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AN OLD WOMAN'S ROMANCE.

BY T. D. F.

"PLEASE, cousin Lizzie, go and see Aunt Richie to-day," said a curly-pated little fellow, looking beseechingly up in my face, as I, seated at my Louis Quatorze table, was driving on my gold-nibbed pen with rail-road speed.

The words fell almost unheeded, striking merely the outer portals of the ear, but not entering into the sanctum of the mind, so busy were my thoughts with the loved and the distant. Again the soft voice said, "Cousin Lizzie! Cousin Lizzie!" and a little dimpled hand, brown and sunburnt, with not the cleanest nails in the world, but yet, fat and innocent like, was laid upon my arm, and the soft hazel eyes looked so completely under my own half-closed lids, that I was obliged to raise them, and, looking into the earnest orbs, I saw they were asking a favor.

"Well dear, what do you say?" I asked, passing my fingers through the rings of sunny-hued hair, which lay damp, and clinging round the youthful brow.

"I want to go to Aunt Richie's; will you go with me, Cousin Lizzie? Oh, do! do go!"

"Go to Aunt Richie's, what for, dear?" said I, as the image of poor old Aunt Richie rose before me in striking contrast to the lovely child.

"I love to see Aunt Richie, she talks so funny, and she makes you laugh too, Cousin Lizzie, and we are always happier for going to Aunt Richie's, and she looks so pleased too. Will you go?"

"Yes! perhaps this afternoon," replied I.

"Oh, no! go now, now Cousin Lizzie; I will get

your shawl and bonnet," and the earnest, persevering child, ran to the closet and took out the well worn shawl and simple bonnet. I had resumed my writing, but in a moment he had mounted the little ottoman, his own peculiar seat, and climbing up before I was aware of what he was doing, the bonnet was tossed away upon my wondering pate, the shawl thrown over my shoulders, and the point of the pin with which the rogue was attempting to fasten it, entered the clavicle, forcing me to throw aside my pen, and give myself up to his wishes. He then caught up his own little straw hat, threw it carelessly on his head, and taking up his miniature cane, he seized me by the hand and led me out.

It was a winding way to Aunt Richie's, through narrow close streets, past bakers' shops and breweries, through rows of Irish houses, whose inmates, at least the juvenile portions, were all paraded out in front, playing with mud puddings or getting up mimic battles. They paused and looked up as we passed along; some of the little ones not yet quite corrupted, seemed to be pleased to see "the pretty boy," but the larger ones gave a fierce look of defiance, and assumed such a pugnacious air, that little Frank almost involuntarily grasped both my hand and his cane tighter. They were angry at seeing something they were forced to acknowledge at least cleaner and better than themselves.

It was not long ere we stood before a neat straw coloured house, with bright green blinds,

a white railing in front, and scrupulously clean snowy curtains at the windows of the room which fronted the street. There was no need of a knocker, bell, or pass key, at the humble door. We raised the latch, passed through a narrow entry, and tapped at an inner door.

"Come in," said a low voice, and we entered. Let me pause at the door before greeting Aunt Richie, and describe this her home, where her mind, almost her life, were truly reflected; its lingering of early ambition, its crushed hopes, its striving after higher and better things, were represented. Directly opposite the door was a magnificent bedstead with bright coloured chintz curtains draped round its carved posts. A simple quilt of white and blue cotton covered it, and a spotless sheet and pillow cases, gave it an almost luxurious look. By it stood a neat bureau, over which hung a painting of exquisite fruit, melons rich and red, pears and grapes in tempting profusion; upon the bureau were ranged the little prayer book, bible, and other devotional works, a small French clock, and two or three ornamented articles; a humble washstand occupied the corner between the two windows. The closet door was opened, and there might be seen a strange *mélange*, the relics of better, or rather I would say, richer days, mingled with the more simple utensils of her present life. Two or three plated vegetable dishes—plated venison flagon—silver candlesticks, two delf cups and plates, black tea pot, white mugs, tin pans, and all the *et ceteras* of a humble housekeeping. In the chimney was a small air tight stove, arranged with a place for a tea kettle, and a small oven which served Aunt Richie for all her cooking purposes, and a nice delicate taste of her own had Aunt Richie, and everything she cooked was good and savoury. On the floor was what is well known as a rag carpet, neat, with not a particle of dust upon it. Two or three wooden chairs, and one comfortable Boston rocking chair, completed the furniture of the apartment.

No not quite, for Aunt Richie herself was almost a fixture, and was certainly the most remarkable article in it; bedstead, bureau, plated blazers and all were forgotten as one looked at her, seated as she invariably was, in the very centre of the room. She was very small, and though she had light grey eyes (which no heroine ever had before) she reminded me of what Scott's Fenella must have been when she grew old, provided she ever did so unfashionable a thing. Her delicate figure was lithe and erect, and showed to full advantage in the simply fashioned, but oriental coloured robe, the gift of some kind friend. Her features were regular, the nose quite straight, the lips small

and arched, the complexion clear and soft, the cheeks still smooth and with a faint colour, but the forehead, though broad and high, was ploughed with deep wrinkles. What the original colour of her hair had been no one knew, for ever since everybody's recollection, she had worn a false band of light flaxen hair simply parted on her forehead, and which would have looked very well had it not been surmounted with a Madras handkerchief of many hues, twisted into a turban in the peculiar way which forms that rare production in nature, a perfect cone, the apex of which reached nearly a foot above her forehead, giving a sort of mock dignity to the diminutive little figure. She always had on a pair of enormous glasses, which, when at work, were over her eyes, but at other times were pushed up just above the brow.

A bright cheerful voice had Aunt Richie, and a merry laugh that rang out clear like a string of bells on a wintry day; and a joyous heart greeting she always gave to those who went in occasionally to cheer her solitude. As Frank and I entered the room, she looked quickly up, at first with a vacant glance, as though the mind had been busy with quite a different world and scene, and could not immediately be recalled; but when Franky bounded up to her, and throwing his dimpled arms around her withered neck, said:

"Oh! Aunt Richie, how do you do? I am so glad to see you!" the bright joyous smile came to her lips, lighting up the whole face. She patted the little fellow on the head, and then, rising with a sort of gentle dignity, offered me her chair, and thanked me for remembering to come and see her.

"I did not know Franky was with you," she said, (his mother was her darling foster child,) "or I should have sent for him; I am so glad you have brought him to me. How is his mother? the blessed girl! why did she not come too?"

"She is not well; she has been indeed quite ill."

"Maria ill, and I not know it; but dear thing, she is not long for this world," and the tear filled her eye.

But she could not long be saddened, and it was not many minutes before she was in the full tide of amusing anecdote and playful conversation; there was a vein of keen sarcasm in her, and a quickness of perception that was really wonderful; her language was peculiar, it was very evident that her education in early life had been entirely neglected; but she had mingled a great deal in the world, had at one time or another mixed on familiar terms with all the various classes, now floating life away among the rich and fashionable, now left desolate to struggle for bare existence.

She had therefore picked up a very curious language, never correct in its grammatical forms, but expressive and high sounding. It would have formed an unique vocabulary, her words well collected and arranged *à la* Todd's Johnson.

I had long wished for a sketch of her life, but never dared to ask for it, for I knew it had been composed of such varying elements, that I feared it would be painful for her to touch upon it; but still I always hoped some fortunate turn might lead her to unfold it to me. And this day proved propitious to my wishes. I had mentioned a marriage which had recently taken place in the metropolis, in the very first circle of fashion. As I spoke of it I observed the old lady's eyes to light up with more than usual interest.

"Ah! I hope she will do well," she said, as I paused, "if she is like her mother—I knew her so well—long before she was married, and she was lovely beyond expression. I could tell you all about her early history——" She looked up, and I suppose caught the smile lurking around my mouth. "Ah! you laugh to think such a poor miserable thing as I seem to you now, should ever have known such a woman as she is; but I once moved in the same circle, was the welcome inmate in her house; many are the reverses of life, and few have known more of its shifting scenes."

"I have always known, Mrs. Richie," I gathered courage to say, "that you had seen much of life, and many, many changes. If not too painful to you, I wish you would tell me about them."

"Ah! my dear young lady, I do not often now look back to the far past; I am content with the present. God has given me good friends; I have all my bodily wants cared for, and, by the trials I have had, I have learned I have a soul and a Heavenly Father." She paused a little while with a saddened air. Then bursting into a merry laugh, in her own quiet style, which it would be in vain for me to attempt to preserve, she gave me the following sketch of her varied life:

"I am of a mongrel race," she said; "my father was English, my mother Irish, and I came into the world bound with a triple cord, for two others were ushered into existence at the same time; my father, in Scripture zeal, with the hope, I suppose, of preserving us from the fiery trials and temptations of life, insisted that the three blessings with which his wife had presented him, should be named after the world-wide famed children of Israel, Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego. My sex was an unfortunate one for the carrying out of his plan, and Mary had to be substituted for the Meshech, and my poor father's wishes were in part, at least, fulfilled, for Shadrach

and Abednego were indeed saved the fiery trials of this life, for they were laid in an early grave, while I, the puniest of the three, was left to struggle on through a long and weary pilgrimage.

"When I was about six years old my mother died, and my father removed to the United States of America, then a new wild country. My mother had a sister married and comfortably settled in Pennsylvania, and through her persuasions he purchased a farm and established himself there; but the change of climate and life did not agree with him, and in a few years he too died, leaving me in the care of my aunt. Unfortunate me! better had it been for me had I been soaring with Shadrach and Abednego in the spirit land, than to be left to the tender mercies of my relative. She was an Irish woman, and a firm catholic, whilst I had imbibed a wholesome horror of both these things. I had a childish aversion, which I had learned among my little companions in England, at being supposed to have any Irish blood in me, and I would pout and make faces at the catholic cross, not knowing or understanding then the deep and holy feelings which should cluster about that blessed symbol of our Redeemer's life and death. These untoward dispositions soon manifested themselves, and my aunt felt bound to exorcise the evil spirit; threats, scoldings and all the paraphernalia of domestic authority were resorted to, but in vain. I was perfectly wild and untameable, and though so very small, that I seemed much younger than I really was, I completely baffled her; but I could not have succeeded in this had it not been for my cousin Jack, who always took my part, and helped me to elude many a punishment which hung threateningly over me; he loved me with all the devotion of a brother, and would shield me as far as possible from his mother's displeasure; he was a wild, thoughtless, romantic fellow, his head full of chivalric feelings, and he seemed to feel himself called upon to remove me, if possible, from the annoyances to which I was subjected.

"He would often talk to me in a way I did not understand, for I was as childlike in mind as in person, and really cared for nothing. But one day Jack told me he was going away, and should not be at home for years. I looked at him in amazement, and perfectly sobered from the game of romps I had but a moment before been wildly engaged in. I could not realize it was a possible thing for me to lose Jack; it did not seem to me it would be living at all without him. Who would protect me when Jack was gone? The first serious cloud seemed gathering and darkening above me. I burst into tears, and throwing myself into his arms, said:

"You shall not go. You must not leave me; what shall I do? No one will care for me; I shall die."

He folded me kindly to his bosom, and said:

"Do not weep, my poor little pet—you shall not be left alone. I know what I will do."

He set me gently down, and in a few moments, I heard him galloping away on his favorite horse.

I thought he had left me entirely, and I should never see my kind protector again. I went to my own little room, and throwing myself on my bed, sobbed and cried like a child, till I fell asleep. I was aroused from what must have been a long slumber, by the cheering voice of Jack; he was standing by me, and said in his lively tones:

"Up, up! my birdie. I have a friend down stairs, who wants to see you; but how is this? your eyes are so red and swollen. Oh! brighten them up, Mary dear, and curl these ringlets; and to please me, put on your white dress; come, you must give my friend a pleasant reception for my sake."

"Jack's pleasant tones had put quite a new spirit within me; with the buoyancy of early girlhood, I seemed to have forgotten the calamity which menaced me; I sprang up, and hastily obeying his directions, was soon ready to go down stairs.

"I was exceedingly shy, but I believe not ungraceful." I had no idea who I was to see, only some friend of Jack's.

"This is a friend of mine, Mary; you must be kind to him," he said, as he opened the door of the little sitting room. We entered, and I saw what looked to my lilliputian fancy, like a giant, an endless man. I looked up, and up; there seemed no termination to him; his head reached to the very ceiling of our low room. He was dressed in the blue uniform of the United States Army. 'Here, Waitt,' said Jack, 'is the dear little cousin you have so often heard me talk about?'

"The tall figure moved towards me; I felt ready to sink to the floor; it was as if a pyramid was moving from its pedestal to crush me; but a deep voice, which thrilled and awed me, spoke a few words of kindly greeting, to which I could not reply, and disengaging my hand from Jack, I retreated to a recessed window; but hither Jack and the moving mountain followed me. Mr. Waitt spoke to me as any one would speak to a petted child they wished to soothe. By degrees I gained courage to look at him; he was certainly very handsome, but there was something in him extremely awful. He was altogether on such a large scale that he did not seem like the men I had been in the habit of seeing, and the wondrous history of Jack and the Giant killer kept rising

up before my mind. I felt as if I was completely in his power, and I glanced out of the window to see if a bean-stalk had not suddenly sprung up to give me means of escape from him. But no! and his eyes were ever upon me, a magic coil seemed weaving itself around me.

"It was a bright moonlight evening, and Jack proposed we should go out and take a row on the Schuylkill. I gladly assented, and we were soon skimming over the surface of the beautiful river, the boat speeding rapidly on under the quick strong strokes of Jack and Mr. Waitt. I couched down in one corner of the boat, and they sang merrily song after song. But I was very sad; my childish heart had a weight upon it, and I was glad to get home. I hoped next morning to find the great officer gone. But no! there he was in the garden—the very first person I saw. I was in despair—however, I plucked up courage, and determined not to care for him. Jack contrived some amusement for the day, and I felt more at my ease, and began to look more confidently at the monster man who seemed to take such a kindly interest in me; by degrees I began to be almost playful with him.

"That night, I well remember it now, though three score years and more have passed, I was in the garden with Jack and Mr. Waitt; they had crowned me with roses, and I had pelted them with flowers till we were in a frolic. I ran away—they pursued, and Mr. Waitt caught me; he held me for a minute or two, then taking my hand in his, asked me if I would be his wife.

"I really did not understand him; I had lived in such retirement on my uncle's farm that the idea of marriage had never entered my mind. I hardly knew there was such a thing. I do not know what I said, but just then Jack came up.

"I am asking your sweet cousin if she will be my wife, Jack?" said Mr. Waitt, "but she will not answer me."

"I will answer for her," said Jack. "She will not refuse you; she must have a protector, I am going away, I cannot leave her here, and you I know will take kind care of her. Why don't you say yes, Mary?"

"I hesitated and knew not what to do. I had been so accustomed to yield implicitly to Jack's guidance, that I thought what he recommended me to do must be right. He saw me yielding, and he vehemently impressed it upon me that I must do it. He said he never should feel happy to leave me without a protector; he must see me married—Waitt was so kind and good—and a thousand like arguments.

"I finally submitted without a knowledge of what I was doing, and Jack arranged I should

go with him and Waitt in the morning to the city of Philadelphia, where he would see me safely married, and then he should feel quite easy.

"The next day was a bright and beautiful one, Jack called me early. He bade me put on my white dress, and tie my hair with white ribands, and he brought me a basket in which to put the best part of my wardrobe, simple enough it was too. His gaiety of spirit quite elated me, and I was soon arrayed and ready for a start. Had I been going with Mr. Waitt alone, I never could have done it, for I had still a feeling of awe towards him which I could not vanquish. He towered so above me that I could scarcely look up to him, and whenever he approached me I was subdued by a sense of my own insignificance. But Jack would not let me think—and we mounted into the light waggon, and he started off the horses with a gay carol.

"I, poor unconscious child, forgot even the purpose of our drive till we reached the city of Philadelphia. Jack took us directly to a church, and when I entered its doors the portal of life seemed closing against me. Waitt took me in his arms and placed me before the altar. I have no recollection of the scene; it was a blank,—the first thing that recalled me to my senses was a kiss from Jack, and a 'Thank God! my dear Mary, will be happy now.'

"And I was happy, my dear Miss Lizzie, though I don't think I ever loved my husband as I should have done; he was so far above me in every way; he was a highly educated gentleman, while I was an untoward, untaught girl. What whim induced him to marry me in such an odd way, I never could rightly understand. I once heard a lady ask him (she had been disappointed in not winning him herself, I believe, for he was a prodigious favorite under the ladies, as all six-footers are,) 'What under the sun tempted him to marry such an ignoramus?' Oh! how my blood boiled at the question, but his answer soothed me.

"I had seen, Madam, so much of the young ladies of the world, had been so much disgusted with their coquetry, heartlessness and scheming, that I determined to choose one simple and untaught, but pure from corrupting influences. She does not know much, but her very simplicity is to me a priceless treasure.

"But still kind and loving as he was to me, I know I often annoyed my husband very much by my ignorance; he tried, but in vain, to teach me the etiquette of society—I never would learn it. I insisted on treating people just as I felt towards them; I never could be really civil to the wives of the major and captain of the regiment, though

they condescended to notice me a great deal, but I loved and could pet the sergeant's pretty wife. Soon after our marriage Mr. Waitt was ordered to the West, and we were quartered for a long time at St. Louis; here I was placed in a French family to learn the language; but precious little 'parlez vous' did I ever achieve, but I played with the cats and romped with the children, eat soup maigre, and was happy. We had frequent excursions round the city, and we went the whole length and breadth of the mighty Western river. Once he was sent with dispatches to Canada, to Quebec, the then seat of government. Oh! never shall I forget that city, so peculiar in its appearance, its magnificent situation, its frowning batteries, its steep and man-defying rocks, its glorious river, its narrow streets, and its mixed and peculiar population.

"We had letters to the officers, and received great civility. Balls and parties without number I attended, and those sables, which you know are so valuable, though you say they are such old womanly looking things, were purchased there, and a heavy price they were, but my husband delighted to deck me in all that was rich and beautiful. I was petite, but at the same time had something 'bizarre' and striking about me, (you see, dear, I have not quite forgotten all my French,) at least people said so, I was a sort of fairy queen. I was self-willed too, and that is sometimes pretty and allowable in a very small person, never in a large one.

"I had one little boy, a pet and plaything, and my life glided away very pleasantly, with nothing to mar its joyousness, but my wholesome fear of my husband, which not all his kindness could overcome. During the war of 1811, we were quartered in various places, and I saw much of life. Just at the close of the campaign my husband received a wound, which did not seem at all an alarming one at the time, but from which he never recovered. We retired to the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and I hoped by care to restore him, but by degrees his strength failed, and soon that proud and lofty head was laid low. I lost my protector and found myself penniless, and almost friendless, for my wandering life had not enabled me to form any lasting ties. In my distress I wrote to a wealthy relative in England. I was not much gifted in writing, as you, Miss Lizzie, have sometimes seen; the letters in my words are somehow never placed quite right, and it requires some skill to come at the meaning; this was the consequence of my early want of education.

"I suppose my uncle, to whom I wrote, judged of me by the style of my letter, and thought I should

be a disgrace to his handsome establishment. He wrote me, kindly enclosing £100 for my own use, and offering to take my boy, educate him as his own, he had none, and provide liberally for him. This was a severe trial, but what could I do? I hesitated, and finally stifling the maternal feeling, I sent him under the care of a captain of a trading vessel to England, and this was the last time I ever saw him. The poor old lady paused, the tears filled her eyes. "Oh! my beautiful, my own, I did lose you, I can never see you more, save in the spirit land; God grant that we may meet there, and that you will know your mother."

A pause ensued, and then I ventured to ask if any accident happened to him on the voyage. "Oh, no!" she replied, "he arrived safely at his uncle's, was kindly received, educated most carefully; he grew up, so every one said, a noble handsome fellow, full of warm affections and good impulses, but self willed and determined; while still quite young, he fell in love with a pretty girl, in humble life; he asked my uncle's permission to marry her; it was refused with threats of disinheritance if he persisted in the wish. Irritated by the manner of the refusal, he left my uncle's house, married the girl, and went to France; in less than a year he died, and so I lost my bright one.

"Life was indeed a struggle to me after I sent away my boy, but I determined to exert my own energies for my support. Teach I could not, I did not know enough; I should have made queer work with spelling and grammar. My pupils would have been rare ones. I was quick with my needle, and determined to support myself by that. It was hard for me to go as a seamstress into those families, where I had in my husband's life-time been received as an equal and a friend, but I bent my proud spirit to it. Soon one humble as myself sought me for a wife. I loved and married him; it was the first time I had ever felt true affection,—'perfect love casteth out fear;' and this was a true union. I had still to work, but I cared not for that; I was happy, children gathered around my board, peace and comfort presided over our simple home. But again came the destroying angel, first children then husband were taken from me, and I was left desolate.

"But thanks be to Him who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' my trials, though grievous to be borne, brought me to the cross. I laid my burthen there and found comfort, and you, my dear young lady, see the fruits. Though supported solely by the kindness of friends, life is a pleasure to me, aye, more so than when robed in sables and decked in jewels, I flirted with the gay and revelled my hours away. That was the

first flush of excitement; it left me languid and cast down. Now I am ready to go or to stay, life is no burden."

