefore it is that I have deferred it, till I fear to delay it longer."

Annabelle's cheek grew colourless, as sliding from her uncle's arms to a low stool at his feet, she leaned in silence on his knee, awaiting with a beating heart the words which she dreaded to hear. But first he spoke of some arrangements he had recently made regarding her fortune, then of his own affairs, and of his health, which he said he felt to be so rapidly declining, that he was persuaded he should not be permitted to remain with her much longer; and as he uttered this conviction, Annabelle was again clinging round his neck, and bathing his cheek with her tears.

He was deeply moved by her sorrow, and while he strove to comfort her, he told her, with gentlest words, of the one wish that was still uppermost in his heart—to see her, before he left her, the wife of one who loved her, and who would shield her, even as he had done, from all the dangers and the snares of life.

Annabelle wept passionately, and in silence. She could not think of another, and Delancey's image still living in her heart,—and when urged by her uncle to speak, she implored him to leave her free—that he might yet be spared to her, and if not, God, was ever the orphan's father, and he would guard and protect her. Mr. Hope was disappointed, for he had fancied that of late she had seemed more favourably inclined towards Mowbray, and he felt almost sure, this evening, of winning her consent to his wishes. The conversation was a prolonged one. Mr. Hope exhausted every argument to induce her to yield, and she every entreaty not to be forced into a union with any one—for her heart had been too sorely smitten, to be yet capable of forming new ties and attachments, and her sense of right, were there nothing else to prevent, would not permit her to confer her hand, without those affections, which could alone make it of value.

Mr. Hope was very much disturbed by her continued resistance to his wishes, and as he was endeavouring to reason with her upon her extreme fastidiousness, Mowbray's voice was heard in the hall. Annabelle started up and flew towards her uncle, who, too much excited to remain sitting, had risen, and was rapidly traversing the apartment.

"Say no more tonight, my dear uncle," she softly exclaimed; "kiss me, and let me go; and indeed, indeed, I will try to school my heart into obedience to your wishes."

He stooped towards her and kissed her cheek ; but not content with that, she threw her arms eagerly around his neck :

"Not so coldly, do not kiss me so coldly," she passionately exclaimed. "Ah, my dear uncle, your love is all I have in the world—do not take it from me—I cannot bear the thought of that."

"God bless you, my Annabelle," he said, as he strained her to his breast, and fondly kissed her lips. "It would be hard, indeed, not to love you, my child, and it is because I love you so much, that I am thus anxious for your happiness."

She looked up at him with a radiant smile, though her face was bathed in tears, and then withdrawing from his arms, glided rapidly from the apartment. But till a late hour she heard his restless step in the library, and she felt a pang of self-reproach, at the thought that her selfishness was disturbing, and giving pain to the heart that so fondly loved her, and which, from early childhood, had been devoted to her happiness and comfort. She could not sleep till she heard him seek his chamber, and hoped he had gone quietly to rest, and then on her weary eyelids fell that balm, which steepens even guilt and misery in sweet oblivion of their woes.

She knew not how far the night had waned, when she was suddenly and fearfully awakened by the violent and repeated ringing of her uncle's bell. A bustle on the stairs heightened her alarm, and springing from the bed, she threw on her dressing gown and was just going out, when some one rapped quickly at her door. With a beating heart, she opened it, and Mowbray, pale and agitated, stood before her.

"For God's sake, my dear Annabelle, come with me to your uncle!" he said, breathlessly; "he is—I fear he is dying."

The terrified girl uttered a piercing shriek, and bounding past him, paused not till she stood within her uncle's apartment. There he lay, apparently in the agonies of death—her guardian, her guide—almost her only friend. Oh, how painfully did the scene of the preceding evening recur to her, and could he now be restored to her, how cheerfully would she yield herself to the fulfilment of his every wish! Mrs. Seldon was supporting him in her arms, and Scipio, his favourite attendant, chafing his hands, while several of the female servants stood in tears around the bed.

Annabelle rushed forward and cast herself on her knees beside him. She thought her heart would break; no tears came to her relief, not a word escaped her lips, but deep and heavy sighs burst continually from her bosom, as seizing her uncle's cold hand, she clasped it in both hers, and sealed her lips convulsively upon it. A few minutes passed in this manner, and not a sound broke the death-like silence, when Annabelle felt her fingers slightly pressed by those of her dying uncle. She looked up and met

his glazing eyes turned tenderly towards her. In an instant she arose—Mowbray stood beside her—and placing her hand in his,

"Dearest uncle, bless us," she said. "I obey you, and give myself to him, whom you have chosen for me."

Mr. Hope laid his hands upon their united ones, and said, with difficulty:

"God bless you, my children; I die happy."

He smiled brightly, and fell back upon the pillow. Annabelle leaned over him, but the spirit had fled to him who gave it, and casting herself beside the pallid clay, which she had so long and dearly loved, she wreathed her arms around the neck, and burst into a passion of tears. The physician just then entered, but his cares were not needed for the dead. Annabelle, however, was shortly in a state to require them.

When, with difficulty, she was forced from the remains of her uncle, and conveyed to her own apartment, she abandoned herself to the most excessive grief, and so completely had the idea taken possession of her mind, that the spasms which were the immediate cause of her uncle's death, had been occasioned by her resolute opposition to his wishes, that she constantly exclaimed she had killed him, and before the morning dawned, she was raving with delirium. A brain fever was the consequence, and though its dangerous crisis was safely passed, its debilitating effects, kept her several weeks hovering on the borders of the grave. During the period of her illness, Mowbray's devoted tenderness, and his intense anxiety for her recovery, won him golden opinions from all who were interested in the lovely Annabelle, and rendered the whispered rumours of his approaching marriage with her a subject of general rejoicing.

But with returning health, the buoyant spirit of joy and happiness returned not to her saddened mind. She seemed indifferent to all about her, and though she permitted Mowbray to consider her as his affianced bride, she again told him with unreserved frankness, that she could not bestow on him her heart. Mowbray's self-love would have been more gratified could he have succeeded in awakening in her a warmer sentiment than friendship; but as he wooed her not for herself alone, though he certainly loved her as well as a gambler may be supposed to love any thing, except the dice box, he was rejoiced to obtain her upon any terms, and anxious immediately to secure her, lest some untoward event should even yet deprive him of her. He accordingly named an early day for their union, and she quietly acquiesced in his wishes, passively resigned to her inevitable fate, and indifferent as to the period of its fulfilment.

And little, indeed, was there of bridal joy in her aspect, when on the morning appointed for their nuptials, she made her appearance, dressed in the habiliments of mourning, and attended by one bride-

maid only, her earliest and most intimate friend. She had persisted in wearing her black dress on the occasion, and in reply to the remonstrances of Mrs. Seldon, quietly said :

"It is in vain to urge me—it were mockery to array oneself in garments of brightness, when the heart is clothed in mourning."

She had, however, after long persuasion, permitted a white veil to be thrown over her head, and a band of pearls to confine her dark hair; but she would wear no other ornaments, and had, even with that intuitive delicacy that characterized her, taken the cherished picture of Delancey from her bosom, and with one last and agonizing burst of sorrow, hid it from her sight.

"I have no longer a right," she said, "to feed my gaze upon an image, the constant presence of which must necessarily unfit me for the faithful performance of those duties, I shall soon owe to another."

When Mowbray advanced to receive her as she descended the stairs, and saw that she had indeed persevered in wearing her mourning garb, a presentiment of evil filled his heart, and he could almost have reproached her, for casting this shadow over his joy. But as he fixed his gaze upon her face, he thought he had never seen it look more exquisitely lovely—her veil floated like a fleecy cloud around its perfect beauty, giving sweet glimpses of the glowing cheeks and lips, to which deep, but not joyful emotion, had restored the vivid hue of health. A stranger might have mistaken the downcast eye, the trembling step, the hurried manner of the usually self-possessed and graceful Annabelle, for the natural timidity of a bride, when in reality the very emotion which heightened the excess of her beauty, and lent disturbance to her manner, arose from the utter abandonment of hope and happiness, to which she had now resigned herself.

When the party, which included Mrs. Seldon, Mr. Denham, who had returned to Willow Brook to act as groomsmen to Mowbray, and Mr. Grayson, a friend of Mr. Hope's, who was to give the bride away, alighted at the church door, Annabelle saw that the petals of a white rose which Mowbray had given her as he assisted her into the carriage, had fallen from the stalk, and were lying in her lap, and as she showered them carelessly upon the ground, and cast the stem away, she happened to look up and caught Mowbray's glance of chagrin. There was a lowering frown upon his brow, and a heightened colour in his cheek, for he had attached a value and a meaning to the gift, trifling as it was, which he was deeply mortified, to see she regarded with so much indifference. It expressed more forcibly than her lips had ever done, the utter coldness of her heart towards him, and had he loved as some men love, he would even at that late moment have turned away, and refused to receive her plighted vows at the altar. He

did not expect fervent love from her, but at the very moment when they were on the point of forming the holiest and most intimate of ties, he found he had deceived himself in hoping that something like tenderness, would be awakened in her soul towards him.

There was another individual in the crowd that had gathered round the church, who witnessed with malicious joy the incident of the falling rose, and the emotion to which it had given birth in Mowbray; and as the bridal party passed on, a low stifled laugh met his ear. He turned quickly and encountered the restless eye of old Mabel, who had placed herself so as for a moment to impede his progress.

"A fair omen," she said in a hoarse whisper, and bending eagerly towards him; "but heed it not—pass on, gallant bridegroom,—the priest is waiting—the book is open,—the ring is ready; and remember! I have won my reward, even though another snatch the golden circlet from you, before it binds you to your bride."

In an instant she darted away and was lost among the throng. Mowbray started—could she have heard any thing, he thought, to threaten even now an interruption to his happiness. "Impossible! impossible!" he inwardly ejaculated, and striving to cast off the uneasy sensation that oppressed him, he passed on, and the whole party entered the body of the church. In another minute they stood before the altar, Mowbray with recovered self-possession, beside his beautiful betrothed, and the ceremony commenced. But it had not proceeded far, when the door of the church, which had been closed against the crowd without, burst violently open, and a person in a soiled and dusty travelling dress, advanced rapidly up the aisle, vehemently exclaiming, in a voice breathless from haste and emotion :

"Stop, upon your peril! I forbid those bans!"

