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RICHARD CRAIGNTON;*

OR,

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

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

CHAPTER IV.

TREACHERY.

DR. GREENLEAF was a magistrate. He heard the story of Captain Willinton; he saw the result of the struggle; he heard the corroboration of Farmer Bradshaw; he did not, therefore, doubt that an assault, with the view to commit a robbery, if not a murder, had been committed, but he had no clue whatever by which to find out the parties. Captain Willinton had been too much occupied to be able to scan the features of his assailants, and the night had been too dark to permit him to do so with certainty even had circumstances permitted. The farmer had been too intent on destroying the ruffian's visage to pay much attention to what it looked like; besides, he was masked, and otherwise disguised. In the present condition of young Bradshaw it was vain to question *him*; and the probability was that he could throw very little light upon the matter, even were he in a condition to give evidence. The Doctor, therefore, who was a good, easy man, although very anxious to discover the robbers, and particularly anxious about the condition of young Bradshaw, believed pursuit to be entirely hopeless, and contented himself with sending an account of the affair to the proper district officers, suggesting the propriety of offering a reward for the detection of the villains; and there, for the present, the matter seemed likely to rest.

Captain Willinton, however, was not inclined to let the matter drop so easily, especially when he saw the condition of the young man who had so gallantly come to his assistance in the hour of need; but to pursue his quest unaided was worse than useless, and he was forced to wait and see whether the chapter of accidents might not afford some clue to the perpetrators of the attempt upon his peaceful and happy home.

In the meantime Whitley had been nursing his hate against Richard Craignton. Some days had passed, during which he had been ruminating upon the chances of detection, and the probability that some one of the many by whom he was himself detested might forestall him should he delay the treachery he meditated; and he hoped to purchase his own safety by sacrificing his associate, at the same time reaping a rich harvest of vengeance against the young man who had so summarily expelled him from his father's house. His vindictive passion partially blinded him to his own danger, and he determined to make the attempt.

One morning, about a week after the robbery, Captain Willinton sat at breakfast, and as he quietly sipped his coffee, and read the newspaper, his eye fell upon a notice offering a reward for the apprehension of the ruffians who had assaulted him. His mind was naturally directed back to the whole circumstances, and an exclamation escaped him expressive of the irritation he felt at the apparent impossibility of obtaining reparation for the grievous wrong intended him.

A rap at that moment was heard at the door, and Mr. Whitley, a neighbour, was introduced.

A loathing crept over the Captain's frame; but

*Continued from page 11.

desiring Mrs. Willinton to leave the room, as his visitor asked if he might speak with him alone, he motioned him to a chair. When they were left to themselves, the stranger drew towards his host, and said :

"Last Thursday an attempt was made to rob you?"

The voice sunk into the Captain's heart. He nodded.

"Should you like to know the robbers?"

The Captain nodded again.

"I can identify them."

"You can?" said the Captain, speaking for the first time. "Who are they?"

"Not so fast, sir," said Whitley. "In one of them, the least guilty of the three, I have an interest. If you will be satisfied with the principal robber I shall hunt him up for you. If you are not, there are no witnesses here; and besides, I trust to your honor to forget what has passed. We are 'as you were,' Captain."

The Captain had been eyeing his visitor and catching the sound of his voice, and not a doubt remained upon his mind that he had before him the meaner villain. He controlled himself, however, and did not say so, being determined to find a clue to the business if he could, without binding himself by any promise.

"I cannot promise what I can't perform," he said. "Impunity for crime is but too easily obtained without aid of mine; besides, I know of no degree of guilt between them. One was a meaner villain than the others, and I am not sure that he was not the worse man. In which of them do you take an interest?"

"In him who came first towards the door. He had in vain urged his comrade to be off, and it was against his will that the attempt upon your life was made at all?"

"This I believe," was the reply; "but, if I mistake not, it was at the instigation of this same caitiff that the stables of Captain Willinton were pointed out as worth the plundering."

While he spoke he fixed his eye keenly upon the face of Whitley, and he read there a confirmation of all he had suspected. But his words were daggers to the ruffian. He remembered that he had made use of language such as this in the forest cave, but he did not remember that he had again spoken them under the porch of Capt. Willinton's house; he, therefore, imagined that the whole had been betrayed, and the fear that he was too late for his own safety rushed upon his mind.

Dr. Greenleaf, who had been paying an early visit to young Bradshaw, who in the interim had been removed to his father's house, called to make a report of his condition to Captain Willinton, and without ceremony entered the breakfast parlor. The host warmly welcomed him, saying,

"My dear sir, your calling is most opportune. I have just found a clue to the robbers. Mr. Whitley has kindly called to tell me he can identify them."

"That's fortunate indeed!" replied the Doctor. "Young Bradshaw seems to be in a bad way. I would give something beyond a trifle to know who the villain is to whom he is indebted for the horrible wound he bears. I could swear that the man who gave the blow is a murderer by trade."

Whitley was in agony. He began to think his treachery was about to recoil upon himself. The cold sweat burst from every pore, and he longed for some excuse to leave the room. Captain Willinton, who saw his agony, however, was determined not to spare him. He believed the fellow's errand was to buy his own safety by denouncing his comrades; and, although he had no means of proving it, he determined to administer a little salutary punishment, through the man's fears, should nothing turn up to furnish a reason for detaining him in custody. He touched a bell which stood upon the table. Mrs. Willinton herself, who was anxious about the meaning of Whitley's visit, opened the door.

"My love," said Willinton, "will you tell Anderson and Greene not to leave the house, but to remain within call. I shall, probably, want them shortly."

Mrs. Willinton retired to comply with the request of her husband, and left the three to their consultations.

The plot seemed to thicken. Whitley's terror increased. He could not conceive where all this was to end. He was certain that he was suspected, but he did not know, nor could not guess how far the knowledge of Willinton extended. What course to pursue it was beyond the power of his mind to decide. Had the Captain or the Doctor taken advantage of the craven spirit which crushed him down, they might have elicited every necessary information; but the Captain felt such a loathing for the man that he could not bring himself to seek for information at his hands, and the good-hearted Doctor did not share either his penetration or the knowledge which he had gained from Whitley's voice.

The men, in the meantime, paced in the adjoining room, waiting their master's orders, and every step, sent a chill to the heart of the miserable Whitley. Greene entered the room on some

trifling errand, and the look with which he regarded Whitley completed his discomfiture. The Doctor sat comfortably in an arm chair, sipping a cup of coffee, which his host had placed before him, while Captain Willinton, uneasy and irritated, sat eyeing his visitor with no friendly meaning on his countenance. He seemed to have a mischievous pleasure in keeping him in suspense. At length the silence was broken by Dr. Greenleaf.

"Mr. Whitley can identify the robbers, you say? How very fortunate! He must have heard that a large reward has been offered for them. I suppose he will be entitled to it."

"Fortunate indeed!" said Captain Willington.

"How came you acquainted with the matter?" inquired the Doctor. "I sent for you, the morning after the attempt was made, and received for answer that you were absent from home, and would not return for a day or two. I did not expect such welcome intelligence from you."

Whitley winced under the remark. He did not anticipate a third party at his conference with Willinton, and he knew besides that Dr. Greenleaf was a magistrate, who, if he got a glimpse of the truth, would send him to prison at once, for he had taken the case of the young farmer much to heart. It did not occur to him when he was boiling over with hate and vengeance against young Craignton for the manner in which he cast him from his father's hearth, that he would compromise himself; but he now saw that he had dug a pit, which he could only be prevented from falling into by some hand more dexterous than his own, or by some fortunate accident. He replied as calmly as possible,

"I believe I can identify them, and more than them. There has been much mischief done, and more will be done yet, if the nest is not destroyed. Circumstances—it is not necessary to explain them now—have put the power in my hands, and I am anxious to use it; but I will have nothing to do with rewards. I never knew blood-money to prosper yet."

The last words were spoken with a tone of virtuous indignation, which made an impression on Dr. Greenleaf. Captain Willinton only smiled.

"Very good, indeed!" said Dr. Greenleaf. "The great thing is to find the ruffian who struck young Bradshaw. He is the man I am most anxious to hear about. I verily believe, that bad as the others are, I would ask a pardon for them, on condition of their proving the treachery of their associate. They're a bad lot, and the country people will not be comfortable till the whole of them are hanged."

The Doctor was a magistrate—but he was a man too, and he forgot the official in the natural character. His words, however, effectually sealed the mouth of Whitley. He answered farther enquiries evasively, and, saying that he would arrange his materials, and meet the magistrates on a future occasion, he rose to withdraw.

Captain Willinton would have prevented his retreat, however. He had no proof indeed, that the man before him was the culprit, but he felt morally convinced of it. He whispered some words to Dr. Greenleaf; but the Doctor only shook his head. The Captain was not convinced, and was on the point of interfering forcibly on the strength of his own conviction, when the question was decided for him, for a messenger called hastily for the Doctor. Young Bradshaw was a great deal worse, and the Doctor was wanted instantly. Captain Willinton would accompany him, and during the bustle, Whitley quietly reached the door, and walking rapidly up the road, was out of sight before he was again thought of by any of the party.

The couch of the young farmer was one of pain. But it was soothed by the gentle words of affectionate and sympathizing friends. The crisis of the fever was come, and the kind physician anticipated no danger. He knew the strength of the youth, and that no festering thoughts rankled at his heart. He knew also that no care was wanting that could add to his comfort or safety. He therefore only enjoined caution and silence, and full of trust in Him who is all powerful to save, he sat down by the side of his patient, and waited the moment when returning consciousness would place his recovery, as far as human foresight and man's erring judgment might presume to say so, beyond a doubt.

He did not wait long, and the issue proved that he was right. When young Bradshaw opened his eyes, he spoke coherently and collectedly. He was in a fair way of recovery.

How different the lonely outcast. No bodily ailment afflicted him. He was full of health and vigour, and had his mind been free from thoughts of sin committed and unrepented—for remorse is not repentance—he might have been full of happiness. But fear was after him. It tracked his steps. Every bush and tree, to his excited fancy, concealed an enemy. Look which way he would, there was something to remind him of his crime. At last, the perspiration starting in balls from his beating brow, he felt as if pursued by some invisible foe, and hoping to escape from his ever present pursuer, without looking to the

right or left—without a thought as to whence he came or whither he bent his steps, the wretched and miserable man quickened his already rapid pace, and fled!

The only idea that seemed clearly traced upon his mind was the necessity of shunning all places where he was likely to be met by man, and when the night came, and consciousness returned, he found himself in the forest-cave, alone in its silent depths, with the evidences of his own guilt and that of his associates scattered round him.

Fearfully he wandered from heap to heap, selecting whatever was least burdensome and most valuable, determined to leave his home and country, and seek impunity in a foreign land, in which, before steps could be taken to prevent him, he trusted he would have safely arrived.

CHAPTER V.

THE PARTING.

THE reader, if his interest has been awakened by our story, will have felt some curiosity as to the errand which brought the younger Craignton to his father's house on the night of the Willinton robbery. We must explain:

Richard Craignton was at the time we speak of, about the age of twenty-three. His youth had been well cared for. The example of his father's energy of character and power of mind, had not been lost upon him. His mother's gentleness and piety, also, had had a salutary effect in the formation of his character. When launched upon the world as a student-at-law, he was well fortified with sound principles and habits of industry. His natural talents were respectable, and they had been assiduously cultivated. His success at the Bar, when the time for his examination came, was confidently anticipated by his friends. And their anticipations were in a fair way of being realized. When scarcely a year released from probation, he by a fortunate chance became favorably known, and business began to grow upon him. He seemed established in a course of practice which would yield him a comfortable income, a hope in which he rejoiced, for he was already an accepted lover. It was to seek his father's sanction and his mother's blessing that he had sought the home of his youth on the occasion referred to. It is needless to say that his father had not learned the object of his hurried visit.

Richard Craignton sat in his solitary chamber, or paced it with hurried and uneven steps. Thoughts crowded upon his mind—thoughts to which he had hitherto been a stranger. No presentiment of evil—no thought of the misfortune which had overtaken him—had ever clouded the pure atmosphere in which, until now, he had lived and moved. The fall was dreadful. Till now, he had walked with the erect and stately bearing of a man—henceforth, he felt, he must crawl through life, only too happy if he could pass unnoticed and unmarked.

The hopes too in which he had indulged—hopes, which till now, no fear had ever darkened—were crushed to the earth—beaten down and trampled on. What to him was honor or honest fame! The father to whom he owed his being—him whom he had looked to as a model upon which to form his character—was a felon, and but for circumstances which he could not control, might have been a murderer—a murderer from the basest of all the motives by which man is actuated. What deeper misery than this could be heaped upon him!

His love too, and it *was* love—for he was of a sanguine and an enthusiastic temperament—was withered in the bud; and she for whom the sacrifice of his life would have been gladly made, was, through him, to be wounded to the heart. The whole of his misery stared him in the face, and he could not—he did not try—to mitigate or to stifle it. A hundred times he resolved to see her—to tell her all—to ask her to forget him, and his shame. But he could not do it. The effort was beyond his strength. He could not tell her of his parent's guilt, and he could not make her a sharer in his infamy.

What remained for him to do? To desert her without a word of explanation—without asking her pity and forgiveness. This also was a course he dared not think of. She was so associated with his every hope, that he felt it would be like losing the anchor of his soul to cast her sympathy away.

On every side he was beset. There was no path by which he could escape. But he resolved to see her—what his purpose was he did not know, and could not tell. He hoped nothing—expected nothing. Still, to see her was necessary to her peace—his peace! No—no—not that. He had done with peace. He did not hope ever again on earth to know the meaning of the word. But it was something—a craving of his spirit, which he could neither explain nor control—and he resolved, let the result be what it would, that he would once more—only once—listen to her gentle and loving voice, and then—leave her forever.

Agnes Gardner sat in her own favorite room. She was reading, or at all events she held in her hand a book. If her thoughts wandered from it

pages to him who had won her young affections, the sin was pardonable in one so fair and good. To her pure mind, everything was beautiful, for as yet, she had never known a moment's grief. She was an only child, and although she had never known a mother's care, her father had made it the study of his life to make her happy. She had breathed an atmosphere of kindness and gentleness and love.

A step was heard upon the stair. She heard it, and her eye brightened, while a deeper crimson suffused her cheek. She knew—though it sounded not as it did of yore—that it was *his*. She endeavoured to rivet her attention upon the book, and whether she succeeded or not, her eyes at least were fixed upon it. The door stood open, and in a moment Richard Craignton stood beside her.

"Agnes!"

"Richard!" she cried, starting up, and extending her hand. He raised it respectfully to his lips.

She was surprised and hurt. She looked into his face with an eager gaze, as if to read the meaning of his coldness. She had expected a different meeting. She knew where he had been and why he went. Why he should have so changed since last they met, she could not imagine. She sat down again and resumed her book.

"Agnes!" he said, "I am most unhappy."

Agnes started.

"What has made you unhappy, Richard? When I last saw you—and it is not long since—you did not seem so—I know of no change since then."

"Since then, I have lived ages of misery. I did not know how much could be compressed into a few hours of life. I came to tell you that we must part!"

"Part!" echoed Agnes, "and why? Does your father refuse his sanction—does he forbid our meeting?"

"No—Agnes—no—he does not know that we have ever met. But there are circumstances which destroy my hopes. You must not wed with infamy."

"What do you mean? You speak in riddles. Have you deceived me Richard?"

"No—God forbid! I did not know how deep my love was, till I knew it hopeless. I came to pray you to pity and forget me!"

"I will not, Richard. My trust in you has hitherto been perfect. I have not for a moment doubted you. I will not now. Some mystery there must be here. Falsehood and treachery cannot unite in you. Whatever your unhappiness is, let me know and share it."

"God bless you, Agnes. Your words have given me new life. But you must trust me still. I cannot—I dare not—tell you what has struck me down. I fear you will learn too soon! Be sure, that the guilt, for guilt it is, that has raised a bar between us—is not mine, though the shame of it will cling to me forever; and I would not that you should have to blush for me. Will you trust me still? I do not ask this because I hope that I may yet be to you what I have been before—that hope is gone—but I cannot bear to live without your sympathy—your pity for my fate."

"I *will* trust you, Richard. Would that you would do the same by me! Whatever your grief may be, if I cannot lighten, surely I can share it."

The heart of Richard struggled. He felt the tenderness which he dared not invite. He knew, or he believed he did, that even if he told her all, she would not desert him; but the thought only the more impressed him with the truth, that so much worth and purity should not be wasted upon him. She was one whose presence threw a grace and charm over every circle. It would have been cruel—if not criminal—to unite her destiny with his, and cut her off from the many delightful associations which had made her young life so happy. No—no—he would not prove himself so unworthy of her. Though his heart should break in the struggle, he would not do her wrong.

It did occur to him, but he banished the thought at once, that she might suffer as much, or more, from their separation as even from a union with him, degraded as he felt himself. But even if she did, she should have no cause to blush—and shame, he felt, was the heaviest load the human mind can bear. He would not have her—bright and beautiful, and kind and generous as she was—associated with it. He felt as if he had sinned against the purity of her nature, in having suffered the thought, involuntary though it was, to dwell for an instant on his mind.

Agnes was deadly pale. On her fair countenance, anxiety and fear, and pain and wonder, were alternately portrayed. Her face was but the image of her mind; but it reflected faintly the feelings and emotions with which her heart was torn. She knew that something dreadful must have happened, to move so deeply one who held the mastery of his passions with a hand so firm as Richard Craignton. But she did not guess the truth. To a mind like hers, it must have been incomprehensible, even had it been told her with every particular, of place and day and hour.

Both were silent—busy with their thoughts—for many minutes. At last Richard spoke:

"Your generosity, sweet Agnes, while it consoles, unmans me! It makes me feel more keenly the loss of such a treasure as you would have been to me." His voice was calm, for he was intensely miserable, and in great calamity the outward man is calm. It became tremulous as he proceeded. "Since I left you, Agnes, I have learned that which, had I never loved, is more than I imagined, man could bear, and yet retain his reason. Think what it must be when, besides, it makes me unworthy that you should think of me—you, with whom every hope for my after years has been so intimately blended, that life without you, seemed not life at all. And yet you see me here, come to release you—to set you free—to ask you, if not to forget, at most to think of me, with pity only—not with love! It will add gall to the bitterness of life to think that *I* should have rendered you unhappy."

He knelt before her. His words, so solemnly uttered, sunk deep into her heart. She did not answer him, for she could not speak. She was oppressed with a thousand feelings,—and not to one of them could she have given a name.

"Richard!" she said, "By the love you have professed--by the love you bear me--I pray you tell me—all. Yet, why do I ask? I feel you are sincere—that some undreamt-of calamity has befallen—why should I heed what that calamity may be, since you can think it insurmountable? Still, you may have been mistaken—may have judged too hastily. Though I am not your wife—and I tell you now, what I only suffered you to guess before,—I wished—I longed to bear the name—I would seek the privilege of a wife, to learn your grief. Perhaps————."

"Oh, Agnes! do not speak in such a tone. It brings too vividly back upon my heart, the thought of what has been--what may not be again."

"Perhaps," she continued, as not heeding the interruption, "there may yet be hope. Ever until now you have been generous—your happiness you have ever shared—why will you be so selfish with your griefs? Let me hear all. You have prepared me for anything—it does not matter what. I have esteemed--nay, I have loved you, Richard! You have loved—you love me now--I will not doubt it. If it be so, why--why will you deny me one of woman's dearest rights—the right to soothe and comfort you? Richard, I must know all—I must know why you wish me—why you cast me off."

He did tell her all—the whole tale of woe and guilt and crime. He extenuated nothing. From the moment of his departure until his return, he repeated, the weary, the sad detail. Long ere he had finished, Agnes saw the struggle through which his mind had passed. She wept like a very child. Richard had forgotten himself. He had done that which was furthest from his intention. He had blackened his father's fame. The hot tears that fell from the eyes of Agnes upon his cheek, as he knelt before her, recalled him to himself. He rose hastily, and exclaimed:

"Now, indeed, I have told you all. Can you wonder that I am without hope? Is there any thing can blot out the past? My remaining here, now that you know my shame, is to connect you with it. I must begone. Farewell, Agnes! If we never meet again, think of me—for I know your nature, you will sometimes think of me—and when you do, be gentle in your judgment, as you always have been. The path of the guilty man, my father! I know is not more beset with peril, because *you* know his crime. Farewell."

He knelt before her. She was in a passion of tears. He took her hand in his—kissed it—and was gone.

"Stay, Richard, stay!" she cried; but he heard her not. Already he was beyond the reach of her voice. She fell back in her chair, overcome with the excitement through which she had passed. When she again opened her eyes, her father was bending over her with a gaze of most compassionate tenderness. He had heard every word of Richard's humiliating confession, but he made no remark which could lead his daughter to infer what his own feeling with regard to the future course of their loves might be. In answer to her inquiring look, he only said,

"He is a noble fellow. It is a thousand pities that he should be lost. Agnes, my darling, you must retire to your room, and endeavour to regain composure."

"My dear father," said Agnes, eagerly, "will you not see and comfort him? There is none can save him, if you do not. Remember all we owe him."

"I have forgotten nothing; but it would be useless to talk to him now. You have as much need of comfort and consolation as he has,—you know where to seek it, and I will leave you alone with Him who can give peace to the stricken heart."

He kissed her affectionately, and left the room. Agnes wept long and bitterly. It was her first lesson in the sorrows of the world. She would have been more or less than woman had she not felt it bitterly.

CHAPTER IV.

REPENTANCE.

In a darkened room, on a low couch, with the evidences of sickness, and of woman's care, around him, lay a strong man, bowed down with sickness of body and agony of mind. His eye rolled vacantly round the room as if in search of something, or of somebody. But whatever he sought, it was not there. He was alone. Once or twice his lips moved, as if he were about to speak, but the words remained unformed, and the unuttered thought, whatever it was, lay buried in his mind.

He had remained an hour or more in this half-lethargic state, when the door was quietly opened, and beside the bed of Edward Craignton, for he it was, stood the man who, on the night of the meeting in the cave, had accompanied him there—Nathan Gray.

"Are you better, Ned?" he said, sitting down beside the bed. "If you are not, I have news will rouse you. Whitley, the sneaking scoundrel, has been to Captain Willinton's to confess all. I heard it from a sure source. It seems he has a grudge against you for some injury he fancies he received on the night of your misfortune, and took this method to revenge himself."

"Did he tell all?" asked Craignton, calmly.

"No. Greene suspected what he was after, and made an errand into the room, and gave him a look that frightened him. He found out, however, for he watched pretty closely on his own account, that his warning would not have been heeded, had not Dr. Greenleaf spoken of hanging the man who struck young Bradshaw. This closed his mouth, and he managed to get out of the way. I heard it all at Crowther's some three hours ago, and came post haste to tell you. Greene is on his scent, and if he catches him, he'll make short work of him. But, I'll warrant, the harpies of the law will be after him too, and the whole country will be ransacked for him. If *they* get him, he'll blab every thing. You'd better be off while there is still time for escape."