She paused a few moments, then broke out into one of her merry laughs. "Why I have really told you a very long story; I have made myself quite a heroine, have I not? I don't often get on such a subject, but take care you don't shew me up; I am a little afraid of your scribbling fingers, and I should not care to figure by the side of my tall husband in print. I am insignificant enough now, and that would only make me the more so."

I could not make any promise to the old lady, for the events of real life always, it seems to me, so far exceed the wildest flight of the imagination that I enjoy chronicling them, that they may put to shame the disconnected and unnatural scenes which are often tacked together and called faithful pictures of life. Besides, the good dame's history was not without its deep lesson to me, and for others too; her quiet contentment sank into my heart; the clouds of life seemed to grow lighter and thinner before the peaceful spirit which bowed so submissively to such a chequered lot. I felt it was *trial* alone, which had chastened that once proud heart, and subdued that untameable will, and I said:

"This is thy work, Oh! Adversity, shall I then shrink from thee?"

With more of reverence than I had ever felt for her before, I bade the good old woman adieu, and imagined the blessing she bestowed made me better and happier.

A BLUSH.

Mystic sign of magic power,
Say from whence thy virtues spring;
Born of a rose in Venus' bower,
And cradled on the Zephyr's wing.

On lily cheeks thy mantling charms
With treach'rous frankness truth betray;
In vain against thee Prudence arms—
In vain the fal't'ring maid says Nay.

The sinful wretch, the crime conceal'd,
Shows all confess'd in conscious fears;
And midnight murder stands reveal'd—
The mask falls off, the guilt appears.

And meek-ey'd Pity, tender Love,
To thy soft spells their being owe;
And tears, which no big threats could move,
Wake at thy birth, and at thy bidding flow.

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

DUSSELDORF.

“VERGIN MEIN RICHT.”

Out on the waves, far out, my seabird! thou and I
Will rock ourselves in dreams of faithful Germany—
I framed thee of the sandal tree—my slight and silvery boat,
That thou might'st shine amid the green, like lily leaves afloat.
I spread a sail of finest woof, scarce fit to hold the breeze,
That thou might'st be, my lone canoe, the darling of the seas.
There are no lookers on, my friend, but the free clouds of the sky,
So out upon the far blue waves, my seabird! thou and I!

Come, all ye fair and yellow locked, ye children of the Goth,
Ye restless and disdained of Sleep, yet more abhorred of Sloth;
Come with your iron sinews and your broad and dauntless brows,
Like argosies that quell the waves 'neath their imperial prows;
Down the good old German highway, whence our hosts went forth to Rome,
Come with your harvest burthen and be welcome where ye come.

At Dusseldorf is many a *Hauf*, where the golden bush hangs out,
But ye, the wine pressers, know well the wily bait to scout;
The “good wine needs no bush,” as your old “mortsires” wont to say,
“Let the juicy monk smack first, I trow the nuns wont turn away.
Oh! merry market crowds, as in a picture, still I see
Your locks like mellow waving corn, smile dimpling like the sea.”

Old Father Teniers fondly loved your summer greenerie,
The low and dozing homestead and the bourging threshold tree;
With the labyrinth of roses and the dark and dreamy well,
And the *jodln* of the vineyard, and the merry curfew bell;
And the babes a-sporting round his knee—O! Bauer of Oberland,
The old man was a child again amid your mountain band.

And Luther, the uncanonized, the blessed then as now,
That pored upon the Holy Writ with a sunbeam on his brow;
For you he wrenched the tares up, and made clear the truthful wells,
Mid the crashing of the graven things and the howling of the cells.
The echo of his fearless voice still haunts your crowned hills,
And the blessings of his gentle heart around ye play like rills.

There's a music in your homely speech, a music of the heart,
 That keepeth green the memory of golden-lyred Mozart.
 Whether like falling water through the brown vine leaves its sings,
 Or floats 'neath the cathedral arch on soft angelic wings!
 The holiest of your household gods while hoary Hartz shall stand,
 The "rare old Minnesinger," shall abide within the land.

The sword is now a ploughshare, but the storied Rhine can tell,
 When the serried Schwartz-reiters came down, the work went brave and well;
 When the lances of Bavaria flashed, like lightning from the cloud,
 And Almaine from her outraged heart pronounced her curse aloud.
 Where then stood ye—oh! stalwart and broad breasted men of Rhine—
 In the first dread line of battle with the boldest of the line.

EHRENBREITZTEIN.

(THE BROAD STONE OF HONOUR.)

Purpureal Eve who stalkest slow and calm,
 With carcanet of stars and robe of balm,
 O'er the dulled revels of carousing day,
 Lulling his orgies down, his mirth away.
 Hie with thy winged fancies to my lair,
 Where rich laburnums wave their golden hair,
 And violets exhale, rejoicing,
 Draw near me, Mother! listen while I sing.

It is night o'er Ehrenbreitztein, and dim and drearily
 Its glare the rampart beacon throws athwart the moonless sky,
 And grouped around that vigil fire, a melancholy band,
 Like magi round some eastern pyre, the watchworn soldiers stand;
 And folded brows, and heaving breasts, and writhing lips are there,
 And famine's hard and stony gaze, and the silence of despair.

And overhead the banners wave their wide folds through the gloom,
 Like some dark angel of the grave, some harbinger of doom;
 Waving, with hungry eagerness, his pinions broad and black,
 And watching with the eye of fate, the dismal bivouac.
 For the liegemen of the Rhine have sworn, through horrors fell and ghast,
 To maintain the "Stone of Honour," while a throb of life shall last.

Ye hear alone the trumpet blast or the martial tread of feet,
 Save when some far and maniac cry resounds along the street;
 Or a voice of eager weeping through the long lone night repines,
 Where the ghastly dead, in prostrate heaps, are strewed beneath the shrines.
 Yet here is triumph still, as swelled in Pagan Askelon,
 For the might of Famine and Despair, keeps ward on "Honour's Stone."

And aged Faber, glory's own, sits by his vacant board,
 In room of trencher and of cup there lies his bloody sword ;
 While on his breast, a sacred badge, is bound the fortress key,
 That relic of Old Wittikind, when Saxon ground was free.
 He sits, and like an ancient Scald, his lofty accents peal,
 Clear as a night call on the sea, o'er that grim feast of steel.

"What, ho ! my brothers, we have oft in louder wassail met,
 This hall is not a churchyard, Sirs, nor are ye statues yet !
 What though upon our goodly board the stately haunch is missed,
 And the dusty goblet passes by our faithful lips unmiss'd.
 Why should we mourn o'er buried hopes, with others in the bud ?
 We'll have a rich carousal yet—our banquet shall be blood !

"Why turn such wistful glances on the lone chair by my right ?
 The dame that wont to grace it hath a loftier seat to-night !
 But I mourn not, though a pleasant light from out my soul hath fled,
 A prisoner hath burst her chain—my gentle wife is dead !
 Hush ! no time for vain tears,—O ! Friends,—for brother, child or wife,
 While the crested 'Stone of Honour' stands, our holiest tie of life.

"There *was* another, ye would say, aye that is deeper woe,
 How could my sapling rear her head and the parent oak lie low ?
 My swan upon the waters ! still I hear thy dying strain,
 That spoke of love when love was o'er, and hope when hope was vain.
 Oh Elschen—my young daughter—Beauty's purest ocean pearl !
 My soul is dark because of thee—my fair Suabian girl.

"My sons, with their beloved swords, are buried where they fell,
 In the foremost trenches of renown, by purple waded Moselle.
 I am the last of all my race !—that sacred blade alone,
 Is left to hew a bloody path to the grave where they are gone.
 Enough for me on earth to know my glorious destiny,
 To breathe my last on 'Honour's Stone,' beneath my native sky.

But let us shew these scum of France, we fail not though we bleed,
 They sought the Eagle's nest to prey, like vultures let them feed !
 Heave the cannon to the rampart—flash the weapon from the sheath,
 Let them see the wounded Rhenish boar has still got iron teeth.
 We shall consecrate our sepulchre with blood and blood alone,
 And fall with honour, like our sires, on 'Honour's Sacred Stone.'"

Montreal, 8th March, 1847.

MR. EDITOR,—Having now completed my short series of descriptive "Ballads of the Rhine," if you thought I would not incur an imputation of vanity by assuming the old fashioned privilege of a Dedication, I would, with your kind permission, inscribe it, with sentiments of admiration and respect, to

THE SOLDIERS OF THE 93RD HIGHLAND REGIMENT,

whose example of "rare good conduct," and a manly deference for the obligations of society, will not be forgotten among the future hospitalities of Montreal.

Yours, &c.,

A. L. PICKEN.

THE STEPMOTHER.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XII.

HAPPY indeed was poor Amy, when towards the close of the following day she entered the hospitable mansion of Neville Park. With motherly tenderness the gentle hostess welcomed her, and though she saw Amy was both suffering and unhappy, she forbore questioning her. Mrs. Neville saw but little company, and nothing could have been more in accordance with the wishes of her youthful guest, who found more satisfaction in the pleasant drives and walks she daily took, in the cheerful conversation and music that enlivened their evenings, than in meetings in which she knew she would hourly hear of those she wished to forget. The invigorating air of the country soon tended to restore in some degree her strength, and Mrs. Neville remarked with pleasure, that her step was lighter, her manner less dejected than on her arrival. One evening, having just returned from a short excursion in the Park, she found a letter on her table, which had come during her absence. She immediately recognized the delicate handwriting of her stepmother, and with a sickening feeling of reluctance she opened it. After giving her the *on dit*s of the day, she continued:

"But how do you contrive to vegetate in that horrid Neville Park? It always reminds me of a country parsonage, and Mrs. Neville herself, with her low, sweet voice, and stiff, angular manners, enacts to perfection the part of the poor curate's wife. And the time too that you select to bury yourself alive!—when the gay season is just commencing. I must certainly say you are the most singular girl I ever knew. At every place I make my appearance I am surrounded by a host of enquirers, eagerly demanding what has become of Miss Morton? When does she intend returning? Indeed I had no idea your little quiet ladyship's absence would have created such a sensation. Sir George is *au désespoir*, but he consoles himself by remembering that Mrs. Neville, her sleepy husband, and the old butler, are the only rivals he has to fear at Neville Park. Indeed I am sometimes tempted to think his uneasiness is over-acted, and that he really is glad of a seclusion which separates you from all

dangerous competitors. Captain Delmour, who daily visits here, often asks for you. I must say that whatever opinion I may once have entertained of him, I now think him one of the most gentlemanly and agreeable persons I know. Miss Aylmer desires me to ask if she may share your solitude, as she is now wearing the willow for her witty and intellectual admirer, Lord Hilton; who at length weary of dancing attendance on so capricious a being, even though she is a beauty and an heiress, has turned his devotion to the fair and gifted Miss Danton, who you know, has just attained her thirty-sixth year. But *n'importe*, she wears rouge, false curls, and has a very youthful, interesting manner. But I hear Delmour in the hall, and I declare, Sir George too. What an unaccountable antipathy those two possess for each other! Ever yours,

"LOUISA MORTON."

Nothing did Amy notice or remember of this silly letter, so characteristic of the writer, but the sentence which told that Delmour was now the constant visitor, and most probably the suitor, of a woman whom he had once affected to despise so much, and with whose many defects he was so perfectly acquainted. "Oh! how unmeasurably different," she bitterly murmured, "was the Delmour of my fancy from this changeable, frivolous being. However, I am grateful to know all. Contempt will soon teach me to regard him with the indifference he merits. But I shall remain in the seclusion Mrs. Morton deprecates so much, till I have schooled my feelings to bear every trial with calmness."

With a heavy heart, she set about inditing a reply, in which she mentioned that as she found her health and spirits so rapidly improving, she intended extending her stay at the country parsonage to a longer period than she had at first contemplated. Having concluded her disagreeable task, she returned to the drawing-room, and though she strove to smoothe her brow, Mrs. Neville soon perceived that something must have annoyed her. With her usual delicacy, she forebore making any remark, and Amy soon succeeded in recovering the comparative tranquillity which her stepmother's letter had disturbed. Several weeks had now elapsed, with

of importance occurring to interrupt the even tenor of Amy's existence, and she was just thinking it was time to bring her visit to a close, though Mrs. Neville, and her good natured husband, who listened with intense delight to Amy's sweet voice, as she every evening sang his favorite old ballads, pressed her in the warmest manner to remain. Another letter from Mrs. Morton decided her. After asking if she intended taking up her permanent residence in Neville Park, or at least remaining there till she was as prim and antiquated as its graceful mistress, she proceeded to say that "Sir George, growing weary at length, at so unreasonable an absence, contemplated a visit, accidental of course, to the Nevilles, on the strength of having once picked up the lady's fan at a watering place, where he also had the happiness of sitting beside her at dinner; you can guess what a reception he will have," she continued, "so if you wish to avoid a very unpleasant scene, you had better return at once. Thinking you have by this time provided all the old women and children in the neighbourhood with flannel garments, one of dear, charitable Mrs. Neville's favorite amusements, I have heard, and taken rural drives, and rural walks, till your complexion is charmingly sunburnt and freckled, I shall expect you in two or three days at farthest."

She also informed her, among other important pieces of intelligence, that Miss Aylmer had recovered her truant admirer, having previously tried very hard to fascinate Capt. Delmour, who had remained insensible to her graces, as he was then paying very decided attentions in another quarter, and concluded by again reiterating her advice to Amy to return as soon as possible.

"She is sure of him now," she sighed, as she folded up the letter, "or she would not thus press my return. Well! I was at least prepared for this."

The regret of her kind entertainers was truly great, on hearing her resolution to leave next morning—but on her saying it was Mrs. Morton's request, and she must comply, they forebore to press her further. Accustomed as Amy was to sorrow and disappointment, she could not repress the gushing tears that filled her eyes, as she bade farewell to her kind, perchance her only friends.

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Neville, as she kissed again and again, the pale cheek of her young companion; "I fear much, you have already discovered that happiness is not to be found in rank or riches, and that you are less to be envied than the world imagines. But remember one thing, my Amy, that in the hour of sorrow and anxiety, you will always find a refuge here, and that you

will be welcomed under this roof as a cherished child, not as a guest."

Amy would have spoken her thanks, but she feared to trust her voice, and pressing Mrs. Neville's hand, she entered the carriage.

"Thus must I leave the only abode where I might hope for any happiness or peace," she sadly said; "I must again return to those mis-called scenes of pleasure, once disliked, but now truly abhorred. Yet, 'tis strange, how I should feel this slight trial so acutely. A life passed in the like might have injured me to it."

Though such were the thoughts that formed her sole companions during the drive, she resolved to allow no trace of them to appear. Having thrown off her riding dress, she entered the drawing-room, where Mrs. Morton was seated, with a smile on her lips.

"You are welcome at last, my dear child," said the lady pressing her hand with some warmth; "I thought my threat of Sir George's intended, visit would have brought you home. And how are the dear old souls in the drowsy demesne you have left? I suppose Mr. Neville is sleeping, whilst his wife is cutting out Sunday robes for the suffering children of want, as she no doubt pathetically styles them. Heavens! if poor Sir George had gone, what a ridiculous scene would have ensued. I really would sacrifice the next ball or concert to witness it."

She leant back, and gave way to a hearty peal of laughter. But she started up, saying:

"I am detaining you, when you should be arranging your toilette. Your hair is all in confusion, though it looks exceedingly becoming. Arrange your dress quickly, for I think Sir George will soon be here."

The door opened, as she spoke, and Captain Delmour entered. His glance of surprise on seeing Amy was succeeded by a momentary shade, as if he had heard Mrs. Morton's last words, and been annoyed by them; but he quickly advanced towards Amy, and shook hands with her, exclaiming:

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Morton; I did not think you could prevail on yourself to leave the country, which evidently possesses such charms for you, so soon."

Amy knew well that he had heard Mrs. Morton's last sentence; she knew well how he would misinterpret it. Shame and mortification crimsoned her temples.

"It has at least wonderfully improved her complexion. Do you not think so, Mr. Delmour?" said Mrs. Morton, with a very meaning laugh.

"Yes! we might say so, if Miss Morton's complexion admitted improvement."

The careless tone in which this careless compliment was uttered, hurt Amy more deeply than the bitterest sarcasms, the openest neglect could have done.

"Am I then so fallen in his estimation," she bitterly thought, "that he should address me as he does a Miss Aylmer, or a Lady Travers?"

But too proud to allow her feelings of pain to appear, she calmly replied:

"Leaving my complexion aside, I have enjoyed myself so well, that did I not fear to trespass on the hospitality of my friends, I should like to return. You have new music, Mrs. Morton," she continued, advancing towards the harp. "Is it good?"

"I really do not know, as I have not yet had time to play it. Do me the favour of trying some of it."

Amy willingly complied, and ran over two or three. She took up another, more difficult of execution, but remarkably brilliant. As she was concluding it, her stepmother asked her, with an indefinable smile, how she liked it.

"'Tis beautiful," she warmly responded.

"Sir George will be pleased to hear so, for he brought it for you."

"That alone will be a sufficient recommendation to ensure its being a favorite with Miss Morton," said Delmour, while his lip slightly curled. Amy, wounded beyond expression, disdained to reply, and she continued her task.

"Have you seen young Lady Dashwood, or rather Mrs. Devereux, yet?" asked Mrs. Morton, who felt she had allowed his attention to wander too much from herself, during the foregoing dialogue. "Is she not a pretty creature?"

"I met her to-day," he replied, turning towards her.

"Her story is quite romantic. Have you ever heard it?"

On his replying in the negative, she resumed:

"It appears she was engaged to a young gentleman of unexceptionable rank, but very limited fortune. Her father having discovered the affair, it was immediately broken off. Not long after the despairing lover had taken leave, he compelled her to wed Sir Henry Dashwood, whose large fortune and title were more eligible in his eyes than poverty and merit. Well! Sir Henry, after a few years, obligingly put a period to his life by a fall from his horse, and young Devereux, his former rival, hearing of it, abandoned a rather unsuccessful search on the continent for wealth and happiness, and returned immediately to England, to find them both by espousing Lady Dashwood. I really believe," she continued, after a slight pause, casting down her eyes, with a pretty air of

thoughtful sentiment; "I really believe in the truth of that French proverb, hackneyed as it is—'*On revient toujours, à ses premiers amours.*'"

But Delmour noticed not the act—noticed not how well the dark lashes looked, reposing on the brightly dyed cheek. Her last words had seemingly awoke some very unpleasant reminiscences in his breast, and a dark frown contracted his brow, whilst his lips were sternly compressed. At this moment, Hortense entered, and delivered a note to Mrs. Morton, from Lady Travers, informing her that the lady was waiting at the door in her carriage, and requested an immediate answer. Mrs. Morton with a very bad grace, which fortunately for her Delmour was too pre-occupied to observe, left the room. After a moment's silence, he exclaimed, whilst a bitter smile wreathed his lips.

"There is another proverb, equally well established, Miss Morton, *Perdita di vista, perdita di mente*. Its truth we have both proved by our own experience. You in forgetting, I in being forgotten."

Amy could endure no more; he from whose memory her image had been so soon effaced, whose inconstancy had clouded her earthly happiness, thus accusing *her* of forgetfulness. With difficulty had she hitherto restrained her wounded feelings, but unable to control them further, she leant her head against the harp, and burst into tears. Delmour stood as if petrified by surprise, but the next moment he was beside her, and in a tone of astonishment, mingled with deep feeling, exclaimed:

"Miss Morton! Amy! what mean these tears? Speak—can it be that I have offended you!"

"Leave me—leave me!" sobbed Amy, who could have wished that the earth would have opened at her feet, and enclosed her in it. "You have tried me too far; and now that you have ungenerously, unworthily succeeded in learning the extent of your power, are you not satisfied?"

"Alas! Amy," he replied, in a sad tone, "I little thought I yet retained so much influence over the affianced bride of George Markham."

"Markham!" passionately interrupted his companion. "Am I to be persecuted at every hour with that detested name?"

Again his countenance darkened, and he somewhat coldly said:

"Forgive me if for once I take the privilege of a relative, and ask why Miss Morton has then betrothed herself to one for whom she entertains no affection?"

Amy looked at him for a moment, and then proudly rising, she strove to pass him. He had

interpreted aright that indignant glance, and in an earnest tone, he murmured:

"Nay! Amy, you shall not, will not leave me, till I have an explanation. Never would I have dared to have introduced this subject; but since I have commenced, I must go on. Tell me, I implore you, what action of mine, what error ever merited that unkind, that cruel letter you sent me."

His companion started.

"Letter! Captain Delmour; I think your memory is rather treacherous. You have made, however, but a slight mistake. It was you who wrote it, I who received it."

He looked at her for an instant, perfectly bewildered, but a light broke in upon him, and he rejoined:

"I see how it is, my Amy; we have both been deceived, and through the intervention of the basest treachery, we have been led to believe each other false. But all will be explained another time. Only answer me, my cousin! am I still remembered as I was once remembered in that kind gentle heart?"

"I think more faithfully so than I have been by you, for Mrs. Morton seemed likely soon to eclipse me," she replied, with a smile, which, notwithstanding all her endeavours, was very faint.

"Forgive me that, Amy," he rejoined, while a deep flush passed over his face. "I know the motive was unworthy, but I was prompted only by the wish, the hope to mortify you, and retaliate on you some of the pangs you so remorselessly inflicted on me. I fondly imagined when I returned to England, that I could again behold you, speak to you, with indifference; but that illusion vanished the first night we met. I felt your power was as boundless as ever. I cannot describe to you the angry jealousy with which I witnessed the attentions of Sir George, and the apparent complacency with which you received them. I took the earliest opportunity of enquiring of Mrs. Morton who he was. Imagine my feelings, Amy, when she plainly intimated that that silly, contemptible being, was your betrothed."