The clergyman paused, and the book fell from his hands, while Mowbray, though pale as marble, and dreadfully agitated, turned boldly round and gazed with an air of stern defiance upon the intruder. But unceremoniously thrusting him aside, the stranger cast himself at the feet of the trembling bride, exclaiming in impassioned accents :

"Annabelle, I have returned to claim your plighted faith, and I find you standing at the altar with another—tell me, for I would hear it only from your own lips,—is this man truly the chosen of your heart, and am I remembered but as one dead? If so, I will never mar your happiness—go on to ratify your vows, and I will arise and depart from you for ever."

No sound issued from Annabelle's pale lips, as she stood gazing statue-like on the sudden apparition of him, whom she had so long mourned as dead. But as the glad certainty that she indeed beheld him still living, forced itself upon her, her bosom heaved, her eyes closed, and unable to support the unexpected joy, she fell insensible into the arms of Delancey.

She was immediately conveyed into the carriage, and the whole party returned to Willow Brook. The disappointed crowd about the church slowly dispersed, wondering at the strange turn affairs had taken, and speculating on what would be their issue, now that the handsome captain was restored to life.

The long absence of the Fearless, the sloop of war commanded by Captain Delancey, led to the very natural conclusion that she had fallen into the hands of the pirates, in chase of whom she was seen, at the time the last tidings of her were remitted home. No intelligence of the vessel had since that time been received; it was therefore very certain that she must have perished, and whether any of those on board survived her destruction, remained still unknown—though while her fate continued involved in mystery, there were many, who cherished hopes, that their dear ones would return, and Annabelle was among the very last who renounced this frail and uncertain expectation. Captain Delancey's unexpected restoration to home and country, left the fate of the Fearless no longer a matter of doubt.

He had encountered the pirate already mentioned, and achieved over her a complete victory, though at the expense of great loss to himself, and to the extreme detriment of his vessel, which was so dreadfully crippled, that he was endeavoring with his prize to steer for the nearest port, where he might remain, till such repairs should be made as would enable him to reach home, the period fixed for his cruise having expired. But a violent gale arising, drove them farther out to sea, where the storm increased so frightfully, they were obliged to cast off their prize, and strive to save the vessel as they might—she was however too much disabled to ride out the tempest, and notwithstanding all their efforts, before morning she was a perfect wreck.

Whether all on board perished or not, Captain Delancey was unable to tell. Many, like himself, lashed themselves to broken spars, and when the ship went down, were left floating at the mercy of the waves. For himself, he soon lost all consciousness of his misery, nor did he know how long he had remained in his perilous situation, when he was espied by a passing vessel, and rescued from the ocean. But he was unconscious of the cares and kindness bestowed upon him by his deliverers, for the neglected state of a wound which he had received in the engagement with the pirate, joined to his subsequent exposure and sufferings, had reduced him to such a state of physical and mental helplessness, that during the voyage he remained ignorant of all that had passed, or was passing around him. When he again recovered his perceptions and his recollection, he found himself well cared for, beneath the friendly roof of an English resident at Canton.

The first use which he made of his recovered health and reason, was to write to his family, and to An-

nabelle, but his letters had never reached their destination, and it was not till after many delays, and a tedious passage home, that he was again permitted by Providence to rejoice his friends by his reappearance, and relate to them the tale of his sufferings and misfortunes.

As for Mowbray, he did not tarry to hear the story of his rival's adventures. He saw with ill-concealed rage, his long cherished hopes overthrown, and fearful that Mabel in her disappointment at being balked of her reward, might make a revelation of the league that had united them, he precipitately departed, and in less than an hour after standing beside her at the altar, was miles on his way from Annabelle and Willow Brook.

He however consoled himself for this freak of fortune, by marrying, within a month after, a lady, not as beautiful, but quite as richly endowed with worldly goods, as her whom he had lost. But the demon of play pursued him more fiercely than ever, till in less than two years after his marriage, he had broken his wife's heart, squandered her fortune, and then ended his brief and sad career, by blowing out his brains in a gambling house, where he had just staked and lost the last dollar he possessed in the world. "He died as the fool dieth."

Mabel, too, and her fierce dog, departed from the Wizard's Glen before the dawn of another morning. She probably feared, that Mowbray, since he had lost the heiress, would carry his threat into execution, of searching for her hidden treasure, as she esteemed a small and carefully hoarded sum, which she had indeed buried in the earth, and added to from time to time, as her ill-gotten gains accumulated. An old iron vessel that had contained her mammon, was found lying by the side of a deep excavation that had been recently opened in the rear of her dwelling. The wretched abode itself, was bare of every thing, but on the door-stone squatted the foul toad that had so long been her pet, vainly waiting for its accustomed meal, from the hands of the wrinkled and witch-like crone, who pampered it.

It is pleasant to turn from the contemplation of such vice and misery, to the purity and happiness which reigned in the bosom of the gallant Delancey, and his Annabelle. They were shortly married at that altar where he had been restored to her as from the dead, and never did distrust, or jealousy, or any envious cloud, cast even a transient shadow over the bright heaven of their felicity. Captain Delancey's profession, often called him from home, and he ever went gaily forth, to breast the ocean wave beneath the gallant flag of his country; but he was often heard to declare, that there was no sound in glory's voice, to witch his heart like the low glad accents of his bright and tender Annabelle, nor any spicy haven of the east, to him so beautiful, as that blissful haven of

his home, where she waited to greet him with fond welcomes, and which she made ever joyous by the gentle lustre of her virtues and her beauty.

Montreal, Sept. 19.

SPECULATIONS ON COMMERCE.

How wonderful are the results of commerce! Yet we scarcely notice them; in fact, we are scarcely sensible of their extent and variety. They are around us like the air we breathe—so common, that we either overlook them altogether, or neglect to appreciate them as we ought to do. To say nothing of the effects of commercial intercourse in promoting civilization or in advancing the cause of Christianity, topics important enough and extensive enough to demand a separate consideration, how greatly does commerce promote our personal comfort and our individual convenience! We partake of its advantages every hour, enjoy its comforts with every meal, and perceive its benefits at every fireside. We are indebted to commerce for our every-day conveniences, and every night we sleep upon a bed of down, or curled hair, we are indebted to the enterprise of the merchant for the luxury. Look at the commonest table, and in ordinary cases you will find it supplied with many of the products of foreign countries, or of their manufacturing establishments. You see every where the evidences of commerce; the result of the sagacity of our merchants, and of the skill and indomitable spirit of our seamen. The rare and valuable, as well as the most ordinary and less luxurious productions of every climate, the rich and costly, as well as the less expensive and more substantial manufacture of every people, are, by the united capital, enterprise, and labour of these two classes, offered alike to the poor and the wealthy. Such is the spirit of our merchants, and such the skill and daring of our navigators, that no sea is left unvisited, no country unexplored, which can yield any thing for the purposes of trade, or for the promotion of the great objects of life.

As a comparatively new country, we are necessarily greatly indebted to commerce. We are yet dependent on others for some article which our own skill and industry may hereafter easily provide for us. We are yet dependent on others for raw material, which our own resources, when fully developed, will abundantly afford. But these things are daily becoming less imperative. We are fast becoming, more and more, a manufacturing people, and consequently, less and less dependent on foreign countries and foreign artisans. But we are still wedded to the work of foreigners, and often, from mere habit, give it the preference. In addition to this, we scarcely know, as a community, what we do manufacture. We are occasionally surprised when told that such or such an article is of American workmanship. We never dreamed that any body on this side of the At-

lantic had thought of manufacturing such an article. It never occurred to us that it would be worth the while to direct any portion of our capital and industry to the production of an article of such small import, and it is true that many articles are now manufactured in this country of which the mass of our citizens know nothing.

The effect of this, it might be supposed, would be to lessen commerce, and diminish, in no small degree, our intercourse with foreign nations. But it is not so. The diminution, for a long series of years, would scarcely be perceived, so slowly do American articles get into use, and so rapidly does our population increase. Excepting with a very few articles of manufacture, the product of our own establishments falls so far short of the increasing demand, that the amount of importation actually increases at the rate of some ten or twenty millions per annum, while our exports have increased but few millions, and in some years have sensibly lessened. Besides, we can hardly mention an article of any importance, heretofore supplied to us by foreigners, which is not still an article of importation.

Commercial intercourse also, is constantly introducing new articles among us, which go far, not merely to keep the usual amount of our annual importations, but to increase it. So that, in fact, there is no diminution of commerce perceptible at present, by reason of our manufactures. Whether there ever will be any, whether it must not always be on the increase, are questions not necessary to be considered now. It would seem that so long as the world subsists, so long as nations, kingdoms, or tribes continue, so long as there are different climates, different seasons, and different productions, there can be no termination or falling off of commercial intercourse. Commerce is simply the traffic of nations, and traffic cannot cease so long as there are people to carry it on. The intercourse of civilized nations, the main instrument and the most powerful agent of civilization and refinement, is itself a portion of the spirit of civilization, and when it ceases it would almost seem that mankind must return to an original state of barbarism.

It is to be kept in view that in relation to commerce, as in regard to all the operations of civilized life, the great object to be sought, the great end to be gained is, not money or property merely, but HAPPINESS. The ultimate object of all the business of life is, or rather should be, the greatest amount of human happiness. The consideration, however, may not always enter the calculations of the merchant; yet it is the true object of commerce. It is the object of life, and therefore emphatically the object of commerce, to make life agreeable, comfortable, happy. The importer of a cargo of teas from "the farthest Indies," however, can hardly be expected to calculate on the happiness the domestic use of that article

may or may not produce. He cannot be presumed to go into the consideration of such a subject, in making up his voyage; to estimate all the pleasant little family and social parties which are to be enjoyed over each separate parcel of it; to figure up all the small-talk, the tea-table tattle which may follow the enjoyment of each portion. He rather calculates the chances of profit, or as the hardy seaman would say, the "main chance;" he looks at the prices per pound in Canton, the expenses of the voyage, freight, insurance, exchange, &c., and the state of the market at home. These being satisfactory to his mind, he plans and carries through the enterprise. Whether he prospers or not, the community enjoy the advantages of his labour and capital.