"Not a step. If they catch him, he may tell whatever his cowardly nature can invent, or his trembling may have permitted him to see. He can say nothing worse than the reality either way, and I'll wait the issue. I would not fly even if I could."

"I will," returned the other.

Craignton looked at him with a scowl which, weak as he was, would have frightened a man one whit less bold than Nathan Gray.

"I will, I say," replied the other. "While you have been lying there I've not been idle, and I've been luckier than you. I came to this country to join a set of roving fellows, and to make something if I could. I find a parcel of snivelling rogues who will rob hen-roosts and steal old women's shifts; but the devil a one, except yourself, and, perhaps, Greene, with nerve enough for a man's job. I won't disgrace myself among them. I have made one lucky hit, and though it did cost the old wretch's life, the world will lose nothing—the miserly fool! I've one other job to do, and then, if you won't come with me, I'll bid you good-bye, and be off."

"What do you mean?" said Craignton. "What old man have you been murdering?—not old Gregory, is it?"

"The same. The whole country knows he had money, and money's the only thing for me. I neither want horses nor hogs, neither shirts nor sheepskins. I want the hard metal, that one can spend without caring who's by. Old Gregory had plenty of that. I called upon him. He would not give it me. I knocked him on the head, and took it."

"And who is the other you have in view?" said Craignton, making an effort to appear composed.

"Another of the same, as the auctioneers say. Old Anthony Slatefield. He sold a pair of horses and a lot of wheat this morning, and the money is all paid. I intend to have the spending of it, in my own country."

Craignton was silent. The old man Gregory had been a friend of his when he wanted friends. He had welcomed him to what was then—when he first settled in the country—a wilderness, and he had cheered him with hopes of better and happier days in store for him, if his perseverance were only half equal to his energy. He had helped him, too, when in the midst of difficulty; and although the country people did call him miser, he had never ceased to look upon his bent form and silver hair with something approaching affection. To hear of his having been brutally murdered for mere love of gold, and to hear too the horrid tale from the lips of the murderer, and to be without the power to avenge him—or the right to avenge him, even if he had the power—was a trial to his spirit which he had little expected it would ever have to bear. He was weak in body, also, and his mind was not so powerful as at other times it had been. All these causes, and many more, made a deep impression on his heart. The strong man was at last subdued. He buried his head in the bed-clothes, and when he looked up at last, an ordinary observer might have seen the traces of tears upon his bronzed and hardened features.

"Gray!" he said, in a scarcely audible whisper,

"there has been enough of this—what is done is past, and may not be recalled. But—fly at once!"

Nathan, in his turn, was surprised.

"What's that!" he almost shrieked. "Are you, too, turned sniveller? I had a better opinion of you. No—no—there has not been enough—or, at any rate, I've not got enough. To-morrow you may talk thus, but I shall not be here to listen. Old Slatefield's cash must change hands, and the hands to which it is transferred must be mine!"

"I'm sorry for it," replied Craignton, "I am tired and weary, and can neither aid nor hinder you; therefore, it is needless to speak more of it. I hear some one coming. It would be better that you should not be seen with me. For the sake of yourself, as well as me, leave me to my thoughts."

"Gray put on his hat. He smiled as he opened the door, and muttered,

"The air is infectious. I do believe if I were to stay here I should turn a woman. To-morrow I'll seek a freer air and a bolder soil."

"To-morrow!"

When left to himself, Craignton again buried his face in the pillows, and sobbed like a child. His eyes were opened to the fact that he was a robber and a thief—a man to whom a murderer might talk of his bloody deeds without a fear of retribution or of justice. It seemed as if he had been living in a dream, and the question—how had all this come? confused his brain. His face was still buried, and sobs, at intervals, were heard to issue from his breast, when his wife entered the room, leading by the hand a fair young girl, of some twelve years old. Noiselessly they had entered, and approached the bed where the sick man lay. When the wife heard the sobs, a flash of surprise and joy swept over her worn and haggard features. She bent eagerly to listen. Another sob—another—and then another burst from the stricken sinner, and words of agony were bursting, unconsciously, from his fevered lips.

When in the young ear and to the young heart of Alice Ravenswood the voice of Edward Craignton had first breathed his love, she was intensely happy. Their youth had been passed together. They had grown together up from childhood, and together they had wandered through the gay and gorgeous fields. He had plucked for her the fairest flowers, and wove them into wreaths to deck her fair young brow. They had lived in the hope that so they should live for ever. But when on entering the busy, bustling world, to play his part, he found, by an unexpected claim upon his paternal property, that he was reduced from the station he had expected to occupy, he determined to win, by his own hands, an honorable subsistence. He would have left his home, alone; but when the hour of parting came, the then young lover could not control the passion that held the mastery over his heart. He declared his love, and Alice was a willing listener. They were married; and instead of seeking for wealth in their own land, they sought the woods of Canada, where they hoped, at least, for independence.

When he first told his tale, and asked her to be his, the young heart of Alice could scarcely contain its happiness. But now, the broken words, the bursting sighs, which welled out from his burthened heart, seemed to her to yield even greater pleasure.

It was strange—but it was so. Through every trial her love for the Edward of her youthful years had been unshaken. Poverty, and woe, and sickness might have been theirs; but with him beside her she could still be happy. When he strayed from the path of honesty and honor, she wept and shuddered, but she did not cease to love; and she lived on, and prayed that he might awaken from the dream which had paralyzed the nobler portion of his nature. She prayed for him when she had forgotten how much she stood in need of prayer for herself.

And at last her prayer was answered. She had not travailed in vain. He would yet forsake the ways of error and of crime; and if the things of earth would afford no solace for the past, at least they would find rest in that better world, which will at last afford repose to those whose journey upon earth has been sad, and weary, and unblest.

The mind of the sick man began to wander. Thoughts of a thousand things mingled in one confused mass together, and his lips gave utterance only to disjointed sentences. But the thoughts of old Gregory, and of what Gray had told him, were uppermost and most vivid.

"Poor old Gregory!" he murmured. "It was a cruel deed—murdered!" he shrieked, and lifting his haggard and distorted face, he clenched his hand, and ground his teeth, in the intenseness of his agony. "And Slatefield, too! The one dead and the other—to die to-night!—and I—I cannot save him—cannot save him, if I would!"

Again he buried himself in the bed-clothes, utterly worn out with the terrible and protracted mental struggle. He was in a burning fever, and his brain whirled with the thousand fantasies of delirium.

The wife, who, with her child, had knelt beside the bed, was unnoticed and unseen by the sick man. His dreadful words, however, sank into her heart. With difficulty she repressed the scream that rose to her lips. But she did repress it, and waited in her kneeling posture until he slept. Then, making such arrangements as the time permitted, for his attendance, she left her own desolate home, and proceeded, at a hurried pace, to the residence of old Anthony Slatefield, determined to warn him of the impending danger.

The road along the lake shore, in the locality we speak of, although nearly straight, is occasionally so far away from the lake as to leave it out of sight, where it crosses the low headlands, jutting far out into its waters, and then again approaches so near as to be washed by the rippling waves, where it passes those deeply indented and sheltered bays so frequently recurring.

On one of these bays, a flourishing and thriving village had sprung up within the memory of more than the oldest inhabitant. The houses stood on each side of the road, which, but for a few straggling ones along the first half mile of another road leading into the back country, was its only street.

About a mile below this village, on one of the headlands I have mentioned, stood Craignton's house and barn, and other appurtenances belonging to the establishment of a farmer well to do. But there was nothing about the premises indicative of prosperous care and thrifty industry. On the contrary, all around there was an air of discomfort and decay, most painful to look upon. The gate, as it opened, dragged heavily along the ground, as if unwilling to admit a visiter. It had lost its lower hinge. The windows of the house —that true and never-failing index of the habits of the occupier—were sadly broken, and patched up, as is the universal custom from New Orleans to Passammaquoddy Bay, with rags, and old straw hats. The fences round about the place were broken down, or taken away, to supply the place of other and better fuel. The cattle in and about what had once been a comfortable farm yard, were haggard, meagre, and neglected. In short, the whole establishment was evidently either deeply mortgaged, or else belonged to one who was either a lazy sluggard or a lost and doomed habitual drunkard, or something worse, or altogether.

There was one feature in this scene of approaching ruin, indicative of unwearied industry, a proof that the inmates had seen better days—the last remnant of a hope that they might yet return. This was a little flower garden, in front of that *homeless* looking cottage—so neat and trim, and well fenced in it was, that it contrasted sadly with the desolation and neglect around it. It was indeed like the green and cheering oasis in the desert, on which the eye of the worn and weary pilgrim loves to dwell. In this sweet spot, where in better days the wife of Craignton had spent hours of peace and joy, with her children playing round her, she could even yet for some brief moments find oblivion for her cares.

About three miles on the road leading back from the village we have mentioned, was another farm house, but of a very different character.

It was a handsome and commodious frame building, to use the phraseology of the country, neatly clap-boarded and painted. The out-buildings, from the barns, for there were more than one, down to the pig-sties, were in the most perfect state of repair. There was besides, a large and thrifty orchard, occupying lands at a short distance behind the dwelling, of so rough and rocky a description, as to be almost unfit for other, and, in that locality, more profitable cultivation. The house was situated at the foot of one of those isolated hills composed of alternate steppes of rock and rich alluvial soil, so often met with in that otherwise level district, and which, in the absence of anything more worthy of the name, have actually been miscalled mountains.

Around this comfortable dwelling, was a large and well cultivated farm, divided into well fenced fields, in every variety and state of tillage suited to the season. In a word, everything about it was indicative of prosperous industry—of care and economy and skill—all contributing to effect a result so much desired, and yet so seldom reached—a competent supply for all our earthly wants—the only state in which, without a metaphor, a man can call himself an independent being.

This was the house—this the farm of Mr. Slatefield—Old Anthony, as he was called by all who knew him—the intended victim of the villain Gray. The peaceful home of happy and contented industry, was to be desecrated and plundered, and stained perchance with the life-blood of its harmless occupier, during the dark and defenceless watches of the coming night—a night which might, and probably would have been his last, had not the protecting Ægis of a guardian angel interposed to save him from a fate which, otherwise, would have been inevitable.

It was a long and weary walk from Craignton's house to Slatefield's, and back again that night; and yet was there no faltering, no hesitation, on the part of that devoted and determined messenger. Worn out with wakeful watchings, night

after night, and heart-stricken as she was, she paused not to think on aught else on earth,—no not even on her own sad fate and fearful destiny. Self, with all its claims, founded on the first inherent law of nature, was not for a moment thought of; the only absorbing thought, was that a helpless, harmless man, was doomed to a bloody death, and that through her he might be saved.

The day was far advanced ere the weary messenger reached the habitation of him she toiled to save—but she did reach it, and having communicated all she knew and guessed, she again turned homewards, refusing to take the old man or his servant from their home to accompany or drive her back, which they were anxious and importunate to do.

"No, no," she said, in answer to their arguments; "I have reasons of my own for wishing to return alone, and if I had not, there is little enough of time for you to make secure your property and your lives. I will find my way safely back alone."

"Good bye, then, and God bless you, ma'am," said Mr. Slatefield; "whether the danger turn out real or not, I thank you all the same; and be sure you have a friend while old Anthony Slatefield lives."

Mrs. Craignton did not delay a moment, even for needful rest, but set out at once on her weary and toilsome march, buoyed up with the thought of the deed of mercy she had accomplished, but still more by the hope which had arisen in her breast, that the husband of her early love was not utterly irreclaimable, and that when his wandering faculties returned, he would bless and thank her for the deed.

The night had fallen ere she reached her lonely dwelling, and as she approached it, its desolate appearance struck a chill to her heart, from the contrast it presented to what it had been in other days. But when she entered it, these thoughts gave way to greater anxiety for her husband, whose delirium had increased, and whose life, to all appearance, was in imminent danger.

To him, notwithstanding her fatigue, she devoted herself with unwearied and unceasing care. She watched over him as a mother over her first born, caring not for aught else but him. Still her thoughts were full of grief, for the image of her son rose up before her, and the anguish which she knew he must experience added gall to her cup already filled with bitterness. Through the weary watches of that long and lonely night, she kept beside him, and the morning, when it dawned, found her still busy at her task of love.

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH WATCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GARLAND.

SIR,—Permit me to enclose to you for publication in the Literary Garland, some verses addressed to the "Death Watch," from the columns of a newspaper of this city.

They possess much merit; and, if the author of the verses did not pay you the compliment of requesting that they might adorn the pages of your periodical, that is no reason you should not pay him the compliment of inserting them. I consider, you enjoy the license to impound any *stray* you may discover wandering on the highways or by-ways of Canadian Literature, or place them on "the common," with or without the author's permission.

If you coincide in my opinion, you will probably insert them.

A LITTERATEUR.

—

Tic, tic, tic!—
I've a quarrel to pick,
With thee, thou little elf—
For my heart beats quick
As thy tic, tic, tic,
Resounds from the old green shelf.

When I cease to weep,
When I strive to sleep,
Thou art there, with thy tiny noise,
And thoughts of the past
Come rushing fast,
E'en with that still, small voice.

'Tis said thou hast power
At the midnight hour
Of death and of doom to tell;
Of rest in the grave,
That the world ne'er gave,
And I love on this theme to dwell.

Dost thou call *me* home—
Oh! I come, I come;
For never did lone heart pine
For a quiet berth,
In its mother earth,
With a deeper throb than mine.

Then tic, tic, tic—
Let thy work be quick;
I ask for no lengthen'd day—
'Tis enough, kind one,
If thy work be done,
In the merry month of May.

For birds in the bowers,
And the bloom of flowers,
Then gladden the teeming earth;
And methinks that I
Would like to *die*
In the month that gave me *birth*.

ALPHA.

Montreal, December 29, 1846.

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

COLOGNE.

To the shrine of old Saint Cunibert—that structure gaunt and lone,
The ancient 'midst the aged of the sainted walls of Köln,
The pilgrim tribes of olden days oft hied to bend the knee
For those who fought the holy fight by Paynim Galilee.
Some swelled the hymn of lofty pride—some pleaded tender fears,
And some brought bright and golden gifts—some only prayers and tears.

A lonely pilgrim cometh still, to that dark altar stone,
A weary one that only there doth make her wonted moan,
And many a rugged league hath known her parched and bleeding feet,
And many a kindly heart hath blest her greeting mild and sweet.
For still she murmured mournfully, "To Köln I come to pray
For my father and my brethren, who are fighting far away."

She struggles on through storm and shine, though wearisome and faint,
None know how the shorn lamb hath fared—to none she makes complaint;
Their alms she smilingly rejects, and shews with placid look,
The acorns and the cresses she hath gathered by the brook;
And still she murmurs mournfully, "To Köln I come to pray
For my father and my brethren who are fighting far away."

There's not a child in all the town but knoweth her sweet face.
The gleeful quell their merriment—the sullen yieldeth place—
The churchman foldeth his broad stole and bends with stately smile,
As drooping, like the Magdalen, she totters down the aisle.
For she bears her burthen of the cross and comes "To Köln to pray
For her father and her brethren who are fighting far away."

She knows not that the mountain cross is reared above their bones
On a lone barranca of Biscay—those dear lamented ones.
That the clarion of triumphant fields hath perished from the ear,
That the old familiar sounds of home they never more may hear.
For still she says, the simple one, "To Köln I come to pray
For my father and my brethren who are fighting far away."

A noble vessel is the heart that floats amidst its tears,
And braves the chill of pale suspense, and cold besieging fears.
The intellect with all its towers may crumble and decay,
The mind with all its mysteries may darkly fade away—
But still the poor heart meekly comes to holy Köln to pray
For the faithful sons of Germany low sleeping far away.

BONN.

Like the pines on the Brocken when lulled by the heat,
Grave, earnest and thoughtful, the Burschen can meet,
O'er the problem can brood—o'er the lexicon pore,
Till caught by the silence, the taskmasters snore.
But the pines bristle up when a frown's in the sky,
And they roar and they wrestle when tempests sweep by.
So the young giants dash down the tome and the chart,
At the first flash of danger their free spirits start.
For their might is a legion—their injuries one.
Then hurrah for the Burschen—the Burschen of Bonn!

He loves like an Arab—our Burschen so bold.
He wileth the fanciful—melteth the cold.
Though he recks not to worship one lone blushing flower—
But roves, like the breeze, through the bright harem bower.
Down the mad waltz careering with extacied bound,
Like a feather-heeled Mercury spurning the ground;
He beareth the coy girl in all her loose charms,
Till she lies, like a panting dove, lost in his arms.
Should the sire fume resentful—the kinsmen take on—
He but laughs at their ire—the bold Burschen of Bonn.

Is a dance on the meadow?—the Burschen is there.
A glad guest is he to the youthful and fair,
While the mother sits fretting with glances of fire,
As the ewe braves the stoop of the fierce lammergeyer.
But who dare rebuke what his sly glance reveals?
What watcher make count of the kisses he steals?
No railing can daunt him—no menace appal,—
Like the peterel, our Burschen exults in the squall,
And if tears are the tell-tales of deeds he hath done
He hath kisses to dry them—our Burschen of Bonn.

From the Alt-Zoll he looked o'er the blue brimming Rhine
Of his free German birth-right the glory and sign;
And he girded the broad blade and levelled the lance,
To sweep from its shores the foul footsteps of France.
No dastard regrets dimmed his light beaming eye
As he chanted the sword-song and swelled the war-cry,
For he vowed in his stout heart as onward he strode,
To return back triumphant or sink in his blood.
On the proud field of Leipzig his laurels were won,
And he fought like a were-wolf—our Burschen of Bonn.

One might wish his carousals were brief as his prayers,
That he dared not do some things as oft as he dares,
To Johannis or Hock he'd make fewer salaams
And his moustache remind no sweet lips of meerschaums.
But who in his love-lighted blue eyes could gaze,
And wish that one shade should be thrown o'er their rays?
For his life is but morning—why hurry the night?
And his heart is all blossom—his spirit all light!
And forget not—at Leipzig his laurels were won,
Then hurrah for the Burschen—our Burschen of Bonn.

Montreal, 1847.

THE JEWESS OF MOSCOW.

BY M. A. M.

Of all the triumphant scenes which marked the eventful life of Napoleon, that which gave perhaps the highest gratification to his aspiring mind was the view of Russia's ancient capital, as it lay apparently helpless and unprotected, awaiting the entrance of his armed legions. Austerlitz and Jena, Lodi and Marengo, were proud and brilliant recollections, but they had not been waited and watched for, as had been the conquest of Moscow, during long and weary months. To humble the pride of the Russian emperor, and to drive him from the palace of his ancestors, had long been the favorite project of Napoleon, and now that object was attained—he was about to enter the city of the Czars. There in its midst rose the stately Kremlin, and what was to prevent him from realizing his proud boast, that he would sleep in that royal dwelling?—Nothing, assuredly, for Alexander had fled before him, and had apparently left his magnificent homestead for the express accommodation of the conqueror. The wearied soldiers of France were now, too, about to rest after their long and toilsome march through the frozen plains of that inclement region, and as he looked on their benumbed and half-fainting forms, he acknowledged in his heart that this was not the least of his advantages.

The circumstances attending the entrance of the French army into Moscow are so well known that it were more than superfluous to detail them here. Short was the triumph of Napoleon. A few brief days of gratified ambition, and then succeeded all the horrors of that dreadful conflagration which drove the already half-exhausted Frenchmen to seek again their lodgings under that ungenial canopy—a Russian winter sky; and finally to retrace their route across those desert *steppes*, which afforded no shelter from the piercing cold. That unequalled sacrifice was made by which the sons of Muscovy destroyed the honoured city of their sovereigns, rather than leave it as a dwelling for the ruthless foreigners, and the French were preparing to evacuate the burning city when a young man, whose uniform denoted an officer of the French army, while walking with rapid step through a narrow bye street in the suburbs of Moscow, was attracted by sounds of violence and loud cries for help, which seemed to proceed from a mean looking house hard by. Knowing that the French soldiery, maddened by disappointment and despair, were seizing every opportunity of wreaking their vengeance on such of the inhabitants as had ventured to remain within the doomed city; the officer entered the house and was conducted by the uproar, which seemed rather to increase than otherwise, to an apartment on the second floor. The door, however, was shut, and resisted every effort to push it open. Determined if possible to gain admittance, the young man knocked loudly, and was answered by a rough voice from within, bidding him, whoever he was, to go his way quickly, otherwise he should be made to repent his boldness. Another voice was heard at the same time, evidently that of a female, begging for help in piteous accents. Rendered desperate, the officer applied his shoulder to the door, which was happily none of the strongest, for its hinges gave way beneath the shock, giving free ingress to the apartment.

The room was apparently used as a sitting or eating-room—it had but one window—high and rather narrow, immediately under which stood a small English sofa, covered with a sort of chintz calico; a square table occupied the centre, and this, together with some half dozen chairs of the very plainest kind, constituted the entire furniture, if we except a small but neat time-piece of Swiss manufacture, which graced the low mantelpiece. On the hearth, for there was no grate, the remains of a wood fire were still visible.

This brief survey of the little apartment was, however, the work of after time, for there was one object which engrossed at first all the officer's attention. On the floor, in one corner, lay the prostrate figure of an aged man, who was it would seem senseless from loss of blood, which oozed from a wound in the side.

In front of the body, and in a position to cover it from the assailants, stood a young girl whose age might not exceed fourteen or fifteen, and whose slight, girlish figure shewed but little power to wield a large knife which, nevertheless, her right hand firmly grasped. The pale childish features, too, seemed formed for any other expression rather than that of fierce defiance and

yet, at the moment, they were animated with that very spirit, and the dark eyes glowed like coals of living fire, as she, with strength that seemed supernatural, warded off with her knife every effort made to approach her by those whom she regarded as the murderers of her father. In the cowardly miscreants who thus warred on old age and childhood the young officer recognized with shame two soldiers of his own regiment. The shock given by the bursting open of the door had caused a momentary suspension of their unmanly warfare, and when the intruder proved to be none other than their own colonel, whose character as a humane and generous man was well known to them, they involuntarily drew back from their victims, and stood before him confused and silent. The colonel regarded the ruffians sternly and fixedly, while the young girl, perceiving at a glance that from the new-comer she had nothing to fear and might have every thing to hope, addressed him in tolerable French with an earnest and touching entreaty to save her from the wretches who she feared had slain her father.

"Fear not, fair maiden!" said the colonel soothingly. "Villains as they are, and dead to all sense of honour and humanity, they will not dare to offer further insult in my presence—and as sure as they have disgraced the uniform which they wear, so sure will be their punishment! Wretches!" he added, turning abruptly towards the soldiers, "vile cowardly assassins! tremble for the fate which awaits ye—if justice is yet to be had in the French army, ye shall expiate this crime with your lives!"