Amy now remembered his angry countenance the night he alluded to.

"How could you thus misjudge me?" she asked, in a tone of gentle reproach. "However I am equally guilty, in accusing you so readily of a partiality for my fascinating stepmother. But you must confess appearances were greatly against you."

"True, but in your heart you never could have believed me capable of such baseness. And even had she been as estimable as she is beau-

tiful, believe me, my heart would ever have clung to her who had generously loved me as the humble, unknown midshipman."

His speech was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Morton. Apparently unconscious of what had happened, she resumed her former seat, and soon dispelled the embarrassment of Amy and her cousin, by commencing a lively conversation on some indifferent topic. Delmour soon took leave, saying that he would return the following day. No sooner had he left the apartment, than Mrs. Morton calmly said:

"So it appears you have had an *éclaircissement*, Miss Morton!" Poor Amy was speechless with fear and confusion. "How ridiculous of you to be so embarrassed for nothing. I expected this all the time. Yes," she continued with warmth, noticing her companion's look of surprise; "I encouraged his attentions, solely to draw him to the house, as I saw you were breaking your heart about him. Think you," she added with dignity, "that I would ever accept the man I had once rejected? Rejected too when I was comparatively poor and unknown. Folly! But to complete the advice I was giving you when Delmour entered, you had better retire and arrange your hair and dress, which are rather disordered."

Thankful to be released, Amy hastened to her chamber with a joyful heart, and for many dreary months her mirror had not reflected back so bright or happy a countenance.

Mrs. Morton too sought her room, and having fastened her door, she threw herself on a couch and gave way to a flood of tears, sincerer, bitterer than any she had ever shed. Had Amy been of the most vindictive character she would have been satisfied with her revenge, in beholding the mingled feelings of wounded affection and self-love, humiliation and anger, that agitated that proud heart. If Mrs. Morton had ever loved a human being it was Delmour, and the consciousness that he was lost to her forever, lost too at a time when she fondly flattered herself that he was entirely hers, rendered that hour one of the darkest, the most agonizing that had ever clouded her sunny existence. But whatever she may have felt, no one could have suspected from her subsequent demeanour that she had bestowed even a second thought on her faithless admirer.

The next evening, whilst Amy was in her own room endeavouring to wile away the time by reading, till the period of her cousin's promised visit, Mrs. Morton, after asking admittance, entered.

"What will you wear to-night?" she interrogated, throwing herself on a sofa.

"To-night!" reiterated her stepdaughter, with surprise. "We are not engaged?"

"Surely, Miss Morton! your memory is not as tenacious of some things as it is of others. Can you have already forgotten that we are engaged to Lady Travers' *soirée*?"

"Must we then go?" said her companion, in a disappointed tone.

"Well! I should think so. However, if you have other engagements so delightful that you cannot prevail on yourself to sacrifice them, you can feign a head-ache, and Captain Delmour, for of course *he* cannot go either, can make duty an apology for his absence."

"Oh! I'll go," returned Amy, colouring.

"'Tis better—and if you do, I entreat of you to wear your new crape, or some other handsome dress. Captain Delmour may not be quite so easily pleased as Sir George; and now remember that you have a motive for dressing becomingly, and looking well. But I see I have interrupted you. You were reading when I entered, so farewell," and she left the apartment.

Poor Amy! She had looked forward with such delight to the long, quiet evening with her cousin; and now, instead, she had to prepare for an assembly where very probably he might not be present, and even if he were, it would be impossible to have the fears that had haunted her, the doubts that had so long perplexed her, explained. Still, she was too happy at heart to murmur.

Somewhat later than the appointed hour, they arrived at Lady Travers'. The rooms were already nearly filled; but Amy's overshadowed countenance, and the quick, anxious glance, she so often directed towards the door, told that the one she sought was absent. Ere many minutes had elapsed, Sir George advanced towards her with his usual *empressment*. In vain she coldly replied to his salutation, in vain she assumed an almost repellant manner, he was not at all disconcerted, but inwardly set it down as some new phase of the very capricious young lady to whom he was paying his devotions. Disappointed, annoyed at Delmour's absence, she was listening to Markham's light, trivial nonsense, with an air of intense weariness, which he supposed was assumed to provoke him, when suddenly her colour brightened and her countenance grew animated. Her companion wondered at the change, but his surprise would have vanished had he known that Delmour, the cause of her pre-occupation, the object of her thoughts, had just entered. He quickly advanced towards her, and after a few friendly words, asked her hand for the ensuing dance. To the inexpressible surprise of Mark-

ham, who had been honouring the new-comer with a most impertinent stare, she not only assented, but assented with evident pleasure. He immediately rose, crossed the room to Mrs. Morton, and threw himself on the couch beside her. Their conversation, whatever might have been the topic, was earnest and rapid, and Markham sought Amy's society no more that night. When the dance was concluded Delmour led the latter to a seat, and placed himself beside her, exclaiming in a low tone:

"Pardon me, dear Amy, for resuming our interrupted conversation at so unfavourable a time; but I cannot control my impatience. I was so disappointed on calling at your residence to find you were absent; but learning you were at Lady Travers', I bethought me of my forgotten card of invitation, and came hither as soon as possible. Oh! I have so many questions to ask you, so many things to say."

"By which will you commence then?" she asked with a smile.

"By a very serious one, and one which nearly proved fatal to our happiness. I mean that strange letter I received from you. I need not ask if you are the writer. I can plainly read my answer in your indignant countenance; but need I say that that, and that alone, could ever have induced me to send you the missive I did? Could you but imagine what agony I suffered, what conflicts I endured, ere I could prevail on myself to renounce you forever. But I had no alternative. Tell me truly. Who do you suspect as the writer? Mrs. Morton, or can it be that you —?"

He stopped abruptly, inwardly anathematizing his thoughtlessness; but his companion understood what he would have said, and her flushed cheek faded to a deadly paleness. Oh! how humble, how heart-stricken was she at that moment, and she felt that her happiness had been almost too dearly purchased at the price of the knowledge of a parent's dishonour.

"Forgive me, my beloved Amy," he at length murmured in an imploring tone. "Forgive me for alluding to so painful a subject, but we shall drop it now, never to resume it again." Anxious to divert her thoughts, he rapidly continued, "but to conclude the history of my life, which is anything but creditable:—After despatching my very laconic epistle, informing you of your freedom, I embarked in the *Amphitrite*. On leaving England I made a vow, perhaps the most solemn I ever formed in my life, never to set foot on it again till you were utterly forgotten. You see how well I kept my promise. Deep, sincere, as

was my sorrow, it did not lead me to lean with folded arms against the mast, railing at the world in general, and your sex in particular. No! On the contrary, I was more assiduous, more arduous in my duties than before; and Captain Harcourt congratulated me on having remedied the only fault I possessed in his partial estimation—a certain thoughtlessness and impetuosity, of which he delightfully assured me he no longer perceived a trace. You may wonder at my perseverance and steadiness, now that I apparently had no hope to cheer me on, no object to attain. But I had an object, Amy, and an unworthy one I must confess. My whole soul was devoted to the purpose of amassing a large fortune, and rising to the highest rank in my profession. In fact, I aspired then to nothing less than an Admiral or Post Captain. But not for my own enjoyment. No! I purposed when all my bright dreams were realized, to return to my native country. By that time I would be enabled to regard you with a comfortable degree of dislike, and then should I repay with interest, by my neglect and contempt, every pang you had inflicted on me. Would you believe it, dear Amy? I really flattered myself into the belief that I had not only ceased to love you, but that I almost hated you. It was this desire of revenge which rendered me blind to the loveliness of the dark-eyed Creoles, insensible to the graceful charms of the daughters of France. I would not have sacrificed the hope of causing you even one slight pang, one uneasy reflection, to the fascinations of the fairest of them all. Might not that alone have told how great was your power over me. I rose rapidly, step by step, and at length having obtained rank and fortune, though vastly inferior to what my boyish visions had pictured, I returned home. You know the rest, and now, Amy, tell me once again that you have forgiven my folly, my unworthy attempts at obtaining revenge on your supposed inconstancy, attempts which inflicted far more misery on myself than on you."

"No, no, Charles!" she hastily interrupted, "you succeeded but too well. However, all is forgiven, even as you generously forgave my betrothal to Sir George Markham."

"That is at least broken off," he smilingly replied, "to judge by his conduct, for he has never troubled you with his presence since my entrance. Doubtless Mrs. Morton, who is now looking so winningly in his face, has enlightened him on the subject. Heavens!" he vehemently exclaimed, after a moment's silence. "How can I ever be sufficiently grateful to the coquetry that first opened my eyes to her real character!"

"But tell me truly," asked his companion, what

were your first impressions on meeting her, and on hearing that she was at liberty?"

"I cannot describe them well. But easily can I describe my feelings on seeing you the first night we met. Markham was at your side, conversing with animation and rapidity, whilst you were listening with a degree of interest and seeming pleasure that almost maddened me. Need I say how entirely my stoical indifference was counterfeited? Exasperated with you, with myself, with the world, I left you and sought the other end of the apartment, resolving to leave as soon as politeness would permit. One of my friends soon joined me, and addressed a thousand questions to me concerning my arrival and adventures. Whilst I was relating some incidents of my travels to him, Mrs. Morton approached. You know, Amy, how much lovelier she is now than ever, and I must confess I gazed upon her with deep, involuntary admiration. I then naturally turned to my companion and asked for her husband. Judge of my emotion when I heard he was no more. At that moment I could not help recurring to our early acquaintance, and wounded, indignant, at your coldness, I regarded Louisa Morton with a gentler feeling than I had done for many long years. Curiosity too, to see how she would receive me, and the glorious opportunity afforded of mortifying you, induced me to advance and enter into conversation with her. Her welcome was sufficiently flattering, but ere I had been one short hour in her society, I saw that she was as artful and as passionately fond of admiration as ever. This was sufficient to put a stop to all further romance; but conceiving the most likely way of annoying you, would be to bow at her shrine, I resolved from that night to pay her the most devoted homage. I will not stop here to excuse my conduct. It admits of no apology, but governed by one absorbing passion, I was reckless of all else. You remember how we parted that night, and you must confess, dear Amy, that you counterfeited coldness and indifference, with almost as much perfection as myself. Still, thinking my manner was too markedly careless, I resolved, when I should call the next day, to soften it a little. But you were gone—weeks and weeks passed on, and yet you came not. Determined to shew how little I sorrowed for your absence, I daily visited Mrs. Morton, whose evident partiality for me, over her many other suitors, flattered my vanity. Markham also constantly called, but it was only to ask for you, and his demeanour, with that of Mrs. Morton, left me almost without a doubt on the subject of your betrothal. Oh! Amy, how can we sufficiently prize the fortunate chance, which

enlightened us both, and restored to us the happiness we had so long vainly sought."

Ere his companion could reply, Miss Aylmer approached, and exclaimed with a smile:

"How can I apologize for my unwelcome intrusion, but really I should not be so indiscreet, could I avoid it. Lord Hilton and I cannot find a *vis-à-vis* for the next dance, so we throw ourselves on your mercy. We'll make an excellent party, for as we never talk when together, and you talk all the time, we cannot disagree. His lordship has but two ideas, and unfortunately they are topics on which I cannot converse with much brilliancy—his hunters and his dogs; but here he comes, I must be silent."

Lord Hilton advanced and drew the lady's arm in his with a very stiff bow, whilst Delmour and Amy followed. The latter could not help smiling at the sudden change in Miss Alymer, who addressed some words to her companion with the sweetest air and gentlest voice imaginable:

"How unlike you, my Amy," whispered Delmour, whose lip curled with scorn, but you are one out of many; blessed indeed have I been in my choice."

Though her cheek glowed with pleasure, she made no reply; resolving that Miss Alymer should have no cause for raillery, she took good care that the conversation should be general. At length the dance was over, and Amy fearing Mrs. Morton might think she was neglecting her, asked Delmour to lead her to where she was seated."

"You seem to enjoy yourself remarkably well to-night," exclaimed the lady. "'Tis a long time since I have seen you look so animated."

"I wish, my dear Miss Morton, you would impart to us the secret of acquiring so rich a bloom, said the Countess of Lawton with a kind smile. "We might then dispense with our *rouge*."

"Indeed 'tis a secret I should like to possess myself," rejoined Amy, "for I am generally very pale."

"You cannot say that to-night, however," said her stepmother, "but perhaps Captain Delmour can unravel the mystery."

"Nay, nay, we are too exacting," good-naturedly interrupted the Countess, who pitied poor Amy's manifest confusion; "not content with observing Miss Morton's bloom, we are trying to heighten it."

Miss Alymer now approached, and to Amy's great relief, changed the conversation. The evening passed rapidly, and she saw the time for dispersion arrive with real regret. During their homeward drive Mrs. Morton seemed in very gay spirits. She jested Amy on her colour and animation during the evening, but the latter

and that her stepmother had passed one of the most wretched evenings she had ever known. But pride was Mrs. Morton's ruling passion, and she would have died rather than have it known that she, the idol of her circle, the worshipped child of fashion, cherished a thought for one who had slighted her for a being so plain, and unpretending as Amy Morton. For fear that either the world, or Delmour himself, might suspect her of being mortified by his indifference, her manner was as friendly and affable to him as before; whilst she spoke to him of Amy with a careless friendship which would have blinded any one less intimately acquainted with her character than himself.

The sequel of the tale is soon told. Need we say that Amy and Delmour were united, whilst Mrs. Morton, determining not to appear in the light of forsaken, and really won upon by the fashion and elegance of Sir George, who as he could not get the quiet daughter, was resolved to have the handsome mother, yielded to his solicitations, and became Lady Markham. Though her present husband was very different from her former, their tastes were more congenial, for Sir George was as fond of gaiety as his lady. They agreed therefore as well as could be expected, though as she often confessed with a bitter sigh, at the end of some dispute, she never once had the consolation of saying, as she had ever done whilst Mrs. Morton, that she had conquered. She frequently met Amy, with whom she was on excellent terms, in society, and though her manner was always kind and friendly, she could not divest it of a certain patronizing air, the result of the long sway she had exercised over her as a stepmother. Indeed, Amy soon usurped the place of Lady Travers, who did not prove quite as agreeable a sister-in-law as she had been a companion, and became Lady Markham's bosom friend. To her, did the latter confide all her cares, to her did she recount all her complaints against Sir George; averring, that only for her own prudence and management, she would be the most miserable woman on earth.

"Tell me, frankly," she one day asked, when they were alone together, "frankly, as you would have done in olden times, have you not great difficulty sometimes with Captain Delmour? He is so unbearably resolute—obstinate is the word."

On her companion smilingly replying in the negative, she continued:

"Well! 'tis certainly generous of him not to impose on your quiet, yielding character. There are few who would be so considerate. But I assure you, you can never sufficiently thank Providence that you escaped Sir George. Why, my

dear Mrs. Delmour, he would have rendered you in the short space of one month the tamest and most submissive wife in existence. Of the truth of this you may judge by the extreme difficulty I have in asserting my rights; and as you know well, I am not one easily controlled or daunted. To this, Amy secretly assented with all her heart, but she merely said:

"Are you not very miserable, to be ever thus on unfriendly terms with one with whom you are so nearly connected?"

"Not at all! Why, I am never so happy as after some warm dispute, in which I have had but even the shadow of victory. And then, however severe our altercations may be, we meet every evening in society, and converse as if we were the best friends imaginable. But I perceive, my dear child, that in this case as in many others, you are but a novice, and with so perfect a husband as you describe Captain Delmour to be, you are likely to remain one. The entrance of Delmour himself put a stop to the conversation, and she soon after took leave. Much as he disliked her he always treated her with marked politeness, in deference to Amy's wishes; and Lady Markham frequently exasperated her husband beyond all bounds, by giving him Captain Delmour for a model, and openly expressing her regret that she had not taken him instead of the ungrateful being on whom her choice had fallen.

As to Miss Aylmer, after keeping her many admirers in suspense another long year, she too made her selection. Disregarding the coronet of Lord Hilton, the elegance of Sir Frederick, the wealth and fashion of a dozen others, she married the younger son of a poor country baronet, whose utmost efforts extended no farther than giving him a finished education. This event was the more unexpected as she had danced with him but twice, and never favored him in the slightest degree. It was supposed that the respectful, but distant homage he had paid her, joined to his abhorrence of flattery, for in vivid contrast to his competitors, he had never paid her the slightest compliment during the whole time he had known her, had won the lady's heart. She certainly had no cause to repent her choice, but poor indeed was her happiness in comparison with the tranquil, unmixed felicity, Amy and Delmour possessed. Felicity based not on an affection the result of a passing fancy, but on the innate conviction of each other's long tried and well proved worth.

At the foot of the first column in the page immediately preceding (260) the following line was accidentally omitted:

"little suspected that all this gaiety was assumed,"

LORD RODERICK.

A BALLAD.

BY B. J.

'Twas midnight drear, and the groaning trees,
Shook in the hollow blast,
And their seared and panic stricken leaves
On the wailing tempest passed.

Lord Roderick strode the ancient hall,
Where slept his sires of yore,
And their effigies stern, on the oaken wall,
Their shrouds of armour wore.

He passed along through the lofty aisle,
And his footstep's sounding tread,
Re-echoed through the giant pile,
Above the slumbering dead.

On, on, he went through the sable shade,
And fiercer waxed his ire,
And he clutched his keen, and trusty blade,
And his glowing eye flashed fire.

Lord Roderick paused; a deafening crash
Made the ancient turrets reel,
And the sheeted lightning's vivid flash,
Glanced from his brandished steel.

Behind yon towering column's base,
A spectral figure stands,
And he shadeth awhile his demon face,
With his lank and bony hands.

Now all was wrapt in rayless gloom
And darkness deep and dread,
And the knight his hurried pace resumed
Above the mighty dead.

Sudden he paused, his bursting ire
He might no longer quell
When lo! the phantom's glance of fire
On his startled visage fell.

Aghast he stood, and the lifted dirk
Fell from his nerveless arm
And the sorcerer fell began to work
His dark and hellish charm.

He smote his lean and withered breast,
With a poignard bright and keen;
And from 'neath his hell-inwoven vest,
There welled a crimson stream.

He bathed his hands in the reeking gore
And he crossed his fiendish face,
And on the tessellated floor,
A mystic ring he traced.

He took the nightshade from his brow,
And waved it o'er his head,
And many a cursed spell I trow,
That dire enchanter said:

And a score of phantom figures sprung,
Within that wizard ground,
While hollow peals of laughter rung
The corridors around.

Their livid brows with snakes were bound,
 Their locks were drenched with gore,
 They danced a boiling cauldron round;
 And in their hands they bore

A withered branch of the hemlock fell
 And within the cauldron vast,
 With many a foul, unholy spell
 The deadly bane they cast.

On the Baron's ear their laughter rung,
 His knees together smote,
 And his horror struck and palsied tongue
 Clave to his parched throat.

And the Wizard fell pronounced a spell
 Unutterably dire,
 And then a fierce appalling yell
 Burst from the unearthly choir.

The sheeted dead in hideous shrouds
 From their prison houses came,
 And denser waxed the noxious clouds
 And higher leaped the flame.

Lord Roderick pressed his maddening brain,
 The spectre forms whirled round,
 And with a thrilling shriek of pain,
 He sank upon the ground.

Forth from a crumbling statue's grasp,
 A mystic volume dight
 With many a quaint and brazen clasp,
 Met that foul wizard's sight.

Towards the sacred book they sprung
 With many a fearful cry,
 And the lofty arches backward rung
 A horrible reply.

Ere their unhallowed hands could seize
 The bound and massive book,
 A sound like two contending seas,
 The hall's foundations shook;

And a seraph form with radiant wing
 The sacred volume oped,
 And the dusky shadows, muttering,
 Evolved in sable smoke.

He breathed upon the sulph'rous blast
 And pure it grew and calm,
 While from his waving pinions passed
 Fragrant celestial balm.

Upon the prostrate knight he bent
 His features dazzling bright,
 And o'er each haggard lineament
 There beamed celestial light.

And then on radiant wing he raised
 The fretted roof on high
 Which rolling open wide, disclosed
 The gem-bespangled sky

And up on a cloud of spotless white,
 And higher up he went,
 Until he was lost to mortal sight
 In the purple firmament.

And the vaulted roof all noiselessly,
 Shut out the vision fair
 And strains of rapturous melody
 Circled the ambient air.

• • • • •

Night's shadow fled, the glorious sun,
 Sprang from the east in flame
 And o'er each proud escutcheon,
 A flood of radiance came.

Lord Roderick might no longer brook
 The day-king's dazzling beam
 He gazed around with wildered look,
 And lo, it was a dream!

SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

IMITATION OF THE MOORISH.

"Stay, Inez, stay! the thunder's pealing
 Loudly o'er my ruined home:
 Hark! the rain in big drops stealing,
 Patters on its shattered dome.
 Long I stood in arms defending,
 'Gainst thy sire, this lov'd domain,
 Still 'tis mine, a shelter lending
 From the sweeping wind and rain.