It may be said we are aware, that if the merchant does not calculate upon the good he may do, in projecting a voyage, he is influenced by a love of gain, by selfish or avaricious motives. But we think this does not follow: in the first place, the merchant, when he enters upon his business in life, knows that he cannot labour for himself alone; no man can labour for himself alone, in any profession; and that, therefore, the man who devotes himself to an honest calling, does in some degree, from that circumstance alone, promote the public good. The merchant knows, too, that his various enterprises, whether they result profitably for himself or not, and, even if only partially accomplished, are productive of public benefit, inasmuch as he employs many trades, professions, and a large number of men, in each step of his various operations. So that, after all, the happiness which may flow from his labours, does not altogether, or mainly perhaps, depend on the cargo of his ship, the commodity he exports or imports. But suppose, for the sake of illustrating the point, that a love of gain or avarice does impel the merchant in his undertakings. This very passion, bad as it may be thought, may impel him to do that which will make people happy; and if he makes people happy by a lawful, honest, and praiseworthy enterprise, is he not a benefactor of mankind? The world, however, cares but little about the motives of the merchant, and assuredly has no right to impugn them. He is influenced by similar motives as other men, when they design the accomplishment of a similar object; and they may or may not effect his own happiness, but are not felt in the community.

We were speaking of the results of commerce, and whatever others may say, we are free to acknowledge, and to claim for it, that it has done much for the benefit and happiness of mankind. Nay more; we should almost say that it has done every thing for him. To commerce he is indebted for civilization, and, under Providence, for the spread of the Christian religion; and without these great blessings, what is man? True, it may have produced some evil in the world; what real good has

not? Name to us any blessing man has ever enjoyed, which has not been, in some form or other, productive of evil, and we will yield our opinion without further argument. The truth is, there is no such thing as unmixed good in the catalogue of man's enjoyments or endurances. There is nothing, and can be nothing, linked with man's imperfectness, of unalloyed goodness. Let us not be misunderstood on this point, not even by the designing; some things, nay many things—indeed we came near to say, all things—are good in themselves. Truth is good, in itself and of itself; but what is truth separated from every thing besides?

A word more for the merchant: it is no fault of his, as we shall contend, after all that has been said, that a consideration of human happiness, does not always enter into his calculations of a voyage. The evidence he consults supersedes this or implies it, and it is manifested to his perception in the state of the market or the demand. The demand is his criterion, and is the only evidence of want which he can know. It is his business to supply the want, and the supply of all the wants of the community embrace the results of commerce. The character of the want, or its moral effect when supplied, are matters which belong to the intelligence and virtue of the community to regulate. It is for society, by a high moral influence, to guide and govern its necessities, and the business of the merchant to supply them. We have seen that he fulfils his duty; that he supplies our necessities, and administers to our comfort and happiness every hour in the day. Let us see, for example, how our account stands with him at the present moment, even in our own little corner. This quill he furnished to us; the penknife, which lies by our hand, happens to have been brought from England in one of his ships; the desk we write upon came from beyond seas, in the timber of a warmer climate; that wedgewood inlaid is also an imported article; the oil in our lamp was once in his ships; and so we might go on; but, thanks to the skill of our own countrymen, we may use of our own paper, and Walkden's British ink powder, we apprehend, will prove to be an exception to one of our first remarks. We are surrounded with articles provided for our use by the enterprise of the merchant, and brought to us from all quarters of the world. If we should go back a few hours, and see how our account stands with him through the day, we should perceive our greater indebtedness. At our meals, whence that beautiful china, that cutlery, the sugar, tea, coffee, molasses, spices, sweetmeats, fruits, and wines? The merchant has supplied them all. He feeds, clothes, and warms us. We live, enjoy, luxuriate, in the comforts he provides, whether he calculates upon our happiness or not; and are hourly enabled to do the business of our hands by the implements and instruments furnished by his agency. Are we not, then, indebted to him?

Is not his an honourable calling? Is he not the benefactor of his race? Who does more for the happiness of mankind, who runs greater risks or assumes heavier burthens, who more deserving the praise of the good and the applause of the just, than he who provides for, civilizes, and Christianizes his fellow-men?—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, New York.*

(ORIGINAL.)

MUSINGS AND VAGARIES OF SQUIRE COCKLE.

BY A TYRO.

AMONG my numerous acquaintances in Montreal, a short time ago, was one Squire Cockle, a gentleman of the old school, much addicted to talking of what he had seen, and giving his opinion upon every matter, trivial or momentous. He preferred chatting with a friend in a *tête-à-tête*, and on such occasions he never shunned, but rather courted a scrutiny into his habits and trains of thought. He was, I found, attached to old things and good old customs, but yet of sufficiently liberal a turn of mind to see beauty and excellence in modern productions of merit—works, whether of intellect or art. His appearance was commanding, lit up by an eagle-eye, and his conversation and bearing those of a perfect gentleman, since he would never stoop to coarseness or low wit. His dress, corresponding well with his manner, belonged rather to the last century; he prided himself on being neat, but chose to feel easy in his clothes, being above the ridiculous foppery of some men, who strive to cheat Time of his due, and disguise their age behind the incumbrances of starch and strait jackets. Such was the man with whom I delighted to spend my leisure hours, and much good I have derived from his wisdom and research.

We held frequent conversations together on various matters; and finding his remarks strongly spiced with originality, after the discussion of any important subject, I used to note down whatever passages struck my fancy, as being peculiarly instructive, and applicable to our present state of moral and intellectual culture. These notes, the mere skeleton of his discourses, I have attempted to clothe with the original flesh, which rendered them formerly so well proportioned and attractive, and in this state I venture to lay them before the public, trusting, that in consideration of my efforts to afford them pleasure, I may be pardoned for slight faults and unintentional blunders.

One day we clambered together the steep sides of Mount-Royal, frowning over the city, and seating ourselves on one of the highest crags, we could command an unobstructed view of the surrounding scenery, and trace the winding of the broad St. Lawrence to a great distance both up and down its stream; yet though we could distinctly note many distant

hills and several villages enlivening the banks of this mighty river and its important tributary, the Richelieu, my attention became fastened upon the town below, whence sounds of rumbling wheels and of the busy builder's hammer, faintly reached the ear, giving tokens of an active population. My gaze wandered from house to house, and from spire to spire, until at last, as if by fascination, it became rivetted on the towering Roman Catholic Cathedral; and I could no longer restrain from asking my companion what he thought of the city on his first coming in to it, that I might compare his feelings with the emotions I now experienced.

"A certain period has elapsed," he began, "since I first came to reside in this your city; still the impression it then made upon my mind is preserved there in all its freshness, from my taking pains to renew it from time to time by such bird's-eye views as the present and by rambling through its streets, over your toe-breaking pavements.

"You must know that I came here bound and indentured to a lawyer for five years, and from this engagement I could not draw back, even if on trial I should dislike my adopted profession. At first, indeed, I found the law a dry pursuit, exposing one to various mortifications, when brought into jarring contact with both the highest and the lowest characters in the world. Its formalities appeared to me tedious and intricate, not being at that time sufficiently enlightened to perceive their meaning and the objects for which they were intended, as well as the necessity of their existence. In fact, I had just left a world of dreaminess and speculative thought, where I could let my fancy wing its flight towards whatever point it chose, and sun itself in a fancied blaze of happiness, never, I fear, to be realized; so that on entering a world of action, but of little thought, it is not wonderful that I should have found my feelings unattuned to its materialism, that I should have felt its roughness unsuited to my taste, and have longed for a retired country residence, under a screening canopy of green leaves. I soon, however, began to like the law, and took pleasure in following the course of justice—seeing how lawyers drive each other to an issue, and noticing the various remedies applied to cases occurring in real life. My eyes also became accustomed to the broad glare of city-life, and I could gaze steadily into this polished mirror, being thus enabled to remark the various shades of colouring which compose its reflected light—I say *reflected*, because it is not as a whole—natural, but *artificial*, and as it were derived from another source—"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Until then, a city had been held by me to be a very sink of wickedness, where all the worst passions of the heart were brought out in bold relief, and the redeeming qualities thrown entirely into the shade. I foolishly thought that justice, morality, and candour, were here trampled

under foot, and that the most bigotted and cruel-hearted characters held despotic sway over the minds of their fellow citizens. But now, on close scrutiny, I discovered my mistake, and found a strong current of virtue and morality pouring through the streets in the wake of education, and striving to cleanse every quarter of the town.

I found, too, what I little expected to find, a poetry in city-life, even more forcible than is met with among the retired dens of savage nature. Here is collected a vast multitude of beings of widely different views and pursuits; yet bound by the common tie of self-interest, they all work together in harmony, and oppose no hindrance to one-another's motions. Here the rich and the poor elbow each other, the noblest and the meanest characters are brought into contact; here the living passes the dead with unconcern, and the virtuous and depraved meet face to face. Palaces and huts, land and water, are in juxtaposition; every thing seems done for contrast, such, too, as more forcibly to bring out the characteristic marks of each object, brightening the one and darkening the other but the more. A city, then, affords a fine field for the lover of nature in all its shapes; humanity is laid bare before him, and he has only to see in order to be convinced.

But this view alone of a city does not combine more than half the attractions; for the scenery has something peculiar and very gratifying in it. From the summit of this hill we see the town stretching beneath us, and, by extension in every direction, striving to fill the broad and beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence. But the more the houses encroach on the field, the more does the vale seem to increase in breadth, and its chaste limits to fly from the embraces of the city. Perched on our cyrie, the regular appearance of the buildings is to us enhanced by a girdle of trees which hedge in and adorn the place. From this spot, we can well discern the general contrast between town and country. The former has an universal greyish tinge, requiring light to show it off, and hence it is fond of basking in the sun; the latter boasts of its predominating green, and, to preserve its richness, its delight is to quaff refreshing showers. Descending, then, from this craggy steep, and marching into the town, the eye is struck by the crowded houses ranged in military files adown each street—not picturesquely scattered here and there as in the country—with their bright tin roofs reflecting the mid-day glare, and their countless panes of glass tinted up at sunset with a variety of flashing colours. A stimulus, too, is given to exertion, by the bustle in the thoroughfares, especially by the pulsations of that great artery, "Notre Dame." Vehicles quickly follow each other, their drivers whipping and hallooing to their horses; now passes a splendid coach, drawn by a pair of chesnuts, then a common Canadian breakneck cart, with its attendant smoking "habitant" and starveling horse; after that, follows

a neat English dray, and a heavy lumbering waggon, or truck, next takes up its pompous march, while the procession is probably closed by a regiment of huzzars and a company of artillery going out for a field day. At the same time there pours along the pavement a continuous stream of human beings, each of whom moves as if his life depended upon quick action; for if one has not his eyes and limbs well employed, he stands a chance of being hurried, without time for surprize, by the shortest road into eternity.