"Oh, ho!" shouted the soldiers, recovering from their first surprise, and resuming the wild recklessness which was evidently in a great measure, if not wholly, the effect of drunkenness; "Oh, ho! if that be the case, *Monsieur le Colonel*, we'll have our own before we go—the girl is ours, and by Saint Denis! there's not an officer in all the army that can prevent us from having her!"

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, "Dare you disobey the orders of your officer? I command ye on pain of death to quit the house instantly! Away!"

"Stop there, now!" cried the younger of the two men—a tall bony figure with a singularly dark face, to which a pair of huge black whiskers lent even added ferocity. "I say, colonel! if we are to be shot, why we may as well earn the reward still better—we can't be worse, that's plain—so, officer or no officer, here goes—we'll teach the cursed she tiger to take up knives on honest people who are only seeking something to eat and drink before they leave this hellish city!—Here goes, I say—Come on, Jacques!" addressing his companion, who nothing loth, prepared to second the attack, upon which the young officer drawing his sword, deliberately crossed the room, and pushing away the table which had hitherto singularly enough, been allowed (where there had evidently been a violent struggle) to remain stationary, he took his place immediately in front of the young girl, and then calmly stood ready to act on the offensive or defensive as occasion might require. Drunken and excited as they were, the fellows paused for a moment, and seemed to hesitate ere they attacked him who was so beloved by all the regiment, and who had ever proved himself a kind and considerate commander.

Their irresolution was, however, but momentary—one glance at the prostrate body over which the poor girl was now bending, endeavouring to stop the blood with a kerchief which she had torn from her neck, was sufficient to remind them that they had already gone too far to recede, and with one accord they sprang on the officer with their bayonets pointed at his bosom. One of them he warded off with his sword, but the other grazed his shoulder.

The combat continued for some moments, when the colonel succeeded in wresting the bayonet from one of the ruffians, but would, in all probability, have been stabbed by the other at this unguarded moment, when a loud and joyful scream from the girl caused all parties to pause in their deadly struggle—and drew all eyes to her face. Following her glance they looked towards the door, and there an apparition presented itself that put a total stop to all hostilities. This was none other than a small, but firmly built man, habited as a general officer, wearing over his rich, yet not ostentatious uniform, a loose gray coat, descending about mid-way below the knee. The countenance of this personage might well be considered handsome,—the outline of the face was undoubtedly fine, but at this identical moment it wore a look of stern indignation, which seemed withal by no means unusual, if one might judge from the deep lines that contracted the expansive brow. It appeared that he was not alone, for several faces were seen in the passage behind, endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the proceedings within, without approaching too closely the officer who stood in the door-way.

"Tell me!" said the individual whose presence seemed to produce such a magical effect, "tell me, what means this scene?—how has that old man been wounded—for I see he yet lives—and why do I find two soldiers—French soldiers too,—raising their arms against an officer? Speak,

fellows—you who appear to be the assailants—to what regiment do you belong?"

"To De Lorinval's, sire!" stammered the fear-stricken soldiers.

"I thought so! And you, *Monsieur l'Officier!* who are you?"

"Their Colonel—Edouard De Lorinval, sire!" replied the young man composedly, with a graceful obeisance to the emperor, for it was indeed he.

"What! how!—their Colonel—Colonel De Lorinval!—how dared they attack their own colonel? Explain, pray explain!" exclaimed the emperor impatiently. With another bow the officer commenced, and gave a brief but full account of the whole affair. The emperor listened with apparent calmness, and when De Lorinval had concluded his recital, without one word of remark, he ordered the soldiers to be removed without the walls, where the army was already preparing to quit the city, (over which the flames were rapidly spreading) and there to be shot by twelve men of their own regiment. Not so much, he added, for the unjustifiable cruelty which they had shown, as for their flagrant violation of military discipline, in attacking their officer, added to their previous disobedience to his commands. No word of remonstrance was spoken against the abruptness of the measure—the severity with which Napoleon punished any, even the most trivial breach of discipline, was so well-known to all present, as was also the immovability of his resolves, that none would have dared to interfere—even if there had been any to sympathize with the unfortunate culprits. They, themselves, uttered no entreaty for mercy—terror had effectually restored their senses, and the example of numbers of their fellow-soldiers, whom they had seen executed in a similar manner, taught them how vain any complaint or petition would be. They, therefore, submitted in dogged silence to their inevitable fate, and were led from the immediate scene of their crime to the place where they were to undergo its penalty. During the brief space of time occupied by this very summary trial and condemnation, the young girl, in utter unmindfulness of what was passing so near her, had been busily engaged in staunching the old man's wound. She had taken a small phial containing some strong restorative from a neighbouring alcove, and raising the unconscious head, tenderly supported it with one arm, while she gently moistened the pale, bloodless lips, and then gradually poured some drops into the half-open mouth. Having done this, she laid down the phial and fixed her eyes on the death-like face, with a look of unutterable affection, and anxiously awaited the signs of returning life. While thus attentively engaged, she was startled by a voice which spoke near her—it was that of De Lorinval, who, as he bent to assist in her labour of love, kindly whispered,

"Courage, maiden, courage!—your father begins already to revive—see, the colour on his cheek!"

It was indeed true; the hue of life was gradually overspreading the features of the wounded man, a slight motion of the lips was perceptible—another moment and a faint sigh was heard, the eyes were partially opened, and with a wild look around, he murmured,

"Deborah—my daughter!"

"Deborah is here, father!" exclaimed the delighted girl, at the same time bending to imprint a kiss on his cold brow, from which she carefully turned aside the thin grey locks, by which it had been partially shaded. Just at this moment Napoleon, who had been an attentive spectator of the scene, turning to De Lorinval, demanded by what name the old man had addressed his daughter. Having been told, he shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah! I knew he was a Jew," he said,—"Deborah!" he repeated, as if half-unconsciously, "A very fitting name too, and the spirit of the Hebrew heroine seems to actuate her, young as she is! Arise, De Lorinval!" he continued, in a louder tone, "have you forgotten that the flames are rapidly increasing, and that the moments are precious! Leave the old Jew and his daughter to take care of themselves; there has been already too much time lost on their account!"

This allusion to the approach of the conflagration thoroughly aroused the young Deborah from her forgetfulness of all around, by awakening anew all her fears for her father's safety. Starting from her kneeling posture, she turned a beseeching look on De Lorinval, who, in obedience to the emperor's commands, was preparing to depart. Touched by the girl's mute entreaty, he determined to supplicate permission to remain, and for that purpose following Napoleon, who had by this time reached the head of the staircase,

"Will my liege deign to hear me, for one moment only?" he said hesitatingly.

Napoleon turned abruptly "Say on!—what would'st thou?"

"Permission to remain ten minutes with these poor people, to assist the old man to a place of safety."

"I tell you—no!" replied Napoleon, with more anger than he usually testified. "We have

given our commands—see that they are obeyed, or five minutes shall see you under arrest!"

Deborah, who had, unseen, followed her protector, now spoke—"One minute, my liege,—permit him to return with me, for one minute—he shall then obey your majesty's orders!"

"Be it so, then!" said the emperor, won unconsciously by the soft voice of the young Jewess. "But see that he delay not longer!"

Napoleon now proceeded to descend the stairs, while De Lorinval almost mechanically followed his youthful conductress back into the room they had left. The old man had risen, and was now seated on a chair near the fire-place.

"Dearest father!" said Deborah, as she entered, "dearest father! I wish you to look upon our noble protector—he who has fought and suffered in our defence—aye! suffered—for see, he is wounded," and she pointed to his left shoulder, where the blood, oozing through a rent in his coat, gave token that he had not escaped unhurt. "Look upon him, father!—and you, our generous defender! I would ask you to look steadily on me and on my father—behold that venerable man, whom you have so kindly aided, though a stranger—and me, too, Colonel de Lorinval!" and as she spoke, she grasped his arm, and bending forward, looked up into his face, while her dark brilliant eyes were illuminated by the intensity of her feelings, and her slight figure seemed to dilate before the astonished Frenchman, to whom this oriental warmth of manner and expression was altogether new—"Aye! Look more closely, until every feature becomes engraven on thy heart—and see that thou forget me not,—for as sure as the sun is shining in the firmament, I swear before the God of my father Abraham, that we shall meet again, if life is spared me! Go now! and be the blessing of that God upon all thy actions! Fear not for us!" she continued, seeing that he looked wistfully at her father's pale face, and feeble form. "Incur not, on our account, the anger of your sovereign, for we shall be saved. I have thought of the means of safety—adieu!" So saying, this singular being turned abruptly away, and the next moment saw her whispering some words into her father's ear. She took no more notice of De Lorinval, yet the latter paused to take one more look at the strangers who had so interested him. He observed that the clothes of both, though singularly neat and clean, were of very plain materials, without any pretensions to show. Though found in Moscow, the fashion of their dress was decidedly not Russian, one would rather have judged them to be Italian, though some warmer upper clothing had been assumed, doubtless to suit the colder climate in which the wearers now dwelt. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the old man, if we except a long grey beard—so long indeed that it reached almost to his girdle. It was to this appendage doubtless, that Napoleon was indebted for his discovering that they were Israelites. The girl, however, exhibited many of the peculiarities of her eastern origin. Her's was the fine oval face, and the penetrating dark eye, which so generally characterize the Hebrew women. Her complexion, nevertheless, had none of that rich colouring so common to the females of the east, being on the contrary so delicately fair, as to lead one to believe that the young Jewess had been at least born and nurtured in the climes of the north or west, and this notion was confirmed by a circumstance which now occurred to the mind of De Lorinval. This was, that the few words which had passed between the father and daughter were in the English language, and though the girl spoke French fluently, if not with perfect propriety, yet had she a very perceptible English accent.

These observations were made in a moment, and then with a sigh of regret that he dared not remain to aid the devoted girl in having her father removed, he hastily descended the narrow staircase and hurried after the emperor and his suite, who were already at the farther extremity of the street.

Every reader knows that the departure of the French from Moscow was as unceremonious, and attended with as little parade, as possible. From the emperor down through all the various grades, all was gloom and despondency. The army had before traversed the snowy and ice-bound plains, in the hope of wintering at Moscow; this hope had sustained them under much hardship; now that hope was destroyed; the winter was setting in with all its horrors, and no prospect of shelter remained. Then did the despairing soldiers curse in their hearts, the ambition which had led them into such a deplorable condition—while, to heighten their wretchedness, came the sickening remembrance of their fair and sunny France, with her mild, soft air and luxuriant landscapes. Oh! mournful was the contrast that now presented itself to the hapless children of the south.

Yet, was it not greater than that in the mind of Napoleon, from what he had felt but a few days before. He was then entering the city with the proud triumph of a conqueror—short as was the time which had since elapsed, it had served to crush his brightest hope. He had found in Moscow, but one wide flaming furnace as it were,

instead of a place of repose for his wearied army—his hopes of conquering Russia were now utterly broken and destroyed—he had before him the dreary prospect of leading his troops through a country which contained nought but foes—in short, he and his army were, it might be said, imprisoned in a hostile land, several hundred miles from home, with all the terrors of a northern winter staring them in the face. The reflections of the great Napoleon were, it must be acknowledged, on this occasion, of a gloomy description, but could he have looked into futurity—could he have beheld the disastrous consequences of this Russian campaign—could he have dreamed that it was but the beginning of a series of overwhelming reverses, and that the star of his destiny was already on the wane, then indeed would his almost indomitable spirit have bent or broken beneath the shock. Such was the frame of mind in which Napoleon quitted Moscow—the scene of his long treasured and high-raised expectations, now the theatre of his discomfiture.

Had it not been for the high state of discipline which prevailed in the French army at this period, it would have been almost an impossibility to collect the entire of that vast body of men, on so short a notice. Much that was valuable had been left behind by the inhabitants of Moscow, when they quitted their homes, and the pillaging of the deserted city afforded so great a temptation, that not even the rapid progress of the flames, which burst forth incessantly in all directions, could deter the soldiery from prosecuting their search. It is true they were not always successful, for any of the citizens who could do so, had carried off into the country as much of their effects as they were able to find conveyances for, but yet there was enough left, both of wine, brandy, and provisions, to excite the half-starved soldiers to ransack every dwelling. Napoleon himself was in Moscow, however, and this simple fact serves as a solution of the mystery—even their habits of subordination might on this occasion have failed to call them from that scene of confusion, but the presence of their emperor had ever a magical power over the mind of the French soldier—his commands none dared to disobey, and hence it was that even the wildest and most reckless straggler hurried to the *rendezvous*, when the sound of the bugle of his regiment greeted his ears.

* * * * * * *

"Well father!" exclaimed Deborah in a louder tone, as she saw that the colonel had quitted the room. Well father! shall I go and speak to the man?—I know he is at home to-day, for I saw him standing at his own door just before those horrid soldiers entered."

"Go then, child!" replied the old man, and his voice was faint and tremulous—"but, Deborah," he continued, arresting with a motion of his hand the departure of his daughter, who, with all the haste that the emergency of the case required, had already reached the door. "I say, Deborah! See that you make a close bargain with him. I know these Russian boors well; he will ask double or treble the sum for taking us that we should pay, and you know, my child, I cannot afford to give him anything like what he will ask. Tell him we are poor, and that it will be charity for him to take us out as low as possible."

Deborah waited to hear no more; she merely answered.

"Oh, never fear, father! I shall make as good a bargain as you would yourself," and then hastily closed the door, fearful of being again recalled. She did not therefore catch her father's imprecation on the accursed Christian dog, who had rendered him unable to walk to a place of safety.

With a light and noiseless step Deborah proceeded to a small chamber opening on the staircase, which seemed to be her own sleeping room. Approaching a low bureau which stood in a dark corner beyond the bed, she opened a drawer, from which she drew forth a small antique casket. There was a moment's hesitation; it seemed as if her resolution wavered a very little; she turned and re-turned the little dark-looking casket as if she could not bring herself to do what she had proposed. It was but momentary; a key, the very smallest imaginable, was produced, and the next moment the lid flew open, displaying a collection of gems which might have belonged to some eastern sultana. Truly it was not strange that one so young as Deborah should fix her eyes on them for an instant with admiring gaze. The only wonder was that such jewels were found in the possession of one apparently so poor, and whose age was scarcely past that of childhood.

"It matters not," communed Deborah with herself, "I shall have enough left. My father must be removed to the country; he will not pay this man what will induce him to carry us there. I have no money, but he will I'm sure take one of my rings. Now, which shall I give him? This diamond one was my mother's—of course I cannot give that. This amethyst was given me by sweet Mary Linton, my kind school companion—that I will not part with. All these other jewels were bought for me by dear father—they are precious too—so what am I to do?"

Completely at a loss, poor Deborah turned over the rich contents of the casket; they were evidently valued more for their associations than their sparkling beauty; each was a link, as it were, of some much-prized affection, and to deprive herself of any one, was impossible to the loving heart of the simple girl. At length a bracelet met her eyes. An opal of uncommon size and beauty formed the centre, and the workmanship of the heavy golden circlet was of the very finest character. Yet Deborah paused not a moment, as she eagerly snatched it up, and put it in her pocket. "Ah! this will do; it is true it was given me by the Arch-Duchess Isabella, when I gained so many prizes before her at Vienna, but that is nothing; surely he will not refuse this."

Hastily restoring the casket to its place in the bureau, she flew rather than ran down stairs, and across the street, to a high, narrow house, which formed the *vis-à-vis* of her own dwelling, of which indeed it was the exact counterpart. The front of each had precisely the same dimensions; both had the ill-favored look of dingy weather-beaten antiquity; and even to the number of windows, (being one to each story,) all was alike. We shall see whether this similarity extended to the masters of the respective domiciles. Deborah tapped gently on the iron-studded door, and as the inmates seemed in no haste to open it, the little girl paused to reflect on the step she was about to take.

"What, if my father should miss the bracelet?" she internally asked herself. "If he should say some day, 'Deborah, where is the bracelet that was given you by the Arch-Duchess?' Truly, that would not be very pleasant; but, then, how are we to get away (now that my father cannot walk) from this burning city? Oh! I must do it. Perhaps my father will never think of asking me about the bracelet." The further meditations of the child were put a stop to just at this point, by the door being opened, and the bluff, cheerful face of the Russian carter made its appearance, inquiring what was wanted. In as good Russian as she could muster for the occasion, Deborah informed the man of the circumstances which rendered it necessary that she should procure some means of conveyance by which her father might be placed beyond the reach of the devouring element, which seemed likely to destroy the entire city. "And, do not be afraid," added the young Jewess, eagerly, "he can, and will, reward you for your trouble; but"—she paused in evident embarrassment. It was hard for a dutiful and affectionate child to speak, though by necessity, of a father's failings—"but—but my father does not find himself rich enough to pay a large sum, and I have something here that I want you to take before-hand, as part payment; and then, whatever my father thinks he can afford to give you, you can take beside. Do you understand me?" she added, looking up into the unmoved face of the carter.

"Oh! yes; I know what you mean, my good girl; but let us see what you have to bribe me. Some old silk kerchief, I suppose."

"Not so, my friend, not so!" exclaimed Deborah, with earnestness, as she drew from her pocket the sparkling reward. The man had never before seen anything of the kind, and as his eyes fell on the bracelet, which the girl, with the utmost indifference, held towards him, he started back in evident amazement, without even putting forth a hand to seize the costly gift. "How is this, child? How came you to possess such a thing as this? Why our empress, heaven bless her! has not one finer than that."

A smile passed over the young girl's features. "Oh! fear not—I say again. Be assured I have not stolen the bracelet. It was given me by a princess at Vienna. Take it—it is yours. I only ask you to say nothing of this to my father when you are bargaining with him. Take it, and let us haste to my father." But there was no answer; the honest Russian was so lost in admiration of the girl's nobleness of heart, displayed in her willingness to part with what he esteemed worth the half of Moscow, and that, too, for the sake of her father. Such conduct, in one so very young, filled him with astonishment, and deprived him for a moment of the faculty of speech. Poor Deborah watched his face with all the anxiety of one whose dearest hopes awaited the result of his cogitations; but as the face of Kiusoff was unhappily anything but expressive, she could have no idea of what was passing within. The features of the man were rough, nay, almost repulsive; and if one had taken them as the index of the inner man, he must have been indeed of no very gentle character. Becoming impatient, as she thought of her father, and his helpless condition, the young girl once more spoke.

"Say, will you take the bracelet? or will you not? Nay, good man," she added, as he turned upon her a fixed look, which she, in her simplicity, took for one of displeasure—"nay, if you do not deem it sufficient, with what my father will give you, I have more jewels, and I will give you any of them, though the others are all keepsakes, if you will only save my father. Oh! do, and heaven will bless you! Do come, good Russian, and take my father from this burning city."

The poor man was fairly overcome. His

features relaxed, and, albeit "all unused to the melting mood," a tear stole down his weather-bronzed cheek.

"Save him, child!" he exclaimed; why, aye, that I will; and a happy man he is to have such a child. All my own family and furniture are safe long ago, so there is nothing to hinder me from setting out at once. But keep your jewels, girl; you may yet want them, and be glad to have them; for people can't tell where they may be, or how soon they may be left penniless, since these bloody Frenchmen are scampering about over every kingdom and country, burning and slaughtering all before them. Keep it, I say, and I'll take whatever your father may choose to give me. I thank God and Saint Nicholas I can afford to do a little charity now and then, for my business has prospered with me. Go on, child, I'll follow you."

"Yes; but, sir—sir," stammered the surprised Deborah; "I cannot permit this; and besides, my father would suspect something if you agreed too readily to his terms. Do oblige me by taking the bracelet."

"No—no; I tell you I won't. Leave me to manage your father." Surprised, as well as pleased, by a generosity so little expected, and which she herself, young as she was, could well appreciate, Deborah led the way to the room where she had left her father. The door was still closed; but on opening it, a new subject of amazement presented itself. Her father was no longer there. Presenting a chair to the Russian, and with a muttered apology, she proceeded in search of her father. His own bed-room immediately adjoined the sitting-room; and as Deborah passed its door, which was also shut, a low moaning attracted her attention. She knocked, but there was no answer; and then, sensible that no time was to be lost, she pushed open the door; and there lay her father, on the floor, with his head resting on an iron box which stood near his bed. A key was clutched convulsively in the stiff, cold hand. Oh! the strong power which his master-passion held over the heart and soul of that old man. He had dragged himself to the vicinity of his beloved safe—the depository of the hoards of years; but unable to open it, or look again upon his treasures, he had fainted while in the act of applying the key. A loud shriek from Deborah, (who believed her father dead,) brought the Russian from the next room; and he having convinced her that life was not extinct, they both set about applying restoratives, and in a few minutes the old man once more opened his eyes, and in feeble accents muttered:

"My gold—my daughter! Am I robbed?"

"No, dearest father!" replied the daughter, while her faltering tones spoke the agitation which she sought to repress—"no—no; your gold is safe, and your daughter is here to thank and bless you for your love."

Upon this, the old man succeeded, by an effort, in raising himself on his arm, and as he did so, his eyes fell upon the Russian, who had hitherto sat mute and motionless.

"What! Who is this, Deborah? Who have you here?"

"A very worthy man, father, who is come to arrange with you about removing us to the country. Speak to him in Russian, for I do not think he understands any other language."

"Well, friend!" said the Jew, addressing the carter, "what will you charge for taking myself, my daughter, and the few effects which I possess, out some eight miles into the country—say, to the village of Laniskoff? Say the lowest; for we are poor—very poor."

"What would you think of twenty English shillings?"

"Too much—by the half too much!" shouted the old man, in a voice far stronger than could have been deemed possible, in his weakened state. "Consider that we have but very little means, and that we must perish here, if you do not take pity on our condition. Say ten shillings, and I will try and give it to you!"

A smile—it was one of pity, for the passion which devoured the Jew, and which prompted him to utter such unblushing falsehood—a smile crossed the features of the honest Russian, as he replied:

"I could not take it, master!—it is far too little for the trouble I must have. Let it be fifteen, and for the sake of your good little girl, here, I'll close with you."

"Oh! have mercy, good Russian!—have mercy—I cannot, cannot give so much—take the ten shillings, and my daughter and I will pray for you all our lives."

"I wish I could accept your offer!" said the carter, in apparent hesitation—"I am sorry I cannot!—say twelve shillings—now! to let you see I am willing to serve you—say twelve, and it'll be a bargain!"

"Impossible—good man—impossible!" exclaimed the Hebrew, who saw the man's hesitation, and augured well from it.

"Well, then! I'll take it, for I can't let you and this pretty girl run the risk of being burnt. So I'll go and get my horse and cart—and you'll have everything ready in half an hour!" he added, turning to the girl.

"Oh! yes! yes!—be assured that all will be in

readiness!" exclaimed Deborah, accompanying her words with a look, expressive of the gratitude which filled her heart. The Russian disappeared, and as Deborah proceeded to pack up the little furniture which they intended to take with them, she was arrested by her father's voice.