"Come my love; though heaven is scowling
 Darkly as our fate above:
 We'll ne'er heed the tempest howling—
 Interchanging vows of love.
 Check thy steed, thy fears dispelling,
 Come and reign within this heart,
 Should thy sire attack my dwelling,
 I can act a warrior's part."

"Vain, young Moor, thy tender pleading,
 I must bide the pelting storm;
 Though my heart like thine is bleeding,
 I to duty must conform.
 Like the clouds that o'er us gather,
 Mustering all their fiery wrath,
 Yonder comes my hostile father,
 Like a whirlwind on our path."

Awfully the thunder crashing
 Pealed along the vaulted blue;
 Forked lightning's redly flashing,
 Glared the murky tempest through.
 See fair Inez wildly flying,
 Shelter with the Moor to find;
 On his manly bosom lying,
 To all else but terror blind.

Like a fragile rosebud bending,
 To the fury of the storm:
 All its graceful sweetness lending
 To Abdallah's noble form.
 With flashing eyes, and proud heart throbbing,
 Close he clasped the trembling fair;
 Whilst that low, convulsive sobbing,
 Tells her love and her despair.

O'er their heads the angry thunder
 Nearer burst with stunning sound;
 Alonzo's shaft has rent asunder,
 Hearts in fondest union bound.
 O'er the prostrate lovers frowning,
 Sternly bends the grey-haired chief,
 In his iron bosom drowning,
 Vain regrets and bitter grief.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

BY DR. DUNLOP.

INTRODUCTION.

THE favourable reception of a small work on this colony has emboldened me again to come before the public in the character of an author, and as it is fifteen years since I last obtruded myself in that capacity, I have at least to boast of the merit assumed to himself by the sailor in his prayer, during a hurricane, "Thou knowest it is seldom that I trouble thee," and I may hope on the same grounds to be listened to.

It is now upwards of thirty-three years since I became acquainted with this country, of which I was eleven years absent. During that time I visited the other quarters of the globe. My design in this work is to shew the almost incredible improvement that has taken place during that period. Notwithstanding all that has been written by tourists, &c., very little indeed is known of the value and capabilities of Canada, as a colony, by the people of Great Britain.

I have not arrived at anything like methodical arrangement further than stating in their chronological order, events and scenes of which I was a witness, with occasional anecdotes of parties therein concerned, so that those who do not approve of such a desultory mode of composition, need not, after this fore-warning, read any further.

My intention, in fact, is not exclusively either to instruct or amuse, but, if I possibly can accomplish it, to do a little of both. I wish to give an account of the effect of the changes that have taken place in my day in the colony, on my own feelings, rather than to enter into any philosophical enquiry into their causes; and if in this attempt I should sometimes degenerate into what my late lamented friend, the Ettrick Shepherd, would have denominated *havers*, I hope you will remember that this is an infirmity to which even Homer (see Horace,) is liable; and if, like hereditary disease, it is a proof of paternity, every

author in verse or prose who has written since his day, has ample grounds whereon to found his pretensions to a most ancient and honourable descent.

CHAPTER I.

"My native land, good night."

BYRON.

THE end of March or the beginning of April, 1813, found me at the Army Dépôt in the Isle of Wight. Sir Walter Scott in his Surgeon's Daughter, says that no one who has ever visited that delightful spot can ever forget it, and I fully agree with him, but though perfectly susceptible of the impressions which its numberless beauties leave on the mind, I must confess that the view of a fleet of transports rounding St. Helens to take us to our destination, would have been considered by myself and my comrades, as a pleasanter prospect than all Hampshire could offer to our admiration.

I shall not stay to describe the state of military society in those days at the Army Dépôt at Parkhurst barracks and the neighbouring town of Newport. It has been much better done than I could expect to do, by Major Spencer Mugridge, in Blackwood's Magazine; all I can do as a subaltern, is fully to endorse the field officer's statement, and to declare that it is a just, graphic, and by no means over-charged description.

I went once, and only once, to the Garrison Mess, in company with two or three officers of my acquaintance, and saw among other novelties of a mess table, one officer *shy* a leg of mutton at another's head, from one end of the table to the other. This we took as notice to quit; so we made our retreat in good order, and never again returned, or associated with a set of gentlemen who had such a vivacious mode of expressing a difference of opinion.

The fact is, all the worst characters in the army were congregated at the Isle of Wight; men who were afraid to join their regiments from the indifferent estimation they were held in by their brother officers. These stuck to the dépôt, and the arrival of a fleet of transports at

Spithead or the Mother-bank, was a signal for a general sickness among these worthies. And this was peculiarly the case with those who were bound for Canada, for they knew full well if they could shirk past the month of August, there was no chance of a call on their services until the month of April following. And many scamps took advantage of this. I know one fellow who managed to avoid joining his regiment abroad for no less than three years.

I took my departure from this military paradise for the first time, for this country, in the beginning of August, 1813, in a small, ill-found, undermanned, over-crowded transport, as transports in those days were very apt to be; and after a long, weary, and tempestuous voyage of three months, was landed at Quebec in the beginning of the following November. Next to the tedium of a sea voyage, nothing on earth can be so tiresome as a description of it; the very incidents which a Journal of such a pilgrimage commemorates shew the dreadful state of vacuum and *œnui* which must have existed in the mind of the patient before such trifles could become of interest sufficient to be thought worthy of notation. A sail in sight,—a bunch of sea-weed floating past the ship,—a log of wood covered with barnacles,—or, better still, one of the numerous tribe of *Medusa*, with its snake-like feelers and changeable colours—a gull, or a flock of Mother Carey's chickens, paddling in the wake,—are occurrences of sufficient importance to call upon deck all the passengers, even during dinner. Or if they are happy enough to fall in with a shoal of porpoises or dolphins, a flock of flying fish, or a whale blowing and spouting near the ship, such a wonder is quite sufficient to furnish conversation for the happy beholders for the rest of the voyage. For my own part, being familiar with, and also seasoned to, all the wonders of the deep, I make a vow whenever I go on board, that nothing inferior in rank and dignity to a sea-serpent shall ever induce me to mount the companion ladder. On the whole, though it cannot be considered as a very choice bit of reading, I look upon the log-book as by far the best account of a voyage, for it accurately states all that is worthy of note in the fewest possible words. It is the very model of the terse didactic. Who can fail to admire the Cæsar-like brevity in an American captain's log: "At noon, light breezes and cloudy weather, wind W. S. W., fell in with a phenomenon—caught a bucket full of it." Under all these circumstances, I think it is highly probable that my readers will readily pardon me for not giving my *experience* on this subject. I met with no seas "mountains high," as many who have gone down unto the

sea in ships have done. Indeed, though I have encountered gales of wind in all the favorite playgrounds of *Cæolus*—the Bay of Biscay—off the Cape of Good Hope—in the Bay of Bengal—the coast of America, and the Gulph of St. Lawrence, yet I never saw a wave high enough to becalm the main-top-sail. So that I must suppose that the original inventor of the phrase was a Cockney, who must have had Garlic hill or Snow hill, or some of the other mountainous regions of the metropolis in his mind's eye when he coined it.

Arrived at Quebec, we reported ourselves, as in duty bound, to the General Commanding, and by his orders we left a subaltern to command the recruits, (most of whom by the way were mere boys,) and to strengthen the Garrison of Quebec, and the venerable old colonel and myself made all haste to join our regiment up the country. As my worthy old commander was a character, some account of him may not be uninteresting.

Donald McB—was born in the celebrated winter of 1745-46, while his father, an Invernesshire gentleman, was out with Prince Charles Edward, who, on the unfortunate issue of that campaign for the Jacobite interest, was fain to flee to France, where he joined his royal master, and where, by the Prince's influence, he received a commission in the Scotch Regiment of Guards, and in due time retired with a small pension from the French King, to the town of Dunkirk, where, with his family, he remained the rest of his days.

Donald, meanwhile, was left with his kindred in the Highlands, where he grew in all the stinted quantity of grace that is to be found in that barren region, until his seventh year, when he was sent to join his family in Dunkirk. Here he was educated, and as his father's military experience had given him no great love for the profession of arms, he was in due time bound apprentice to his brother-in-law, an eminent surgeon of that town, and might have become a curer instead of inflicter of broken heads, or at least murdered men more scientifically than with the broadsword; but fate ordered it otherwise.

Donald had an objection as strong to the lance as his father could possibly have to the sword. Had the matter been coolly canvassed, it is hard to say which mode of murder would have obtained the preference, but, always hasty, he did not go philosophically to work, and an accident decided his fate as it has done that of many greater men.

A young nun of great beauty who had lately taken the veil, had the misfortune to break her leg, and Donald's master, being medical man to the convent, he very reasonably hoped that he

would assist in the setting of it—attending upon handsome young nuns might reconcile a man even to being a surgeon of—; but his brother-in-law and the abbess both entered their veto. Piqued at this disappointment, next morning saw him on the tramp, and the next intelligence that was heard of him was that he was serving His Most Christian Majesty in the capacity of a Gentleman Sentinel, (as the Baron of Bradwardine hath it,) in a marching regiment.

This settled the point. His father, seeing that his aversion to the healing art was insuperable, procured a commission in the Regiment de Dillon or Irish Brigade of the French Service.

In this he served for several years, until he had got pretty well up among the lieutenants, and in due time might have figured among the marshals of Napoleon; but the American Revolution breaking out, and it being pretty apparent that France and Great Britain must come into hostile collision, his father, though utterly abhorring the reigning dynasty, could not bear the idea of a son of his fighting against his country and clan, persuaded him to resign his commission in the French Service, and sent him to Scotland with letters of recommendation to some of his kindred and friends, officers in the newly raised Frazier Highlanders, (since the 71st,) whom he joined in Greenock in the year 1776, and soon after embarked with them for America in the capacity of a gentleman volunteer, thus beginning the world once more at the age of thirty.

After serving in this regiment till he obtained his ensigncy, he was promoted to be lieutenant and adjutant in the Cavalry of Tarlton's Legion, in which he served and was several times wounded, till the end of the war, when he was disbanded with the rest of his regiment, and placed on half pay. He exchanged into a regiment about to embark for the West Indies, where in seven or eight years, the yellow fever standing his friend by cutting off many of his brother officers, while it passed over him, he in progress of seniority, continued it up to nearly the head of the lieutenants; the regiment was ordered home in 1790, and after a short time, instead of his company, he received his half-pay as a disbanded lieutenant.

He now, from motives of economy as well as to be near his surviving relatives, retired to Dunkirk; but the approaching revolution soon called him out again, and his promotion, which, though like that of Dugald Dalgetty, it was "dooms slow at first," did come at last. Now after thirty-seven years' hard service in the British Army, (to say nothing of fourteen in the French,) in North America, the West Indies, South America, the

Cape of Good Hope, Java and India, he found himself a Lieutenant Colonel of a second battalion serving in Canada. Such is a brief memoir of my old commanding officer. He was a warm-hearted, hot-tempered, jovial, gentlemanly old veteran, who enjoyed the present and never repined at the past; so it may well be imagined that I was in high good luck with such a *compagnon de voyage*.

Hearing that the American Army under General Wilkinson, was about to make descent on Canada somewhere about the lower end of Lake Ontario, we were determined to push on with all possible speed.

The roads, however, were declared impracticable, and the only steamboat the Canadas then rejoiced in, though now they must possess nearly one hundred, had sailed that day, and was not expected to return for nearly a week; so it was determined we should try our luck in one of the wretched river craft which in those days enjoyed the carrying trade between Quebec and Montreal. Into the small cabin therefore of one of these schooners we stowed ourselves. Though the winds were light, we managed to make some way as long as we could take advantage of the flood-tide, and lay by during the ebb; but after this our progress was slow indeed; not entirely from the want of a fair wind, but from the cursed dilatory habits of Frenchmen and their Canadian descendants in all matters connected with business. At every village (and in Lower Canada there is a village at every three leagues along the banks of the St. Lawrence, our captain had or made business—a cask of wine had to be delivered to "*le digne Curé*" at one place; a box of goods to "*M. le Gentilhomme de Magasin*" at another; the captain's "*parents*" lived within a league, and he had not seen them for six weeks,—so off he must go, and no prospect of seeing him any more for that day. The cottage of the cabin boy's mother unluckily lay on the bank of the river, and we must lay till madame came off with confitures, cabbages and clean shirts for his regalement; then the embracing, and kissing, and bowing, and taking off red night caps to each other, and the telling the news and hearing it, occupied ten times the space that the real business (if any there was) could possibly require. And all this was gone through on their part, as if it was the natural and necessary consequence of a voyage up the River Saint Lawrence. Haste seemed to them quite out of the question; and it is next to impossible to get into a passion and swear at a Frenchman, as you would at a sulky John Bull, or a saucy Yankee, under similar circumstances, for he is utterly unconscious all

the time that he is doing anything unworthy; he is so polite, complaisant and good humoured withal, that it is next to impossible to get yourself seriously angry with him. On the fifth day of this tedious voyage, when we had arrived within about fifteen miles of Three Rivers, which is midway between the two cities, we perceived the steamboat passing upwards close under the opposite shore, and we resolved to land, knowing that it was her custom to stop there all night, and proceed in the morning; accordingly we did so, and in a short time were seated in a caleche following at all the speed the roads would admit of—by dint of hard travelling, bribing and coaxing, we managed to get to Three Rivers by moonlight, about one in the morning. So far so good, thought we; but unluckily the moonlight that served us, served the steamboat also, and she had proceeded on her voyage before we came up. As we now, however, had got quite enough of sailing, we determined to proceed by land to Montreal.

The French, I suspect, have always been before us in Colonial policy. An arbitrary government can do things which a free one may not have the nerve to attempt, particularly among a people whose ignorance permits them to see only one side of the question.

The system of land travelling in Lower Canada was better, when we became master of it, than it is now in any part of the North American Continent. At every three leagues there was a "*Maison de Poste*," kept by a functionary who received his license from government, and denominated a "*Maitre de Poste*." He was bound by his engagement to find caleches and horses for all travellers, and he made engagements with his neighbours to furnish them when his were employed. These were called "*Aides de Poste*;" and they received the pay when they performed the duty, deducting a small commission for the *Maitre*. They were bound to travel when the roads admitted of it, at a rate not less than seven miles an hour, and were not to exceed quarter of an hour in changing horses; and to prevent imposition, in the parlour of each post house, (which was also an inn,) was stuck up a printed paper, giving the distance of each post from the next, and the sum to be charged for each horse and caleche employed, as well as other regulations, with regard to the establishment, which it was necessary for a traveller to know, and any well substantiated charge against these people was sure to call down summary punishment.

The roads not being, as already remarked, in the best order, we did not arrive at Montreal till the end of the second day, when we were congratulated by our more lucky companions who

had left Quebec in the steamboat three days later, and arrived at Montreal two days before us; and we were tantalized by a description of all the luxuries of that then little known conveyance, as contrasted with the fatigues and *désagrémens* of our mode of progression. For the last fifty miles of our route there was not to be seen throughout the country a single man fit to carry arms occupied about his farm or workshop; women, children, or men disabled by age or decrepitude were all that were to be met with.

The news had arrived that the long threatened invasion had at last taken place, and every available man was hurrying to meet it. We came up with several regiments of Militia on their line of march. They had all a serviceable effective appearance—had been pretty well drilled, and their arms being direct from the tower, were in perfectly good order, nor had they the mobbish appearance that such a levy in any other country would have had. Their capots and trowsers of home-spun stuff, and their blue *tuques* (night caps) were all of the same cut and colour, which gave them an air of uniformity that added much to their military look, for I have always remarked that a body of men's appearance in battalion depends much less on the fashion of their individual dress and appointments, than on the whole being in strict uniformity.

They marched merrily along to the music of their voyageur songs, and as they perceived our uniform as we came up, they set up the Indian War-whoop, followed by a shout of *Vive le Roi* along the whole line. Such a body of men in such a temper, and with so perfect a use of their arms as all of them possessed, if posted on such ground as would preclude the possibility of regular troops out-manœuvring them, (and such positions are not hard to find in Canada,) must have been rather a formidable body to have attacked. Finding that the enemy were between us and our regiment, proceeding to join would have been out of the question. The Colonel therefore requested that we might be attached to the militia on the advance. The Commander-in-Chief finding that the old gentleman had a perfect knowledge of the French language, (not by any means so common an accomplishment in the army in those days as it is now,) gave him command of a large brigade of militia, and, like other men who rise to greatness, his friends and followers shared his good fortune, for a subaltern of our regiment who had come out in another ship and joined us at Montreal, was appointed as his Brigade Major; and I was exalted to the dignity of Principal Medical Officer to his command, and we proceeded to Lachine, the head-quarters

of the advance, and where it had been determined to make the stand, in order to cover Montreal, the great commercial emporium of the Canadas, and which, moreover, was the avowed object of the American attack.

Our force here presented rather a motley appearance; besides a small number of the line consisting chiefly of detachments, there was a considerable body of sailors and marines; the former made tolerable Artillery men, and the latter had, I would say, even a more serviceable appearance than an equal body of the line, average it throughout the army.

The fact is that during the war the marines had the best recruits that entered the army. The reason of this, as explained to me by an intelligent non-commissioned Officer of that corps, was, that whereas a soldier of the line, returning on furlough to his native village, had barely enough of money to pay his travelling expenses, and support him while there, and even that with a strict attention to economy, the marine, on the other hand, on returning from a three years' cruise, had all the surplus pay and prize money of that period placed in his hands before he started, and this, with his pay going on at the same rate as that of the soldier of the line, enabled him to expend in a much more gentlemanly style of profusion than the other.

The vulgar of all ranks are apt to form their opinions of things rather from their results than the causes of them, and hence they jump to the conclusion that the marine service must be just so much better than that of the line, as the one has so much more money to spend on his return home than the other. And hence, aspiring—or as our quarter master, Tom Sheridan, used to say when recruiting sergeant, *perspiring*—young heroes, who resolve to gain a field marshal's baton by commencing with a musket, preferred the ambitious path of the jolly to the exclusively terra-queous one of the flat-foot. Besides these and our friends the country militia, there were two corps formed of the gentlemen of Montreal, one of artillery and another of sharp-shooters. I think these were in a perfect state of drill, and in their handsome new uniforms had a most imposing appearance. But if their discipline was commendable, their commissariat was beyond all praise. Long lines of carts were to be seen bearing in casks and hampers of the choicest wines, to say nothing of the venison, turkeys, hams, and all other esculents necessary to recruit their strength under the fatigues of war. With them the Indian found a profitable market for his game, and the fisherman for his fish. There can be little doubt that a gourmand would greatly prefer the comfort of dining with a mess of pri-

vates of these distinguished corps to the honour and glory of being half starved (of which he ran no small risk) at the table of the Governor General himself. Such a force opposed to an equal number of regulars, it may be said, was no very hopeful prospect for defending a country. But there are many things which, when taken into consideration, will shew that the balance was not so very much against them as at first sight may appear. Men who are fighting for their homes and friends, and almost in sight of their wives and children, have an additional incentive over those who fight for pay and glory. Again, the enemy to attack them had to land from a rapid, a thing which precludes regularity under any circumstances, and they would not be rendered more cool by a heavy fire of artillery while they were yawning and whirling in the current. They must have landed in confusion, and would be attacked before they could form, and should they get over all this, there was a plateau of land in the rear ascended by a high steep bank, which, in tolerable hands, could neither be carried nor turned. Add to all this, that the American regulars, if equal, were not superior to our troops in drill and discipline, the great majority of them having been enlisted for a period too short to form a soldier, under the most favorable circumstances. And much even of that short time had been consumed in long and harrassing marches through an unsettled country that could not supply the commissariat, and exposed to fatigue and privation that was rapidly spreading disease among them; dispirited too by recent defeat, with a constantly increasing force hanging on their rear. If they even had forced us at Lachine, they must have done it at an enormous loss. In their advance also towards Montreal, they must have fought every inch of the way, harrassed in front, flank and in rear, and their army so diminished that they could not hold Montreal if they had it. On the whole, therefore,—any reflections on the conduct of General Wilkinson by those great military critics, the editors of American newspapers, to the contrary notwithstanding,—every soldier will admit, that in withdrawing with a comparatively unbroken army to his intrenchment on Salmon River, the American commander did the very wisest thing that under all the circumstances he could have done. What the event of a battle might have been it is now impossible to say, for on this ground it was fated we were to shew our devotion to our king and country at a cheaper rate, for the news of the battle of Chrysler's Farm, and the subsequent retreat of the Americans across the river, blighted all our hopes of laurels for this turn.