Yet all this bustle does not produce, by any means, such an effect upon the mind as a midnight view of the city does, when the moon is gaily careering in a cloudless course. At that season, when all the previous noise is hushed, the contrasting silence awes the street-wanderer and prepares his feelings for exalted thoughts. Cynthia flings dark shadows half across the narrow streets, and lighting up the other side with her soft beams, imparts a magical appearance to the whole. Every building appears shadowy and magnified. The square seems a vast desert, and the cathedral, at its further extremity, shoots up its massive walls into the sky—looming in the distance an impassable boundary to our hopes and desires. Then when we view the heavenward-pointed spires, our thoughts are insensibly carried upwards, and we imagine that the whole of the sleeping myriads, the very houses even, are sending up one universal shout in adoration of the Almighty.

At the close of this his peroration, the lengthening shadows warning us of the approach of night, we were forced to decamp, rattle down the hill, and thread our way home through streets which the hurried lamp-lighter had already visited; when, after mistaking the gas lights for the gilded lamps of an Eastern garden, and wishing my pleasant friend good night, under promise of meeting me again, and discussing several topics, on which he had not touched, relative to the city and the character of its inhabitants, I sought my pillow, and soon fell asleep in the midst of an agreeable jumble of every thing I had that day seen and heard.

ORPHANS.

THERE are few situations more solitary, more painful, more moving, than that of an orphan. I remember a school-fellow who had many friends who were kind to him; but he said to me one day, in speaking of his holiday sports: "I, you know, have no father nor mother." And there was a look of thoughtful melancholy in his face, and a tone of desolation in his voice, which struck me strangely, even young as I then was.

"Excuse me," said a divine, "if I do not rival Maherin in my discourse today; I have had a bad cold for a week."

DUKE DORGAN,

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE.

"I SAY, messmate," said a young sailor who had just been landed from a ship in the offing of Loup Head, on the coast of Kerry, Ireland, addressing a countryman whom he overtook as he was making his way inland, "can you put me on the track of Carrigaholt?"

"The path is under your *full* every step o' the way," said the man; then, after pacing behind the inquirer in silence for a few minutes, he added, "Why, then, for one that puts out the futt so slow, I never seen any body carry so much of the road with them as you do, Mr. Duke, Lord bless you!"

"You know me?" said the other, turning and fixing his eye on the speaker; then with an air of greater reserve as he recognised the face, "and I ought to know you too; that face is Pryce Kinchela's, if you havn't stole it from him."

"I wish that was all I had belonging to Pryce Kinchela about me," said the man heavily.

"I am glad to see you Pryce."

"I don't know whether you are or not, Duke; but I am glad to see *you*, although you may well doubt my word. I am an altered man since you left the country; and the foolish spite that you and I had then about Pennie Macloughlen (the Silver Penny, as you called her—and the Luck Penny, as I called her) is no more than boy's play, to the cause I got since from others. That girl, Duke, was no Luck Penny to either you or me."

Here we interrupt the colloquy for a moment, to give some brief but necessary explanations regarding the relative positions and circumstances of the parties named, and thus place the end of the thread of the tale as it were in the hands of the reader.

Duke Dorgan, as the young sailor was called, was a rattling, warm-hearted Irishman, who had been attached, and the attachment was mutual, to Pennie Macloughlen, from the days of their childhood. But her father, who was a wealthy farmer, disapproved of Duke's paying his addresses to his daughter, on the ground of the young man's poverty. With the view of removing this objection, Duke went to sea, trusting that fortune would enable him one day to return in such circumstances as would reconcile old Macloughlen to his marriage with his daughter, and he was now returned, after an absence of six years, with a well-filled purse, the fruit of some valuable captures, and a Trafalgar medal dangling by a blue ribbon from one of his button-holes.

Pryce Kinchela, again, was, as he himself has hinted in the conversation with Duke, just quoted, the rival, though not a fond one, of the young sailor in the affections of Pennie Macloughlen. On the latter's going to sea, he also had proposed for Pennie, but had been rejected by her father with still more marked contempt and displeasure than his rival. This

treatment, operating on a deep, designing, and vindictive mind, for which Pryce was remarkable, gave rise to a grudge on the part of the latter against old Macloughlen, which nothing but the most deadly revenge could allay. For six long years, however, no opportunity had presented itself to Pryce for taking this revenge with safety to himself, but the lapse of this time had in no way abated his desire for it, nor in the least weakened his resolution to obtain it; and at the moment he met with the young sailor, his thirst for vengeance was as eager and remorseless as it had been on the day he was rejected as a suitor for Pennie's hand; but this feeling, with that cunning, which also formed a remarkable feature in his character, he had carefully concealed from the knowledge of the world. No one knew that Pryce Kinchela entertained any resentment towards old Macloughlen, for he never breathed it; still less did any one dream that he longed to imbrue his hands in the old man's blood; and yet short of this the vengeance he meditated was not. But Kinchela was a quiet and a reserved man, and one who kept his secrets to himself.

Resuming the story, Pryce now proposed to the young sailor that they should sit down a little until he related to him how he had been persecuted, as he said, by old Macloughlen, for having presumed to seek the hand of his daughter, and how he had, ever since that event, been losing ground in the world through the old man's resentment against him.

"And you take it so tamely?" exclaimed Duke, when Pryce had concluded the story of his grievances, and recollecting at the same time the treatment which he himself had met with at old Macloughlen's hands. "I would have given the fellow a rope's end at any rate, if not round the neck, across the shoulders at least."

"Is that *all* you'd do to him?" asked Pryce, quietly.

"All! 'tis more, it seems, than you'd do—but you were ever and always a poor patient *slob*."

"Was I?" said Kinchela, with a smile, the expression of which, from his turning away his head while he spoke, it was evident he did not wish to give Duke an opportunity of speculating upon.

Shortly after this Duke and Kinchela parted, but before doing so, they made an appointment to meet on the following day at the Bee-hive Inn at Carrigaholt, where Dorgan proposed to put up. Having parted, the latter prosecuted his journey until darkness overtook him, and compelled him to think of taking refuge in some intermediate place for the night, as he was uncertain, now that he had no longer the light of day to guide him, whether he was pursuing the right road; and a place capable of affording him this, at length presented itself. After some hours' smart walking, Duke found himself close upon a respectable looking farm-house; but as the hour was late, he felt a reluctance to disturb its inmates,

and resolved, rather than give them that annoyance, to pass the night in the stack-yard. Having come to this resolution, he stepped over the stile; and after flinging down some hay on the ground, he stretched himself on it at full length, and placing the bundle he carried beneath his head by way of pillow, slept soundly until morning.

On awaking and rising from his humble couch, Dorgan pushed on for Carrigaholt, where he arrived in the afternoon, and took up his quarters at the Bee-hive, where he was joined in the evening by Kinchela, according to appointment. When he entered, Dorgan was enjoying himself over a tumbler of whiskey-punch, in which he invited Kinchela to join him; but the latter for some time positively refused to drink, and was at length induced to fill up a glass only by perceiving that Duke was getting seriously displeased by his refusal. Dorgan and his guest now began to talk of local matters, Kinchela giving the former an account of all that had happened of any consequence in the neighbourhood since his enter-tainer had gone to sea, and answering all the queries which he put to him regarding the fortunes of those in whose histories he took any interest. This conversation naturally included old Macloughlen and his daughter, regarding the former of whom, Dorgan, whose recollection of the slights cast upon him by the old man was now a little sharpened by the liquor he had drunk, spoke in no very measured terms. Pryce agreed in the justice of all he said on the subject, and even added some observations calculated rather to aggravate than assuage the young man's irritation; but suddenly changing his tone, he said in a gentle voice:

"But although he did injure you surely, Duke, an' that greatly, I'd like I could prevail on you to forgive and forget. Bear and forbear, as we're commanded. He's an old man, an' you're a young one, an' it won't be long until the grave will draw a line between ye that you may wish to pass to make friends again, an' won't be able. So don't harbour any bad designs again' poor Macloughlen, I beg o' you."

"Oh, I'll make the purse-proud old rogue know at any rate that —" At this moment Duke was interrupted by the unexpected intrusion of the clergyman of the parish, who, chancing to overhear his abuse of old Macloughlen, stepped up to him, and proceeded to lecture him on the sin of harbouring resentments, and the wickedness of indulging in them, and particularly reprobated him for the language he had used when speaking of Macloughlen, who he said was a singularly pious and charitable man. On concluding his remarks, the clergyman left the apartment, and was followed by Kinchela, who pleaded some business with the publican. Dorgan being left alone, soon after prepared for his night's rest, and was shown by the landlord into a double-bedded room, where after bidding a good night to Kinchela, by whom he was rejoined, and who was to

return to Loup Head early in the morning, he went to bed.

At midnight, Dorgan awoke with a violent headache, and thinking that binding his head with a handkerchief might afford him some relief, he stretched out his hand to the chair on which he had deposited his clothes, to procure the article he wanted, but to his surprise found that they were not there. He rose and groped about the room in the dark, but with no success, and finally returned again to bed, in the hope that daylight would explain the mystery. On opening his eyes in the morning, his astonishment, whatever it might have been on missing his clothes, was exceeded by that which he felt on finding them in exactly the same place where he had laid them the evening before. Dorgan, however, made no remark on the subject to any one. He breakfasted quietly, settled his bill with his host, and immediately after set out to pay a visit to the object of his affections, from whom he had been now so long absent, old Macloughlen's house being about a quarter of a mile distant from the village at which he had slept all night.

As Dorgan approached the house, he was surprised to see a number of persons collected round the door, although it was yet early in the morning; and he was still more surprised when he saw a woman rush out of the house tearing her cap from her head, and shouting the death-wails peculiar to the country. Filled with the most dreadful apprehensions by these ominous circumstances, Dorgan quickened his pace, reached the house, and rushed into it, without attracting any notice from the busy talking crowd with which it was thronged. Here a dreadful scene awaited him. Old Macloughlen had been murdered during the preceding night, and his mangled and blood-stained body lay stretched on a deal table in the centre of the kitchen. While Dorgan was yet lost in stupefaction and horror at the miserable spectacle before him, the coroner had arrived, and in an adjoining room, to which Duke also immediately repaired, had commenced his inquest. The first person examined was the deceased's niece, a little girl of about seven or eight years of age. "Well, my little darling," said the coroner to the child, "tell your story now, like a good girl. Don't be afraid; we are all your friends." "I will, sir, said the little girl; and she went on to state at length, and in a remarkably distinct manner, all the circumstances attending the murder; and amongst other particulars mentioned that the person who struck the fatal blows—there being a party of the murderers—said on going out after the deed had been perpetrated, "I owed that much to him a long while then." After adding some other particulars, the girl suddenly began to cry and tremble, as if labouring under some great anxiety. "I'll be kilt now entirely," she said, for there's one o' the men that murdered uncle list'nen' to me." A general exclamation of astonishment and alarm

broke from the circle at this singular declaration. The doors were closed by the coroner's desire, and the girl was asked to point out the person whom she recognised, but terror for the consequence prevented her from complying with the request for some time. At length, however, the coroner succeeded in inspiring her with sufficient confidence to speak out. "There he is, then," said the girl, "standin' a-nigh the table, in the sailor's clothes."