"I say, Deborah!—I should have offered him five shillings—I do think he would have taken it—he seems a simple soul!"

"Oh, father dear!—father dear! could you have thought of offering him such a paltry sum, for taking us full eight miles?—you must know that what you do give him, is far from enough!"

"Well—well—child! I fear me you will never have the art of making or keeping money; but let it pass. Haste with your packing!"

"But, father! you must eat something before I commence. I have some nice cake here, and a tart—you can take a glass of wine too."

"Well—be quick, then, child!—for if that man returns, and sees wine on the table, he will say we are not so poor. Bring them here, quick! I do feel a little faint, from the quantity of blood I have lost."

The little repast was spread, and hastily despatched, and then Deborah set about her preparations for departure. The only things that they could take with them were a little box which contained Deborah's scanty wardrobe—her little chest of drawers and the Swiss time-piece. This latter, the old man insisted on taking—it would not require much room, he said, and besides there was still too much left, without leaving their time-piece, for which he had paid no less a sum than five gold guineas. Then there was, of course, the black box, upon which the old man proposed to sit during the journey.

"You know, Deborah! I can have the safe put in last, and then I can take my place upon it, without letting the Russian know that its contents are so valuable—he might murder us, my child!—he might, indeed! if he but knew what was in the box. Now, you will see to that like a good girl, as you are—will you not, Deborah?"

"Certainly, father, certainly. I will do whatever you wish, only keep quiet, for I fear me, you are talking too much, notwithstanding your weakness."

Relying on his daughter's promise, the old man sank back into his recumbent posture. With noiseless step, the young girl sped onward with her packing up, and when, in a short time after, the Russian made his appearance, announcing that his cart was at the door, there was nothing to do but carry down the boxes. With her own gentle hand, did Deborah wrap around her father various outer garments, to protect him from the cold—she also placed a large cushion on the black box in the cart, and then donning hastily her own travelling equipment, she took her father under one arm as did the Russian by the other, and thus conveyed him to the cart, as slowly as his infirm condition required. When he was about to take his place, he turned an inquiring glance on the face of his daughter, which the latter well understood. As if adjusting the cushion, she raised it for a moment, so as to shew that the box was there, and then, placing her father in the most comfortable position that their circumstances permitted, she took her place by his side, so as to support him. The Russian, muffled to the eyes in fur, now seated himself in front, and away they drove, turning ever and anon a wistful look on the magnificent though appalling sight of the burning city, which sent up to the cloudless sky that domed above a gigantic sheet of flame, while at intervals, the whole was obscured by a mass of thick smoke. What were the thoughts of Deborah, as she gazed?—they were varied in their character. Her whole soul was lost in admiration of the grand and novel spectacle which Moscow presented—she thought of the French army—of the ruthless attack on her father, and the miraculous escape of both; and then came the vivid recollection of the noble form which had interposed itself between her and dishonour. On this one idea did she dwell, while even as she did so, her heart repeated the vow which she had so lately taken, to see De Lorinval again, and testify to him that she at least was grateful.

(To be continued.)

OH! LIFE IS TOO FLEETING.

BY MARY P. M.

Oh! life is too fleeting for sadness and tears.
If we roved this fair earth for a few hundred years,
Perhaps we might spare an hour for care,
And, weary of pleasure, go wooing despair;
But since o'er the waters of life we must float,
Be it tempest or calm, in a frail, fragile boat,
And be tossed on its waves for a few changeful years,
Oh! why should we carry a cargo of cares?

Oh! life is too fleeting for sadness and tears.
Why o'er the heart's dial throw sadness and fears?
For while friendship is with us, and one faithful breast
Beats only for us—then indeed are we blest.
Oh! there's beauty on earth,—in the star-studded sky,
In the delicate, fugitive clouds as they fly.
Then let cynics rail on, while fearless and free,
This earth yields us innocence, pleasure and glee.

NARRATIVE OF S. VON SCHOULTZ,

WHO WAS EXECUTED DURING THE LATE REBELLION,

FOUND IN HIS PRISON, AND SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. JEMIMA PRIMROSE.

I AM aware that there are few persons who will feel any interest in my fate. An exile and a stranger, deceived where I had blindly trusted, a prisoner, and soon to die the death of a felon, I can expect neither sympathy nor commiseration. And I ask it not. When I bade a final adieu to my beloved, but most unhappy country, the bitterness of death was past. Since then, I have been an isolated and sorrow-stricken man. But to vindicate my name from utter obloquy, and to beguile the tedious but fast fleeting hours of imprisonment, I leave this brief record of my life; and though chequered by the errors and frailties of humanity, at this solemn moment, I have the consolation of reflecting that I have never wilfully violated the laws of God or man.

My family claimed alliance with the ancient nobility of Poland. My father was descended from a family, whose adherence to the fortunes of the unhappy Stanislaus had left him little for his inheritance, save his good sword, and his loyal name. My grandfather had fought like a lion, beside his king, when the three most powerful sovereigns of Europe sought to wrest the crown from his brow, and to divide his kingdom between them. And my father, with equal heroism, sustained the falling greatness of his country, when assailed by the modern despot, in whose hands the diadems of monarchs were, like the toys of petted childhood, to be taken and thrown away. He fell covered with honorable wounds, beneath the walls of Warsaw. I was then a stripling; but my mother's earliest lessons taught me a hatred of oppression, and a desire to avenge the wrongs of my country.

After my father's death, my mother retired with me to a small estate, on the banks of the Vistula and in that secluded and beautiful spot, my youth was nurtured by the tender assiduity of this most affectionate and devoted parent. At an early age I entered the Polish service, and soon received a degree of favor and promotion, which bade fair to gratify my utmost ambition. It was then that love first wooed me, with its rosy smiles, and life to my enchanted senses, seemed one perpetual round of sunshine and enjoyment. The object of my attachment was the daughter of a distant relative: a beautiful and artless girl, whom I loved with all the passion and tenderness of a first and only affection. Our union was sanctioned by our friends, and the day appointed which was to consummate my happiness.

On the eve of that fondly anticipated day, I approached the dwelling of my Thérèse; I had been absent several days, on necessary duty, and rumors had reached my ears which filled me with apprehension. As I entered the avenue of ancient trees, which led to the mansion, the lonely and deserted appearance of all around, so different from its wonted cheerful hospitality, seemed a confirmation of my forebodings. The doors and windows were closed; no servant appeared in waiting, and the light form of Thérèse, who always bounded to meet me, was no where visible. With trembling steps I entered the forsaken hall, passed through a suite of deserted rooms, and stood at the entrance of a small apartment—Thérèse's own boudoir, which she had fitted up with exquisite taste—where her days of innocent enjoyment were chiefly spent, and in which I had passed the happiest moments of my life. The fragrance of her favorite flowers, filled the air, and the thrilling melody of her birds, seemed to mock the chilling loneliness which reigned in the late cheerful mansion. I knocked, but no answer was returned; I ventured to pass through the half open door; but, good God! what a sight met my eyes! Thérèse lay on a sofa, pale and motionless as marble, her eyes swollen with weeping, her fair hair falling in dishevelled ringlets over her neck and shoulders! She did not notice my entrance; I took her passive hands, but without the power of utterance; and when at length I addressed her by the most endearing names, she started, with a sudden effort, gazed wistfully upon me, and sank back exhausted and fainting upon the couch.

The mystery was soon explained, and from the lips of her faithful attendant, I learned what my heart had already too truly foreboded.

The oppression of the tyrant Nicholas had roused the spirit of resistance, and many distinguished Poles, united by a secret compact, had ventured to defy his authority. The despot, whose power is equalled only with his cruelty, took signal and summary vengeance. The flower of the Polish nobility, and army,—fathers, husbands, and brothers—were torn from their homes, by his ruthless myrmidons,—suddenly, secretly,—so active were his spies, and conveyed to the frozen deserts of Siberia. Among these unfortunate victims, were the father and only brother of Thérèse. They were seized, and bound before her eyes. In vain she pleaded with an eloquence which only demons could have resisted: she entreated to go with them; she clung to them with the agony of despair, till, separated by force, they were borne away from her, never to meet on earth again! Many an aching heart was left void and desolate on that miserable day, and surely their cry will not go up unavenged to heaven! Alas, for Poland! In ruins, but still beloved, with an enthusiasm known only to her sons, from the haughtiest noble to the meanest serf who tills her soil—she, who once ranked high among the kingdoms of Europe, who dictated to the vassal hordes, which now spurn her at their feet. Among the thousands of brave hearts, and daring spirits who still cling to her, in decay and slavery, will not a voice ere long be heard, which shall shake the oppressor on his throne, and break the chains of the captive and the exile!

During a week of intense and agonising suspense, I watched by the couch of Thérèse. She remained in a state of almost total unconsciousness, from which neither the skill of physicians nor the tender pleadings of affection, could arouse her. Her sensitive and delicate spirit was crushed by the sudden misery which overwhelmed her family; and on the sixth day she expired in my arms, gently as the tired infant slumbers on its mother's breast. Bowed down to the dust by the weight of my affliction, I lingered over the still beautiful remains of my betrothed, till the last sad service was performed, and in the sepulchral vault of her ancestors, the priest who should have pronounced our nuptial benediction chanted over her cold remains the solemn requiem for the departed soul.

I returned to my retired, and once happy, paternal home, which I had so lately quitted with hopes and expectations that seemed too bright for the shadow of mortality to rest upon them. My mother's health had been long declining, and, after a few months of unwearied watchfulness and care, I laid her venerable form among the graves of our household, and for a time resigned myself to the deepest melancholy. Illness, severe and protracted, followed; but in the weary hours of convalescence, reflection wrought in me a more healthful state of mind, and I resolved to struggle manfully with my fate, and to leave forever the scenes which constantly reminded me of my misfortunes.

America, where many of my brave countrymen had already found a refuge, seemed, to my wearied spirit, like an ark of safety and repose. My arrangements were soon completed; I stood, for the last time, by the tombs of those I loved, and bade a last farewell to the cherished land of my birth; and taking passage in a vessel bound for New York, in the spring of 1836, I safely landed in that city. But accustomed, as I had long been, to the most profound retirement, the din and bustle of a crowded city oppressed and wearied me. I avoided my own countrymen, for the sound of my native tongue brought back with it only agonising associations. I sought no intercourse with strangers, and in the midst of peopled streets, surrounded by the active, gay, and happy, I felt more desolate than I would have been in the heart of a wilderness. I passed the summer months in wandering about the country, and in silent intercourse with nature; amidst her most sublime and lonely scenes, tranquillity and resignation again entered my troubled heart. I mingled among the farmers and villagers, and everywhere found abundance and contentment. I could not but admire the institutions of a country which so impartially administered the means of happiness. Every man was lord of his own domain, and the wealthiest could claim no privilege above the meanest of his brethren.

At West Point, where I remained a few days, the military habits of the place, reminded me of the time when martial glory was my ruling passion, and a portion of my early spirit revived within me. I would gladly have entered the service of the United States; but its small standing army—the mere sinews of that giant power, which slumbers till the call of danger—seemed to exclude all hope of admission to a foreigner. I spent many hours in the beautiful retirement of Kosciusko's garden, beside the dear spring, and the rocky basin, on which is inscribed his name—a name dear to Poland and to liberty—and immortalized by his heroic deeds. In that hallowed retreat, I vowed never again to unsheath my sword, save in the sacred cause of liberty.

* * * * * * *

My evil genius led me to the village of Selina. It was the grand focus, where the friends of the Canadian Pariots, so called, and their agents,

assembled; and the excitement, in favor of their cause, was universal. My interest was insensibly aroused; but, like many others, I had no means of information, except from the selfish and prejudiced. The sentiments of these men were expressed without disguise, or reserve. Public meetings were held, and persons of respectability and fortune, presided at them. The leading politicians of the place, and of the country round, gave an approving voice, and officials in every department favored their proceedings. Accustomed as I had been, in my own coantry, to the restraint of a despotic Government, this license filled me with amazement. Could I construe it otherwise than as a tacit sanction, from those in authority, of the views thus boldly avowed, and the intention thus plainly manifested. I was induced to attend a meeting of the "Hunters," a society, whose members had sworn to devote their lives to the attainment of Canadian liberty. Here were assembled persons of all ages—the beardless boy, and the gray-haired veteran; the inflammatory addresses of the various speakers were applauded with hearty cheers, and the most determined resolutions adopted without dissent. I had never, till on those occasions, witnessed a popular assembly, in a free country, and I was borne away by the general enthusiasm. I heard no promises of plunder—no sentiments expressed, but those of pity for the oppressed, and hatred of oppression. To this, my own heart freely responded. But, as yet, I did not compromise myself—I resolved to judge coolly, and to act dispassionately.

About this time, a Roman Catholic Priest, named ———, from the ———, in Lower Canada, came to the village of Selina. In an evil hour we met; and from that time we were thrown much together,—purposely, I cannot doubt,—though it then seemed to me the effect of accident. As a priest of our most holy church, I reposed the strictest confidence in him. He soon learned from me every secret of my heart,—all its sorrows and disappointments were laid open to him. He found me desolate, without an aim in existence, or a hope which could attach me to life; and, with consummate art, he wrought upon my feelings, and turned them to his own purposes of revenge. He told me of the sufferings of the Canadians; he said they were oppressed by cruel task-masters, butchered by hireling soldiers, without the means of revenge, or the power of vindicating their rights. He represented the whole country as in a state of revolt, kept down by the strong arm of military power, but prepared to arise whenever circumstance should favour the attempt. The first appearance of a patriot band, he said, would be hailed with transport, and even the soldiers would throw down their arms to receive them.

Day after day were these conversations renewed, and gradually my mind became moulded to his wishes. I thought of Poland—stricken, humiliated—her once glorious diadem smitten from her brow, and her brave sons, writhing in a tyrant's grasp, or exiled, and wanderers on the earth. My heart burned within me, and I longed to avenge the wrongs of freedom, even in a stranger's land.

I was recognised as a foreigner, who had seen military service, and, as such, I was invested with the command of the patriot army. As is well known, we embarked at Oswego, on board the steamer United States, having in charge two schooners, laden with men, three cannon, and munitions of war. An insignificant force it may truly seem to enter a hostile province, defended by brave and disciplined troops; but the promises of our false friends deceived us, and our own credulity led us on to destruction.

We were baffled in our attempt to land at Prescott; and on reaching Windmill Point we first became sensible of the deception which had been practised upon us. Not an individual joined our standard. On the contrary, every preparation was made by the indignant inhabitants to repel us from their shores.

Many of our little band, those, too, in command, and most zealous when danger was afar off, remained in the vessels, and refused to trust their coward lives to the chances of an inevitable conflict. Disappointed, and indignant, I yet resolved that the stain of cowardice should not sully my name. I strengthened my position to the utmost, disposed my small remaining force to the best advantage, and resolved to sell my life dearly. But what availed courage or science, against the overwhelming numbers, and murderous engines, which assailed us? For myself, life was of no value, even if I could have demanded it at the hands of the victors. But for the remnant of the brave fellows who were falling around me, many of them stripling youths, who earnestly entreated me to stay the contest—I consented to capitulate.

* * * * * * *

And I am now a prisoner, awaiting, with composure, the hour of trial, and probable condemnation; but my conscience acquits me of all malice or evil intent in aught that I have done. Misrepresentation and deception led me to embrace a cause which I *then* believed just and righteous; but *now* find to have been the mere

instigation of cowardly and designing demagogues.

I could have been influenced by no motive but that love of liberty—that desire to resist oppression,—which is innate in the heart of every true Pole.

Is it said that I was led on by the hope of plunder—the promise of reward? What were their paltry acres, and their traitors' gold, to me, who have more than enough of this world's wealth, since I have lost every object with whom it would have been my joy to share it! We were told the people groaned under the rod of military despotism. Had I not seen, in my native land, the peasant in his field—aye, and the noble in his hall, insulted—smitten to the earth, by an insolent, and hireling soldiery? We were told the people waited to receive us—that thousands would rally round our standard, whenever it was unfurled in the land which we came to liberate. The indignation with which we were repelled from these shores—the united bravery of citizens and soldiers—is the best answer to this aspersion.

* * * * * * *

My trial is over; witnesses have been examined, and the evidence adduced against me is thought sufficient for my condemnation. In the eye of the world, my sentence will be considered just. Fallible man may err, but God knoweth the heart. A brigand! a pirate! these are hard names, which would once have roused my soul to indignation; but that time is past. And then every eye looked on me with coldness, suspicion, hatred—and bitter things were said, which might have humbled the vilest felon. But, I thank God! I bore all with the firmness of a soldier.

To-morrow, I am told, is the time fixed for my execution. I would that I could die a soldier's death! and yet it matters not. I rejoice I have few who will bewail my fate—none, who can feel humiliated by my ignominy. I have but a short—a very short time to prepare for that hour, and make my peace with the righteous Being whom we have all offended.

I shall dispose of my worldly effects, so as to make the best reparation in my power for the evil I unwittingly caused. To the families of those unfortunate women who were killed at Windmill Point, I leave a legacy, though they suffered from a chance shot of the militia,—not, as has been said, from our cruel and deliberate aim. I trust my memory will be cleared from the charge of inhumanity. I paid every possible attention to the wounded and prisoners, who fell into my power; and I placed sentries over the body of Lieutenant Johnson—a brave and gallant young officer—to protect it from indignity.

I have one favor, only, to request; it is that my poor remains may be delivered to a friend, whom I will name, to be buried on his own estate. The British Government, I trust, have too much generosity to refuse this trifling boon. May God forgive those whose evil counsels have brought me to this untimely end! I would die in charity with all mankind.

The miniature of my lost Thérèse, my first and only love, still rests upon my heart, and in this dark and solemn hour, she seems to smile on me, as she was wont, in happier days. I pray that it may be buried with me!

S. Von Schoultz.

TO THE EARLY LOST.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The shade of death upon my threshold lay!
The sun from thy life's dial had departed,—
A cloud came down upon thy early day,
And left thy hapless mother broken-hearted—
My boy, my boy!

Long weary months have passed since that sad day;
But nought can rob my bosom of its sorrow,—
Since the cold waters took thee for their prey,
No smiling hope looks forward to the morrow—
My boy, my boy!

The voice of mirth is hushed within my heart,
Thou wert so dearly lov'd, so fondly cherished,—
I cannot yet believe that we must part,
That all but thy immortal soul has perished—
My boy, my boy!

My lovely, laughing, rosy, dimpled, child,
I call upon thee, when the sun shines clearest,—
In the dark lonely night, in accents wild,
I breathe thy cherished name, my best and dearest—
My boy, my boy!

The hand of God, has pressed me very sore,
Oh, could I clasp thee, once more as of yore;
And kiss thy glowing cheek's soft, velvet bloom,
I would resign thee to the Almighty giver,
Without a tear, would yield thee up for ever,
And people with bright hopes thy silent tomb—
My boy, my boy!

Belleville, 1845.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

The soft tones of music have power to awaken,
The scenes of the past, and affections long fled;
To soothe or to sadden the heart that is shaken
By neglect from the living, or grief from the dead:
But, oh! 'tis a wild and harrowing thrill,
When the heart's chords are stricken in spite of the will.

But in thee, cherish'd book, when I find I am grieving,
I turn to thy pages, and trace, by degrees,
The feelings of love and of friendship, believing
Their evidence lies in thy beautiful leaves!
And I never recur to thy *pages* of skill,
But I find my heart lightened of *volumes* of ill.

THE STEPMOTHER.

BY R. E. M.

It was a stormy evening in the month of December. The wind howled in fitful gusts through the deserted streets, dashing the sleet and fast-falling snow against the well-closed casement of a handsome mansion that stood out in bold relief against the gloomy sky. The interior presented a striking contrast to the desolation that reigned without. The large saloon into which we will introduce the reader, was furnished in the costliest manner. The rich carpetings, heavy damask curtains, and large mirrors, accorded well with the elegant exterior of the building; while the musical instruments, paintings, and delicate embroidery, scattered profusely around, betokened inmates of refined taste.

The only occupant of the chamber was a young girl, who was leaning in a thoughtful attitude against her harp. Her right hand drooped carelessly over the instrument, while her left yet clung to the chords, as if unconscious of her having ceased to play. Her eyes were riveted with mournful, yet passionate affection, on the portrait of a lady suspended opposite her, while the quivering lip, and half-smothered sigh, told it recalled most painful thoughts. The argand lamp that rested on the stand near her, shed its mellow, yet brilliant lustre, full upon her face; but even in that softened light she could not be called beautiful. Her features were far from regular; still the want of classic loveliness was well compensated for, by the gentle, winning expression of her countenance, and the deep lustre of her speaking eyes. So profound was her revery, that the opening of the door failed to arouse her, and it was not till the gentleman who had entered, laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder, that she became conscious of the presence of a second person in the apartment.

"Well, Amy, my child, why is your harp silent to-night, and what sad thoughts have clouded that fair brow?"

The speaker was a tall, finely-formed man, and though somewhat past the prime of life, the dark eye still retained its fire; and the glossy curls their raven blackness. All a father's affection beamed in his manly countenance as he returned the warm caresses of his daughter, whose whole face lighted up with joy as she exclaimed:

"Dear papa! I am so glad that you have returned. 'Tis no wonder I look sad; I've been so lonely during your absence. Oh! tell me what detained you?"

He turned away with an embarrassed air, and taking up a book near him, looked over the pages; but suddenly raising his head he turned towards her, and fixing his eyes searchingly upon her face, asked in a low tone:

"What would you say to a companion, Amy? Had you one, you would not miss me so much. You are aware, my child, business has many calls on my time which must be attended to, and had you one of your own sex and age the hours would pass quickly enough, even when I should be away."

"But that is impossible," she rejoined. "My cousin Maria, my former companion, is married, and who is there else to share our roof but strangers?"

For a moment he hesitated, and then averting his eyes, murmured:

"Even among strangers, my Amy, would I choose a companion for us both. Would you refuse a friend if I presented her to you, endowed with intelligence, youth and gentleness—and would you dislike her, because, in order to ensure her ever remaining with us, I were bound to her by ties that nought but death can sever?"

The girl started as if stung by a serpent, and exclaimed:

"You mean a stepmother! Oh! my father! Would you so far forget yourself,—forget that beloved being who was once your pride, your happiness? Oh! no,—this must not be."

"Hush, Amy! you speak selfishly as well as thoughtlessly. Think you I have not my moments of loneliness and despondency?"

"Loneliness!" she replied in a reproachful tone. "Have you not one ever by your side, whose every thought, and every wish is for your happiness?"

"I know that; but remember you are yet but a child in understanding as well as years. Think not for a moment, my Amy, I doubt your affection; of that I am well assured; but I require a

companion, whose experience, at least, and knowledge of the world is more suited to my own."