This was a very brilliant little affair. Colonel Morrison of the 89th Regiment, was sent by General de Rotenburg, with a small corps amounting in all to 820 men, Regulars, Militia and Indians, to watch the motions of the American army, when it broke up from Grenadier Island, near Kingston, and to hang on and harrass their rear. This was done so effectually that General Covington was detached with a body at least three times our number to drive them back. Morrison retired till he came to a spot he had selected on his downward march, and there gave them battle. Luckily for us, the first volley we fired, killed General Covington, who must have been a brave fine fellow; the officer succeeding him brought his undisciplined levies too near our well-drilled troops before he deployed, and in attempting to do so, got thrown into confusion, thus giving our artillery and gun-boats an opportunity of committing dreadful slaughter among their confused and huddled masses. They rallied, however, again, but were driven off by the bayonet; but all this cost us dear, for we were too much weakened to follow up our victory. They retired therefore in comparative safety to about seven miles above the village of Cornwall, where they crossed the river without loss, save from a body of Highland militia, from Glengarry, who made a sudden attack on their cavalry while embarking, and by firing into the boats by which they were swimming over their horses, made them let go their bridles, and the animals swimming to the shore, were seized upon by Donald, who thus came into action a foot soldier, and went out of it a dragoon, no doubt, like his countryman, sorely "*taight wi' ta peast*" on his journey home.* The enemy then took up a position and fortified a camp, where they remained during the winter, and when preparations were made to drive them out of it in the spring, they suddenly abandoned their position, leaving behind them their stores and baggage, and retreated, followed by our forces, as far as the village of Malone, in the State of New York. Thus ended the "*partumeius mons*"

* The Highlander is no equestrian—he can trot on his feet fifty or sixty miles a day, with much greater ease to himself, and in a shorter space of time, than he could ride the same distance. A gentleman once sent his Highland servant a message on urgent business, and to enable him to execute it sooner, gave him a horse. Donald did not return at the time expected, nor for long after it; at last his master, who was watching anxiously for him, discerned him at a long distance on the road on foot, creeping at a snail's pace, and towing the reluctant quadruped by the bridle. On being oburgated for his tardiness, he replied "he could have been here twa three hours, but he was taight wi' ta peast," i. e. delayed or impeded by the horse.

of the only efficient invasion of Canada during the war. The fact is, the Americans were deceived in all their schemes of conquest in Canada; the disaffected then as now were the loudest in their clamour, and a belief obtained among the Americans that they had only to display their colours to have the whole population flock to them. But the reverse of this was the case. They found themselves in a country so decidedly hostile, that their retreating ranks were thinned by the peasantry firing on them from behind fences and stumps; and it was evident that every man they met was an enemy. The militia at Lachine, after being duly thanked for their services, were sent home, and the regulars went into winter quarters; the sailors and marines to Kingston—, and we, having enjoyed our newly acquired dignities for a few days, set off to join our regiment then quartered at Fort Wellington, a clumsy, ill-constructed unflanked redoubt, close to which now stands the large and populous village of Prescott, then consisting of five houses, three of which were unfinished. The journey was a most wretched one. The month of November being far advanced, rain and sleet poured down in torrents—the roads at no season good, were now barely fordable, so that we found it the easiest way to let our waggon go on with our baggage, and walk through the fields, and that too, though at every two hundred yards, or oftener, we had to scramble over a rail fence, six feet high; sometimes we got a lift in a boat, sometimes we were dragged by main force in a waggon through the deep mud, in which it was hard to say whether the peril of upsetting or drowning was the most imminent. Sometimes we marched; but all that could be said of any mode of travel was, that it was but a variety of the disagreeable; so, as there was no glory to be gained in such a service, I was anything but sorry when I learned that I was to halt for some time at a snug, comfortable, warm, cleanly, Dutch farm house, to take charge of the wounded who had suffered in the action of Chrysler's Farm.

Washington Irvine is the only describer of your "American Teutonic Race," and this, my debut in the New World, put me down in the midst of that worthy people as unsophisticated as possible. It is *refreshing*, as his little Lordship of Craigcrook used to say, in this land where every man is a philosopher, and talks of government as if he had been bred at the feet of Machiavel, to meet with a specimen of genuine simplicity, perfectly aware of his own ignorance in matters which in no way concern him. Your Dutchman is the most unchangeable of all human beings; "*Calum non animam mutat, qui trans mare*"

currunt" applies with peculiar force to the Batavian in every clime on the face of the globe. In America, at the Cape of Good Hope, in the congenial marshes of Java, in the West Indies, and at Chinsurhae on the banks of the Ganges, the transmarine Hollander is always the same as in his own native mud of the dams and dykes of Holland,—the same in his house, his dress, his voracious and omniverous appetite, his thrift and his cleanliness.

Among these good, kind, simple people, I spent a month or six weeks very pleasantly. Loyal and warmly attached to the British Crown, they followed our standard in the Revolutionary War, and obtained from government settlements in Canada when driven from their homes on the banks of the Hudson. From what I could learn from them, the Americans had persecuted them and their families with a rancour they displayed to no other race of mankind. When prisoners were taken in action, while the British were treated by them with respect, and even with kindness, the Dutch were deliberately murdered in cold blood. Men without arms in their hands, but suspected of favouring the British cause, were shot before their own doors, or hanged on the apple trees of their own orchards, in presence of their wives and families, who without regard to age or sex were turned from their homes without remorse or pity. And one old dame told me that she was for six weeks in the woods between Utica and Niagara, unaccompanied by any one but her two infant children, looking for her husband, who she luckily found in the fort of the latter place; at one time she and her poor babes must have perished from hunger, but for some Mohawk Indians, who came up and delivered them, and conducted them to the Fort. The Dutch themselves ascribe this very different treatment of the ~~the~~ races to the fear of the Americans that the British would retaliate in case they were ill used, while the Dutch could not.

This, however, could not have been the case, had the Americans feared vengeance on the part of the British for the wrongs they inflicted on their countrymen, they must have equally ascertained that they would not quietly submit to injuries inflicted on men who were their loyal and faithful fellow subjects. I therefore suspect, that, so far as their statements were correct, and they must have been so in the main, for I have the same stories from the Dutch of the Niagara District, who had no communication whatever with their compatriots of Williamsburg, and though we must allow great latitude for exaggeration in a people who were, no doubt, deeply injured, and

had been brooding over their wrongs for a period of upwards of thirty years, during all which time their wrath had gathered force as it went, and their stories having no one to contradict them, must have increased with each subsequent narrator, till they had obtained all the credence of time-honoured truth—allowing for all this, but insisting that the stories had a strong foundation in fact, the rigour of their persecution must be attributed to another feeling, and must have, I should think, arisen from this, that the Americans considered that a British subject born within the realm, and fighting for what he believed to be the rights of his country, was only doing what they themselves were doing; whereas, a North American born, whatever his extraction, fighting against what they considered the rights of the people of North America, was a traitor and an apostate, an enemy to the cause of freedom from innate depravity, and therefore, like a noxious animal, was lawfully to be destroyed, "*per fas et nefas*." However this may be, I found their hatred to the Americans was deep rooted and hearty, and their kindness to us and to our wounded, (for I never trusted them near the American wounded,) in proportion strong and unceasing; my only difficulty with them was to prevent them cramming my patients with all manner of Dutch dainties, for their ideas of practice being Batavian, they affirmed that there was infinitely greater danger from inanition than repletion, and that strength must come from nourishment. "Unless you give de wounded man plenty to eat and drink it is quite certain he can never get through."

Killing with kindness is the commonest cause of death I am aware of, and it is very remiss in the faculty, that it has never yet found a place in the periodical mortuary reports which they publish in great cities in a tabular form—this ought to be amended. *Au reste*—I was very comfortable, for while I remained under the hospitable roof of my friend old Cobus, I had an upper room for my sleeping apartment, and the show room of the establishment for my sitting parlour, an honour and preferment which nobody of less rank than an actual line officer of the *riglars* could have presumed to aspire to; to the rest of mankind it was shut and sealed, saving on high days and holidays. This sacred chamber was furnished and decorated in the purest and most classical style of Dutch taste, the whole wood-work, and that included floor, walls and ceiling, were sedulously washed once a week with hot water and soap, vigorously applied with a scrubbing brush. The floor was nicely sanded, and

the walls decorated with a tapestry of innumerable home-spun petticoats, evidently never applied to any other (I won't say meaner) purpose, declaring at once the wealth and housewifery of the gude vrow. On the shelf that ran round the whole room, were exhibited the holiday crockery of the establishment, bright and shining, interspersed with pewter spoons, which were easily mistaken for silver from the excessive brightness of their polish. And to conclude the description of my comforts, I had for breakfast and dinner a variety and profusion of meat, fish, eggs, cakes and preserves, that might have satisfied the grenadier company of the Regiment.

On the Saturday morning (for this was the grand cleansing day) I never went forth to visit my hospital without taking my fowling piece in my hand, and made a point of never returning until sunset, as during the intervening period no animal not amphibious could possibly have existed in the domicile; after leaving them I never passed their door on the line of march without passing an hour or two with my old friends, and on such occasions I used to be honored with the chaste salute of the worthy old dame, which was followed by my going through the same ceremony, to a strapping beauty, her niece, who was "comely to be seen," and in stature rather exceeded myself, though I stand six feet in my stocking soles. An irreverent Irish subaltern of *ours* impiously likened the decorous and fraternal salute with which I greeted her, to the "slap of a wet brogue against a barn door;" and the angel who in her innocence bestowed that civility on me, was known by my brother officers, who had no platonism in their souls, as "The Doctor's Sylph."

From the end of the first few weeks that I remained here my patients gradually began to diminish,—some died, and these I buried,—some recovered by the remedies employed, or spite of them, and these I forwarded or carried with me to join the Regiment,—and others who from loss of limbs or of the use of them, might be considered as permanently rendered "*hors de combat*," I sent by easy stages to Montreal General Hospital, thence in the spring to be removed to England as occasion offered, thence to enjoy the honours and emoluments of a Chelsea Pension. The few that remained unfit to be removed I committed to the charge of an Hospital Mate, and proceeded with all convenient speed to join the head-quarters of my Regiment.

(To be continued.)

LOV'D HAPPY DAYS.

BY E. A. M. T.

Lov'd happy days! too soon, alas! you've fled,
And long ere this are slumbering with the dead!
Oh! how my heart, whilst ling'ring o'er the past,
Would wish some scenes gone by could ever last—
Scenes that so brightly, vividly portray
The happy hours now fled and past away,
When all was hope—and not one cloud o'ercast
The happy future or the shadowy past.

Those days have fled! and with them many a scene,
Remembered now as some enchanting dream,
On which my fancy fondly loves to dwell,
Transported back as by a magic spell.

At twilight hour I love to be alone—and find,
A thousand visions crowd upon my mind;
Then contemplation links a powerful chain,
Which holds my mind a captive free from pain.
Oh! Memory, till steeped in Lethe's stream,
With soft, with soothing recollections beam—
Send back the harsher feelings from my heart,
And to each thought a soothing balm impart!
That as each year comes rolling on apace,
May all regrets the lapse of time efface;
And Hope, the leading star of life and fame,
Still in my heart and mind triumphant reign,
Crushing all fears—ennobling every thought,
Banishing care with grief and woe unsought.

Happy the moments when blest thoughts roll on,
With "Hope" the guiding staff to rest upon;
And memory crowned with holy visions bright,
Lends to my soul a calm and peaceful light.

NIGHTS OF JUNE.

BY *****

These nights of June, these nights of June,
How linked with fondest thoughts of thee!
As gazing on yon smiling moon,
Her placid splendour seems to me,
Oh! far less beautiful than the bright,
Pure beaming of thine own sweet eyes;
More holy than the tender light
Which falls to earth from yon fair skies.

These nights of June, can't thou forget?
Can time or absence change or dim
Those hopes which should be glowing yet?
And the memory of old joys, and him
Who often in thy flower-wreathed bower
Hath breathed his soul's idolatry;
Nay, in the wildness of that hour,
Hath madly knelt and worship'd thee!

These nights of June glow o'er the tide,
And o'er the distant mountains blue,
But ah! I miss thee from my side,
To gaze upon and bless them too.
Though side by side no more we stand,
And though between us rolls the sea,
And another holds thy fair, soft hand,
Yet sometimes sigh, and think of me.
Montreal.

RICHARD CRAIGNTON;*

OR,

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN THE HISTORY OF THE "MARKHAM GANG."

BY HARRY BLOOMFIELD, ESQUIRE, F.R.S.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMINISCENCES.

WHEN Captain Willinton left the house of his unfortunate kinsman, he drove directly home, taking with him his friend the doctor. He had become deeply interested in the fate of the unhappy man, as well as in that of his son, and endeavoured to move his companion to a similar disposition. But Dr. Greenleaf was inexorable. He felt, as a man should feel, regret and sorrow, but he could not disguise from himself the fact that Craighton had, no matter what the circumstances were that led him to it, been one of a band of robbers, and he contended that no motives of sympathy or friendship should interfere to shield him from the consequences of the guilt he had incurred. In answer to a long and urgent appeal by Captain Willinton, he said: "True, my dear sir, true. I can see and feel all you say; but I am a Magistrate, and I am afraid I have failed in the performance of my duty in even permitting the leniency already given. But, it does not matter much, Craighton is a doomed man—a few hours will, in all probability, place him beyond the reach of man, either for sympathy or punishment. I am greatly mistaken if he will survive to-night."

"And he died for me!" said Captain Willinton, deeply moved with the solemnity of the doctor's answer; and he relapsed into silence.

"He did!" said the doctor. "May it avail him at the bar of God!"

Slowly it seemed, the carriage moved on. The mind of Captain Willinton was busy—the doctor was not without his cares. The man was at war with the magistrate. He alternately upbraided himself with harshness, and with the crime of conniving at guilt, and with too much carelessness as to the security of the guilty party. Captain Willinton, who had nothing but his own true heart to call his motives and his actions into

question, felt as if he had done nothing to requite the self-sacrifice made in his behalf. He accused himself of want of gratitude and generosity, and felt humbled at the thought that he had left so much undone, so much unsaid, in his interview with the wounded and suffering man. Once or twice, he seemed anxious to return; but checked himself as he thought the sufferers might imagine he came to watch them, and he feared to alarm them more. Thus the time passed on, until the horse stopped at his door, when they entered the house, and having met Mrs. Willinton, she handed him a letter, which, as it has some connection with our history, we subjoin. Indeed, we have permission from all the parties to copy it entire:—

LETTER FROM MR. GARDNER TO CAPTAIN WILLINTON.

MY DEAR WILLINTON,—I received your letter, and deeply sympathize with Laura in the fright she must have felt from the encounter you so graphically describe. Your trade should have taught you to view such adventures in a somewhat different light. But I must tell you a story which you may have heard before, but now it comes so pat to my purpose that I cannot help detailing it again, even if it should cost a yawn or two.

You came among us a year or two too late to estimate to the full the terror which was universal during the rebellion in this Province. Indeed the very small size of the mouse produced after the painful throes of the mountain, has made us all wonder how we came to be so terribly alarmed. For my part I have not yet recovered from my fright. Nevertheless, we thought it no laughing matter then. Every house was plunged in the deepest gloom—every face among us was elongated to an unnatural extent, and had some photographic practitioner come among us, and carried away the likenesses of any dozen men he met, and published them as specimens of the race by

which the Canadas were inhabited, the wise men who live a couple of hundred centuries after the present day, would have found a curious subject of discussion in ascertaining the family of the *genus homo* by which this land was peopled previous to the twentieth century. I have no doubt we should have been described as a long-visaged race, who, living in primeval ages, had long since become extinct. Fortunately or unfortunately, I cannot well say which, no such event took place, and we are left to take our chance with the rest of the world, in the speculations in which the sages who are born a thousand or two years later will indulge respecting the *early* history of man.

During these troublous times I was the hero—no, not the hero—but I was nearly becoming the victim of an adventure. It was the night that Colonel Moodie was murdered. Of that most sad affair of course you heard, for it was borne on the wings of the press through many lands. I lived near the scene of the murder, in a secluded cottage. You know the place, for we spent a pleasant day there before you had yet chosen your own backwood home. It was late at night—near midnight it must have been, for all in the house except myself had retired to rest. I sat alone nodding over some book which I had probably paid the same compliment to some scores of times—a volume of my old favorite Paley, I think it was. Immersed in thought, I might have sat an hour or two longer when the door of my cottage was burst rudely open, and three dare-devil looking ruffians with faces as black as tallow and soot could make them, stalked through the hall into my room, attracted thither by the light. I was in a mess. Of course I had not heard the melancholy tale of my friend Moodie's slaughter, nor had I any particular apprehension about my life. But I was alarmed, and the villains saw it. The first of the three spoke to me.

"You have arms here!" said he, interrogatively.

"I wish I had," I replied. "If I had I should probably teach you better manners."

"You would, eh!" said the rascal, laughing heartily, while his friends joined in his mocking cacinations.

I was a little choleric then, and made some yet more vaunting speech, as I reached my hand to the bell-rope, intending to alarm some of the sleepers. I had a couple of lazy fellows in the house, or rather in a kind of detached wing which had been added to it after it was built, and I wanted them beside me, in the event of matters getting serious. One of the men seized my arm before it reached the rope.

"You need not ring," said he; "more of us

than there are here would be useless. We are aware that you have two or three rifles for your friends when they come to see you. Tell us where they are. It is only them we want."

"And them," said I, guessing that they belonged to the insurgents who were arming throughout the country, "you won't get. If I had a hundred, I should take care of them. Help here! Williams! Johnson! —"

"Curse you! be quiet," said the man between his teeth. "If you make a noise I'll put you out of the way of needing help before it comes."

He threw his arms around me, and endeavoured to silence me by force. I struggled, and struck at him with all the strength of a man who had not quite lost his vigor, but he was too much for me, and whether I would or not, he prevented any further exhibition of my valor or my rage.

The noise, however, had awoken my Agnes, then a girl of scarcely thirteen years. She slept in a room adjoining that where I had been reading. She rushed in among us. One of the ruffians caught her up in his arms, and as she screamed loudly, he threw a handkerchief over her face, with a view to stifle her cries. I would fain hope, for the sake of human nature, he had no other intention, although he called out:

"If the old fool does not tell us where the rifles are, I'll settle this dainty chick. You'd better tell us," he added, addressing me, "or I'll strangle her." He garnished his speech with a few blasphemous oaths, which I need not repeat, seeing that they were not necessary, nor would you derive any particular edification from their repetition.

He was a vulgar ruffian—the others seemed a shade less brutal, for one of them made a movement as if to interfere, while the man who held me relaxed his grasp a little in his surprise. I took advantage of the moment, and bounding from him seized a heavy ebony ruler that lay upon the table, and rushed towards the man by whom my daughter's young life was threatened. One of the men who stood beside him, seeing the prospect that some deadly wound might be inflicted, for the ruler was no despicable weapon, threw his hobnailed hoof out before me, and as heedlessly rushed forward, I tripped against it and fell headlong on the floor. Before I had time to rise, his knee was on my shoulders, and a sharp knife at my throat. I lay on the floor writhing and struggling. The only sound I heard was a loud and piercing shriek from my poor Agnes. It was suddenly stopped, and for a few seconds all was still. I verily believed they had bid adieu to pity, and that both of us were doomed. Indeed I had made my mind up that

our time was come, and was endeavouring to form a prayer that our sins—or mine at least—might not be remembered against us at the day of retribution and of justice. It was to me a terrible moment. Ten thousand thoughts struggled in my mind, but like the confused images of a dream, they shifted and changed so rapidly that they scarcely left an impress on my memory. My daughter's untimely and cruel fate was uppermost, and her name was mingled in the incoherent and irregular prayer that rose silently from my heart to the Throne of Him who sitteth in the heavens, and with whom are the destinies of men and angels. Even in that dreadful hour I lost not my faith in Him. It has been a consolation to me ever since that then I was able to conceive the thought, though I could not give utterance to the words, "Blessed be His name."

The man who held me down said in a whisper that grated horribly on my ear:

"There's no use resisting—to-night! Either you must yield, or you must die; and more, you must swear for one month to keep your tongue from speaking or your hand from writing anything relating to this night's work. It is on these terms only that either your life or that of your daughter will be spared."

I had begun to answer in a tone of defiance, for suspecting what I did, it seemed to me like giving a countenance to treason, to comply, when I heard the door thrown open. I twisted my head round to see who entered, but in doing so the knife cut the skin. In a second, the man who held it was struck down with a rapid blow. I sprang up, the fear for my daughter supplying me with nerve. The ruler was still in my hand, and with it I stretched one of the men, while my unknown friend encountered him who held my daughter. The fellow let go his hold upon her, and turned to face his assailant. We had the mastery, however. The first man was literally felled, though the blow was dealt only from the heavy end of a riding whip. The second, under the infliction of the ruler, was a helpless mass upon the floor. At the same moment, both of my fellows made their entry, and seeing that the game was up, the ruffian who had stood at bay, taking advantage of the open door, darted out of it, and was off, leaving his comrades prisoners in our hands.

What became of them afterwards I hardly know. We had them sent to prison, but so many strange events happened afterwards that I lost sight of them, and I believe that they were pardoned with a host of others equally guilty. We are not, in this country, particularly anxious to punish guilt of any kind, and if there be a little

treason associated with crime, so much the better for the offender. I am not quite sure but that in such circumstances, instead of punishment, the offender has a very fair chance of reward.

But, *revenons à nos moutons*,—this is not what I want to talk about. I have as yet said nothing about my defender. When I had time to look about me, I found him busy soothing the fears of the sobbing Agnes. I must say he was wonderfully expert even at that kind of work, and before I was myself half recovered, the little minx was smiling upon him, as if she had forgotten all about her fears. He was a mere stripling—a boy of hardly seventeen, as it appeared, but he had a man's hand and a man's heart, too, in a good cause.

His name was Richard Craighton.

When we removed to town, where he was studying law, our acquaintance with him was renewed. He has ever since been a favorite of mine—and twice as much a favorite of Agnes'.