Confounded beyond expression by the strangeness of the accusation, Dorgan could do nothing but gaze around him in wild amazement, until he was roughly seized upon and dragged before the coroner, who, after inquiring his name, taxed him, in consequence of some private information which he received from one of the bystanders, with entertaining a spite at the deceased. This Dorgan denied in the sense in which he saw the word was then used. He confessed to being displeased with the old man for having refused him his daughter's hand, but added that he came home now with an altered spirit, anxious to see and be reconciled to him.

"These were not, justice compels me to declare," said a voice behind Dorgan, "the sentiments which I heard you express towards him yesterday evening. In the parlour of the Bee-hive I heard the young sailor speak in terms of the vilest reproach against my poor murdered friend Macloughlen." Dorgan looked over his shoulder, and beheld the clergyman with whom he had been speaking. "I cannot, nor am I anxious to deny that I did use such expressions," said he, a little confused, in spite of his consciousness of right, at the corroborative force which this unfortunate circumstance was likely to give to the mistaken testimony of the child; "but I spoke then under unusual irritation, and had been drinking."

The unfortunate young man then called upon his host of the preceding evening, who was also present, to attest that he had not been out of his house during the whole of the night. But here again the evidence was against him. The landlord declared that he had heard him get up in the middle of the night, and walk for some time through his room; and added, that his wife had informed him that she had heard the door open and shut a short while before. In despair at thus finding the web of conviction gradually but strongly weaving around him by an inexplicable combination of circumstances, Dorgan as a last resource requested that Miss Macloughlen might be immediately called, and from her evidence, as it had been stated by the little girl that she also was present when the murder was committed, he fully expected that the horrible mystery would be cleared up, or at least that his innocence would be established. On Miss Macloughlen's entering the apartment, a dead silence took place, when Dorgan, after pausing a moment to summon all his presence of mind, advanced towards her, and taking her hand,

while she seemed scarcely conscious of the action, in his, said gently, "It is a sad meeting that has been reserved for us, Pennie, but do you not know me?" When the distracted girl recognised her lover, which until now she had not, she uttered a shrill and piercing shriek, flung herself upon his neck, and hung, in a convulsion of mingled tears and sobs, around him. After the interchange of many expressions of affection and regard between the lovers, and when Pennie had been calmed and soothed by the endearing language of her lover, she was called upon to state what she knew regarding the dreadful transaction, and she proceeded to give a similar account of it to that which had already been given by the little girl. On being asked how the person was dressed who actually murdered her father:

"I think in a sailor's dress, like Dorgan's," she said carelessly, being yet unaware of the charge that was against him.

"You do not think it was I, then?" said Dorgan, smiling.

"You," replied the girl, pausing as if to comprehend his question; "I should sooner say that it was his own act—or as soon—"

"Are you quite certain, Miss Macloughlen, that this was not the man whom you withheld from the deceased?" She had been represented by the little girl as having struggled with the murderer, endeavouring to drag him from her father.

"Certain that Dorgan did not murder my father! Am I certain of my existence? I would stake a thousand lives, if I had them, that Dorgan would not have stirred one of the grey hairs upon his head, in enmity, if it were to make him master of the universe."

"My own sterling girl!" exclaimed Dorgan, delighted with her ready confidence; "when all are turned against me, I have at least one friend in you."

The coroner, however, could not overlook the strong circumstantial evidence that was against the suspected murderer, and he pressed Miss Macloughlen to say whether she had not observed any peculiarity about him by which she could recognise him again.

Recollecting herself, she said that she had grasped something which was hanging to his coat, and brought it away with her in the struggle. "It is this," she said, and handed to the coroner Dorgan's Trafalgar medal. Dorgan lifted his hand to the breast of his coat in a state of mind which language is incapable of describing, and found, indeed, that this testimonial to his bravery was not there. The evidence borne against him by the medal was conclusive, but it was only so through his own act and deed. Conscious of innocence, he at once acknowledged that the medal was his, and resolved to abide all consequences rather than seek safety in evasion or falsehood.

"It is all a dream; a wild, improbable, impossi-

ble story!" exclaimed the distracted girl, who had thus unconsciously brought the guilt of murder home to her lover: "Deny it, Dorgan, and tell them they belie you." But Dorgan resolved on keeping the straight path, whatever might be the result, adhered to the acknowledgment he had made. Dreadful was the struggle that ensued in the bosom of the unhappy girl, between her affection for her lover and the conviction of his guilt; for even she could no longer doubt that Duke Dorgan was the murderer of her father. A similar sentiment, but in a yet stronger degree, pervaded the minds of the coroner, the jury, and all who were present at the inquiry; and the consequence was, that the unfortunate young man was shortly after conveyed to jail, tried, and condemned to death. The day of execution arrived, and Duke Dorgan, surrounded with all the horrid pomp of the occasion, was brought on a car to the fatal tree. The hangman prepared to do his office, and was in the act of laying his hands on the collar of his victim, when a person who had violently forced his way through the crowd, called out in a loud and hoarse voice, "Come down, Mr. Dorgan; come down off o' the car. Let him go, Mr. Sheriff, dear; for the man is here that did the deed."

It was Kinchela. The miserable man—for it need not be stated, it is presumed, in more explicit terms, that he was the murderer of MacLoughlen, nor that he had perpetrated the deed in the clothes of poor Duke Dorgan, which he had abstracted for the purpose—had been unable to bear up against the horrors of a guilty conscience, and had now come at this critical moment at once to atone for his crime, and to prevent the additional guilt of a double murder falling on his devoted head, by permitting an innocent man to die in his place. It was some time, however, after this extraordinary announcement had been made, before the sheriff could be induced to believe Kinchela's statement, or to give his consent to a delay in the execution of Dorgan. But the energy and earnestness with which the now contrite criminal persisted in asserting at once his own guilt and the innocence of Dorgan, at length prevailed. The execution was stopped; Dorgan was carried back to prison, and soon after liberated in due legal form; while the wretched Kinchela, after undergoing a formal trial, suffered the extreme punishment of the law for his atrocious crime.

The state of feeling of Pennie MacLoughlen while this fortunate turn was given to the fate of one whom she had so much respected, may be more easily conceived than described. One day, while sitting meditating on the circumstances, a note was brought to her by the clergyman. The blood rushed forcibly to her cheek, brow and her very finger-ends, and again recoiled, so as to leave her pale as marble when she recognised the hand of Dorgan in the superscription. She quickly opened the note, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR PENNIE (for I may once more with a free heart call you by that name), it has pleased heaven to make good the word which I spoke on that unfortunate day, when I told my judges that I felt it within me that I should not die for a deed of which, the Lord knows my heart, and which is since proved, I was wholly clear and innocent. I have got my pardon—for it seems it is a form of law, that, when an innocent man is convicted, after suffering imprisonment, and all hardship, and anxiety, instead of his judges asking *his* forgiveness, 'tis *he* that has to get pardon from them, for being so misfortunate as to be condemned and very nearly hung in the wrong. Now, Pennie, this comes by the hand of Father Mahony, to tell you, that, of all things in the world, I admire and love you for your conduct on that day, and all through this dreadful business. I know well, my dear girl, how your heart is accusing you at this moment, but give no heed to such thoughts, I beg of you, and let them be as far from your mind as they are from mine, for you did your duty nobly; and Lord Nelson, my glorious and lamented commander, who little thought I'd be brought into such trouble on account of the victory he died in obtaining, could have done no more if he was in your place. I hope, therefore, you will show your good sense, and think no more of what is past, but take this as the true feeling of his heart from him who is yours until death—DUKE DORGAN."

The heroic generosity with which her lover thus rose superior to all the petty resentments and jealousies which are incidental to the passion, even in the most vigorous and straightforward minds, sunk deeply into the heart of the young woman. Although the love which she felt for Dorgan was of that genuine and unaffected kind which is wholly a stranger to the delicate intricacies and refined difficulties which are attendant on the progress of this most capricious of affections, in the bosoms of those who boast a higher rank than hers, yet she could not but be keenly sensible that she had failed in one of its most essential qualities—an unbounded and immoveable confidence. She raised her eyes, which were overflowing with tears of mingled shame and gratitude, towards the clergyman, when a creaking noise at the door attracted her attention. It opened—and Dorgan entered. Her agitation and confusion became now extreme, nor were they diminished when her lover advanced to her side with a respectful gentleness, and said:

"Pennie, you see we meet happier and sooner than we expected. I hope you'll be said by what I mentioned to you in the letter, and give me your hand now in token that all is forgotten."

"I give you my hand freely, Dorgan," the girl replied, still blushing deeply, "and bless your good, generous heart—but all cannot be forgotten. I may be friends with you again—but I never can be friends with myself as long as ever I live. There is

a load now laid upon my mind that never will be taken off until the day I die."

Dorgan, assisted by his reverend friend, applied himself, and, as it proved, not unsuccessfully, to combat this feeling; the imagination of the reader will easily fancy the result. In a few days, Pennie Macloughlen became the wife of Duke Dorgan, and the happiness of the pair was not the less complete from both having endured no small share of previous tribulation.

(ORIGINAL.)

S T A N Z A .

TO A L A D Y .

Music of my heart's pulsation—
Altar burning me with flame—
Ray that would adorn high station,
Glorious prize for manly aim.
All to thee so brightly tendered,
Rapidly by contrast rendered,
Each the other's near relation,
Timidly divulge thy name.

SILVIO.

THE VILLAGE POET.

THE translator procured the original of the following ballad at the village of L'Îlette. It was given to him by a Canadian girl, who said that it was "écrit par une jeune femme du village," but whether this *juvenile* spoke literally or metaphorically—whether she meant to insinuate that the "jeune femme," composed, or merely to say that he transcribed the *chanson*, the translator was unable clearly to ascertain; and indeed he is inclined to doubt whether or not the aforesaid juvenile entertained a very definite idea of the difference between these two processes.

LES FAUVETTES.