"Is she then so richly endowed with worldly wisdom that that can compensate for the affection of your daughter? Oh! my father—beware of introducing one under your roof who may destroy the tranquillity, if not the happiness, we have enjoyed even since the death of my ——" Her voice faltered as she almost inaudibly articulated the word—"mother!"

"But tell me," she added, with sudden energy, "Is there any sacrifice I am capable of making that might induce you to renounce your purpose? Oh! is there no hope of your changing your cruel resolve?"

"None. Even were I willing I have already gone too far to recede. Amy, I am married!"

A long pause followed, which was at length broken, by his resuming in a tone whose forced composure betrayed his inward agitation:

"And now, need I tell you to receive her when she comes, with the respect, the attention, due to your father's wife?"

"And when does she arrive?" was the cold, unmoved reply.

"To-morrow night."

"To-morrow night!" she murmured; "so soon! Oh! is it a fearful dream, or can it be reality? To-morrow, another will usurp *her* place, and ere long all the ties that bind us to her—her very name—will be forgotten. Such is earthly love!"

"Amy, you forget, in your sorrow for the dead, the respect you owe to your living parent. What mean these reproaches and questionings? Am I not my own master, or must I submit to the will of my child in everything?"

Without heeding his interruption, she clasped her hands, and passionately exclaimed:

"Must my mother's portrait, too, leave the place where it has hung so long? Will you not even leave that one memorial of her you once professed to love?"

"Nay," he soothingly rejoined, "that would not exactly suit the rules of propriety. But believe me ——"

"Enough! enough!" she bitterly rejoined, and quickly removing the hand he had placed caressingly upon her head, she exclaimed: "Your second bride's fair semblance will better replace the plain, unpretending lineaments of her who will so soon be forgotten by all save her child. But, fear not; that cherished image will not remain to wound the delicacy of your bride, or perchance to be exposed to her sneering remarks. Before night it will be removed to my own chamber. And now leave me, leave me, that I may compose myself, and prepare to meet the changes a few short hours will effect."

Mr. Morton hesitated. Twice he moved towards the door, and then turned as if to retrace his steps; but at length he overcame his irresolution, and casting a lingering look of mingled shame and sorrow on his daughter, who with her head bowed on her hands, was weeping bitterly, noiselessly departed.

It would be impossible to paint the agonizing thoughts that filled her heart. Indignation, grief, and wounded affection, by turns predominated, and it was not the least bitter pang, to see the parent she had ever reverenced as a being so high-minded and noble, so superior to the faults, the follies of the many, thus fall from the high standard she had assigned him in her enthusiastic imagination. Nor was he without his disagreeable reflections. He felt he had justly incurred the distrust of a child he ardently loved, and his cheek burned with shame when he remembered that the mourning weeds put on for her mother were not yet worn their allotted period. Still he was well pleased she knew all. How often had he sought her presence with the firm intention of telling her,—how often brought the conversation to a favorable point, when some artless expression of affection, some simple remark, had arrested him. But now the dreaded interview was over, and he had but to reconcile her to the change as best he might.

CHAPTER II.

THE following evening, Amy, with a cheek colourless as marble, took her seat in the drawing-room. Long, long she waited, yet they came not; and as the Venetian clock successively struck the hours, it seemed as if time moved with leaden wings. Worn out with anxious thought and expectation, she yielded to the feeling of drowsiness creeping over her, and sinking back on the sofa, was soon wrapped in profound sleep. The murmur of voices near at length awoke her, and looking up, she perceived her father standing beside her. On his arm hung a lady, yet in the earliest bloom of youth, who was attentively regarding her.

"So this is your daughter!" she exclaimed, in a clear silvery voice; "I declare she is nearly as old as myself. Were it not that you have assured me of it, I could scarcely believe you had a child of her age. What beautiful hair!" she continued, throwing back the rich tresses that entirely overshadowed Amy's features.

By this time the latter, completely aroused,

rose to her feet, and bowed respectfully though somewhat coldly.

"Oh! you are awake," said the lady; "I fear we have disturbed you. Are you not surprised to see me here? However, I hope we shall like each other. Really," she continued, turning to a mirror, "I am wearied to death. How pale I look! and see—my hair is all disordered."

While she was arranging her curls, Amy had ample time to notice her unobserved. Faultless she certainly was in personal endowments. Clear, brilliant complexion; *petite*, but symmetrical, figure, perfect features, and eyes of the deep starry blue of childhood, whose witchery was heightened by the long, silken lashes that shaded them. Added to this, every article of dress was adjusted with the most exquisite taste and elegance; from the ribbon bandeau that confined her glossy locks to the satin shoe that adorned her small fairy-like foot. After two or three ineffectual attemps to arrange her hair to her satisfaction, she impatiently threw aside the pearl comb, exclaiming,

"I never can make my toilette, not even for a ribbon, without my maid Hortense. She is invaluable. What would I do without her? But come, Morton—I have not seen the house yet. I am all impatience. I suppose there is sufficient room for improvement. I shall devote all to-morrow to discarding everything old fashioned. Come," she continued, placing her arm in his, and drawing him towards the door, "we are losing time."

"Amy had better accompany us," he exclaimed, with some hesitation.

"Ah! certainly. Pray excuse my forgetfulness. Miss Morton, do join us."

But Amy was in no mood for conversation; and, pleading a head-ache, she begged to be excused. Her apology was willingly accepted by the volatile young creature, who eagerly hurried from room to room, from corridor to corridor, barely glancing at the arrangements of each, but still ever finding matter for some disparaging remark.

"And this is the being," bitterly murmured Amy, as they left the room, "this frivolous, heartless girl, is the one my father has chosen to preside over his home, direct his child, and fill the place of her who is with the dead. Oh! may he never have cause to repent his choice. But I must retire to my own chamber. That at least shall ever be sacred from her intrusion, and there she shall effect none of the changes she has so early declared her intention of making."

With a bursting heart, she sought her apartment, and ere gentle sleep closed her burning eyelids, her pillow was wet with tears.

The following morning she arose early, and personally superintended the servants, in order that everything might be suitably prepared for the young bride. Nine, ten, eleven o'clock passed, and still she came not. Mr. Morton and his daughter breakfasted together, and, though Mrs. Morton pleaded fatigue as an excuse for her non-appearance, the cloud that rested on his brow betokened he was far from satisfied. About half-past eleven she entered the sitting-room, attired in an elegant morning dishabille, and throwing herself into a fanteuil, languidly exclaimed:

"You must excuse my non-attendance at breakfast; but really 'tis impossible for me to rise so early—I fear you must always take your morning meal without me. At home, I never rose earlier than this—my health would not permit it. I don't see, Miss Morton, how you can have such a colour," she continued, turning towards Amy, whose cheeks crimsoned beneath her scrutinizing gaze. "Late as I rise, I am generally pale till towards the close of the day."

"My daughter procures her roses by exercise," interposed Mr. Morton, smilingly; "and I think, Louisa, if you tried her plan, you would no longer have cause to complain of your colourless cheeks."

"Exercise! What do you mean by that? Surely, not rising with the lark, that senseless bird, to gather flowers with the dew on them. No, thank heaven! I am not so romantic. The only exercise I take is a carriage drive, and that, I think, is quite sufficient. Wait till Miss Morton gets better acquainted with the world, and she will soon lose these school-girl notions. But where are you going?" she interrogated, seeing Amy move towards the door.

"To practise my music," was the reply.

"And may I ask what you will do after?"

"Read, or draw."

"And you do this of your own accord, every morning?"

"Certainly," returned Amy, as surprised by Mrs. Morton's questions, as that lady was at her answers.

"Well! well! what a strange girl!" exclaimed the stepmother, as the door closed. "One would think she was yet in leading strings, or at least subjected to the trammels of a boarding-school."

"How would you have her employ herself, then?"

"Receive visits, drive out, dress fashionably, and go to balls, theatres or concerts."

"Heavens! what a Mentor for my daughter!" inwardly murmured Mr. Morton, but he content-

ed himself with saying, "Amy is as yet a mere child. She was only sixteen last month."

"And do you call that so young? why, when I was her age, I was at every ball given. 'Tis true, papa did not much approve of that, but I was an only child, and gained my point as I always do. However, to return to Miss Morton, we must cure her as soon as possible, of those absurd notions she has contracted."

"But, Louisa, I really see nothing so ridiculous in her ideas," gently remonstrated her husband. "In truth, I rather admire the very habits you condemn."

"Doubtless you admire also her *gaucherie* and *mauvaise honte*,—but this will not do, Mr. Morton; and I beg you will not encourage her in such old fashioned fancies, if you wish me, as you have said, to interest myself in her."

The decisive tone in which this was spoken, warned him to put a stop to the conversation, even if the angry gleam that shot from her dark blue eye had not already admonished him. Still he could not help, in his heart, preferring his daughter's childish inexperience, to his wife's vaunted worldly wisdom.

About a week after this, while Amy was occupied in the saloon with her embroidery frame, her young stepmother, who had been out shopping, entered, seemingly in a very ill humour.

"Is it not too bad?" she exclaimed: "I have searched every shop in the town, for some lilac satin, a shade paler than this, and I cannot find it."

"No!" carelessly replied Amy, without raising her head from her work.

"Truly, Miss Morton, you are the most provoking girl I ever knew," was the angry rejoinder of the lady, exasperated at her companion's indifference; "you have no feeling for any one but yourself."

"Pardon me, madam," replied Amy, in a polite though somewhat sarcastic tone, "I was not aware the difference in a shade of satin was so important a matter as to call for a display of feeling."

"Whether it is or not, of one thing I am certain, and that is, young lady, you have none to spare."

Amy, annoyed beyond measure, replied not, but took up her work, intending to leave the room, when her father entered. Unwilling to grieve him, by allowing him to perceive the coldness that already existed between the two beings most dear to him, she quietly resumed her seat.

"Well, Louisa!" he exclaimed in a gay tone, "what is the matter? you look somewhat out of spirits."

"Nothing is the matter; but 'tis hard for any one to look to advantage in this odious room, with curtains, couches, hangings, all of blue. I entreat, Mr. Morton, you will allow me to furnish it in accordance with my fancy—that is, if Miss Morton, whose tastes are slightly tinged with romance, as I perceive, can overcome her attachment to this sentimental colour."

"Nay," replied Amy, "I am not very particular; either blue or lilac is indifferent to me."

The emphasis laid on the latter colour, escaped not her stepmother, and more irritated than ever, she rejoined:

"Doubtless your precious embroidery occupies your attention too exclusively to permit your noticing such common-place matters as household duties. But perhaps 'tis part of the enlightened education you appear to have received."

The eyes of the young girl filled with tears, at this rude taunt, while her father, both grieved and embarrassed, remarked in a grave tone:

"My daughter has hitherto regulated the affairs of our household, and certainly I have had no cause to complain of inattention on her part."

"'Tis a pity, then, since you found her so competent, you should have entrusted another with the charge," was the bitter reply.

This was a home-thrust indeed, and her husband, pained beyond measure, immediately took up his hat and brushed past her.

"But, tell me, Mr. Morton," she continued, "am I to be gratified or not, in my desire of altering the drapery of this apartment?"

"Furnish it with black, if you like!" was his rejoinder, as he roughly closed the door behind him.

"I am to thank you for this scene," said the lady, turning an angry look on Amy; "and without doubt, you are highly gratified at the speedy fulfilment of what I suppose is your chief desire."

Her companion, however, was not to be provoked into replying. She felt she had already done wrong in retorting before, and without a word of remark, she quietly left the room.

As soon as the young wife found herself alone she burst into a passionate flood of tears, but the impatient beating of the small foot on the rich carpet, and her half-uttered ejaculations, shewed they were not tears of repentance.

CHAPTER III.

From that hour the most frigid coldness subsisted between the two. Mr. Morton perceived with pain, that a formal, studied politeness, had usurped the place of the affection and freedom he had hoped to see. 'Twere vain to say, there were

not moments when he wished he could retrieve the past, and regain the tranquil happiness he had enjoyed with Amy; but still, the beauty and childish grace of his young wife captivated him as strongly as at first; and with one of her winning smiles, she could ever chase away the cloud that now too often rested on his brow.

The saloon was fitted out with crimson; and ere another short week elapsed, she had the hangings of her dressing room taken down, and others, of rose colour, substituted instead. In short, there was no end to her alterations. She put in ample practise the intimation she had once given of effecting many changes. Thus, some months passed on, and the misunderstanding that existed between Mrs. Morton and her stepdaughter, instead of decreasing, was every day becoming greater. Amy confined herself, the principal part of the time, to her own chamber; and, though she never complained, the anxious thoughts and unhappy reflections that filled her heart soon told on her pale cheek, and sad, tearful eye.

A keener pang than even her stepmother's unkindness, was the altered conduct of her father towards herself. True, he never refused her caresses—he never spoke harshly to her; but, oh! how different was his former warm, tender affection from his present demeanor. Then, if a shade passed over her countenance, with what soothing tenderness he strove to dispel it; but now that the pale tint of ill health overspread her cheeks, he saw it not. Plainly did she perceive he no longer loved her as he once had done. The only reason she could assign for this desolating change was the influence of his young wife, who, strange to say, notwithstanding her imperious disposition and great extravagance, retained all her former unbounded empire over him.

One thing, however, she never interfered with, and that was the tastefully laid out garden surrounding the house. This was entirely Amy's province; and she little cared for the interior changes of the mansion while this was left to her charge. The arbour had been erected under her immediate superintendence; and, certainly, the graceful festoons of the grape vine, twined with the odorous honey-suckle, the soft seats of velvet moss, spoke volumes in favour of her simple yet elegant taste. To this, her favourite retreat, she repaired nearly every evening, with either book or pencil; and here she was seldom interrupted by her father or Mrs. Morton. One evening, after an altercation, which, though short and trivial, had yet its usual effect of depressing her spirits, she took her way thither. It was a glorious sunset; and as her eye wandered from the soft, rich tints that floo ed the earth in their golden light, imparting a yet more glowing beauty to tree and flower, to the gorgeous firmament that glowed with mingled hues of purple and gold—she forgot even her own sorrows in admiration of the beautiful scene before her.

Suddenly, a young man, clad in naval uniform, bounded over the low wall, and stood beside her. Uttering a cry of delight, she sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"Dear Charles! I thought you far distant. What has brought you here?"

"Yourself, sweet cousin!" was his reply, as he pressed her small hand to his lips; "but tell me," he continued, seating himself beside her, "what you think of these changes that have taken place. What of your father, and his new bride? Is your home the happier for her presence? I fear not, my poor Amy," he murmured after a pause, during which his companion had vainly striven to repress her tears. "That pale cheek and sad smile, speak too eloquently for me to mistake their purport. Have I come so far, to see my worst fears realized? 'Twas this I dreaded, Amy, and 'twas for this, by force of entreaty and perseverance, I obtained leave of absence, to come and judge for myself. But, heavens! what is to be done? Must I leave you in the power of this hateful woman—exposed to her insults—her tyranny! Who is to shield you, to defend you, when I am miles and miles away?"

"Do you forget my father?" she asked.

"Your father! name him not, he is unworthy of the title. Nay, I will not be silent. Think; you I am blind to his shameful conduct, in introducing a tyrannical, frivolous woman into his house, to domineer over a daughter who has loved and cherished him as you have done? What palliation does his conduct admit of? None. Was he lonely with such a companion? did he need a superintendent for a household, where everything was regulated with admirable order? or did he require another consoler in his sorrows, or adviser in his troubles, than his child? And who was the being he selected? Had she been a sensible, kind-hearted woman, his equal in point of age, he might be forgiven. But, no! she is a silly, vain girl, young enough to be his daughter."

"You know her, then, Charles?"

"Yes," he replied, while a flush passed over his handsome features.

"Where, when did you meet her?" was Amy's eager interrogatory.

After a moment's embarrassment, he rejoined: "In her father's house. I was at college with

her brother, and at the close of the year, he invited me to spend the vacation with him; I willingly complied, and I first met her then. She was just entering her sixteenth year, and if possible, more beautiful than at present. I acted as most other silly boys would have done, and was soon completely *épris de des beaux yeux*. Nay, dear Amy, do not be angry. 'Twas a fancy that went as quickly as it came. The first few weeks passed delightfully for both. We rode, sang, and walked together; and as I was her first suitor, she was charmed with the novelty of my attentions. The usual moonlight promenades, serenades, and protestations of eternal fidelity were interchanged, and I, that had heretofore looked forward with pleasure to resuming my college duties, now shrank from the idea with terror. Vainly I strove to banish the hateful recollection from my thoughts; but even in her presence it haunted me, and the mention of it never failed to call forth a passionate burst of sorrow on her part, which, while it consoled me, as a proof of her affection, added fresh matter to my despondency. I had latterly ceased to be the slightest company to her brother. The hunting and fishing excursions we had planned the whole year, when shut up in Alma Mater, and which I had entered on with such glee, on my first arrival, were now entirely abandoned, and he hunted and fished alone, whilst I turned the leaves of his sister's music, or read aloud to her from her favorite authors, who, of course, were Moore and Byron. Time sped rapidly on, and but one or two days remained, till the expiration of our vacations. Indistinct visions of rebelling against parental authority, of manfully refusing to return to college, floated through my mind. Nay, I am not sure but that I had some idea of pistolling, or drowning myself, having previously composed my own epitaph, the sad and touching eloquence would pierce my father's stony heart, and cause him to repent when too late. I have forgotten to mention that Louisa had an humble friend staying on a visit with her, and as the said friend was neither witty, handsome nor accomplished, she was a mere cypher in the house, only serving as a foil to her brilliant and gifted companion. She was also very accommodating, and I could talk nonsense all day to Louisa, without Cypher, who apparently possessed neither ears nor eyes, perceiving it. One evening as we were sitting together near the window, very much dejected at the thoughts of our approaching separation, her brother entered in high spirits. 'I say,' he exclaimed, 'I've good news for you. Young Sir Harry Melton is coming down to spend to-morrow with us. I am delighted, for he is a splendid rider, and we shall have some fine sport. I suppose 'tis almost useless to ask you, Master Charley, to join us.' I was about pleading some excuse, when Louisa whispered, 'Go—tis my wish!' Though somewhat surprised at this unusual command, I replied immediately in the affirmative, and after a few merry jokes on our quiet tastes, he left the room. We then resumed our interesting conversation, and ere we parted, she bestowed on me a long silken curl, a gift I had vainly coveted for the last few weeks.

"The following morning, the young baronet arrived. He was a handsome, prepossessing fellow, with as rich a flow of spirits as might be expected from a young man just come into the enjoyment of an unembarrassed estate. We spent the day very pleasantly, and when we turned homeward, I could not help wondering at the rapidity with which the hours I had looked forward to as interminable, had passed over. On entering the saloon, we found Louisa gracefully reclining on a fauteuil, with a book in her hand. Though simply dressed, the rich curls were arranged with more than usual care, while a white rose carelessly placed among them, was her only ornament. Her reception of the young baronet was irresistibly fascinating: the bright blush, the timid, childish, yet graceful manner, were perfect, and my heart bounded with exultation, when I reflected that she was my choice. But my sentiments quickly changed, from admiration to astonishment, then to indignation, as I perceived the way in which she received the attentions Sir Harry lavished upon her. It was in vain I approached her; she ever looked away; and he it was that turned the leaves of her music, and talked with her all the evening. I was burning with anger, and not being of a disposition to calmly put up with such treatment, in revenge, I took out Cypher, and waited on her, conversed with her, with as much empressement as I had ever shewn to Louisa. After the latter had finished a difficult Italian song, I insisted on my partner's singing, which she at length did, with evident reluctance. She chose a simple English ballad, and though of course, vastly inferior to Louisa's in point of execution, it was full of pathos and feeling, and touched the heart. More sincere then were the praises I whispered, when she had concluded. Just then, happening to raise my eyes, I encountered Louisa's jealous angry glance, fixed upon us; but she immediately averted her head. At length the hour for dispersion arrived; and certainly, if I had little cause to be satisfied with my *fiancée's* conduct during the evening, I had still less reason to be so with the close. The

downcast eyes, and flushed cheek, the long, half-whispered conference, before their separation, wound me up to the highest pitch of exasperation, and confirmed me in a resolution I had just formed. She immediately retired to her apartment, while I betook myself to mine—not to sleep, however, nor yet to sorrow over her inconsistency, but rather to form plans of future revenge. I was up early the next day, and descended to the breakfast-room, which as yet, was empty. Here, I busied myself in turning over her books and music. It were false to say, I felt not some emotions of pain, to see the idol I had worshipped, thus thrown from its pedestal, and as I opened a book, in which were several passages I had admired, marked by her own hand, I could not repress a long and bitter sigh. A noise beside me, caused me to turn, and there stood the object of my thoughts.

"'You are up early, Charles,' she said, with one of her most winning smiles. 'Surely, you are not going abroad, the last day we shall spend together?'

"'And why not, Miss Charlton?' I rejoined, with frigid politeness.

"Somewhat disconcerted by this reception, she was silent for a moment, and then murmured:

"'When will you return?'

"'This evening,' was my brief reply; and, touching my cap, I strode out of the room.

"That evening, the last I was to pass in the house in which I had spent so many happy hours, arrived, and conquering every tender remembrance and gentler feeling, I sat beside Cypher, and paid her the most devoted attention. Louisa made several ineffectual efforts to win me back to my allegiance, but in vain. Once, however, I was nearly relenting. Whilst I was conversing with my companion, she seated herself at the piano, and after carelessly running her fingers over the keys, sang one of my favourite songs with more than usual pathos. I had to call up all my stoicism to remain firm, as she repeated the concluding stanzas:

> "I ask not that my image e'er
> Should dwell within thine heart;
> But since we have been friends so long,
> Oh! let us not in coldness part."

"The emphasis laid on the last line, the half-imploring glance she stole from beneath her long, silken lashes, was nearly too much, and I was on the point of crossing the room to her, when Sir Harry's small riding whip, which he had forgotten on the table, met my eye. It was enough. It recalled too forcibly the memory of her heartlessness—her inconstancy—and I turned to my companion, and conversed with her as before.

The ensuing day I took my leave. Louisa was the last; and approaching her, I placed a small packet, containing her ringlet, and a locket, in which was her miniature, in her hand, exclaiming in a low tone:

"'Reserve these gifts to bestow on Sir Harry, who appears to have a better claim to them than I have. Farewell!'

"Never shall I forget the malignant glance that shot from her sparkling eye, as I concluded.

"'Tis well, sir,' she replied, in the same suppressed voice. 'Perhaps, I may yet repay you; for Louisa Charlton never forgives or forgets.'

I coldly bowed, and passed on.

"I must confess, dear Amy, many disagreeable reflections embittered my journey; but a few weeks of study and college routine dissipated entirely what had been, at most, a boyish fancy. Such, dear cousin, was my first, and only love. Tell me, are you jealous?"

A bright, happy smile was her only answer. Suddenly, the clock, from the neighbouring cathedral, struck the hour. The young girl started, and hurriedly exclaimed:

"I must away—they will miss me at home.'