Now, my dear Willinton, I have heard that the father of this youth (I wonder how he came to have such a father) is one of the guilty men by whom you were attacked; and although I do not wish to shield the perpetrators of such an act from the consequences of their misdeeds, I cannot help indulging a hope that this man's character may be such as to justify you in shewing him as much leniency as you possibly can—not so much for his own sake, as for that of his son, who is indeed a most estimable young man, and one who, had not this occurred, would have been an ornament to the country. It has completely unmanned him, and already he has done all in his power to prevent us from sharing in the obloquy which he thinks must follow him. I have told you all, however, that I can tell you properly, and for the rest I know I can trust to your generosity and to your friendship for

Yours, most truly,

W. GARDNER.

"What do you think of this, Doctor?" said Captain Willinton, who finding what the letter was, read it aloud for his companions.

"I don't know what to think of it," replied the doctor. "It looks as if we were making a romance here in the back woods, where I had no idea that anything but Indian legends could have their venue. I would like to hear Mrs. Willinton's opinion."

"It is time you should think of that," said the lady smiling. "But I will give none yet. Poor Agnes must have suffered greatly. I should like to see her."

"I am glad to hear you say so, my love," said

Captain Willinton. "I think I ought to go to town about this business, and if you can be ready for a start at daylight we will go tomorrow."

"I will not fail," said Mrs. Willinton. "Are you disposed to comply with Mr. Gardner's wish?"

"Before I knew it I had made up my mind to do all in my power to save the man he intercedes for. He is a kinsman of my own, and to him you owe it that I am still alive—"

"A kinsman of your own?" exclaimed Mrs. Willinton. "What do you mean? I did not know you had any in the country. And your life—how?—But I remember. One of their robbers sacrificed himself to save you. Was it he?"

"It was, dearest," said the Captain, sadly—"and his own life is but too likely to be the forfeit. But I will tell you all about it in the evening. In the mean time, Dr Greenleaf wants some refreshment, and I don't think I should be the worse for some myself."

"Dinner has been waiting this hour, said Mrs. Willinton, "and I had forgotten it. It shall be ordered instantly."

The doctor did not require much urging, and the party were soon seated round the hospitable board, and although they ceased to speak of what had occupied them throughout the day it was the subject which employed all their thoughts. The dinner was soon over, and the doctor left them to return home, and Mrs. Willinton immediately began her preparations for the contemplated journey.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

"WHY, my dear Willinton, is it possible?" cried Mr. Gardner, cordially grasping his friend's extended hand, "is it you? And Laura, too! This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. I thought you were enjoying yourselves in your snug cottage, laughing at us who waste our time in the cities, having no business there. How comes it we see you so far from home?"

"I came on purpose to see you. And Laura has been longing to see Miss Gardner, so we made our minds up to come unbidden to share your hospitality. We would have been here some days ago, but the death of a friend detained us, as we could not well leave until the last honors were paid to his remains. Where is your daughter? I want to give Laura over to her, while I speak with you on business."

"Agnes will be here instantly," said Mr. Gardner; "I left her but a moment ago. She little thinks who has come to see her, or she would not have delayed so long as she has done

already. But what friend has died? I did not know you were so nearly connected with any one in the country as to make outward mourning necessary, and I see you in sables from head to heel. What friend is dead?"

"Of that I will tell you soon," replied Captain Willinton. "In the meantime —"

But he was interrupted by the entrance of Agnes, who after her first start of surprise, rushed eagerly to Mrs. Willinton, and before she was able to speak, burst into a flood of tears.

"What ails you, Agnes?" said Mrs. Willinton tenderly. "It was not a weeping welcome I expected from you."

"It is not the less sincere though," said Agnes; "but—"

"What but is there, dear girl!" said Mrs. Willinton. "Yet never mind; shew me the way to your own room, and let us leave Willinton with your father. All will yet go well, or I am sadly mistaken. Let us away."

The two ladies retired, and left Mr. Gardner alone with Captain Willinton, and the old gentleman immediately led the way to his library, where he felt they would be secure from interruption, and he well knew, or at least he believed he did, that his friend had come in person to answer his letter, and to give him verbally the assurance of his assistance in the circumstances in which he was unfortunately placed.

Captain Willinton when he arrived from England, had brought with him a letter to Mr. Gardner from an old and valued friend, who had at one time occupied a very high position in the colony. For the sake of that friend he had taken a warm and kindly interest in the bearer of the letter, and when he came to know him better, that interest was taken not because of the writer of the letter, but because he had become warmly attached to Captain Willinton himself—a gentleman whose frank and generous spirit, and amiable and kindly qualities were a passport to favor with all whose hearts were pure and stainless. When by an unexpected and totally unimagined course of events Captain Willinton had become connected with his daughter's fate, Mr. Gardner had written to him frankly and plainly, as to a son or brother, and though the old man with the veneration he had ever entertained for law as well as justice, scrupled and hesitated ere he sought to turn private friendship into an excuse for the violation of legal right, yet had his affection for his motherless daughter triumphed, and he had written the letter which has been seen in a previous chapter. When he met his friend on the threshold of his own house, he knew that he had come because he believed his presence would

be the most effectual answer he could return. But Mr. Gardner was not prepared for the revelations he was about to hear, and little dreamed that in seeking the forbearance of his friend for the wretched and unhappy man, he would be so warmly, but alas! so needlessly seconded. He little dreamed that he for whom he pleaded was already beyond mortal aid or enmity, or that he had given his life for him to whom his supplication had been made.

"You have received my letter," said Mr. Gardner, hesitating a little, as if the subject were one he did not enter upon with a very great deal of pleasure.

"I have," replied his visitor. "And believe me, you could not have addressed one more willing than myself to act according to your wish. But I regret to add that it is useless—"

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, interrupting him with a start of surprise. "Is there then no hope? I could not have thought he was so utterly depraved."

"You misunderstand me," said Captain Willinton, hastily. "That is not my meaning. I was about to say that human friendship, however anxious it may be to serve him, is now too late. He it is," and the voice of the speaker trembled a little as he said it, "he it is for whom I wear the sables of which you spoke."

"How—what!" exclaimed Mr. Gardner, with astonishment. "Is he dead? and if he is, why do you wear mourning for his sake?"

"My dear Sir," replied Captain Willinton, sadly, "the man in whose behalf we have each felt so much interest is no more. He died three days since; and, singular as it seems, I found in him a relative—one of whose existence I scarcely knew; but one, nevertheless, who gave his life for mine."

He paused for some moments, while Mr. Gardner looked at him with astonishment, not unmingled with hope and pleasure. The old man, however, was the first to speak.

"Am I to believe," he said, "that we have been all mistaken, or what am I to think? Have we been accusing the unhappy man of crimes which he never committed?"

"Alas, no!" said Captain Willinton. "He did indeed do all which has been laid to his charge, but nevertheless he was my kinsman, and gave his life for mine when his accomplice would have taken it. It is a long story, but I will tell it you, that you may know your sympathy was not all misplaced.

Captain Willinton then entered fully into the details with which the reader has already been made acquainted; he did so, however, with a

much more lenient hand to the memory of Craighton than the latter himself had done, and spoke of his errors and his crimes in the language of regret rather than of reproach. When he had concluded, Mr. Gardner grasped his hand, and thanking him for his kindness, left the room to seek for his daughter Agnes.

* * * * *

The Autumn had given place to Winter, and Winter in its turn had yielded to the gentle voice of Spring. Time had already begun to draw his charitable and kindly veil over the unhappy and dreadful past. Richard Craighton sat with his mother in the room where we first met them together, but now, though both were sad, there were no deep traces of anguish upon their brows. The mother was indeed but the shadow of what she once had been, and to the eye of her son it seemed painfully evident that she would not long linger upon the earth. Her stay of life was broken, and she waited her summons to the grave with gentle and uncomplaining patience, and with no wish that the solemn messenger should delay his coming. They had for some minutes sat silently, when the mother spoke:

"My son," she said, and a smile in which hope and happiness strangely blended with the look of sadness which her gentle features invariably wore, "you have then resolved to act wisely, and no longer to refuse the offered kindness of the good old man, who through evil and good report has been your friend."

"I have, my mother," said Richard. "Captain Willinton has convinced me—perhaps I was too easily convinced—that further scruples were unnecessary to the maintenance of my own honor, and I have never doubted that Agnes' happiness was equally with mine, hardly to be hoped for had I carried my design of leaving the country into effect. I have therefore asked her forgiveness—and obtained it; and if a whole life of love and care can in any measure repay her for her goodness, it shall be hers."

"I am truly rejoiced that it is so, my son," replied his mother. "We have experienced the goodness of God in all things, and may He teach us duly to thank Him for all that He has done."

Mother and son again sank into silence, but it was not the silence of sorrow. The long night was ending, and the dawn was breaking for both. The mother knew that her home would soon be reached, and the son, all doubts and fears having given way, looked forward to a life on earth of happiness with her who had for years been the beacon-star of hope and promise to his heart.

"They are coming to see you, mother," said

Richard. "They know all that you have suffered, and how nobly and womanlike has been your bearing under it. They will be here to-day."

"Impossible! Richard," cried Mrs. Craighton. "It is impossible that I can meet them. And yet, why should I not?" she added, seeing Richard's start of astonishment and pain. "I thought I had taught myself to do whatever might be required by duty. Besides, it is a hope that I have long cherished that I might see your bride—one who has proved so well that she is worthy to be the wife of my son, even were he all that in my partial judgment I have believed of him."

"Thank you, mother. I knew that you would be rejoiced to see her, or at all events that for my sake you would not object to the meeting, although it may give rise to painful thoughts. Captain Willinton writes that they will be here a little after noon," and the young man looked at his watch, wondering what could make it move so slowly.

"Have patience," said his mother smiling. "The time flies fast enough. However, I am glad so early a day has been appointed for her coming, as I feel that my thread of life is nearly spun. Had it been much later I should scarcely have lived to give her a mother's blessing."

"Mother!" cried Richard, starting up, "don't talk thus. You will live for many years to bless us. Do not embitter such an hour with these sad forebodings."

"They are not sad, Richard. I do not fear, though I do not wish, to live. His will be done, and whether I live or die, let us be prepared to acknowledge that whatever He does is best."

The day wore on slowly,—or at least it appeared to the young man to do so. The hour so long hoped and wished for was at hand, when he should see the choice of his heart embraced and blessed by his long suffering, but ever kind and gentle parent. He saw the happiness of which he had for months despaired, again within his reach, and the spot which had witnessed his first stern trial was the same as that which should see the last cloud swept away—no, not away, for though its gloom was gone, and the sun shone through it, still it was with a chastened and sombre ray, far different from, though possibly not less delightful than the full brightness with which until then it had poured its beams upon him. The memory of his dead father rose up between him and perfect joy, for time had not altogether healed the wound, although all that kind and anxious friends could do had been freely done to cause forgetfulness of the cause of

so much misery. Still from his own heart he could not conceal the fact that there was a blot upon his escutcheon, which, although it might be covered over, could never be erased, and even then a feeling as if he had not acted worthily crept over him, and for a moment caused a chill in his veins, and a tremor at his heart. But then, again, the thought of Agnes, pining because of his misery, and mourning for her own hopes, came in to cheer him, and he cast the gloom from his soul, and determined that the lesson he had learnt would be to him a double motive—should he ever need one, and that he would not to his own heart admit—for guarding over the blessing of her love as the most precious earthly gift in the rich treasury of heaven.

The preparations for the expected visitors had all been made. It was expected that they would remain only for a very short period, as the intention was that they should call to be introduced to Mrs. Craighton as they passed on their way to Captain Willinton's, where Mr. Gardner and his daughter intended to remain for a few weeks, as visitors of their amiable friends. Richard, therefore, calling his young sister to his side, walked out with her on the road by which they were expected to arrive.

Although it was still less than a year since the first introduction of the various personages connected with our history, a wonderful change had taken place as well in the mind as in the person of the young Mary Craighton. Richard had been for some months away, during which her mother had been for some time dangerously ill, and the energies of body and mind had been rapidly developed by the cares which had devolved upon her. She had watched and nursed her sick and suffering mother with an anxiety and watchfulness beyond her years, and the necessity of self-reliance, and dependance upon the One great aid, had been impressed upon her as well by the circumstances in which she was placed as by the kind and wholesome counsels of her sole remaining parent. Her person too had grown and been developed, and although she was still childlike both in manner and appearance, there was a shade of seriousness in her features, and an indescribable dignity about her whole demeanour that impressed the beholder with a belief that she was older than she seemed. Richard saw and felt the change, though he could not comprehend or explain it, and when he addressed her, unconsciously to himself, he spoke differently from what a few short months ago he would have done. Then he would have addressed her as a child, and as a child she would have answered him. Now, it seemed to him as if a

woman walked by his side; and to her as to a woman, and she his sister, he now spoke.

"Do you know who is coming to see you, Mary?" he said, while a deeper colour suffused his cheek, and happiness lighted up his eye.

"I do not, Richard; but I suppose it must be some friends of yours, for mamma said that you were anxious that there should be nothing but pleasantness and pleasure visible about the house when the strangers came. Who are they, Richard?"

"One, dear Mary, who will be a kind sister to you all your life, and whom you will love as you have loved me—and more, if that be possible. Will you not do so, Mary, when I tell you that I wish it?"

"I will, dear Richard. But you may tell me who it is," said Mary, a faint consciousness of what was about to happen breaking upon her mind.

"It is one, dear Mary, who will soon be a sister to you in earnest—who will be my wife, Mary—even as our mother was to our poor father, years ago. Will you not love and cherish her for my sake?"

But the reply, whatever it might have been, was not given, for at that moment, a carriage came into view, and the young man knew that it contained her he most loved on earth. A few moments passed, and they had met, and though forced to constrain the emotions that thrilled through every nerve, the warm clasp of the extended hand spoke in a language which to each was as expressive as words could have conveyed.

* * * * *

In a calm and lovely spot, in the lone churchyard beside which she had passed on her errand of mercy to the house of old Anthony Slatefield, all that now remains on earth of Alice Craighton sleeps in the grave of her unhappy husband. Thither, in the quiet still evenings of the beautiful and leafy summer, Richard Craighton, his young wife beside him, and his sister gathering wild flowers, by turns leading and then following the happy pair, frequently wends his way. A simple tablet records the names of the dead, and he never tires of reading the inscription, though there is in it no record of their lives. The faults of the guilty one are not inscribed, nor is there any praise of the virtues of her who suffered without murmur for his sake, and prayed that he might "turn from his wickedness, and live." The grass groweth, the flower bloometh, the sun shineth, on the just and the unjust with equal freshness and with equal lustre, and the tears of those who weep, and the hopes of those who hope are shared alike by the unconscious

sleepers. He who judgeth not as man judgeth, who knows all that to man is a mystery and a wonder, has dealt with them as to Him seemed meet. We may hope that *his* sins have been forgiven and that her devotedness has been rewarded. In His hands are the issues of life, and whatever may have been decreed, it is for us only to echo what in her life time, under any circumstances in which she might have been placed, she would have said, "Blessed be His name."

* * * * *

In conclusion it may perhaps be necessary to refer to the fate of some of the personages whose connection with the robber bands now happily dispersed, formed the leading features of the earlier portion of our history. They are subjects of discussion, however, for which we have no great relish, and we believe we shall best consult the taste of the reader by dismissing them in a manner as summary as the nature of their several cases will admit.

Gray, caught in the very fact of committing burglary, was of course convicted—the murder, though every one believed him guilty, could not be proved against him—and he is now doing that which he has all his life detested, working hard at a useful occupation, under the wardenship of one who, in the performance of his public duty will seldom suffer him to loiter at his task. The with hard fare, and careful seclusion from comrades, will probably, should he survive the term of his apprenticeship, enable him afterwards to earn his living without guilt. He is far from being tractable in his new employment, and has already been subjected to occasional punishments, which, however, are far from being the heaviest retribution by which he has been overtaken. His long nights are sleepless, or his sleep is broken and unrefreshing, for the face of the old man slain by him in his unresisting helplessness is seldom absent from his eye and mind during the still watches of the weary night, and the morning though it ushers him to unrequited toil is gladly welcomed. Let him stay there for his allotted term,—the punishment by man awarded is light in comparison with his crimes.

Greene and Whitley were both acquitted. The crime of which they were accused—the attempt at robbery at Captain Willinton's—had not been proved, and for reasons which we have seen, as well as because the attempt had been unsuccessful, the person chiefly interested did not wish to institute too searching an investigation; and indeed, he had not seen the parties so distinctly as to enable him to identify them had he wished to do so. Their escape, however, did not avail

them much. Both were forced to flee the country, where they had become known, and Greene, while endeavouring to cross the lake in a small boat, was upset and drowned—his remains were found some days after, drifted ashore, and some papers in his pocket were barely sufficient to identify them. Whitley was more fortunate, as far as life is concerned. He reached the opposite shore in safety, and is now employed in a menial capacity in a gambling house in a Western city. His associates are of the dregs even of that den of infamy, and though he sometimes ventures upon some game of hazard, he invariably loses, his nerve being insufficient to constitute a bold villain, and in the neighbourhood where he now is, none else can thrive. His family, relieved of the incubus of his loathsome presence, is doing well; and his wife, a respectable and careful woman, is endeavouring to train his children that they shall never know of their father's guilt, or learn to imitate it. She seldom hears of him—never by design on her own part; and when she does, she sighs, and retires beyond mortal observation, and prays that he may repent in time to find forgiveness in heaven, for he has little to expect on earth.

Hickman, though severely wounded in the cave, ultimately recovered, and warned by the events which had happened there, that there is retribution even upon earth, has endeavoured to mend his ways, or at all events it is not known that he ever again associated with any members of the band. He lives very quietly on a small farm in a new back-wood settlement, and though he frequently trembles lest any disclosure should be made by which he will be implicated, he has so far escaped unnoticed, and now it is possible that nothing further will be heard of his crimes.

Halford and Crowther have both left the neighbourhood, having been alarmed by the arrest of Whitley and Greene. The place of their whereabouts is unknown. It is hoped that they will not by a renewal of their evil practices again draw attention to their acts.

Young Mr. Bradshaw is the friend of Richard Craighton, and a worshipper of the gentle and lovely though still child-like Mary. He delights to call her his little wife, and should no wonderful change take place, before many years pass over, we shall not be surprised to hear that she is really so.

RHYMES BY WHISTLEBINKIE.

—
NIGHT.
—

A DREDDIE.

I wad be down wi' the lave,
Wha are sleepin' sae easelully—
I wad look up at the wave
Rowin' aboon me sae peacefully,
I wad be wi' the auld banes,
That donner't about me sae cannily,
Wi' them for gude, an' for anes,
An' gang to them honestly—bonnify—
Down wi' the lave for me.

I wad be down wi' the lave,
Wha nae reproach is spierin—
What may be done i' the grave,
Its unco hard o' hearin'—
I wad be down wi' them a'
Ilk quiet and farrant creature!
An' sleep wi' them, grit and sma'
I' the arms o' mither nature—
Down wi' the lave for me.

I wad be down wi' the lave,
For baith head an' heart are wearie—
An' I hae naething to crave,
Wha a' things are waesome an' cerie!
The day does'na seem what it wos,
For its clouds fauld sae aft ovr ilkither—
An' wae's me! the night is a glass,
That but shews me a beckoning mither!
Down wi' the lave for me.

—
MORNING.
—

A LILT.

I wad be up wi' the lark,
For the heart within me is singing—
An' birds canna thole the dark,
An' wings were but gien them for winging!
I wad be up wi' the sun,
To warstle wi' ilka cauld shadow—
An' troth, I wad live but for fan—
A mawkin' within a wat meadow!
Up i' the morn for me.

I wad be up wi' the lark,
For the lark sings aye to the leal—
"That Life's bite's nae sae sair as its bark,
Gin we canna see high—we can spie!"—
I wad hand a stieve hand wi' the wind—
Loah! at times—I wad fecht wi' a see—
But I aye try to leave Poortith behind,
Or she shakes her cauld duddies ovr me—
Up i' the morn for me.

I wad be up wi' the lark—
There's nae use in snortin' or sleepin'—
Aye catch the sun in his sark,
An' aye tak' the drap fore the dreepin'!
May Gude hae a care ovr us a'—
What was our braw warld made for?
Troth! just for the grit an' the sma'
Wi' a kittle wee caat to be played for!
Sae up i' the morn for me.

PARISH PERSONAGES.*

OUR BEADLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY ERASMUS OLDSTYLE, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER VI.

"THAT'S topped off," exclaimed old Simon as he completed the mound which indicated the grave of Mary Hayworth. "I'll bet a pot o' beer there aint ne'er another as could vurk it off in better style."

"Its quite a pictur," remarked Mr. Crummy.

"Yes, yes! its as plump and as round as the breast of a pigeon," rejoined Simon; "and vot's more," he continued, counting the notches in his tally, "it fills up the score."

"Do you keep count of the graves you dig?" exclaimed Mr. Audible.

"In course I does; I'd be good for nothing if I didn't. I carries this here tally about, and ven it comes to a score, I marks it down in the dead house."

"Mark it down in the dead house! And how many have you got counted there?" continued the Parish Clerk.

"It only wants forty of seven thousand, and this score takes twenty off. I has great hopes," Simon continued, "to be able to make it seven thousand by New Year's day; but," he added with a sigh, "people don't drop off so riglerly as they might."

Simon, for he appeared to have no other name, was, as he stated, a native of Simmeryax,* but as he found there was no chance of his securing a public situation in his own Parish, he had early in life migrated and settled in Allhallows, where he had for thirty years held the office of the Sexton of the Parish. His life was monotonous enough, and his feelings seemed as earthly as his occupation; his walks were always amongst the tombs; but it was feared that his meditations did not harmonize with the scenes around him; his services were given to the King of Terrors, and his constant companions were the mattock and the spade.