Je le tiens le nid de fauveltes
Ils sont deux, trois, quatre petits :
Depuis si longtemps je vous guetto
Pauvres oiseaux vous voilà pris.

Criez, sifflez petits rebelles,
Débattez-vous, oh ! c'est en vain ;
Vous n'avez pas encor des ailes
Comment vous sauver de ma main ?

Mais quoi n'entends-je pas leur mère
Qui pousse des cris douloureux,
Oui, je le vois, oui : c'est leur père
Qui vient voltiger autour d'eux.

Ah ! pourrai-je causer leur peine,
Moi qui l'étais dans nos vallons
Venait m'endormir sous un chêne
Au bruit de leurs douces chansons.

Hélas ! si, du sein de ma mère,
Un méchant venait me ravir,
Je le sens bien, dans sa misère,
Elle n'aurait plus qu'à mourir.

Et je serais assez barbare
Pour vous arracher vos enfants ?
Non, non, que rien ne vous sépare ;
Non, les voici, je vous les rends.

Apprenez leur dans les bocages
A voltiger auprès de vous,
Qu'ils écoutent votre ramage
Pour former des vers aussi doux.

Et moi dans la saison prochaine
Je reviendra dans les vallons,
Dormir quelque fois sous un chêne
Au bruit de leurs jeunes chansons.

THE LINNETS.

At last poor linnets you are mine—
I have, you, one, two, three,
This little nest the joyful sign
That you belong to me.

Rebels in vain for liberty,
Your cries, your flutterings,
Unfitted for the flight you try
These weak unfledged wings.

But hark, is that their parents wail,
The plaintive voice I hear ?
In narrow circles see they sail,
Their young ones hovering near.

And shall they then be wretched made
By me who in these vales,
Lie dreaming 'neath the oak tree's shade
Lulled by their gentle tales.

Ah, were I from my mother's breast
Thus barbarously torn,
My mother then by woe opprest
With fatal grief would mourn.

And shall I without pity tear
These little ones from you ?
Ah no ! I yield them to your care,
May none the theft renew.

Teach them the shady groves among
In playful flights to stray,
And listening to your joyful song
To learn as sweet a lay.

While I reclining in the glade
When blooms the summer wold
Will sleep beneath the oak tree shade,
By their young warblings lulled.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE WIDOW.

No profession, perhaps, affords better opportunities of observing the human character than that of medicine; and I think it is among the lowest orders we find the picture truly represented. There the ungoverned passions, if they prevail, are allowed their full sway, unchecked either by the reasonings of interest or the force of religion. There the heart is untutored in that web of deceit we meet with, I blush to say, in the higher walks of life, and there the affections, feelings, and virtues, which enhance the character, and give a true lustre to our nature, are met with in their greatest excellence.

In the course of attendance on the poor, I have witnessed many scenes of wretchedness, little dreamed of by the world; many instances of vice and abandoned wickedness, too dreadful to dwell on; and much, very much, of that excellence, which, existing as it does in the sphere of life I have described, proves that there is one foundation on which the building can never totter, let the storms of life rage as they will. Among the most pleasant reminiscences of that period of my professional ordeal, were the fine traits of character I occasionally met with, and I remember one of my patients particularly, in whom, for the time at least, I felt very much interested.

I was requested to attend her in her confinement. She was young, and but lately bereaved of her husband. During his lifetime, they could not be said to be in poverty, "for each day brought its own." Misfortunes, however, seldom come unattended, and at her husband's death, when the support which her hands before had but partly contributed to, now devolved altogether upon them, she was thrown out of employment, on account of her absence from work, during his last illness.

To support herself by the sale of such articles of furniture as her little apartment afforded, or her wants could best dispense with, was now the necessary and only immediate resource.

In this way she had lived for some time, assisted occasionally, perhaps, by some kind neighbour, for all of them respected and admired her. "Poor body!" said an old woman, at the foot of the stairs, as I was coming down one day; "its little she's able to do for herself, and the mair's the pity, for she's a real honest creature." A rude, but sincere eulogium, thought I, and very unlike the sickening flattery of courtly phrase, or the emptiness of fashionable compliment.

Such, then, were her miserable fortunes at the time I speak of; and yet, when I entered her little apartment, and had taken a hasty inspection of it, by which to form some idea of the character, as well as the circumstances of the individual, I could detect no signs of poverty, much less of the want to

which she was really reduced. The eye felt gratified by every object on which it fell. The scrupulously clean white boarded floor; the solitary deal table, from which the most fastidious might have eaten his bread and cheese, without caring for a more elaborate dinner service; the little shelf in the corner, suited to accommodate far more perhaps than at present adorned its rows, still arranged with care and neatness; and the bed, occupying the farther end of the room, without curtains, but possessing, even in its dismantled state, the same air of neatness and order. Nothing, in short, betrayed the want of its mistress, reduced, as I afterwards ascertained she had been for three days previous to my visit, to absolute starvation. It is no boast to say that I relieved her immediate wants, and procured from one of the many public charities which distinguish the Scottish metropolis, such assistance as they are enabled to afford the poor, with some other little aids.

I recollect paying her my last visit; her room was on the top floor of a common stair, the building being situated in the neighbourhood of Stockbridge, and the whole of it occupied by the poorer classes. A half open door here and there on my way up, showed the crowded state of the inmates, while the discordance of their tongues, and the clatter of their various occupations, contrasted strikingly with the solitary and noiseless apartment of my patient and her little one.

Knowing that she was still confined to her bed, and that no officious attendant was there to usher me in with all the due observances, I gently opened the door, and apparently with so little noise, that it did not immediately awake her. She slept with her face turned towards her little infant, while one arm carefully encircled it; thus extending to it, as it were, even in her sleep, that solicitude and affection so peculiarly characteristic of her sex. A writer, whose name I forget, says, truly: "What tie so holy, as that which binds the lonely child to its more lonely parent?" None. And yet they were not alone. No; the beneficent Being who had given her this stimulus to life, without which it had scarce been supportable, this new tie to existence, just as the last was broken, I felt was there, and in that lonely chamber of poverty, so still so cheerless, and apparently so deserted, I acknowledge I felt His presence. Yes, the Almighty Framer of the universe—that God, of whose greatness we can have no conception, was there—the Father and the Husband—the Stay—the Support—the Guardian. Her calm, resigned countenance spoke it; and I read there the peace that reigned within. J. D. M'D.

POPULAR AUTHORS.

AUTHORS who write much, put down their ideas as they arise in their mind, without selection; as, in most states, rulers follow by order of succession, not by choice.

AUTUMN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

AUTUMN, thy rushing blast
Sweeps in wild eddies by,
Whirling the scar leaves past,
Beneath my feet to die.
Nature her requiem sings
In many a plaintive tone,
As to the wind she flings
Sad music, all her own.

The murmur of the rill
Is hoarse and sullen now,
And the voice of joy is still
In grove and leafy bough.
There's not a single wreath,
Of all spring's thousand flowers,
To strew her bier in death,
Or deck her faded bowers.

I hear a spirit sigh
Where the meeting pines resound,
Which tells me all must die,
As the leaf dies on the ground.
The brightest hopes we cherish,
Which own a mortal trust,
But bloom awhile to perish
And moulder in the dust.

Sweep on, thou rushing wind,
Thou art music to mine ear,
Awakening in my mind
A voice I love to hear.
The branches o'er my head
Send forth a tender moan;
Like the wail above the dead
Is that sad and solemn tone.

Though all things perish here,
The spirit cannot die,
It owns a brighter sphere,
A home in yon fair sky.
The soul will flee away,
And when the silent clod
Enfolds my mouldering clay,
Shall live again with God;

Where Autumn's chilly blast
Shall never strip the bowers,
Or icy Winter cast
A blight upon the flowers;
But Spring, in all her bloom,
For ever flourish there,
And the children of the tomb
Forget this world of care.

The children who have passed
Deaths tideless ocean o'er,
And Hope's blest anchor cast
On that bright eternal shore;

Who sought, through him who bled
Their erring race to save,
A Sun, whose beams shall shed
A light upon the grave!

AN ITALIAN ROBBER.

AT Rochefort there is a convict, a native of Italy, whose ingenuity in putting travellers under contribution might have furnished the facetious Grimaldi with a banditti scene in a pantomime. This hero was for some years the Turpin of France, and was much dreaded by travellers. Gasparini, though guilty of many robberies on the highway, has never been accused of wanton cruelty. He some years ago undertook alone to stop a diligence as it was passing at nightfall through a wood; here he drew up his forces, which literally consisted, not of bloody-minded robbers, but of half a dozen of well stuffed coats, fixed on poles, with formidable caps, presented arms, and other appendages well suited to inspire the travellers with terror. When the diligence arrived, he ordered the postillion to stop; he then made the conductor and the passengers alight, and in a resolute tone, pointing to his supposed companions, whom he had ranged on the skirts of the wood, desired the trunks to be opened, out of which he took what he thought proper. He then said to the trembling travellers: "Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; allow me to take what I require, and depend on it my troops shall not advance a step further; from them, I assure you, you have nothing to fear." This modern Rolando was sentenced to hard labour for life in the gallees. It appeared on the trial, that when the gendarmes went to scour the wood, they were not a little surprised to find half a dozen robbers who appeared determined to stand their ground: they summoned them to surrender, and on receiving no reply, fired a volley, and then attacked the *manikins* sword in hand: of course they met with but feeble resistance, and laughed heartily at the joke.—*Goldsmith's Statistics of France.*

CHILDREN.

WHAT are children? Habit makes us indifferent to these spiritual creatures whom we can call by no sweet enough name: flowers, dewdrops, butterflies, stars. If we had never seen any children before, we should think them messengers from another world, strangers to our language and our atmosphere, regarding us with silent but intelligent mildness, like Raphael's infant Christ.

GOOD BEGINNING IN EDUCATION.

THE first steps are all important. Give any direction to the infant mind, and it will keep on almost of itself. It requires much fire to make water boil, but when it is thoroughly heated, a lamp will keep it from cooling.

(ORIGINAL.)

QUADRILLE, NO. II.

COMPOSED BY J. MAFFRAE,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AND DIRECTOR OF THE BAND OF THE 71ST REGIMENT.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves joined by a brace on the left. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The music begins with a treble clef and a sharp sign. The melody in the treble staff is primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and rests.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The treble staff features a melodic line with some slurs and a fermata at the end. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The third system of musical notation includes a first ending bracket in the treble staff, marked with a '2' and a fermata. Below the first ending, the word *for* is written. The bass staff continues with accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The fourth system of musical notation is the final system on the page, consisting of two staves. It continues the melodic and accompanimental lines from the previous systems, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "ON THE LATE DECEASE OF A VALUED FRIEND." The score is written for a grand piano, with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music consists of two systems, each with two staves. The first system ends with a double bar line and a section symbol (§). The second system ends with a double bar line and the initials "D.C. §".