"Nay; stay a little longer, Amy. It may be our last meeting for many dreary months; and, oh! how much have I to say yet!"

The recollection of her stepmother's unkindness, her father's waning affection, the departure of the being next dearest to her—above all, the sad consciousness of her own desolate situation—returned with overwhelming force, and burying her face in her small hands, she sobbed convulsively. For a moment, her companion regarded her in silence, and then, starting up, passionately exclaimed:

"This must not be, Amy. I'll seek your father, and frankly ask his consent to our betrothal."

"No—no; you must not. He would only, perhaps, forbid our ever meeting again."

"And you would obey him? and yet you profess to love me!"

"Oh! Charles," she returned, raising her tearful eyes to his face, "you are dear to me; but my duty, and the approbation of my own conscience, are still dearer."

He was silent for a moment. A fierce struggle was evidently passing within him; and, at length, he murmured:

"Never, Amy, will I leave you, till I obtain, or, at least, ask, your father's consent. I care not what severe conditions he may impose. Should he even forbid me seeing you for years; all will I submit to, if I can cherish the certain hope of calling you mine. But, if I depart now,

how soon may I be forgotten! Nay; look not so reproachfully upon me. I know, my Amy, your gentle, yielding disposition well. Should your father wish, during my absence (which may be protracted to an indefinite period) to bestow your hand upon another, how long could you resist his importunities—his commands?"

"Hear me, Charles. Promise but to abandon your intention of asking my father, and I solemnly bind myself not to wed another, should I even have to resist a father's authority. Though I never shall wed without his approbation, I shall reserve to myself the privilege of retaining my liberty. Are you satisfied?"

The young man bowed his head in silence. A pause ensued, which was broken by his companion, asking, in a low tone, while her lip slightly quivered:

"When do you leave?"

"To-morrow; but I will see you again before I go."

"Farewell till then, dear Charles."

Another moment, her graceful figure had disappeared among the trees, whilst her companion, with a thoughtful brow, turned away.

(To be continued.)

A DAY DREAM OF MEXICO.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

When Memory, like the Hebrew's dove
Roams o'er the desart past—
Thou art the ark in which she folds
Her weary wings at last
Thou art the sweetest singing bird
In Feeling's tuneful nest—
Thou art the star of Fancy's heaven,
The first and loveliest.
True as the needle to the pole
My heart to thee alone—
Turns fondly ever—Mexico!
My beautiful—my own. A. L. P.

"Thy curse, O fool!—what can it add to my remorse?"
DUCHESS OF MALFI.

I have stood among the mirthful when soft lights poured down a gleam,
Like sunshine amid summer clouds half lulled into a dream,
And perfumes, such as humming birds would haunt in tropic bowers,
Came wafted on the heated air from wreathes of dying flowers;
And Beauty with her breezy step and spirit stirring tone,
Flew past me as if light and song seemed made for her alone
I have stood all sad and lonely 'mid the incense and the glare,
For thoughts of thee—deserted one—pursued me even there.

I have stood among the mirthful, when the spell which music flings
O'er troubled hearts, was stealing from a thousand charmed strings;
And the chime of gentle voices, rising thrillingly and free,
Came like a mermaid's vespers, trembling o'er the summer sea!
But it was not for the "charmer's song," though mounting to the skies,
To chide a spectre at the feast, still present to my eyes—
And louder than the loudest swell, and deeper than the deep,
Rose the whisper of that haunting voice, that freezes through my sleep.

I have stood upon the village green, when children were at play,
Like scattered rose leaves, flaunting on the merry winds of May;
With that Eden charm of innocence—those beams of hope and truth,
That mantle, like a glory, on the sunward brow of youth.
But, oh! the joyance of the young, all bird-like though it be,
Brings but a dark and mournful dream, of flighted years to me.
The blessed voices of my home around me seem to swell,
And the echoes of a ruined heart leap madly to the spell.

'Tis there—'tis there—my pleasant home in sunset seems to lie,
The green sierra's giant brow is gleaming in the sky,
And odours from the mountain trees stream downward to the deep,
As if the hills in weariness had sighed themselves to sleep.
And *thee*—methinks I see thee still, when meeting but to part,
With feelings all too deep for words I held thee to my heart,
And wept, as I had never wept 'mid passion's frenzied strife,
The tears that made that moment seem my bitterest of life.

I see thee still—but oh! thine eye, whose glistening laughter wore
The starry sheen of summer waves on thine own Indian shore.
Thy cheek, that, like the musk rose, seemed to linger for the blast,
And bloom above the faded flowers, the sweetest since the last.
How may this haughty heart endure the mountain of remorse,
That makes the changes storied there an anguish and a curse?
The marble heart that would not yield beneath the prophet rod,
How will its pride sustain it at the tribunal of God?

Ere yet these coward lips could frame their treachery in speech,
I struggled with the mightiest fiends in desperation's breach—
A cloud which ne'er hath vanished rolled its gloom o'er breast and brain
And Hope's benighted eye hath sought its pilot star in vain—
Foredoomed—above the feast, I read the *letters on the wall!*
Oh! Pharisee—mine arrogance is crumbling to its fall!
Poor worldling! I have hid my pangs with all the masquer's art,
My laugh hath mocked me from the roof—but oh! my heart—my heart!

THE MARRIAGE INFLUENZA.

BY G. DE N.

"They say this town is full of cozenage."

Comedy of Errors.

"If this be true, then marriage goes by haps."

Much Ado about Nothing.

THERE are more contagious disorders in the world than are to be found in a medical dictionary, and maladies which in ordinary circumstances attack one or two persons, at most, in a community—suddenly, from some unaccountable cause, put on the dangerous form of an epidemic, and hundreds are infected. There is the heart-complaint, for instance; not the fatal one, which is the result of a disorganization of the physical heart, but the no less serious disorder which seizes on the amatory one,—that singular little organ, supposed to exist in every breast, in the shape pictured in the tender letters which Saint Valentine—match-making St. Valentine—takes upon himself the responsibility of delivering on the day sacred to his intriguing labours. Yes, that little heart, which in some of those epistles, is represented with tiny gossamer wings, hovering like a cherubim over two happy lovers, who arm-in-arm, and in "conversation sweet," are wending their way to a diminutive church, in a sort of Chinese perspective, at the end of an avenue of orange trees. In others it is seen suspended from a rose-tree, as a target for that honorary member of every archery-club—Cupid—fat and chubby-faced as he is always painted,—to shoot his burning darts at. But by far the most popular and touching manner in which it is depicted, is in the tableau, wherein, spitted on a single arrow, with another little counterpart of itself, like two snow-birds on a silver skewer, it lies a willing sacrifice at the base of a flaming altar to Hymen.

The effect of this disorder is to soften, if it does not wholly consume, the waxlike tissues of this excitable little organ, rendering them quickly susceptible to impressions, be they ever so slight, tender and delicate—and, moreover, it is a curious fact, that the disease often takes an unconquerable hold of individuals, and its ravages perceived by uninterested observers, while those who might be supposed to have a deep concern for the sufferers, remain in lamentable ignorance of its existence. Maids of a certain age—generous, sympathizing ladies, who have passed unscathed through all its ordeals of the cold and hot state, are proverbially clever and penetrating in recognizing its presence, watching with care its development—the palpitations—flutterings—flirtations—the intermittent paleness, with the blushes soft as roseate tints, which are some of its symptoms. No feature of its progress escapes the lynx-eye of these "Grey Nuns"—these venerable *Sœurs de la Charité;* not a look—not a sigh—not a glance but they detect—and bag in their nets with the skill of experienced fowlers. They are the natural game-keepers of the preserve of young hearts, and woe be to any poacher who ventures, unlicensed by them, to trap or snare any of the tender game-birds within their covers.

That an epidemic of this character—a marriage influenza, dangerous of its kind, and insidious in its attacks—prevailed last autumn in Montreal, there cannot be a doubt, and numerous are the victims who are known to have fallen under its influence. No comfortable bachelor, proud of his independence—no young lady, pining in single blessedness, was safe from the contagion—the air was affected by the miasma—the mercury in Love's barometer indicated an extraordinary state of the atmosphere—it rose, and remained with unusual steadiness at *set fair*. There was a general predisposition towards the fever, and so violently did it run its course, so covert were its approaches, that no one could venture to ask unmarried friends, of either sex, the common question of salutation—how they did? lest in so doing, he touched a tender point, and discovered the secret they might wish to conceal, that they too had been bitten by this fascinating and venomous tarantula. Every one seemed to have been mesmerized by the blind god, and many were those who wished they could have been "*passed*" into the clairvoyant stage, and to have gotten a glimpse into the bosom of some dear friend for whom they felt a sympathetic attraction, and have seen what was the cause of certain eccentric motions and variations in the tick—tick—ticking of the human chronometer, which would not keep time in the way they exactly desired.

No ordinary remedies seem to have been of any avail in arresting the course of the disease; no cold water-cure could cool its fever; no allopathic, no homœopathic practice, even to the swallowing of whole chests of infinitisimal doses of belladonna and hyosciamus, could assuage the violence of this love-sickness. The only infallible panacea, possessing the slightest virtue, that appears to have had any success, was the "ring-

cure"—not the galvanic ring, but a "*quantum suff*" of the *anellus aureus simplex*—a dose made up, not by Savage the druggist, but by Savage the jeweller.

A question of some moment to society soon suggested itself. What could be the cause of this miasma—for miasma it undoubtedly appears to have been? Was it the new planet—the potatoe disease—or the polka? No one could answer. The skill of the physician could not fathom it, the healing art failed to produce any help to the afflicted. Even the Medical Professors of M'Gill College were at a non-plus, and could find no prescription in the pharmacopœia, which could stay its ravages. The so-much-vaunted "Wild-cherry cordial," was as ineffectual as filtered water—the "Sugar-coated pill," so pretty to look at, and so easy to gulp down, proved only a bitter and useless morsel when swallowed. Holloway's pills for once, did not fulfil any of the promises made for them; and Morrison's (No. 53, one hundred a-dose, repeated four times a-day) produced no effect on the disease. The Chinese "meen-fun" proved anything but a joke to these who trusted to it as a remedy. Buchan's "Miraculous balsam of life" lost all its power; and that wonderful blessing of the age—"Dalley's magical pain extractor," could not draw the sting out from the heart of the patient. Some there were, indeed, who fancied that, having been inoculated by the virus of a disappointed attachment, they could have escaped. Fatal sense of security! Soon did they find out how delusive had been their dream! Even the art of Dr. Jenner could not have saved them.

"Prevention," the writing-master's copy book tells us, "is better than cure;" but there was no one who could tell what was a preventive; nay more—no one could discover how the infection was communicated. Some said it was by the eye, and declared that steel gauze spectacles ought to be worn. Some maintained it was by the ear, and that the newly-invented gun cotton should be used, which, exploding at the slightest touch of fire, would give instant warning of the incoming of the burning poison. Others supposed it was in the air they breathed—that invisible fire-flies floated about, and were swallowed whenever a mouth was opened, and that Jeffry's respirator ought to be set as a trap to catch these trespassers into the regions of the pericardium. The hand, by many, was suspected to be the medium of infection, and that the good old custom of the hearty shake ought to be foresworn. The contact of the digits, they averred, was dangerous. The crossing of the palm in a warm grasp ought to be avoided, as one would shudder at the touch of the plague-stricken. There were some wicked enough to say it was by kissing, and that this was the reason why the infection proved so rapid in affecting the victim, and was so fatal in its results; but this is supposed to have originated from those who never had a chance of being similarly betrayed.

Whatever the manner may have been in which it was communicated, there certainly appears to have been no antidote—no *elixir vitæ* that could counteract the *elixir d'amore*—no conductor that could convey off the lightning that fell from Love's thunder-cloud. So great was the number of those who were struck, that it was, at one time, feared there would not be an unmarried couple left in the city; and so scarce, indeed, had uninfected, eligible young ladies become, that a modest bachelor of some pretensions, in perfect despair, actually advertised for a help-mate!

Many complained of the strange apathy, and want of regard to the interests of the population, shown by the heads of the government—that Mr. Daly and Mr. Draper did not appoint a Board of Health to examine into, and report upon, the contagion. It was said for them, that they would wait for the arrival of the new Governor. But what hope could there have been in him? No sooner was he gazetted to rule over Canada, and ordered to proceed to the marriage-stricken seat of government, than he caught the infection, and fell a victim to its fury.

It is, no doubt, true, that a few escaped the contagion; but they owed their preservation to a precaution, simple enough, indeed, suggested by an old nurse—a "Sarey Gamp" in the General Hospital of Love. Knowing that certain substances had power to protect precious stuffs from the ravages of weevils, moths, and other destructives, the brilliant idea struck her, that it might also do the reverse—keep human moths from burning and destroying themselves in the prevailing "*ignus fatuus*"—the love-flame. So, she made, and privately sold, little bags of different materials, from the softest satin to the coarsest brown Holland, to be suspended by a black ribbon round the neck, and worn over the region of the heart; and it is believed that these little bags proved the only effectual protectives against the contagious operation of the marriage influenza. The secret was—she had filled them with "....."

* * * * * * *

Should the disorder ever again make its appearance, ye that dread its attacks, take the hint, before it be too late. Find out the old lady—buy one of her bags,—lay it to thy heart—it is the only thing for a qualm.

THE DRUNKARD'S RETURN.

A TALE FOR THE TEETOTALLERS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Oh! ask not of my morn of life,
How dark and dull it gloom'd o'er me;
Sharp words, and fierce domestic strife,
Robbed my young heart of all its glee—
The sobs of one heart-broken wife,—
Low stifled moans of agony,
That fell upon my shrinking ear,
In hollow tones of woe and fear,—
As crouching weeping at her side,
I felt my soul with sorrow swell;
In pity, begged her not to hide
The cause of grief, I knew too well—
Then wept afresh, to hear her pray
Stern death to take us both away!—

Away, from whom? Alas! what ill,
Pressed the warm life-hopes from her heart?—
Was she not young, and lovely still?
What made the frequent tear-drops start
From eyes whose light of love could fill
My soul? and bade me gladly part,
From noisy comrades in the street,
To sit in silence at her feet,—
To kiss her cheek, so cold and pale,
To clasp her neck, and hold her hand,
And list the oft repeated tale,
Of wrongs, I could not understand—
But felt their force—as day by day,
I watch'd her fade from life away—

And he, the cause of all this woe,
Her mate—the father of her child,—
In dread, I saw him come and go;
With many an awful oath revil'd,
And from harsh word, and harsher blow,
(In answer to her pleadings mild,)
I shrank in terror—till I caught
From her meek eyes, th' unwhisper'd thought—
"Bear it, dear Edward, for my sake,
He cares not in his sullen mood,
If this poor heart with anguish break"—
That look was felt and understood,
By her young son—thus schooled to bear
His wrongs, to soothe her deep despair!

Oh! how I loathed him—how I scorned
His idiot laugh, or demon frown,—
His features bloated and deformed,
The jests with which he sought to drown
The consciousness of sin—or storm'd,
To put reproof or anger down—
Oh! 'tis a fearful thing to feel,
Stern sullen hate the bosom steel
'Gainst one, whom nature bids us prize,
The first link in her mystic chain;
Which binds in deepest, tenderest ties,
The heart, while reason rules the brain—
And mingling love with holy fear,
Renders the parent doubly dear.

I cannot bear to think how deep,
The hatred which I bore him then;
But he has slept his last long sleep—
And I have trod the haunts of men;
Have felt the tide of passion sweep,
Through manhood's fiery heart—and when
By strong temptations, toss'd and tried,
I thought how that lost father died,
Unwept, unpitied in his sin;
Then tears of burning shame would rise,
And stern remorse awake within
A host of mental agonies—
He fell by one dark vice defil'd,—
Was I more pure—his erring child?

Yes—erring child—but to my tale—
My mother loved that lost one still;
From the deep fount, which could not fail,
(Through changes dark, from good to ill)—
Her woman's heart—and, sad and pale,
She yielded to his stubborn will—
Perchance she felt remonstrance vain,
The effort to resist gave pain;
But carefully she hid her grief,
From him the idol of her youth;
And fondly hoped against belief,
That her deep love and stedfast truth,
Would touch his heart, and win him back
From folly's dark and devious track!—

PART II.

Vain hope! the drunkard's heart is hard as stone,
No grief disturbs his selfish, sensual joy,—
His wife may weep—his starving children groan,
And poverty with cruel gripe annoy—
He neither hears, nor heeds their famished moan,
The glorious wine-cup owns no base alloy—
Surrounded by a low degraded train,
His fiendish laugh, defiance bids no pain—
He hugs the cup—more dear than friends to him,
Nor sees stern ruin from the goblet rise;
Nor flames of hell, careering o'er the brim.
The lava flood, that glads his bloodshot eyes,—
Poisons alike his body and his soul,
Till reason lies self-murder'd in the bowl.

Oh, God! it was a dark and fearful night,
Loud roared the storm around our hovel home,—
Cold, hungry, wet, and weary was our plight,
And still we listened for his step to come;
My poor sick mother!—'twas a piteous sight,
To see her shrink and shiver, as our dome
Shook to the rattling blast—and to the door
She crept, to look along the bleak, black moor—
He comes—he comes!—and quivering all with dread,
She spoke her welcome to that sinful man;
His sole reply—"Get supper—give me bread!"—
Then with a sneer, he tauntingly began
To mock the want which stared him in the face,—
Her bitter sorrow—and his own disgrace.

"I have no money to procure you food,
No wood, nor coal, to raise a cheerful fire;
The maddening cup may warm your frozen blood,
We die, for lack of that which you desire!"
She ceased. Erect one moment, there he stood,
The foam upon his lip—with demon ire,
He seized a knife, which glittered in his way,
And rushed with fury on his helpless prey—
Then from a dusky nook, I fiercely sprung,
The strength of manhood in that single bound,—
Around his bloated form I tightly clung,
And headlong brought the murderer to the ground—

We fell—his temples struck the cold hearth stone—
The blood gushed forth—he died without a groan!

Yes—by my hand he died—one frantic cry
Of mortal anguish, pierced my thrilling brain,
Recalling sense and mem'ry—desperately,
I strove to raise my fallen sire again;
And called upon my mother—but her eye
Was closed alike to sorrow, want, or pain—
Oh! what a night was that! when all alone,
I watch'd the dead, beside the cold hearth stone—
I thought myself a monster, that the deed,
To save the mother, was too promptly done;
I could not see her gentle bosom bleed,
And quite forgot the father, in the son—
For her, I mourn'd—for her through bitter years,
Poured forth my soul in unavailing tears.

The world approv'd my act—but on my soul
There lay a gnawing consciousness of guilt;
A biting sense of crime, beyond control;
By my rash hand a father's blood was spilt!
And I abjured for aye, the death-drugged bowl.—
This is my tale of woe—and if thou wilt
Be warned by me—the sparkling bowl resign;
A serpent lurks within the ruby wine,
Guileful and strong, as him who erst betrayed
The world's first parents in their bowers of joy;
Let not the tempting draught your soul pervade,
It shines to kill, and sparkles to destroy—
The drunkard's sentence has been sealed above;
Exiled for ever from the heaven of love!

Belleville, December, 1846.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. C. S.

BY M.

Within the sacred desk the man of God
Proclaimed the words of endless life. He spake
With earnest tone and tearful eye; and then,
As o'er his soul came thoughts of solemn truths,
And visions of the future, which, prophetic-like,
He scanned with calm yet earnest gaze—his voice
Grew tremulous, like the uncertain sound
Of an Æolian harp, o'er which the summer breeze
Sweeps lightly, waking sweetest tones; now glad
And clear; anon, low, sad and broken.
"Where'er thou goest, I will follow thee."
These words, addressed to Christ by one of old,
He uttered and enforced, as one who knelt
Before the cross, and with the eye of faith
Beheld the "man of sorrows" bleed for him;—
Or as one standing on life's outmost verge,
Waiting to launch his bark upon the wave
Of endless years,—to whom earth's brightest gems
Seemed baubles, nothing worth.

And yet they little deemed, who heard his voice,
'Twould soon be hushed in death, and never more,
In tones of love, entreat them all to come
To Jesus' feet. They knew not that his path,
As follower of his Lord, lay now through death's
Dark vale,—dreamed not his earthly toils were o'er,—
His glorious crown of victory well-nigh won;
For time's rude hand upon his chiselled brow
Had traced no furrow; while his manly frame,
Erect in youthful vigour, and his cheek
And lip, tinged with the hue of health, all seemed
To give promise of *years* of usefulness.
Short-sighted man! Ere yet the morrow's sun
Had set in glowing beauty, stern disease
Seized with relentless grasp upon his frame;
And racked with pain, he lay in mortal strife
With man's last enemy. And yet to him
Death came not clad in robe of gloom; for though
The love of kindly hearts, which lived beneath
His smile, and felt his worth, earth's tenderest ties
Had bound him here, and rendered life a boon
To be desired—yet with a peaceful heart,
A steady eye, and cheek unblenched,
He watched death's onward progress, and exclaimed,
"I wot not which to choose." Humbly he spake
Of labours past; and faithful to his trust,
The gospel preached, e'en in the mortal strife;—
Bore joyful witness to his Saviour's love,
Whose arm upheld him in death's dreary vale,
And changed its gloom to light,—a light so pure
It seemed to beam from heaven's unclosing portals;—
Breathed words of holy faith and love, e'en as
His heart-strings broke; and calmly as a child
On its loved mother's bosom seeks repose,
Resigned his weary soul to "God who gave it."

Oh! what can give such victory over death?—
Such peace and hope divine, as life expires?
Well may the worldling, and the sceptic too,
Pause in their mad career, and gazing on
A scene so gilded by celestial beams,
Exclaim, "Let me, too, die the Christian's death!"—
Vain wish, except he live the Christian's life;
For faith in Christ alone—love fed below
The cross, and nourished by His blood and tears,
Who suffered there to ransom fallen men—
Can e'er produce within the human heart
Fruit of such heavenly beauty
Then rest thee, Christian warrior! No pain
Nor grief can reach thee now. He who hath called
Thee home, by yielding up *Himself* to death,
Has spoiled him of his sting. The grave no more
Can daunt his faithful followers; for in
That dark and lowly bed their Saviour lay.
His guardian care preserves *thy* sleeping dust;
And though we mourn thine early *loss* to us,
We joy to know 'tis endless *gain* to thee;—
That, though proud man may cavil, he who holds
The keys of death will one day bid thee rise,
No more to die. Then when the form now laid
To rest in weakness shall arise in power,—
When this corruptible shall be arrayed
In incorruption, and mortality
Give place to youth immortal—then this word
Shall be fulfilled, Oh! death, where is thy sting?
And where, O grave! thy victory! Thanks be to Him
Who giveth victory, through Jesus Christ.
Death's victim once; his mighty monarch now!