Simon was of a sour and taciturn temperament; his personal appearance was gaunt and meagre. His brows were beetling, and his hair was iron gray. He was a man who spoke but seldom, for he had few associates and no friends; his occupa-

tion did not require much talking, for his aid was not sought for except by those whose dwellings had been visited by the Messenger of the Destroyer. His assistance was not needed except by those whose tongues had become dumb by sorrow, whose lips had been sealed by grief, and whose hearts had been well nigh broken by the loss of their most precious earthly treasures; his services were only retained to attend as a guide for the living in selecting the last place for the sojourn of the dead; he was required as the architect of the sepulchre which was to contain the mortal remains of the deceased. He ministered to the wants of Death by preparing a grave for the victim which he had smitten.

And many a time, and often, when sorrowing groups were gathered in that old church, in the very midst of the dark habiliments of mourning by which a London funeral is distinguished, there stood old Simon, unmoved alike by the choking sobs, or streaming eyes of the bereaved, as they gathered around the last remains of the departed, —indifferent to the sight of suffering or the sounds of woe, stoical in the midst of feeling, callous and unconcerned when all around should have made him think and bid him fear.

There stood old Simon; in his right hand now tremulous with age, was held the spade laden with earth, the dust and ashes of a thousand years, which might have instructed him from whence he came, and whither he was tending. But it taught no lesson to that old man's heart, and as the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," fell with a sound like — Oh, reader! if you ever heard its voice as it dropt upon the wooden tenement which shrouded one whom you have fondly loved—then tell me what it is like—upon the sad sorrowing hearts of the mourning circle round the grave,—old Simon, without one evidence of emotion withdrew to an adjoining mound, and having folded his coat into a convenient pad, would rest his chin upon his hands, or whistle in a subdued and under note, or take his pipe and smoke away all thought, until the movement of the group of mourners towards the margin of the grave would warn him that it was time for him to resume his labors.

* The Parish of St. Mary Axe.

"And so you think that this mound won't remain long in its present state," enquired Mr. Audible, after hearing Simon express some doubt on that score.

"In coorse it von't," returned Simon. "Paupers never keeps under ground."

"Paupers never keep under ground!" repeated Oily Crumb in amazement; "vot becomes on 'em then?"

"That's more nor I can say; but I rather think, seein' that the graves is shallow, the coffins veak, and themselves friendless, that the Medicals prefers a paying them the most devoted attention."

"Or you mean to say that the graves are robbed," demanded the Beadle.

"No, I don't mean to say nothing of the kind, I only says that the mounds is disturbed, and the shallower the grave the more attention it receives, and I have heard say that the Medicals likes paupers, cos they arn't kept too long after they be dead."

"Well Simon, they shan't violate this dear cretur's remains, for I'll see the vatchman!" said Mr. Crummy.

CHAPTER VII.

ZACHARY BILLIKENS, whom our Beadle selected to impart his fears, was a distinguished member of the old, time honored watch, a veritable Charley, and as he may be regarded as a fit type of a class, now no more, it is necessary that a few words should be said descriptive of his appearance and character.

Zacary was diminutive in person, crippled in his gait, and advanced in years; for strength and youth and activity were not, in the good old times, esteemed necessary qualifications in a watchman, and as it was certainly not requisite that a man should be a giant to enable him to carry a lantern and cry the hour, we must suppose that our forefathers were right in committing the lives and properties of the citizens to the guardianship of men who, in the event of a contest, were neither able to preserve their rattles nor their lanterns.

But the old Watch, like Justice, whose minister it was, moved slowly towards its object. Railways and the new Police had not then been invented to fill the minds of the burglar with dread at the celerity with which discovery would follow offence, and conviction overtake crime. The highwayman and the house-breaker had fair play shewn to them; for the occupation of the former was not so much interfered with then as now, by the banking system and the gas lights, and the latter were admonished of danger by the

approach of the watchman's cry, and the distant flicker of the small dip candle in his lantern.

Forrester, the Bow Street runner, in his palmiest days could not have inspired more confidence in the minds of the men of the metropolis, than did Billikens in those of the maids of Allhallows, for the latter was esteemed by them as great a treasure, as he was in truth the type and model of a well-trained Charley. With what patient watchfulness he inspected each dark alley, with what commendable forethought he examined suspicious looking archways. How careful was he to try every street door, and every cellar door. How prudent it was, when he felt "dubersome" to ring the bell, and enquire if all was right; and upon receiving the assurance that the doors and shutters were properly fastened, how fascinating was his apology to the housemaid, for troubling her at that hour to attend the bell—but how reasonable was his excuse, as he added: "But its advisable to be sarcunspsect, my dear."

And then, with what considerate kindness would he tranquillize the maidenly spirit of the timid Deborah, with what chivalrous promptitude would he lull to rest her rising fears, by pledging the power of his rattle in her behalf, should "ere a willan be so venturesome as to tackle her master's house."

"Raaly, Mistur Billikens," the smiling housemaid would reply; "raaly, Mistur Billikens, you do make us so comfortable at night, for you are so bold." But she would add in an under tone, "Its a cold night for you, maybe Missus may have something to say to you."

"Well! my dear, go and see, but as I've plenty to do, don't be long."

It generally turned out, that Missus had nothing to say beyond the expression of her thanks, for Zachary's vigilance, coupled with a glass of ale or rum, as a reward for his attention, and then the cautious Charley would tie his comforter more snugly around his throat, light his pipe, and move off as it was naturally supposed in the pursuit of thieves, but as it generally turned out in the discovery of tiple.

It is possible that his potations may have been instrumental in muddling his head, or in giving unsteadiness to his gait; but, however his muscles may have been relaxed, and his physical energies impaired, his voice instead of sympathizing with his frame, became more vigorous, and his announcement of the hour fell upon the ear of the listener, with a force and a fulness which justified the supposition that its owner could not be drowsy,—to be drunk was out of the question. His voice ascended to the chambers of the sleepless, and though its notes were rough and unmu-

sical, they nevertheless brought composure to the mind of the fearful, by assuring them that the watchman was without their dwelling, and that they might therefore without fear sink into the embraces of the sleepy god, and dream undisturbed; for, that where Billikens was no burglar dare approach.

But the new Police who have superseded the ancient Charley, have not only worn a very different costume, but they have also pursued very different tactics to their respected predecessors; their occupation is followed in silence; they are instructed to make use of their eyes and ears, and follow their calling with noiseless secrecy; a good voice is no longer regarded as a requisite qualification in the modern guardian of the night; the fearful citizen is no longer soothed by the audible assurance that sentinels walk through his street at stated intervals, and that intruders are intimidated by the proximity of the watchman's warning cry.

Nor was it only for purposes of safety that the hour was called, for when watches were scarce, and clocks were only to be seen in church steeples, the practice was useful and acceptable to the virtuous, for it informed them how wore the night; it was admonitory and beneficial to the vicious, for it told them how waxed the morning.

When the announcement was made, that it was "half past eight o'clock," the nurse-maid was reminded that it was time to put the children to bed, and in the absence of this notice, they might have remained up till they were either too sleepy or too cross to suffer themselves to be washed, combed, and disposed of in a tidy and orderly manner, and the circuit of the patrol at nine o'clock would give occasion to the "Missus" to find fault with Betty if the young people were not snugly packed away for the night.

When the words "half past nine o'clock" were borne from the street through the area into the kitchen, they served to admonish the cook that it was time to make ready the steak, or prepare the sprats, (for our ancestors did not close the day's festivity with tea and toast.) to boil the brocoli, or bake the potatoes, and when the same voice announced that it was "past ten o'clock" it conveyed to the master of the family an intimation that it was time for him to partake of the concluding meal, and to reprimand the mistress of the kitchen, if by her negligence the order of his house was disturbed, or his supper delayed beyond the time appointed by the immemorial regulations of his family.

Again when the Charley declared that it was "past eleven o'clock," the head of the household took the hint which the declaration conveyed,

drank the remainder of his glass of hot toddy, placed the wire guard before the grate, and descended to the kitchen to warn the servants to bed, and to see that the fires were out, that thieves were not secreted in the cupboards, and that the bolts and bars were securely fastened.

Thus it was, that the ancient watch contributed to the order and regularity of families, and fulfilled those duties which are now performed by Yankee clocks and Dutch chronometers.

Nor was it only as a perambulating time-piece that the watchman was serviceable, for his warning cry was heard in other abodes than in the dwellings of quiet and orderly families, and by others ears than those of the children of sobriety and virtue; for the vicious and the criminal were admonished that the hour of dawn was approaching, when the haunts of infamy must be forsaken, lest the sun of the morning should discover their disgrace; the dissolute and the vicious were reminded that the "first peep of day" might throw light upon the deeds of the night; and the gamester and the debauchee were arrested in the midst of their spell-bound occupations by the call of the Charley, as he announced that it was "half-past three o'clock."

And who shall tell the diversity of feeling, the variety of emotion, which accompanied the communication as it fell upon a heart stricken by anxiety, humbled by disappointment, or breaking with grief!

The man of business as he dwelt on the disasters of the day which had passed, or considered the cares of the morrow which was approaching, felt grateful as he heard that the hours of darkness were receding, which would terminate a night of sleeplessness and care.

The professional man, the votary of law and medicine, as they thought of the interests which were confided to them, the properties of their clients, and the lives of their patients, waited with impatience for the arrival of the day, which they nevertheless feared as the crisis in which their hopes might be realized, or their apprehensions confirmed.

And grief-worn watchers as they tended the afflicted, or ministered to the necessities of the dying, noted the hour as in the solemn stillness of night it was borne upon the air, whilst it gave them hope that yet another day might be added to the sick one's life. And say ye who have waited beside the dying, ye who have been patient listeners to the disquieted breathings of the prostrate sufferer, who in a dim, scarce lighted room, have witnessed the convulsive agonies, the prolonged pain of a beloved friend, or lover, say, what has been your joy as you learned that the

night was far spent, and the day dawn at hand, when relief might arrive for him whom you have watched so fondly, and loved so well.

And if the dreariness of distress may have been enlivened by the watchman's cry, how much more was pleasure heightened and joy anticipated by the same announcement.

How much were school-boys' hearts once lightened as on the night before the holidays they counted the receding hours, and seemed half inclined with watchful vigils to welcome in the day which was to witness their departure to their homes. Heaven bless the boys! they were young and hopeful, and in their simple hearts they thought to celebrate the night with joyful jubilee, but the resolutions of the noon were overcome by the requirements of the night, and they sacrificed their mid-day resolution to the shrine of Morpheus, for they fell asleep and dreamed that Billikens proclaimed that the morning was cloudy, and when they woke, poor boys, they found their fancy had not deceived them. God protect them! and forgive us, if we wish that that doubtful sky was not so typical of the after life of which their young hearts dreamed not.

The daylight breaks, and with the first ray of the morning the watchman's voice is borne upon the balmy breath of spring, and lingering for a moment without the casement of that chamber, then enters in, not stealthily like the music of distant waters, but with noisy clamour like the gurgling croak of a Chinese gong, to tell the occupant who has past the night in the sweet company of pleasant fancies, that the morning breaks as brightly as her hopes. Oh! say loved maiden, did not old Zachary's cry rise upon the breath of morn like an auspicious omen, to allay the fear and purify the hope which had disquieted your midnight fancy? and did it not calm to rest your ruffled and quiet musings as they clustered around the changes which awaited you on the morrow? Who could disturb the dream whose blissful character was indicated by the smile which encircles thy dimple; but why should that rude and wanton sunbeam steal through the drapery of thy bed to play hide and seek amongst the lashes which are clasped and curved so beautifully beneath thy brow? why should it enter there to chase away the dimple, to dazzle, and then destroy the dream? But hush! whose voice is that which bids thee wake? whose face is that which, having caught your smile when sleeping, reflects it back again with joyful pleasure? It is your sweet sister, and she attends to array you for your

bridal. May you, fair lady, have found all the happiness which *it is said* befalls the bride on whom the sun so brightly shines!

Let men say what they will about the superior vigilance of the new Police over the ancient Charley, we have nevertheless lost much by the change, for which no legislative compensation was ever afforded.

It is true the old watch had their faults, and who have not? They were not in the habit of catching thieves any more than the scarecrow on the farm is in the habit of catching birds; but what they could not catch they could scare,—those whom they were unable to reach by the help of their legs, they could terrify by the sound of their rattle. The robber was able to observe them, and so keep out of their way. Their cry was beneficial to the poor, for it saved them from the necessity of purchasing a clock; it was useful to the rich, as it made a reference to the barometer unnecessary; and it was consoling to the sleepless as it informed them of the hour, and therefore saved them the annoyance of lighting lucifer matches if they had any, or of striking a light with tinder and steel if they had none.

Taking a still more enlarged view of the question, the ancient watch may be regarded as a saving of expense to the nation, for a close observer of passing events must have noticed the anxiety which the government has manifested since the extermination of the old Charley to find places of amusement for the poor, and the means of recreation for the idle; now it cannot be denied, for history attests the truth of the remark, that wherever a Charley was to be found, there was always the means of recreation, and the place for the sport was generally at hand, for if the watchman was too far distant from his watch-box he was generally tolerably contiguous to a pump. The watchman was the only sufferer, and as he was an employée of the government he could not complain, for he was generally regarded then, as his brethren in the public service are now, as a natural enemy, and treated accordingly.

If the ancient watch had been continued, it is questionable whether parks and pleasure grounds, and public baths, would have been required for the million, and therefore it is doubtful whether the hundreds of thousands of pounds which may be now expended upon these objects would have ever been required.

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN SKETCHES.

NO. IV.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

TOM WILSON'S EMIGRATION.

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

In most instances emigration is a matter of necessity, not of choice. Few persons well educated and accustomed to the refinements and luxuries of European society, would willingly relinquish those advantages, and expatriate themselves without a sufficient cause from the wise and revered institutions of their native land. Emigration may generally be regarded as an act of severe duty, performed at the expense of personal enjoyment, and the sacrifice of all those local attachments "which have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength." Nor is it until adversity has pressed sorely upon the proud and wounded spirit of the well-educated sons and daughters of old and impoverished families, that they gird up the loins of the mind, and arm themselves with fortitude to meet and dare the heart-breaking conflict.

The cause of their emigration may be summed up in a few brief words. The hope of bettering their condition, of escaping from the vulgar sarcasm, so often hurled at them by the purse-proud, common-place people of the world—*pride and poverty!* But there is a still higher motive, which can be as briefly told. That love of independence, which springs up spontaneously in the breasts of the high-souled children of a glorious land; who cannot labor in a menial capacity, in the country where they were born and educated to command—who can trace no difference between themselves and the best and noblest of a race whose name they bear; and who, like them, are descended from the same parent stock. The want of wealth alone places a barrier between them; and they go forth to make for themselves a new name and country—to forget the past, and to live in the future—to exult in the prospect of their children being free, and the land of their adoption great.

The choice of the country to which they thus mean to devote all their talents and energy depends less upon the pecuniary means than the fancy of the emigrant, and the popularity of the name. From the year 1826 to 1829, Australia and the Swan River were all the rage. No other por-

tions of the habitable globe were deemed worthy of notice. These were the *El Dorados* and lands of *Coshen*, to which all respectable emigrants eagerly flocked. Disappointment, as a matter of course, followed their high raised expectations; and many of the most sanguine of these adventurers returned to their native shores in a worse condition than when they left them.

In 1830, the tide of emigration flowed westward; and Canada became the great landmark for the rich in hope, and poor in purse. Public papers and private letters teemed with the unheard of advantages to be derived from a settlement in this highly favored region. Its salubrious climate, its fertile soil, commercial advantages, great water privileges, its proximity to Britain, and last, not least, its almost total exemption from those bugbears (which keep John Bull in a constant state of ferment) tything and taxation, were the theme of every tongue, and lauded beyond all praise. The general interest once excited, was industriously kept alive by pamphlets published by interested parties, which prominently set forth all the good to be derived by the settler in the backwoods; while they carefully concealed, or said nothing about the toil and hardship to be endured, to secure these advantages. They told of lands yielding forty bushels to the acre, while they said nothing of the years when the said lands would barely return fifteen, with the most careful cultivation, when rust and smut, engendered by the vicinity of damp o'erhanging woods, would blast the fruits of the poor emigrant's labour.

They talked of comfortable log-houses to be raised in a single day, by the generous exertions of friends and neighbors; but they never ventured upon a picture of these *commodious* dwellings, these dens of dirt and misery, which would be shamed by an English pig-stye. The necessaries of life were described as so cheap, while they forgot to add, that in remote bush settlements, twenty miles from a market town, and often miles from the nearest dwelling, the necessaries of life, which would be deemed indispensable to

the European, could not be procured at all; or if obtained, by sending a man and team through a blazed forest road, became too expensive for a frequent repetition.

Oh, ye dealers in wild lands! Ye speculators in the folly and credulity of your fellow men! what a mass of misery, and of misrepresentation, productive of that misery, have ye not to answer for? How truly could you reply to the indignant interrogatories of your deluded victims—"Ye were strangers, and we took you in?" But you had your acres to sell, and what were the worn down frames and broken hearts of the infatuated purchasers to you? The poor believed the plausible statements you made with such earnestness, and men of all grades rushed to hear your hired orators declaim upon the blessings and wealth to be obtained by the clearers of the wilderness. Men who had been hopeless of supporting their families in comfort and independence at home, thought that they had only to come out to Canada to make their fortunes—to realize the old story, told them in their childhood, of the sheep and oxen that ran about the streets ready roasted, with knives and forks upon their backs, crying out—"Ba! ba!—come eat me!" That if it did not actually rain gold, that that precious metal could easily be obtained by stooping to pick it up.

The infection became general. A Canada mania pervaded the middle ranks of British society; thousands and ten thousands, for the space of three or four years, landed upon these shores. A large majority of the higher class were officers from the Army and Navy, with their families—a class perfectly unfitted by their previous habits and education, for contending with the stern realities of life. The hand that has long held the sword, and been accustomed to command implicit obedience from those under his control, is not well adapted to wield the spade, or guide the plough, or submit to the republican insolence of saucy domestics. Too many of these brave and honorable men fell easy dupes to the designing land speculators, and not having counted the cost, and only looking upon the bright side of the picture held up to their admiring gaze, fell into the snare of their artful advisers! To prove their zeal as colonists they were induced to purchase large tracts of wild land, in remote and unfavorable situations. This, while it impoverished, and often proved the ruin of the unfortunate emigrant, possessed a double advantage to the seller. He obtained an exorbitant price for his land, while the residence of a respectable settler upon the spot, greatly enhanced the price and value of lands in his neighborhood. It is

not with such instruments as those which I have just mentioned, that Providence works, when it would reclaim the waste places of the earth, and make them subservient to the wants and happiness of its creatures.

The carpenter knows what tools are suited to every branch of his trade. The Father of the souls and bodies of men knows the arm which labor from infancy has made strong; the nerves, which have become iron by patient endurance, by exposure to weather, coarse fare and rude shelter, and He chooses such to send forth into the forest, to hew out the rough paths, for the advance of civilization. Their labour is wealth, not exhaustion, its produce independence and content, not home-sickness and despair. These men become wealthy and prosperous, and form the bones and sinews of a great and rising land. What the backwoods of Canada are to the industrious and ever-to-be-honored sons of honest poverty—and what they can be to the educated and refined gentleman—these simple sketches drawn from life, will often have occasion to show.

* * * * *

"My dear S.," said my husband to me, about a month previous to our emigration to Canada; "you need not expect me home to dinner to-day. I am going with my friend Wilson, to Y — to hear Mr. C — lecture upon Emigration to Canada. He has just returned from the Provinces, and his lectures are attended by vast numbers of persons who require information upon the subject. I got a note from your friend B — this morning, begging me to come and listen to his palaver; and as Wilson thinks of emigrating early in the spring, he will be my walking companion."

"Tom Wilson going to Canada!" said I, as the door closed upon my better half. "What backwoods-man he will make! What a loss to the single ladies of S —! What will they do without him at balls and pic-nics?"

My sister, who was writing at a table near me, seemed greatly amused by this unexpected announcement, for she fell back in the chair, and indulged in a long and hearty laugh; and I am certain that most of my readers would have laughed with us, could they have known, as we did, the object which provoked our mirth.

"Poor Tom is such a dreamer," said my sister. "It would be charity in M. to persuade him from undertaking such a wild-goose chase; only that I fancy my good brother is possessed with the same mania."

"Now, God forbid!" said I. "I hope this Mr. — with the hard name, will disgust them with his eloquence; for B — writes me word,

in his droll way, that he is a rude vulgar fellow, but lacks the dignity of a bear. Oh! I am sure they will return quite sickened with the Canadian project."

Thus I laid the flattering unction to my soul, little dreaming that me or mine would share in the strange adventures of this oddest of all odd creatures.