(ORIGINAL.)

ON THE LATE DECEASE OF A VALUED FRIEND.

BY "MUSOPHILUS."

"Who comes to the chamber?
It is Azrael the Angel of Death!"

(*Southey's Thalaba.*)

The sound of the death-bell was heard o'er the plain,
And mournfully boomed its monotonous strain;
The voice of the tomb seemed to speak in its toll,
And Sorrow's dark Mantle enshrouded the soul.

The decree has gone forth!—the flower in its bloom
Is plucked but to fade o'er the lone, ivied tomb;—
'Tis gone from the spot where its beauty had grown,
And death leaves us sorrowful,—silent—alone!

In my spring-time of life, a dear friend I found thee,
With beauty and innocence shining around thee;
Thy smile of true friendship delighted us all—
It is lost!—and we weep o'er thy sad, sable pall!

Mourn not, beloved friends, though cold marble rest
On the lips that affection full often has prest;
True friends, in *this* world, may be severed in twain,
But in Heaven they will soon be united again.

CONSUMPTION.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away;
When the bright enchantment of youth has gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew;
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering around the dead.

O, there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the withered rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a land wherein the Queen of Night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones that sweetly speak
Of a spirit that longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing its flight away.

OUR TABLE.

SHETLAND AND THE SHETLANDERS—BY CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

LADY MORGAN recently published a well written treatise, claiming for her sex an equality with the lords of creation. Whether she made what the lawyers would call a "strong case" of it, remains for the decision of the world: but the women of the present day are, in effect, asserting their right to that position, by the exercise of the intellectual riches with which they are endowed.

We have at present in the field, candidates for literary fame, a whole galaxy of feminine authors—many of them occupying a very elevated rank indeed, the productions of their pens bearing comparison with those of any of their masculine rivals, on such subjects as they may have chosen on which to essay their "pinions."

With those whose names rank foremost on the list, we hope to see the fair author of the volume before us ere long enrolled, although the subjects she has chosen to illustrate may want the sublimity of those adopted by some of her compeers. In fact, the title—"Shetland, and the Shetlanders," had led us to anticipate an attempt at ridicule upon the elaborate productions which have lately appeared under similar titles; an expectation which, on perusal, was very agreeably disappointed.

The volume consists of a series of admirably written letters, descriptive of the scenery of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and of their poverty-stricken, but hospitable and generous inhabitants. The beautiful simplicity of character apparent in these kind hearted Islanders puts to shame the studied and formal bearing of the dwellers in more fruitful and genial climates; and proves what has so frequently been remarked, that where nature is apparently niggard of her bounties, the sympathies of the heart are warmer, fully compensating, in soul, for what is lost in sense.

Miss Sinclair writes with much ease and freedom—apparently without effort—and illustrates the matters under discussion, with anecdotes which seem to flow spontaneously from her pen; but, in addition to the interest which she succeeds in giving to her pages, she has sprinkled them lavishly with useful information, and enlivened the whole with a flow of pleasant humour which renders them irresistibly attractive.

We take the liberty of extracting a few pages, as specimens of the style, and of the interesting character of the anecdotes related. The information as to the manner of securing the eggs of the birds, which lie in myriads on the rocks, will not be wholly new, but, at the risk of laying a "thrice-told tale" before our readers, we place it before them:

While sitting at dinner in the cabin, we heard many interesting anecdotes of the dangers encountered by fowlers in scaling the rocks of Shetland and Ferroe, where fatal accidents are so frequent, that the people sometimes say to each other: "Your grandfather fell, your father fell, and you must follow too." Others boast over their companions, saying: "Your father died in his bed, but mine went off like a man!"

The common mode of rifling the bird's nest is, for the fowlers to suspend themselves over a beetling cliff of many hundred feet, merely by a single rope forty or fifty fathoms long, which is so fretted and hacked by the sharp edges of the rock, that it occasionally breaks, precipitating the unfortunate adventurer from so great a height, that the body, when found, sometimes retains scarcely a vestige of ever having been human. From habit, they become so reckless of danger, however, that frequently more than one descends by the same rope, though I scarcely know any occasion when it would seem more desirable to have two strings to our bow.

Captain Phillips mentioned, that some time since, a father and two sons were suspended in this way over a deep chasm, when the youth who hung uppermost hastily told his brother that the rope was breaking, therefore it could no longer support them all, desiring him to cut off the lower end, on which their father depended. The young man indignantly refused thus to consign his father to death, upon which his brother, without another moment's hesitation, divided the rope below himself, precipitating his father and brother both to instant destruction! We had an eager discussion, after hearing this shocking story, whether it was possible to have acted better than the amiable son who fell a sacrifice to duty and affection, during which Captain Phillips suggested, that he might have leaped off the rope, and left his father to be preserved! This was a flight of generosity beyond the imagination of any one else, and we received it with great approbation. Indeed we could scarcely have applauded him more, if the worthy Captain had actually taken the leap himself.

A succession of similar stories ensued, all tending to prove that the Shetland rockmen are fit to be rope-dancers at Astley's; but nothing interested me more than hearing a description of the cradle at Noss. It was formed by a celebrated climber from the Isle of Fowlar, who heard that off the point at Noss, a detached perpendicular pillar stood one hundred and sixty feet high, and being perfectly aloof from the shore, was considered quite inaccessible. Determined to do the impossible, and establish his fame for pre-eminence on the rocks, besides being bribed with the promise of a cow, if successful, he with great difficulty scrambled from a boat to the summit of this lofty point, where he fixed a pulley, and suspended a basket, which could be drawn across to the mainland, carrying sheep or men in comparative safety over a chasm of sixty yards wide, and four hundred feet deep. Fancy yourself performing an excursion, in this way, between the top of St. Paul's and the monument: but that is not half high enough! Where shall we place you then! Suppose yourself swinging in an arm chair between the summit of Snowdon, and the peak of Cader Idris! After this curious enterprise had been successfully achieved, the poor man forgetting how much more difficult it is to go safely down than to ascend a precipice, unfortunately did not take advantage of his own spider-like bridge, but in trying to regain the boat his foot slipped, and he fell headlong down, where his body was never seen again! a hero dying in the arms of victory.

The Governor mentioned, that lately at Feroe, a fowler descended safely by the usual conveyance of a rope, but when about to be drawn up again, owing to some awkward entanglement, he arrived at the surface with his feet upwards. His alarmed friends thought his head had been cut off, and felt so relieved to discover their mistake, that the whole party burst into a simultaneous peal of laughter, while the adventurer was very glad he had any face to put on the matter at all, and laughed heartily also.

The upper part of these cliffs generally overhangs the base; therefore the rockmen, when desirous to obtain a footing, are obliged to swing themselves many yards out in the air, that the re-action may shoot them back in contact with the precipice, when they instantly cling to any little projection that offers, and, after landing on it, anchor the end of their rope to a stone, and proceed with a small hand-net, stretched on a hoop, to spoon the eggs out of their nests, depositing them carefully in a sack which they carry behind; and when the unlucky bird sees her loss inevitable, by a curious instinct she often pushes out the egg to save herself. An enterprising fowler, standing on a projection once, with a sheer precipice both above and below him of several hundred feet, observed the end of his rope become suddenly disengaged from its moorings, and swing like a pendulum far into the distant space. If it escaped entirely away, he knew that death, either by a fall, or by the slower and more dreadful process of starvation, must become inevitable; therefore, perceiving that the rope, before it finally settled, would swing once more almost within his grasp, he earnestly watched the moment of its return, made a desperate spring forward in the air, clutched it in his hand and was saved.

To this we add the following description of the hospitality of the inhabitants of these frozen regions:—

Before inns were invented at Lerwick, the proprietors and merchants kept open house for all strangers without exception, and must often, I should guess, have found occasion to look over the inventory of their plate, when exercising such boundless hospitality. A party of well-dressed, plausible looking foreigners, arrived here once, and having previously ascertained the names and connections of all the chief inhabitants, they passed muster during several weeks, living at the principal house on the island. One Sunday, however, their hospitable host was privately beckoned aside by a friend, who had observed his companions in the pew at church, and recognized them as a party of well-known black-legs from Paris! He recommended their being ejected from the house, in the most expeditious manner possible, but their entertainer replied, with characteristic liberality, that, "though he would now be on his guard against imposition, yet while his guests continued to behave like gentlemen he would persevere to treat them as such." Previous to departing, the ungrateful visitors attempted some swindling transactions, which were, of course, counteracted, owing to this timely detection, and they were opprobriously dismissed from Shetland; but, unfortunately, their schemes prospered better in Orkney, where they afterwards cheated some merchants to a large amount; and it was a curious termination of the whole affair, that upon leaving Kirkwall, they very handsomely transmitted to the parish clergyman £5 for the poor! This was an amusing sort of Robin Hood generosity, but some who deem it right to refuse money collected for charitable purposes, unless they approve of the means by which it has been raised, would be rather perplexed how to dispose of such a donation.

Among countless instances of peculiar hospitality, it may be mentioned, that a Mr. Bruce received into his house some years ago, forty Russian shipwrecked sailors, maintained them during the whole winter, and sent the entire crew, at his own expense, back to their native country. He declined receiving any recompense, but the Empress Catherine privately obtained an impression of his family seal, sent it overland to China, and ordered a magnificent dinner service of the finest porcelain to be manufactured for him

without delay. By some unfortunate oversight, the box containing this precious gift was seized at the custom house, and sold to a Mr. Reid, in whose possession it still remains, though I cannot but grudge him every dinner he eats off it. Mr. Bruce while he lived, lighted a large fire every winter night close to the shore, and had a barrel of meal ready to be cooked into porridge, for distribution among any number of poor sailors visiting those distant shores. They were also allowed clean straw to sleep on at night, when unable otherwise to procure a bed.

The gentry at Lerwick are still so extremely kind to strangers, that our landlord should lock up his guests, as the only chance of keeping any, or he may perhaps be provoked at last to act like the innkeeper at Luss, who, finding himself nearly ruined by the parish clergyman beguiling away all his visitors, at last one night carried his sign to the manse and nailed it over the door.