LOCAL LEGENDARY TALES OF IRELAND.

BY PHILANDER OFFALIE, ESQ.

NO. III.

THE TREASURE SEEKER.*

"But with darkness wint our fears, and nixt day we wur angry enough with ourselves, I can tell you, for bein' so aisily put to the run without the money. We held another consultation, when we agreed that the goold was there, and why such fuss about it? 'I give it as my sacred opinion,' says Terry, for he had a swaggerin' way with him, but a coward at heart; 'I give it as my sacred opinion,' says he, 'that there's money there. I was laughin' in my sleeve at the figures yez cut, says he, 'jumpin' and skilpin' like puckawn goats across the country. I ran wid yez, not caring to be the last; but Corny,' says he—to myself—'you do run like a March hare. For a lame hag,' says he, 'I nivir saw your equal. Be-dad! if you always run as fast as that——' 'Faith! and you wur first,' says I, takin' the word out of his mouth, 'an' you had a lump of froth on your forehead, as big as my fist.' 'And may be, afther all,' says he, 'twas Moran's bull that chased us; and faix, you may see, we had a lucky escape of him, for he's a real murderer, is the same bull,' says he; 'if he got his long horn in the sate o' yer small clothes—hoo—its over the moon he'd pitch you in troth. He kilt the cow-boy a day or two ago,' says he; 'the gorsoon got a new red coat, and the bull, not knowin' him, tore the crathur to gibbetts,' says he. 'And who knows but the two balls o' fire we saw on the far side wor his two glarin eyes?' says he, 'it's we that had the escape—the Lord be praised!' But 'twas no such thing as Moran's bull. How could he rattle chains, barrin' he was fettered, which might be the case after all,—any way, we started the second night, our minds made up, come what would, to see the ind of it.

"The first thing we done at the churchyard, was to throw out the loose clay that fell in the night afore, with the scramblin' and kickin' there was gettin' out o' the hole, in such a flustrification. They thought they'd nivir get their heels clane out. When one was nearly up, the other caught him by the foot or the skirt or his coat, to help himself and down both came flop to the bottom; 'twas right foot up—and if they fell once they fell forty times, to my sartin knowledge. We lost the lanthern the night afore in the rethraite, so I had to hould the candle under my coat to keep it in; and now it wint out, and thin it burnt my clothes, shakin' as I was like an aspin leaf; you'd think it was the ague I had. God bless the hearers!

"As Shemus and Terry worked like Trojans below, what should come up but two min, as black as ravins, with long lanthern jaws, and popped their noses over the ould churchyard wall; and if my teeth chattered afore, they rattled outright thin—I tho't they'd drop out o' my head.

"'Is that the way?' says Shemus, lookin' strait betwane the two eyes; 'two can play at that game,' says he, restin' on his fork. We tho't they came to claim shares o' the money, and hop'd they'd go away the way they came; but there they stood like stocks, till the clock o' the big house struck twelve, and at the last blow o' the hammer my two black nagurs walked away with themselves, and the last sight I saw ov em was as they disappeared among the shadows o' the trees and tombstones. It was plain to be seen from what world they came. The hour was past for finding goold, as afther midnight it turns into bits o' bones. They came, no doubt, to decoy us from the treasure; but Shemus swore that he'd nivir give up the purshute, dead or alive. He loved the music o' money to carry on his divilment, for yez all knows how he wasted his substance, carousin' and philanderin' late and early. His cabin was as good as a randivoo house, for all the card-players and vagabonds in the parish, and it's purty well known that he had Ould Nick for a partner there one night, and he

*Continued from page 29.

nivir knew it till he stooped under the table for a card, and then he saw the cloven foot. The Lord presarve us! It's little ould Ned Soolivan tho't his rake of a son would let daylight thro' all he heaped together. Shemus didn't like to give up without a struggle, and the goold almost adin his grasp, as sure as if he caught a leprihawn. He was building castles in the air already; faix an' he'd have built them on the ground, too, if he got the treasure. He was the boy to make it fly and knock spirit out o' it; he had the heart of a prince.

"'But there's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip.'

"Next night,—and a mighty fine night it was,—for the third and last time we showlder'd the tools; we hid some potheen under our skirts, and made the best o' our way to the buryin' ground. Shemus wasn't half the man he was the night afore, tho' he laughed and whistled like mad. As we trudged along, a shiver came over him now and again, and a cowld prosperation—savin' yer presence—ran off his face; he said he had an odd dhrame: he tho't an evil spirit, in the shape of a bull, purshued him; that he made a magic circle round himself, which couldn't be enthered; but there was the bull roarin', and goin' round and round, shakin' his chains and tossin' his gooldin horns, and his two mad eyes, like balls o' fire in his head. At last he found a spot, where the circle was imparfect, dashed thro' it, and gor'd him to death. He said there was sumthin' hangin' over him, and he tho't he'd nivir see morning. This was on a Saturday night. 'Up or down,' says he, whin we raiched the place, 'there's no use in frettin'—let's die game, whoever the lot falls on,' says he; 'I don't care if I was dead twenty years ago!' God save us! them was his very words. 'May I be a peg for the ould boy to hang his hat on,' says he, 'if I care. We must either live here or somewhere else,' says he.

"My blood run cowld, and the hair o' my head stood on end. To hear an oath or a bad word in a public-house is well enough, but thin in the dark night, under the shadow of an ould abbey, the wind sighin' so dismally among the broken arches and windows, and within hearin' o' the dead! 'twas horrid. 'Hould your tongue, Shemus! you unsanctified rapprobate!' says I; 'don't spake afthur that manner in such a place as this; it's a burnin' shame, and you'll bring some misfortun' on us,' says I.

"They rattled away with the shovels, and came to the flag, sure enough. Terry riz it up, and there was an iron pan o' guineas! 'Oh! by the ——!' but I won't repate the oath that Shemus let out o' him, whin he saw the goold. 'Twas an awful expression, and no sooner was the word out o' his mouth than the war o' the illiments began roarin' and ragin', my jewel! worse than the first night. The site left my eyes; we war left in perpatial darkness; for the moon was hid, and the shades o' death gother round us. And thin sich screeches and hollow moans as we heard, whin the storm lulled a bit, was frightful to hear; and then a wild dispisin' laugh, like in mockery, rung in our ears, and was caught up by the echoes from the hills, as if a rigiment of sogers war firin'. The threes wint down undher the winde, as if to crush us to the airth; and to crown all, I let the lanthern dhrop, and the sod o' turf rowled into a dhrain, so we lost the seed o' the fire; and that was cowld comfort for us.

"Whin the storm settled a morsel, what cums down the avenu and acrass the groves, but a dark shadow-like, movin' slowly among the threes, and as it came near it grew higher and higher till it raicht the sky, I tho't, and thin it sunk down agin fair and aizy to the size of a man—and a man it seemed to be, but no head on him, divil a bit—and a fearful sight it was to behold; up he cums as black as jet; and well dressed he was, too, with knee breeches and silk stockin's, and as nate a pair o' shoes as ye iver saw—you'd see yer face in them—with ould silver buckles as broad as my hand, and a black grayhound at his heels. Up he cums to the hole, and riz up his arms to the heavens. That was our time—we ought to have sthruck him thin wid the black-hafted knife, and kill'd the cat, and thrown it into the pit; but we forgot all about it, in the fear that cum over us. I myself had a year's growth frighten'd out o' me. I'm sure it's proud I'd ha' been if my wurst inimy had kick'd me every inch from that to Knockbeg Hill—purvided I got there safe and sound. Och, ochone! my heart was in my throat, and if I was dhragged out o' the river I couldn't be wetthur with the prosperation—beggin yer illigint company's pardon. I'll nivir forget that night, if I live to the age of Mathusalem, and he liv'd to a good ould age, as I've heard say."

"Surely, Corny, you wouldn't stab the spirit!" said the musical voice of Miss Mary.

"Stab him, miss! that's what we ought to do; and its little he'd feel, no more than that smoke, the cut o' a knife, miss. Tho' he was as dark as a blackamoor, you cud see the stars shinin' thro' him, and the clouds passing along the sky. A ghost has neither flesh nor blood. And it's glad he'd be, and no wondher, for he needn't mind the

money any longer, but go to rest. It was he made me dhrame av it, and show'd me in my sleep the spot it's in, tho' whin it cums to the scratch he must defend his charge to the last of his ability. But this put me out—where did I stop? Yes, yes, the black spirit was lookin' down in the hole; but no! I forgot he had no eyes, for whin placed there as sintry, his head was cut off I suppose. Howsumever, he had no head, but stood there as mute as a mouse.

"Afthur a long while I came to myself, and open'd *one* eye, but the ghost was gone, and the goold gone too, for the first use I made of my sivin senses was to peep into the pit; there was no treasure there; the nest was warm, but the bird was flown. 'Ullagone! ochone! ochone! oh!' sez I, clapping my hands, 'is this the ind o' it, afthur all, and me kilt and spaichless; ullaloo! ullaloo!' I takes Terry by the leg, and gives him a pluck—'Holy St. Terence, my patron saint! have mercy on me!' sez he. 'Oh! yer rivirence! forgive me this wanst, and if ever I come here agin may I ——' 'Give us no more o' yer balderdash,' says I. He open'd his eyes—'By the table o' war!' says he, 'I thought it was the ghost. Where is——?' 'Taken to his scrapers,' says I, 'and tuk the goold undher his arm, the negur,' and thin he set up such a pillalloo, I goes down to Shemus Soolivan and gives him a *sthough*; but there wasn't a budge in him; we pull'd him up out o' the hole, and laid him on his back, and clapp'd his hands, and shouted in his ear, and shook him; but, the unforthenate rapprobate!—'twas no use. He was a could stiff corpse; a terrible object—and the poor sowl gone on its long journey. I hope we can pray for him any how, bad as he was, whether the black man gave him a *pothogue*, or whither he died of therror, was niver known, nor niver will; but he got his prayer, and so that ended—welcome be God's holy will!—Maybe its all for the betther; if we got the goold that night, we'd go out of our skins with joy; make a bad use of it, and forget our poor sowls. But there was a life to be lost, and it fell on Shemus,—the best nathur'd, but the wildest of his name."

"That ought to have been a warnin' to you, Corny," said the widow.

"Faith, and so it was, ma'am, for many a day afthur; but somehow the dhrames come to me, and its an ould sayin', nearer wathur, nearer wine—and by the same tokin, misthress, I think, afthur that, I might take a dhrop of somethin', if it was ever so nice, to drink your health, ma'am."

"Never say its a bad fellow you met," said Mrs. Moriarty. "Go for the black bottle and give Con a glass; but stop, go to bed, children dear. God bless you, I'll go myself."

"A glass! said Corny with a knowing wink, if I get my claw on the same big bottle,—I call it the horn o' plenty,—I'll take the tithe out of it I go bale. By my word, its not by rubbing the fasthin' spittle to her toe, she's getting so out o' the way fat. Did'nt I butther her up nice about the daughthurs? They're well enough; but whoever buys 'em for beauties 'ill be a long time out o' their money. If Lucy there had on them silks and satins, she'd be purtier, by odds;—fine feathers make fine birds. Miss Mary, *Murtherin Molly, agra!* she's handsome in the face, but her foot 'ud cover half an acre o' daisies; and Miss Emily, she takes the coal out o' my pipe; she's built after the Dorick ordher, as the court-house architek said, more for stringth nor beauty. Only for the blarney I have, I wouldn't get a drop to wet my whistle, for the misthress says, I've drunk as much in my time as 'ud scald a pig—God forgive her—but here she comes. Ah! I wanted something to warm my ould heart. Here's the ladies healths, ma'am! and may they soon be happy on their own floores!—that's what I say."

Corny tossed off a glass of undiluted spirits preparatory to the punch which he was brewing on the hob, making those grim wry faces, indulged in by men who like whiskey in its purity. "Heighho! heighho! well if that's not strong, I'm a witch."

"Well Con," said the widow, "I suppose I must forgive you this time for being out so late at night; indeed, I had serious thoughts of sending you off; but the next time—"

"Is it me, ma'am? Ethin, misthress dear! what put that in yer head? faith it wasn't your guardian angel any way; but I'm goin' to turn a new lafe, ma'am. Faith I am."

"I'm glad to hear it; but how did you contrive to kill my pony lately? Its only to day I heard it; I suppose ridden to death."

"Is it the pony, ma'am? I thought I tould you all about it. Faix and its well it was the pony that wint. Well, as I was joggin' along home from the fair at Tullow on Saturday—Saturday—Saturday, quite slow, and may I be happy! and that's the best for me to say, if I enther'd a tint, or tasted a dhrop o' the world's dhrink that day; as I passed the mole, a black man as tall as the house fell in wid me, and kep on thro' the fields near the road, step for step I might say, and nothin' baulked him, sunk fence, bog-wall, or quick-set ditch, all the same to him,—I set spurs to Weasel; and off she flew with the bridle in her teeth. Oh, thin! sure enoughs he did go, *alanna machree!* like

the wind; I tho't she'd tare the stones out o' the road, but there was my gentleman side by side—over river, rough-stick palin', or stone wall, he pass'd like a bird, and ——"

"It was your shadow, you *omedhaun!* you were drunk—what else?"

"D'ye think I wouldn't know my own shadow? and I as sober as a judge; 'you or I for it,' says I, and I never dhrew a rein till I came to the town, and that was good eight miles in less than an hour. I always tho't a sperit couldn't crass the runnin' wathur, but my jewel! he flew over the river with a hop and a jump that was surprisin'; he didn't care the top of a sthraw for runnin' sthrames. When I come to the Bollough-a-woidha, I pulled up to give Weasel a dhrink, and the crathur! she stagger'd a bit; while I was whistlin' for her, I looks over at the churchyard, and what does I see there but two sperits, black and white! Oh! may it be my last word if it aint thrue! and they fightin' and wrastlin' wid one another; I rubb'd my eyes, 'Corny,' says I to myself, 'is it dramin' you are, or what do I behould?' says I. Now if I was a little overtaken in licker or that, you'd say 'twas all in my eye; at last the white sperit seem'd to be gettin' the worst of it, and he beckoned to me to fly. No sooner said than done; I gives Weasel a dig o' the spurs in the ribs, and down the avenu I dashed, and as I came near the house, I hears a blast sweepin' up afther me; 'it's the black sperit,' says I, and when I rached the hall door, I threw myself out o' the saddle, darted in, and slapped the door; the whirlwinde tore round the house, and I wint shivering and shaking to bed; at the brake o' day I got up, and found the pony stiff and cowld by the orchard. The black sperit was my evil genius, and the white my good one, or may be my guardian angel; so there was a life to be lost, and thanks be to God! it fell upon Weasel."

Lucy got married to John Madigan, soon after, and Corny blew horns, and beat kettles at her wedding, saying, "The divil may care! she was no great shakes,—and there was as good fish in the say as ever was caught; but that whiniver he'd find the *crock o' goold*, he wouldn't give her as much as a cross to bless herself,—and so he wouldn't."

ON THE ARRIVAL OF

HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ELGIN.

BY C. F.

Thrice welcome o'er the waters!
  Thou hast braved them in their power,
When the threatening blast,
Athwart them pass'd,
And roar'd around the bending mast,
  In winter's sternest hour.

Thrice welcome o'er the waters!
  How oft, 'twixt hope and fear,
Thy gentle bride—in hall and bower,—
A lonely though a shelter'd flower—
Shall list, ere tidings reach that shore,
  That thou art safe, and here.

Thrice welcome o'er the waters!
  Such tasks await thy hand,
As might woo the first of mortal men,
Could he breathe to tread the earth again,
That patriot-king who quell'd the Dane,
  From his own fair England's strand.

Thrice welcome o'er the waters!
  And when, with lofty prow,
On some far distant day shall come,
A bark, to waft thee proudly home;
May garlands round thy shield be wreath'd,
And wishes for thy weal be breath'd,
  By all who greet thee now!

Jan. 27, 1847.

"GROOT VADER'S BOSCH."

A SOUTH AFRICAN SKETCH.

BY J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "TEN YEARS IN SOUTH AFRICA."

"GROOT VADER'S BOSCH;" or, Grandfather's Wood, is the simple and unpretending name of one of the most romantic and beautiful scenes in South Africa. This lovely spot had been selected as a future place of residence by a brother of the writer, who had emigrated to that colony in 1817, and where he soon after joined him.

Delighted with my new home, I still retain a most vivid recollection of my first impressions after my arrival. I can still fancy myself seated on the high stoop in front of the old house—which from having been built by the former possessor's grandfather, obtained its present familiar appellation—feasting my eyes on the wild beauties of a scene as exquisitely charming, as it was different from anything I had hitherto seen. I had visited some of the wildest glens of my native country; I had seen the fantastic wreaths of mist floating round the peaks of her hoary mountains, and felt all the superstitious awe which such inspire. I could even fancy that I saw the shadowy ghosts of Ossian's heroes of the olden time, poising their airy spears; and that I heard their voices in the melancholy blast that swept over the desert heath. Here, in South Africa, however, all was changed. Here, I found myself amidst scenes more rich in natural beauty, but devoid of all that gloom and superstitious awe, which are engendered by local tradition. The clear unclouded sky glowed with life, and the balmy breezes of a South African spring, passing over myriads of sweet-scented flowers, filled the heart with joy and contentment, and the soul with gratitude to the great Creator of this beautiful world.

The old house, which was built of clay, whitewashed with lime, stood on the sloping side of a steep hill, fronting a magnificent chain of mountains four thousand feet high, and extending in far perspective to the west, with a beautiful valley at their base, bounded on the opposite side by the lower range of high hills on which the old house stood. This chain of mountains was broken at intervals by deep ravines, walled in on either side by perpendicular rocks several hundred feet high, and filled with lofty trees towering up among the wild crags. The neighbourhood of the mountains which intercepted the clouds and moisture wafted by the winds from the sea coast, produced a verdure and fertility in this valley unknown in many parts of the Colony, while the "*Karroo*" or arid country beyond this range of mountains is parched up by almost perpetual drought. The valley is traversed by a limpid stream, which meanders from side to side, sometimes forming deep glassy pools along the base of the mountains, or of the steep hills on the other side, and fringed by beautiful evergreens drooping into the water. At distant intervals pretty white houses are seen along the valley, embowered among orange and lemon trees, and surrounded with extensive vineyards. Beautiful as such a scene must at all times be,—the reader may easily conceive its surpassing loveliness as the sun descends behind the purple mountains, when a faint blush still overspreads the deep blue sky,—a sky unknown in less genial climes. At such a time it was delightful to sit on the stoop of the old house and listen to the ceaseless din of the crickets and the last chirps of the little bright colored birds as they sped away to their leafy resting places. As the sun goes down, the whole family of the jackals sally forth from their holes in the undulating country or "Ruggens," as this description of country is called towards the sea coast, and fill the air with their wild yells, which, though not unmusical, remind the immigrant that he is in the land of Africa. Our Hottentot servants may be seen wending homeward in the dusk to their little hut or "pouduck," constructed of reeds, a few hundred yards below our house, where their wives are crouched around the fire, cooking their husbands' supper, while a swarm of nimble, half-naked children are dancing among the bushes. As soon as their evening meal is over, the sound of the "Ramki," an instrument resembling the "Banjo," is heard from the hut, and a great part of the night is spent in dancing or in listening to the wild melody of their native airs.

In witnessing such a scene the careless observer might suppose that the poor Hottentots are as happy a race of human beings as the wide world contains,—surrounded by all the external beauties of nature, in a delicious climate, where care and anxiety for the means of procuring the necessaries of life are almost unknown, and where, during a large portion of the year, clothing may be considered almost superfluous. It is not to be wondered at if the white settler, who is so bountifully endowed with all that is necessary to his own comfort, should overlook or despise the claims of his swarthy brethren,—the original owners of the soil.

It is true that the Almighty, in His mercy, "has tempered the blast to the shorn lamb," and

has often given temporary enjoyment to the injured races of mankind, when the treatment of the dominant race has only been calculated to produce unmitigated misery and degradation. Still, it would be a great mistake to suppose, because the Hottentots are naturally a lively and cheerful race, that they do not feel the hopeless degradation to which they have been reduced by their oppressors. The same sensibility of temperament which gives them a keen relish for music and dancing, makes them also keenly alive to the perpetual series of injuries, and to the unjust contempt to which they are subjected. Of what the original character of the Hottentots may have been, it is now difficult to form any just conception. We know what they actually are after ages of oppression,—after the son and the son's son have inherited the vices first imported by their masters,—and the bitter sense of wrongs for which they can see no remedy and can hope for no redress. The immigrant may now say that the Hottentot is careless, lazy, and ungrateful! He may think it hard that his kindness and justice are often received with coldness and disgust. It is natural that he should complain of this as well as feel it strongly. But he rarely reflects that the present character of the Hottentots is the growth of ages;—that he inherits the prejudices, the distrust and hatred of the white man which were felt by his ancestors, and those feelings were produced by certain causes,—in short, by cruelty, oppression and selfish avarice. The torrent leaves a deep rut long after the rain has ceased to fall; and can the white man wonder that, under the outward semblance of joy and thoughtlessness, deeper feelings are concealed?—that the adder lies coiled beneath the leaves of the flower? Every one who has taken an interest in an oppressed and injured race of men may lay his account with meeting with this very natural distrust and ingratitude. But let him ask his own heart, what such people have to be grateful for?—let him learn their histories,—the histories of their wrongs, and then say, what reason the poor Hottentot has to place an unreserved confidence in the kindness of the recent immigrant?

The history of almost all savage races shows that, in the first instance, they generally placed an implicit reliance on the promises and good faith of the first settlers, and that in most cases this amiable confidence has been repaid with roguery, injustice and robbery. The case of the Hottentots has been no exception to the general rule. The first settlers sent out by the Dutch East India Company, began their system of wholesale plunder by purchasing for a few kegs of brandy, whole districts of country extending for hundreds of miles into the interior, from some chief who had about as much right to sell them as our good Queen—God bless her—would have to sell Normandy or Brittany. From this period, the independence of the Hottentots departed for ever. The heavy Dutchmen sat down upon them, and they were crushed. By the Dutch law, the Hottentots became incapable of holding lands in their own country. They did not make absolute slaves of them at once, because they were then too numerous to be employed by the small number of the early settlers; and they were, moreover, a pastoral people, and as such, unaccustomed to hard labour. The law, therefore, *formally* acknowledged their independence. In the meantime, however, as more settlers came to the colony, all the lands were gradually occupied by the Dutchmen and their flocks; and the Hottentots were gradually surrounded in their little "Kraals" or pastoral villages, until they could no longer find pasture for their cattle. The long guns, or "*roers*" of the Dutchmen, made dreadful havoc among the herds of buffaloes, and antelopes of various kinds, which then swarmed through the country; and what was worse, they scared them away to the interior.