It might be made a subject of curious enquiry to those who delight in amusing themselves with the absurdities of human beings, if ever there were a character drawn in fictitious histories so extravagantly ridiculous as some which daily experience presents to our view. We have seen more eccentric people than ever we met with in books, who, if all their foolish sayings and doings could be recorded, would vie with the drollest creations of Hood or Colman, and put to shame the flights of Baron Munchausen himself. Not that Tom Wilson was a romancer; oh, no! he was the very prose of prose—a man in a mist, who seemed afraid of moving about, for fear of knocking his head against a tree, and finding a halter suspended to its branches—a man as helpless and as indolent as a baby. Mr. Thomas, or Tom Wilson, as he was familiarly called by all his friends and acquaintances, was the son of a gentleman who once possessed a very large landed property in the neighborhood. An extravagant and profligate expenditure of the means which he had derived from a long line of respectable ancestors, who had occupied the same estate for several centuries, had greatly reduced the circumstances of the older Wilson. Still his family held a certain rank and standing in the country of which his evil courses, bad as they were, could not wholly deprive them. The young people, and a very large family they made, sons and daughters, twelve in number, were objects of interest and commiseration to all who knew them, while the worthless father was justly held in contempt and detestation. Our hero was the youngest of the six sons. From his childhood he was famous for his nothing-to-do-ishness. He was too indolent to engage heart and soul in the manly sports of his comrades, and he never dreamed of beginning to learn his lesson until after the school had been in an hour. As he grew up to man's estate, he might be seen dawdling about in a black frock coat, jean trousers, and white kid gloves, making lazy bows to all the pretty girls of his acquaintance; or dressed in a shooting jacket, with a gun across his shoulder, sauntering down the wooded lanes, with a red and white spaniel dodging at his heels, and looking as sleepy and indolent as his master. The slowness of all Tom's movements was

strangely contrasted with his slight, elegant and symmetrical figure, which looked as if it only awaited the will of the owner to be the most active piece of human machinery that ever responded to the impulses of youth and health. But then, his face! What pencil could faithfully delineate features at once so comical and lugubrious? Features, whose expression combined both mournfulness and mirth! When upon exerting himself to answer a question from enquiring friends, for Tom was a man of few words, he raised his large, heavy, dark grey eyes, from the ground, and looked the enquirer steadily in the face, the effect was irresistible. The laugh would come, do your best to resist its influence.

Poor Tom took this mistimed merriment a very good part, generally answering with a ghastly contortion, which was meant for a smile, or if he did trouble himself to find words—with—"Well, that's funny! What the deuce makes you laugh? At me, I suppose. I don't wonder at it. I often laugh at myself—he! he! he!"

Tom would have been a treasure to an undertaker. He would have been celebrated as a mute. The gravity with which he would answer a ridiculous or impertinent question, completely disarmed his opponent, and turned the shafts of malice back upon himself. If Tom was, himself, an object of ridicule, he had a way of quietly ridiculing others, which bid defiance to all competition. He could quiz with a smile, and put down insolence with an incredulous stare. A grave wink from those heavy eyes would destroy the veracity of a travelled dandy for ever.

Tom was not without use in his generation, for queer and awkward as he was, he was the soul of truth and honor. You might suspect his sanity, a matter always doubtful; his truthfulness and honesty of heart and purpose, never.

If you met Tom in the streets, he was dressed with such neatness and care (to be sure it took him half the day to make his toilet) that it led many persons to imagine that he was not devoid of personal vanity, but considered himself an Adonis. He always walked with a slow deliberate tread, with his eyes fixed intently upon the ground, like a man that had lost his ideas, and was diligently employed in searching for them. I chanced to meet him one day in this dreamy mood.

"How do you do, Mr. Wilson?" I said.

He stared at me for two or three minutes, as if doubtful of my presence or identity. "What was that you said?"

I repeated the question, and he answered with one of his incredulous smiles.

"Was it me you spoke to, Mrs. M——? Oh!

"I am quite well, or I should not be walking here—by the way—did you see my dog?"

"How should I know your dog?"

"They say he resembles me. He's a queer dog, too. But I never could find out the likeness. Good night."

This was at noon day; but Tom had a habit of taking light for darkness, and darkness for light, in all he did or said. He must have had different eyes and ears, and a different way of seeing and hearing and comprehending, than is possessed by the generality of his species; and to such a length did he carry this mystification of soul and sense, that he would often leave you abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and if you chanced to meet him some weeks after, begin with the very word at which he cut short the thread of his discourse.

My sister A—, once told him as a jest, that my young brother, a lad of twelve years old, had called a favorite donkey, Braham—in honor of the great singer of that name. Tom made no answer, but started abruptly away. Three months after, she happened to encounter him upon the same spot, when he accosted her, without any previous salutation.

"You were telling me about a donkey, Miss S—. A donkey of your brother's—Braham, I think you called him. Yes—Braham. A strange name for an ass. I wonder what the great Mr. Braham would say to that? Ha! ha! ha!"

"You have a good memory, Mr. Wilson, to remember such a trifling circumstance all this time."

"Trifling, do you call it? Why, I have thought of nothing else ever since."

From traits such as these my readers will be tempted to imagine him brother to the animal who had dwelt so long in his thoughts, but there were times when he surmounted this dreamy absence of mind, and could talk and act as sensibly as other folks.

On the death of his father, he emigrated, with an older brother, to New South Wales, where he continued to doze away seven years of his valueless existence, suffering his convict servants to rob him of everything, and finally to burn his dwelling. He returned to his native village, literally penniless, dressed as an Italian mendicant, with a monkey perched upon his shoulder. In this disguise he sought the dwelling of a rich uncle, and solicited charity. But who that had ever seen our friend Tom, could ever forget him?—nature had no counterpart of one who in mind and form was alike original.

The good-natured old bachelor discovered, at a glance, his hopeful nephew, received him into his house with kindness, and had offered him an asylum ever since.

One little anecdote of him at this period will illustrate the quiet love of mischief with which he was imbued. Travelling from W— to London, in the stage coach, he entered into conversation with an intelligent farmer, who sat next him—New South Wales and his own residence there, forming the leading topic. A dissenting minister, who happened to be his *vis à vis*, and who had annoyed him with a great many impertinent remarks, suddenly asked him with a sneer, "How many years he had been there?"

"Seven," returned Tom, in a solemn tone, without once deigning a glance at his companion.

"I thought so," responded the other, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets. "And pray, Sir, what were you sent there for?"

"Stealing pigs," returned Tom, with the gravity of a judge. The words were scarcely pronounced before the parson ordered the coachman to stop, preferring a ride outside in the rain, to a seat within by a thief.

Tom greatly enjoyed this hoax, which he used to tell with the merriest of all grave faces.

Besides being a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and always imagining himself in love with some unattainable beauty, he had a passionate craze for music, and played upon the violin and flute with considerable taste and execution. The sound of a favorite melody operated upon the breathing automaton like magic; his frozen faculties experienced a sudden thaw, and the stream of life leaped and gambolled for a while with uncontrollable vivacity. He laughed, danced, sang, and made love all in a breath, committing a thousand mad vagaries to make you acquainted with his existence. My husband had a remarkably sweet toned flute, upon which he played exceedingly well. This flute Tom regarded with a species of idolatry. "I break the tenth commandment, M.," he said, "whenever I hear that flute—take care of your black wife," (a name he had bestowed upon the coveted treasure,) "or I shall certainly run off with her."

"I am half afraid of you, Tom. I am sure if I were to die, and leave you my black wife as a legacy, you would be too much overjoyed to lament my death."

Such was the strange, helpless, whimsical being, who now contemplated an emigration to Canada.

(To be continued.)

ARIA, — BY AUBER.

ANDANTE GRACIOSO.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with various note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some melodic fragments. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a prominent trill in the middle section. The lower staff provides accompaniment, including a section marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation shows further development of the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff has a melodic line with some slurs and ties. The lower staff continues the harmonic support with chords and rhythmic patterns. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation is the final system on this page. It contains the concluding melodic and accompanimental phrases of the aria. The upper staff has a melodic line that ends with a final cadence. The lower staff provides the final accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

ARIA.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music begins with a melodic line in the treble clef, followed by a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. A dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) is present in the bass staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music continues with melodic lines in both staves.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). A trill marking (*tr*) is present in the upper staff. The music continues with melodic lines in both staves.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music continues with melodic lines in both staves.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music continues with melodic lines in both staves.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and contains a piano accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The dynamic marking *fp* is placed above the final measure of the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F#, C#) and contains a melodic line with a wavy line above it, indicating a vocal line. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and contains a piano accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The dynamic marking *fp* is placed above the first measure of the lower staff, and *f* is placed above the fifth measure. The word *Svo.* is written above the upper staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F#, C#) and contains a melodic line with trills marked *tr*. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and contains a piano accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The dynamic marking *ff* is placed above the second measure of the lower staff. The word *loco* is written above the upper staff.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F#, C#) and contains a melodic line with trills marked *tr*. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and contains a piano accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F#, C#) and contains a melodic line with a wavy line above it, indicating a vocal line. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and contains a piano accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

OUR TABLE.

BEAUCHAMP, OR THE ERROR; BY G. P. R. JAMES.

This is an interesting and beautiful story, told in the author's usually happy style.

Some of the incidents and scenes are, however, revolting and unnatural; such, for instance, as a young nobleman getting so drunk in celebrating the day on which he comes of age as to marry a young lady in a frolic, without being aware that such a marriage was legal. This is the "Error." Such, too, is this same young lady's cutting the throat of another young gentleman who had been instrumental in accomplishing this diabolical scheme, then throwing herself from a two pair of stairs window and dashing her brains out, thus leaving the young nobleman, after he had wandered all over the world for years in wretchedness and despair, free to follow the bent of his inclinations and marry his own "ladye love."

Our readers must not, however, understand from this that we mean to speak disparagingly of the work—on the contrary, we heartily recommend it to their perusal as a very interesting and well told story.

And this reminds us that we meant to say a word or two about the style and manner, or perhaps we had better let our author say it for himself.

The following is not, however, chosen as the best and fairest specimen we could find. It is selected for another and a more selfish reason. Having been disappointed in our expectations of the story of which our engraving was intended as an illustration, we have availed ourselves of this opportunity of saying something about a pair of angling lovers:

"Had you not better give up this fishing, come up to the house and change your clothes?"

"Oh dear, no," cried Ned Hayward, "on no account whatever; I'll catch my fish before twelve o'clock yet; and very likely have the very fellow that our plunge scared away from here. Do you know, Beauchamp, it is sometimes not a bad plan to frighten a cunning old speckled gentleman, like this, if you find he is suspicious and won't bite. I have tried it often, and found it succeed very well. He gets into a fuss, dashes up or down, does not know well where to stop, and then, out of mere irritation, bites at the first thing that is thrown in his way. Come along, and we shall see. He went down, I think, for I had an eye upon him till he darted off."

"But you are very wet, too, Mr. Beauchamp," said Isabella. "If Captain Hayward is too much of an old

campaigner to change his clothes, I do not see why you should neglect to do so."

"For the best reason in the world, my dear Miss Slingsby," replied Beauchamp, "because I have no clothes here with which to change those I have on."

"But there are plenty at the house," replied Isabella, eagerly.

"But I am afraid they would not fit," replied Beauchamp, laughing; "I am in no fear, however; for I am as old a campaigner as Captain Hayward."

"Let us move about, at all events," said Mary Clifford; and following Ned Hayward down the stream, they watched his progress as he, intent apparently upon nothing but his sport, went flogging the water, to see what he could obtain. Three or four very large trout, skilfully hooked, artistically played, and successfully landed, soon repaid his labour; but Ned Hayward was not yet satisfied, but, at length, he paused abruptly, and held up his finger to the others as a sign not to approach too near. He was within twenty yards of a spot where the stream, taking a slight bend, entered into a sort of pass between two low copses, one on either hand, composed of thin and feathery trees, the leaves of which, slightly agitated by the wind, cast a varying and uncertain light and shade upon the water. The river where he stood was quite smooth; but ten steps further it fell over two or three small plates of rock, which scattered and disturbed it, as it ran, leaving a bubbling rapid beyond, and then a deep but rippling pool, with two or three sharp whirls in it, just where the shadows of the leaves were dancing on the waters. Ned Hayward deliberately took the fly off the line and put on another, fixing his eye, from time to time, on a particular spot in the pool beyond.

He then threw his line on the side of the rapid next to him, let the fly float down with a tremulous motion, kept it playing up and down on the surface of the foam, with a smile upon his lips, then suffered it to be carried rapidly on into the bubbling pool, as if carried away by the force of the water, and held it for a moment quivering there; the next moment he drew it sharply toward him, but not far. There was an instant rush in the stream, and a sharp snap, which you might almost hear. The slightest possible stroke of the rod was given, and then the wheel ran rapidly off, while the patriarch of the stream dashed away with the hook in his jaws. The instant he paused, he was wound up and drawn gently along, and then he dashed away again, floundered and splashed, and struck the shallow waters with his tail, till at length, exhausted and half drowned, he was drawn gradually to the rocks; and Ned Hayward, wading in, landed him safely on the shore.

"This is the game of life, Miss Clifford," he said, as he put the trout of more than three pounds' weight into the basket. "Rendered cautious and prudent by some sad experiences, we shrink from everything that seems too easy of attainment, then, when we find something that fate's cunning hand plays before our eyes as if to be withdrawn in a moment, we watch it with suspi-

scious but greedy eagerness, till we think a moment more will lose it forever, then dart at it blindly, and feel the hook in our jaws."

Mary Clifford smiled, and then looked grave; and Isabella laughed, exclaiming,

"The moral of fly-fishing! And a good lesson, I suppose, you mean, for all over-cautious mammas—or did you mean it was a part of your own history, Captain Hayward, retrospective and prophetic; or was it a general disquisition upon man?"

"I am afraid man is the trout," said Beauchamp; "and not in one particular pursuit, but all—love, interest, ambition, every one alike. His course and end are generally the same."

"That speech of yours, fair lady, was so like a woman," said Ned Hayward, turning to Miss Slingsby; "if it were not that my hands are wet, I would presume upon knowing you as a child, and give you a good shake. I thought you had been brought up enough with men, to know that they are not always thinking of love and matrimony. You women have but one paramount idea, as to this life's concerns I mean, and you never hear anything without referring it to that. However, after all, perhaps it is natural:

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart.

'Tis woman's whole existence.'

"Too sad a truth," replied Mary Clifford, thoughtfully; "perhaps it is of too little importance in man's eyes; of too much in woman's."

"And yet how terribly she sometimes trifles with it," said Beauchamp, in a still gloomier tone.

"Perhaps you think she trifles with everything, Mr. Beauchamp," rejoined Isabella; "but men know so little of women, and see so little of women as they really are, that they judge the many from the few; and we must forgive them; nevertheless, even if it be true that they do trifle with it, it is not the least proof that they do not feel it. All beings are fond of sporting with what is bright and dangerous: the moth round the candle, the child with the penknife, and the man with ambition."

"All mankind," said Ned Hayward, "men and women alike, get merrily familiar with that which is frequently presented to their thoughts. Look at the undertaker, or the sexton, how he jests with his fat corpse, and only screws his face into a grim look when he has the world's eye upon him; then jumps upon the hearse and canters back, to get drunk and jocular at the next public-house."

"Hush! hush! Captain Hayward," cried Isabella, "I declare your figures of speech are too horrible; we will have no more of such sad conversation; can we not talk of something more pleasant as we go back?"

"I don't know," said Ned Hayward, "I am in a morose mood this morning."

DOMBEY AND SON.

If we have spoken disparagingly on a former occasion of Dickens' works, and expressed a fear that he had written himself out, it was certainly not without cause—great and sufficient cause. Any one, even among his greatest admirers, and we hesitate not to place ourselves high, if not the highest, on the list, will admit that many of his writings, or rather many portions of them, are not only below mediocrity, but absolute trash, sheer nonsense and tiresome twaddle, as if written with the purpose, if purpose there be, of insulting

his readers. All who have read his works,—and who indeed has not?—will recollect how mortified and annoyed they have been with this their favorite author, for foisting upon them chapter after chapter of such namby-pamby stuff without a name—without an aim or object,—as they have been obliged, from pure love of the author, to wade through, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," "The Battle of Life," and some other of his writings, as well as in the work before us.

This is his great, his crying sin—his unpardonable offence and heinous crime, and has, from his exquisite and surpassing beauties, though sometimes

"Few and far between,"

been tolerated, but not forgiven.

All the world has held these opinions of their popular author, and has expressed them too as well as we, and all the world, as well as we, are led to think, has been mistaken. We frankly confess our error, for we now perceive, when we thus enter into a more critical and philosophical examination of the nature and design of his works, together with the end the author uniformly keeps in view, that these nonsensical interludes have not been introduced, as we had heretofore imagined, for the sole purpose of spinning out the work, and extending it to the prescribed extent of three 12mo. volumes, (why so prescribed we cannot comprehend,) but for another and a better purpose, essentially requisite for the full development of the main incidents of the story, or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, for that of the beautiful and poetic bursts of eloquence which ever and anon flash out upon us in bold relief, with a splendour that becomes far brighter and more startling from the contrast they form with the rubbish that surrounds them—just as the sparkling gems and the precious ores are never seen to such advantage as when first brought to light in the midst of the debris of the mine whence they are dug.

Let our readers contrast the following, for instance, with the nonsense which precedes and follows it.

Dombey, we must premise for the information of the uninitiated, has lost his partner in the firm, his only son, a child of some six years old, and in the hope of some consolation under his distressing bereavement, he betakes himself to travel; but

"He found no pleasure or relief in the journey. Tortured by these thoughts he carried monotony with him through the rushing landscape, and hurried headlong, not through a rich and varied country, but a wilderness of blighted plans and gnawing jealousies. The very speed at which the train was whirled along, mocked the swift course of the young life that had been borne away so

steadily and so inexorably to its fore-doomed end. The power that forced itself upon its iron way—its own—defiant of all paths and roads, piercing through the heart of every obstacle, and dragging living creatures of all classes, ages, and degrees behind it, was a type of the triumphant monster, Death.

Away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, from the town, burrowing among the dwellings of men and making the streets hum, flashing out into the meadows for a moment, mining in through the damp earth, booming on in darkness and heavy air, bursting out again into the sunny day so bright and wide; away with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, through the fields, through the woods, through the corn, through the hay, through the chalk, through the mould, through the clay, through the rock, among the objects close at hand and almost in the grasp, ever flying from the traveller, and a deceitful distance ever moving slowly with him: like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

Through the hollow, on the height, by the heath, by the orchard, by the park, by the garden, over the canal, across the river, where the sheep are feeding, where the mill is going, where the barge is floating, where the dead are lying, where the factory is smoking, where the stream is running, where village clusters, where the great cathedral rises, where the bleak moor lies, and the wild breeze smooths or ruffles it at its inconstant will; away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, and no trace to leave behind but dust and vapor: like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

Breasting the wind and light, the shower and sunshine, away, and still away, it rolls and roars, fierce and rapid, smooth and certain, and great works and massive bridges crossing up above, fall like a beam of shadow an inch broad, upon the eye, and then are lost. Away, and still away, onward and onward ever: glimpses of cottage-homes, of houses, mansions, rich estates, of husbandry and handicraft, of people, of old roads and paths that look deserted, small, and insignificant, as they are left behind: and so they do, and what else is there but such glimpses, in the track of the indomitable monster, Death!

Away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, plunging down into the earth again, and working on in such a storm of energy and perseverance, that amidst the darkness and whirlwind the motion seems reversed, and to tend furiously backward, until a ray of light upon the wet wall shows its surface flying past like a fierce stream. Away once more into the day, and through the day, with a shrill yell of exultation, roaring, rattling, tearing on, spurning everything with its dark breath, sometimes pausing for a minute where a crowd of faces are, that in a minute more are not: sometimes lapping water greedily, and before the spout at which it drinks has ceased to drip upon the ground, shrieking, roaring, rattling through the purple distance!

TANCRED OR THE NEW CRUSADE; A NOVEL, BY
D'ISRAELI.

WE really do not feel at all adequate to enter into anything like, even the shortest disquisition, upon the merits of this extraordinary work, simply because the author has given it an exclu-

sively political character. We may, however, remark that it is not a work that we can recommend to the perusal of our readers in general.

It has evidently been got up to serve a particular political purpose, which its various characters are made to enunciate.

There is one characteristic, however, which deserves remark, the more especially as it is not confined to the work before us, but is common to several, if not to all of this celebrated author's productions, and that is, the prominence he gives to judaism. His heroes are Jews—everything good and brave and great is performed and done by individuals of this despised and persecuted race—very undeservedly persecuted, and equally unjustly despised; yet even if they are both, it is unwise and in bad taste to seek for an exclusive sympathy and interest in favour of a character thus obnoxious, whether justly or unjustly, to the general feeling.

Mr. D'Israeli is doubtless a clever man; possessed of talents and acquirements of no ordinary nature. As an author and a member of parliament he has distinguished himself, and that to an extent that has raised him to a very high and an enviable position; but the halo of glory he has thrown around his name, however dazzling and bright it may be, is not sufficiently mystifying to throw dust in our eyes, and thereby render us blind to the perception of gross and palpable error.

THE SNOW DROP.

WE really do not know what excuse to make for neglecting to notice this lovely little flower so long.

It came out, as its prototype always does, in its pure and blooming beauty before the snow was well away, and now we are in the middle of summer without having said a word about it. Edited by a lady too! This makes the matter worse, and no apology to offer? No, not a word, we never in all our lives could make one.

The Snow Drop is a pretty little monthly intended for children, and if the character its first three numbers have acquired for it be sustained, and we doubt not but it will, we may safely recommend it not only to them but to their parents too, as a useful and instructive Miscellany.