In conclusion, to all who would spend an hour pleasantly, we could commend this very amusing volume, confident that the time employing in perusing it will not be deemed misapplied.

GLENCOE; OR THE FATE OF THE MACDONALDS—BY SERJEANT TALFOURD.

SERJEANT TALFOURD kept beside him, for twenty-five years, the tragedy of *Ion*, at times, during the whole period, casting his eye over it, and retouching it where it seemed to his fastidious eye imperfect, or susceptible of improvement. The result was a poem which criticism pronounced faultless and "without blemish." But the glory of the author suffered, for it was his first, not his last effort, and the later productions of his pen, wanting the same extraordinary care, were inferior to the standard raised by their own author, and instead of adding to, subtracted from, his fame.

This will be obvious to those who, having read *Ion*, may now peruse the tragedy of *Glencoe*; a play which from any other hand, would justly take a high rank among the dramatic works of the day, but coming from Talfourd, falls short of what is naturally expected.

It will occur to the reader that the "massacre of Glencoe," is an event too terrific—too horrid for representation upon the stage—an opinion, in support of which we quote the following, as the *ideas* of a London reviewer :

The historical incident on which it is based, familiarly known by the appalling, but appropriate, designation of the Massacre of Glencoe, is obviously better adapted for the purposes of melodrama than tragedy. The cold-blooded plot—the treachery of the Campbells—the unsuspecting hospitality of the Macdonalds—the murder of a whole clan at midnight, under their own roofs, by the guests who had just pledged them at the festive board—and the flames of ruined huts in the deep glen at midnight, are highly suggestive of rapid melodramatic action and picturesque effect, but do not contain a single element of pure and lofty tragedy. The physical predominates throughout, and leaves no room for the development of character or passion. We want to see the tragedy with this impression, and the representation has confirmed us in its correctness. The author, aware of the intractable nature of the subject, has employed it merely as the pretext for a plot of a different kind. Glencoe furnishes the scene, but not the business of the play.

The following is an outline of the plot :—

The *Macdonalds* of the tragedy are a divided clan. *Halbert* is the nephew of the old chief, *Mac Vich Ian*, who regards him with some jealousy, as the son of a rival. *Halbert's* brother, *Henry*, had, while yet a youth, joined the *Duke of Argyle's* regiment, and, after many years of absence, returns with the *Campbells* to the home of his fathers. The *Campbells* are armed with the fatal authority, signed and counter-signed by the hand of *King William*, for extinguishing the race of the valiant *Macdonalds*. The two brothers are in love with *Heien Campbell*, who has dwelt from her childhood with their mother, *Lady Macdonald*. The rivalry produces hot blood between them, and the feud is rendered still more furious by the alienation of *Henry* from his ancestral banners. *Halbert* believes his claim to the hand of *Helen* to be stronger, and asserts it vehemently. His whole life has been spent with *Helen*, while *Henry* was absent pursuing the ambition of a soldier. *Helen* yields to his suit, terrified by his earnestness; but she loves *Henry*, and the union promises to be fraught with sorrow. *Halbert*, recovering his self-possession, reflects upon the ruin such an alliance would bring upon her, and generously resolves to sacrifice his own happiness. He surrenders her at the altar to his brother; but at this moment the *Campbells* are performing their unholy work, the *Macdonalds* are surprised and slain in their sleep—the glen is in flames—and, in the midst of the horrors, *Halbert* is shot, *Helen* faints, and *Henry* goes off, sword in hand, to avenge the villainy in which he was, to some extent, an active participator. It will be seen at once that the historical fact from which the tragedy derives its name, supplies nothing more than the canvass on which the artist has painted his picture.

In the preface to the Tragedy, Sergeant Talfourd remarks :

In endeavouring to present, in a dramatic form, the feelings which the scene and its history have engendered, it has been found necessary to place in the foreground domestic incidents and fictitious characters; only to exhibit the chief agents of the treachery, so far as essential to the progress of the action; and to allow the catastrophe itself rather to be as affecting the fortunes of an individual family, than exhibited in its extended horrors. The subject presents strong temptations to mere melo-dramatic effect: it has been the wish of the author to resist these as much as possible; but he can scarcely hope with entire success.

We quote a scene, which will give a fair idea of the whole. It is that in which *Halbert* declares his affection for *Helen Campbell* :

HALBERT.

Was not that Helen? Wherefore should she fly
Upon my coming? But her absence serves
My purpose now. I come to talk of her.

LADY MACDONALD.

Of her? Sit down; you look fatigued and ill:
I'll fetch a draught of wine.

HALBERT.

Fatigued and ill!
My looks belie me, then; I scarce have felt
So fresh in spirit since I was a boy,
And the sweet theme I come to speak of needs
No wine to make it joyous. It is marriage.

LADY MACDONALD.

My son!

HALBERT.

Why, *you* look pale; I thought my wish
Was also yours. I know a common mother,
Who, having lost her husband in her prime,
Seeks from a grateful son some slight return
For love that watch'd his infancy, may feel
Her fortune cruel, when a new regard,
With all the greediness of passion, fills
The bosom where till then affection reign'd,
Which answer'd, though it could not rival, hers:
But we have lived so long as equal friends
With love absorbing duty, that I thought,
And I still think, increase of joy to me
Must bring delight to you. I could have lived
Content, as we have lived, and still prolong
The lingering ecstasy of fearless hope,
But that the licence of the time, which brings
A band of loose companions to our glen,
Requires that I should claim a husband's right
To shield its lovely orphan.

LADY MACDONALD.

You mean—Helen?

HALBERT.

Whom else could I intend? If you have been
Perplex'd by fear that I might mean to seek
Another's hand, no wonder you grew pale.
But still you tremble;—what is this?

LADY MACDONALD.

My son,

Are you assured she loves you?

HALBERT.

As assured
As of my love for her. In both, one wish,
As she has glided into womanhood,
Has grown with equal progress.

LADY MACDONALD.

Have you sought
Of her, if she esteems it thus?

HALBERT.

By words?
No; for I never doubted it: as soon
Should I have ask'd you if a mother's love
Watch'd o'er my nature's frailties. If sweet hopes
Danwing at once on each; if gentle strifes
To be the yielder of each little joy
Which chance provided; if her looks upraised
In tearful thankfulness for each small boon
Which, nothing to the giver, seem'd excess
To her; if poverty endured for years
Together in this valley do not,—do not breathe
Of mutual love, I have no stronger proofs
To warrant my assurance. Mother, speak!
Do you know anything which shows all this
A baseless dream?

LADY MACDONALD.

My Halbert, you have quell'd
Fierce passion by strong virtue; use your strength;
Nay, do not start thus; I do not affirm
With certainty you are deceived, but tremble
Lest the expressions of a thankful heart
And gracious disposition should assume
A colour they possessed not, to an eye
Bent fondly over them.

HALBERT.

It cannot be;
A thousand, and a thousand times, I've read
Her inmost soul; and you that rack me thus
With doubt have read it with me. Before Heaven,
I summon you to witness! In the gloom
Of winter's dismal evening, while I strove
To melt the icy burthen of the hours
By knightly stories, and rehearsed the fate
Of some high maiden's passion, self-sustain'd
Through years of solitary hope, or crown'd
In death with triumph, have you not observed,
As fading embers threw a sudden gleam
Upon her beauty, that its gaze was fixed
On the rapt speaker, with a force that told
How she could lavish such a love on him?

LADY MACDONALD.

I have; and then I fancied that she loved you,

HALBERT.

Fancied! Good mother, is that emptiest sound
The comfort that you offer? Is my heart
Fit sport for fancy? Fancied!—'twas as clear

As it were written in the book of God
By a celestial penman. Answer me,
Once more! when hurricanes have rock'd these
walls,

And dash'd upon our wondering ears the roar
Of the far sea, exulting that its wastes
Were populous with agonies; with loves
Strongest in death: with memories of long years
Grey phantoms of an instant;—as my arms
Enfolding each, grew tighter with the sense
Of feebles to save; have you not known

Her looks, beyond the power of language, speak
In resolute content, how sweet it were
To die so link'd together?

LADY MACDONALD.

I have mark'd it.

HALBERT.

Then wherefore do you torture me with doubt?
What can you know, what guess, that you can weigh
Against these proofs?

LADY MACDONALD.

Be firm: she loves another.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.

To this excellent work we are indebted for a short article entitled "Speculations on Commerce," published in the pages of our present number. The "Speculations" refer to the other side of the Line 45°, but are scarcely less applicable to our own country, which is as much indebted to commerce as any other portion of America. Indeed, Canada is, or is rapidly becoming, a commercial country, and though looking to her agricultural capabilities as the primary source of her prosperity, she must assign to commerce a pre-eminent position in the prospects of her future advancement.

The Magazine from which the paper to which we have alluded is extracted, is one of the most valuable in the Union, and though but a short time in being, it has already attained the rank which the character of its contributors so well entitles it to maintain. The September number which is now before us, contains much valuable matter, and many carefully compiled tables, and commercial statistics, all of a character to secure for it the support and commendation of the mercantile community.

Among the original articles we have in the present number the pleasure of presenting to our readers, is a spirited poem entitled "The Passions," accompanying the manuscripts of which was received an explanation, to the effect that the poem had been too hastily prepared to admit of that careful revision necessary to arm it against the shafts of mere verbal criticism, whatever might be the opinion formed of its poetical merits. Certainly we are of opinion that in the poem may be traced evidences of rapidity—we cannot say of haste—in its composition; but in the unstudied freedom with which it is written, as well as the richness of originality, and boldness of expression which distinguish it, we should imagine it is sufficiently shielded against any mere war of words, were it probable that such should be waged against it. Even in this respect, however, we look upon it as very securely fortified; and lay it before the literary world, confident that our judgment, given though it be in all humility, will be confirmed.

Again we have the eloquent pen of E. L. C. lending its grace to the pages of the *Garland*, in a prose tale. We call it prose, though the language of E. L. C. is poetry, whatever the garb it may assume. The ease and fluency of style, as well as the unity of plot, and the felicity with which this gifted authoress traces out the denouement of her tales, command the admiration and interest of every reader.

"Beatrice, or the Spoiled Child," is the title of a new story we have received from the authoress of "Aunt Mary's Note Book," "the Confided," and many other beautiful tales which have appeared in the *Garland*. Owing to the near approach of the end of the second volume, we have been unable to commence its publication in the present number, it being contrary to our design to continue any tale from one volume to another. It will be commenced in the December number of the *Garland*.