Necessity soon drove numbers of the Hottentots into the service of the "Boers," or farmers, who fed them little better than their dogs, and got what work they could from them, by driving and flogging. A law was afterwards passed, compelling the Hottentots to go into the service of some farmers, and giving power to any settler to send any Hottentot to gaol, whom he found without a pass from his master. When placed in the "trouk," as it is called, the Landdrost, magistrate of the district, compelled him to make a contract for a year with the "Boer" who applied for a servant. Still the Dutch law acknowledged the freedom of the Hottentots; though this freedom merely consisted in the privilege of choosing his masters, unless indeed he happened to have been committed to the "trouk." In short, the poor Hottentot suffered all the evils of domestic slavery, with very few of its advantages. Even this apparent liberty to change their masters availed them little, for they seldom dared to leave a master if the latter wished to keep them.

Only a short time before the Colony came into the hands of the British, a Dutch "Boer" shot a woman and the child in her arms, because the former resolutely refused to remain in his service. The punishment for this detestable act of cruelty,—for the Dutchman was actually tried for

murder,—was, that the sword of justice was waved over the head of the culprit, the latter kneeling on the steps of the Court-house of the district. This served to intimate to the murderer, in the most delicate manner, that though the murder of a Hottentot or two was a small matter, the habit was a bad one, and that he might happen to murder a "Christian" next. Thus was the majesty of the Dutch law vindicated at the Cape of Good Hope!

It is obvious, moreover, how utterly impossible it is for a white criminal to be brought to justice, while the laws are administered by the whites exclusively, and when a crime has been committed against one of a despised race, whom it is their interest to keep in a state of slavish subjection.

Where slavery exists in an agricultural and thickly peopled country,—where the subjection of the colored race is continual and unqualified, they feel it less, because every semblance of liberty is removed from their sight, and their hopeless degradation produces a species of apathy and thoughtless levity, which mitigate, if they do not altogether drown, the sense of intolerable wrong. In South Africa, however, where the habits of the people are generally pastoral, in consequence of the arid nature of the country, it frequently happens that the Hottentots are far removed from the presence of their oppressors, either tending their flocks or shooting game for their use in the wilderness or "Karroo," as such tracts are called at the Cape. There the love of liberty revives in their hearts, and bitterly do they feel that they are no longer what they once were, when they see the "spring-bocks" and ostriches scouring over the plains as if to twit them with their slavery. There the Hottentot feels his power, and who can blame him if he sometimes thinks that his unerring aim might be justly directed at the hearts of his oppressors? How can he forget his pristine liberty while he sees the very beasts of the field enjoying what he knows he can never hope to possess?

Numbers of the Hottentots [illegible] the greater part of their lives wandering f[illegible]lace to place with their families, subsisting [illegible]e game which they shoot by the way, and s[illegible]ing round their fires on the bare ground a[illegible]ght. While on these excursions they seem [illegible]enjoy themselves greatly, and the notes of [illegible]e "Ramki" are heard till the night is far spent. The Hottentots are passionately fond of music, and much of the happiness they enjoy, to compensate for their loss of liberty, is derived from this source. To the little hut or "pouduck" near our house at Groot Vader's Bosch, I often went of an evening to listen to their sweet native music. Several of their tunes I noted down. Most of these tunes are of a lively character, and adapted to the dance. There was one sweetly wild and plaintive air, however, which was never played on the "Ramki" by an old Hottentot woman but it affected many of the hearers to tears, evidently from some association of ideas connected with their situation. On this point they were unusually reserved with me, and I was left to imagine what their feelings were by my own; for I could never hear this air, which was full of melancholy expression, but I felt myself similarly affected. In the following verses I have endeavored to pourtray the feelings of the poor Hottentots, and any merit they may possess may in a great measure be attributed to the wild melody to which they are adapted.

THE HOTTENTOT'S LAMENT.

Weary we traverse the boundless Karroo,
Where the spring-bock and zebra fly from our view,
With wild leap and bound,
O'er the thirsty ground,
In countless herds they speed far away,
Far, far away,
O'er the Ruggens grey,
In Liberty!
Our hearts beat high,
As with glancing eye,
At the fleet-footed tribes we level the roer,
And think of the Boer,
The cold-blooded Boer,
And Liberty!

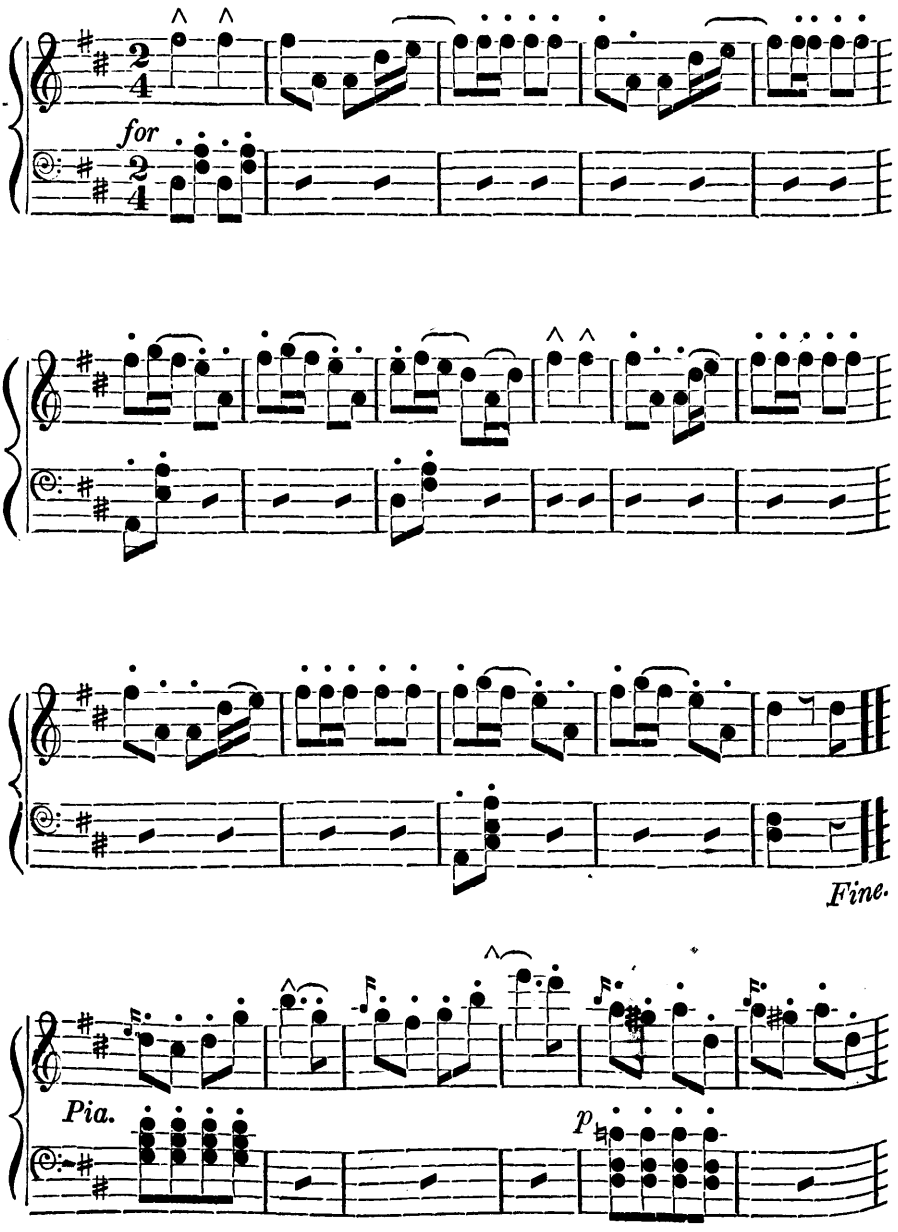
But our numbers are few,—and our fond hopes are vain
Our flocks and the land of our birth to regain;
And the wrongs of our race
In the sands we trace,
To be swept by the passing winds away,
Far, far away
With our liberty,
O! Liberty!
The lion we dare
In his savage lair,
And the elephant track through the long summer day,
They fall our prey,
Yet *we* waste away,
In Slavery!

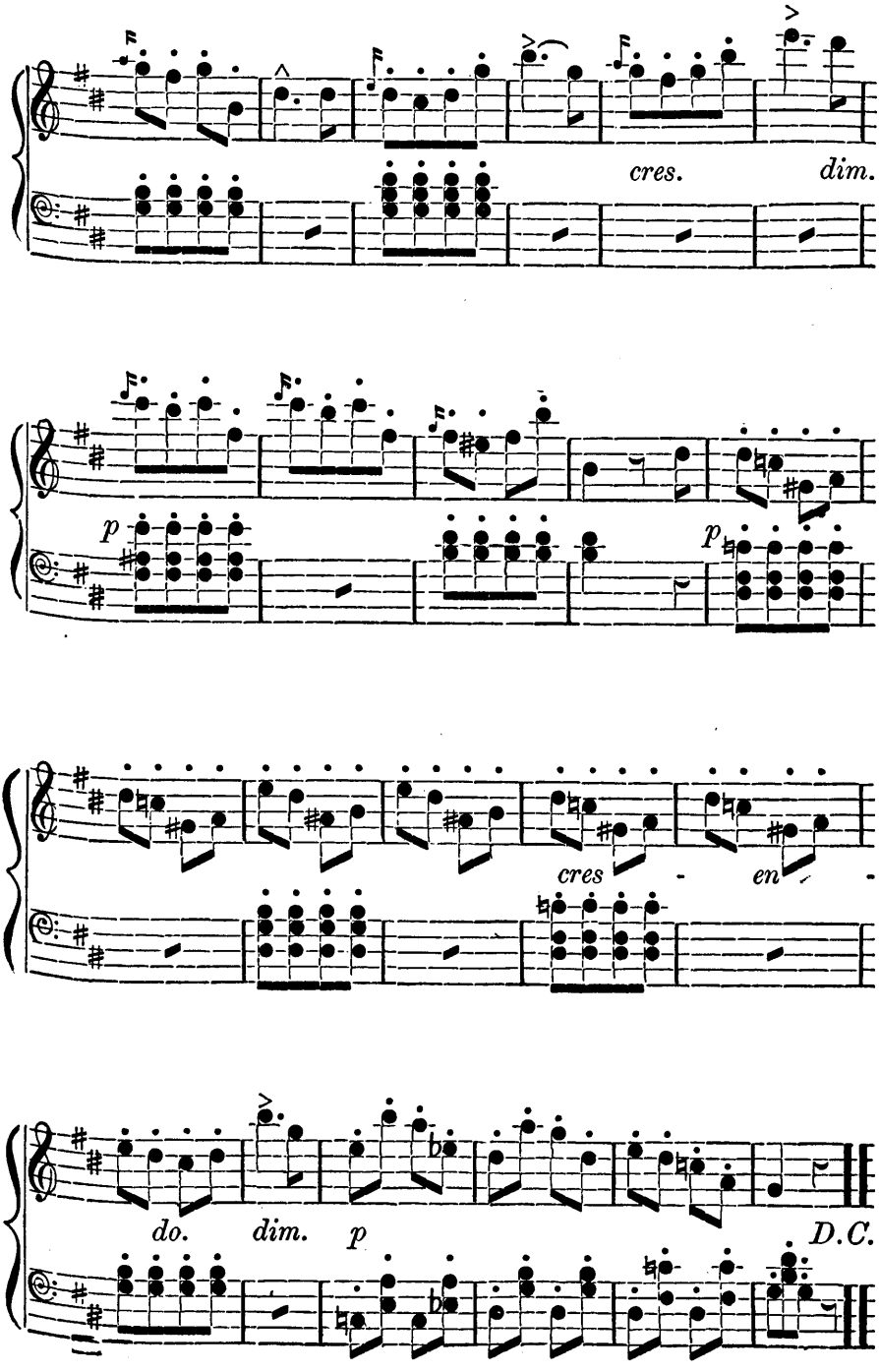
In the wild woods the lordly elephant reigns,
The ostrich and quagga sweep o'er the plains,
O! not more free
Than once were we,
Till the "Christian" came! and each free-born soul
Was drowned in the bowl,—
The maddening bowl,
And Slavery!
Of our lands bereft,
We have nothing left,
But the burning heart and the bitter sigh,
As we waste away,
With our soul's decay,
And Slavery!

Silent we crouch round our evening fire,
While our young maidens sing to the sweet "Chia" lyre.
As each wild note rings,
O'er the trembling strings,
Our tears fall fast for times pass'd away,—
Far, far away,
With our liberty,
O! Liberty!
We may sink to our graves,
As the white man's slaves,
But our spirits are free and to bright realms of day,
They'll speed far away,
Far, far away,
To Liberty!

LE BOUTON D'OR.

MUSIC ARRANGED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY MR. W. H. WARREN, OF MONTREAL.

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OUR TABLE.

THE MAPLE LEAF—A CANADIAN ANNUAL—10 PLATES. TORONTO, H. ROWSELL; MONTREAL, R. & C. CHALMERS.—1847.

THE Maple Leaf is the title, and a very appropriate and happily chosen one it is, of the first and, as we believe, the only Annual ever published in these Provinces.

The work is neatly printed, embellished with several beautiful engravings, and elegantly bound.

After saying so much in favour, we may be permitted to point out some few faults, though venial, in a first attempt. Firstly, then, (we must divide this portion of our subject into heads, for the sake of perspicuity, as we have a secondly, a thirdly, a fourthly, &c., but not on to a "twenty-seventhly," like the sermon from our good old Minister—God rest his soul—the last we ever heard from him, the Sabbath morn before we left our native land for ever, some thirty years ago.

Firstly, then, the effect of the typography, which is very good, has been greatly marred in the process of "dry-pressing." This has been done too "dry."

Secondly, the shape, the quarto form, is not the thing it ought to be. It looks too like a Lady's Album, or it might easily be mistaken for her portfolio.

Thirdly, its pages are not numbered—why, we know not,—but we feel this want in referring to its contents; and,

Lastly, no allusion is made, no explanation given, about its title. This is undoubtedly an oversight, and nothing more. Any work ushered forth to the world from the press in these Provinces is surely supposed to be read in other and far-off lands, where the sweet virtues of the Maple are unknown. It might, perchance, reach England, where the intelligent reader, in certain parts of it at least, (in Norfolk and Suffolk for instance, where the Maple is rife in every hedge-row, brake and bower,) would wonder why the work could not as well be called the Alder or the Aspen Leaf, or that of the Oak, the Elm, the Beech, the Pine Tree, or the glorious Sycamore.

So much for the mechanical department, and now for its literary merits.

The work contains, what is seldom found in Annuals, several articles of real and intrinsic worth, evidently emanating from the classic pen of poetic genius.

This is the country of our choice, if not of our birth, and we regard it with an affection as ardent as that felt by our fathers for the land of their ancestors, and perhaps still more tender and endearing from the simple circumstance of its being in its infancy. It has also other claims, and deep ones too, upon our hearts. It is the birth place of our children, in whom we have "a fearful pleasure, a deeper care and a higher joy," and by whom our existence has been widened and extended, and will be perpetuated; and then, again—but we love it, and that's enough. We love it "with a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul—all the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur," and we will do what we can to cherish and foster it in this its infant state, with all the fondness a mother feels for her darling offspring,

"All beautiful in health and youth."

Aye, and we feel as proud, and toss our heads as high as if we ourselves had done it, when we see our young and rising country, thus, as in the work before us, budding forth in blossoms, the brightness of whose expanding beauties would neither be dimmed nor tarnished by a comparison with the literary productions of the mighty spirits of our Father-land.

On the contrary, the Maple Leaf, in its simplicity and beauty will add at least one tint of greenness and of freshness to the roseate wreath of literary glory that already decks her brow.

Perhaps we are too sanguine and enthusiastic in our predilections in favour of our beloved Colonists—let our readers judge for themselves—we hesitate not to leave them to pronounce the verdict—customary as it is for recent immigrants naturally imbued with Old Country prejudices, to hold our merits in light esteem in every department of art or science. But luckily we have it in our power to give them back a Roland for their Oliver. But enough of this—it is rather out of place here, or we would have said a great deal more upon a subject so near our hearts, and will do so, with God's help, some of these fine days when we are not in quite so good a humour with ourselves, nor yet so proud of our Colonial productions, as the following specimens have made us.

Our first quotation has been selected, not so much for the poetic beauties it may justly claim, as for its Colonial allusions. The tender and touching scene of domestic happiness, of maternal affection,—the purest and the brightest, if not the last sad relic of that glorious image in which we were originally created—the gems of priceless value—the sparkling jewels of infant loveliness—and the darling little dog to boot—are all so beautifully delineated in the first illustration—and so graphically and so pathetically described (with the exception of the darling little dog, and we cannot here forgive the author for forgetting it,) as to excite the warmest sympathies of our nature, and lead us to heed not whether the principal figure in the scene be the representative of a royal race, in the gorgeous palace of a hundred kings, ruling o'er an empire on which the "sun doth never set," or a simple youthful matron in a whitewashed cottage, in the midst of some lonely clearing in the wild back-woods of Canada. While pride and vanity—a wedded pair,—the parents of that modern abortion—"liberty and equality"—have set the world on fire, and drenched it with human blood, without accomplishing a single iota of its object—the picture before us has a far more levelling tendency, as well as the pathos of the poem it illustrates, for both alike apply to a sweet domestic scene of surpassing loveliness, whether within the old grey ivied walls of Windsor, or by the clean swept evening hearth of the toiling labouring peasant, who literally eats his bread, under the curse of God, to the sweat of his brow:

THE QUEEN.

From Himalaya's snowy piles,
From green Australia's farthest Isles,
Where sweeps the wave round Aden's peak,
Where deep woods shield the vanquished Sikh,
Where the wild Cape's gigantic form,
Looms through the haze of southern storm,
Where the old Spanish rock looks down
O'er the blue strait with martial frown,
Where o'er the western world looks forth,
Quebec, grey fortress of the north;
Where old St. Lawrence sings and smiles,
Round blue Ontario's thousand Isles;
Where the young Queen of inland seas,
Toronto, woos the forest breeze;
Where the everlasting spray-cloud floats
High o'er Niagara's thunder notes;
Where Erie spreads his waters fair,
Where white sails gleam on soft St. Clair;
Where the Great Spirit islands* rest,
Far off on Huron's sunlit breast;
Where tempests wake Superior's sleep
Where Oregon looks o'er the deep—
Floats the Red-cross on high!
And the glad shout of Freeborn hosts
Echoes from earth's remotest coasts,
"Britain and Victory!"

*The Manitoulin.

The other quotation, which must be our last, is from a poem on one of the most extraordinary scenes in the voluminous works of the great Wizard of the North:

REBECCA.

"The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape for his daughter, even from this den of infamy!"—*Ivanhoe.*

"Bless'd be the God of Abraham for his promise!
Even from this den of murder he hath given
A ransom for his daughter!"
One wild spring,
And poised upon the airy battlement,
She waves farewell to earth; th' indignant blood
Fades from the whitening cheek, the hands are spread
The dark eye raised imploringly to heaven,
To bless the bold self-sacrifice, and take,
The rescued soul all spotless to its home.

Bless'd be the God of Abraham for his promise,
Courage and faith have triumphed gloriously!
And on that dizzy pinnacle she stands,
Strong as a host in arms! A soft slight form,
Radiant in awful strength, in mail of proof,
From God's bright armory. Circled with a flush,
Of holy light, prophetic ray that gilds
A Queeenly spirit—Euthanasia!
An emanation from the deep-stirr'd hearts
Of loftiest natures—Hope—Faith—Chastity—
And all weak woman's store of hidden strength.

Fair incarnation of the poet's dream
Of Judah's faded splendour—radiant child
Of her long line of warriors—minstrels—priests—
And glorious women: Miriam, Deborah,
And she who died in Gilead. Thou hast sprung
From the bright touch of genius, and thy name
Is now historic truth; a synonyme
For all high, pure, and beautiful in woman.
Oh! Fiction's noblest triumph! to have raised
A form like thine for earth's admiring gaze
On that high battlement—thy pedestal!

We insert it without note or comment; it speaks for itself, and so does the plate.

We hesitate not, therefore, to recommend, to the favourable notice of our readers in general, and to the colonial portion of them in particular, the "Maple Leaf," as a specimen of what we Colonists can do. It is to be found, as well as a host of other gems of a similar character, in the Bookstore of Messrs. Chalmers, in Great St. James' Street.

THE PICTORIAL ALMANAC.

"Our Table" is so crowded with new Works, that we can hardly do more than enumerate their titles.

The Pictorial Almanac (we really thought we had exhausted the subject of Almanacs) comes out in its regular style of elegance and beauty. We have one fault, however, to find with it.

It is a curious and a melancholy fact that anything peculiar to this transatlantic country, must, some how or other, as if there were some fatal necessity for the error, be grossly misrepresented at Home. We allude to an engraving, in this work, of the Ear of Indian Corn, as well as to the representation of the plant itself. The former has a tassel, like the tail of a wild colt, branching out from its apex, while the latter is adorned with all but naked specimens of the rich golden ear, gorgeously tasselled like its fellow, and half a yard in length.

The publisher will understand our strictures, when we say that the plant ought to be eight feet in height, and the ear, without a tassel, as many inches long. *Verbum sat.*

No ! no such thing ! This is a trifle,—a mere nothing, and so is the thistle down,—barring the baneful seed it bears, when wafted o'er the fence that separates the sluggard's field from that of careful industry—it shews the way the wind blows; and well would it be if it did nothing more. And so it is with these absurd misrepresentations. They are simply the manifestations of determined and persevering error.

We have had the high and the exquisite satisfaction of seeing some well executed engravings, from drawings on the spot, from the graphic pencil of a noble lord, published in England, and in royal quarto form, representing the burning of St. Eustache, during the battle fought there in 1837, in which every steep-roofed Canadian house is adorned with half a dozen chimney pots, as large as life,—a thing they never saw, these poor rebellious Canadians ! and never will, the longest day they have to live.

The truth is, and, as we said before, it is a melancholy truth, they will not,—they cannot understand us. They do not even know how to delineate a corn-stalk. They take their cue from some one who has been in Canada, and travelled through it, from Quebec to Amherstburg; an Officer, perhaps, of some three years residence in the country, but who in fact has not seen it—he has seen the towns—but the country never,—never saw a corn-field in his life, and never would, if he had stayed in it three times three years more.

This, we hesitate not to say again, is a trifle, a mere trifle not worth the mentioning, were it not for the important results arising out of it. And what have been these results ?—Why, the dismemberment of the Empire—the wars of the French revolution—and the hundreds of millions of increase to the national debt—and all because the people in England will not understand the height of a common corn-stalk ! !

THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.—PUBLISHED BY MR. JAMES POTTS, ST. GABRIEL STREET.

We have to thank the publisher for the January number, being No. 1, of Vol. 2, of this periodical. The work is highly creditable to the parties under whose superintendence it is issued.

The *Record*, as its title signifies, is a Monthly Magazine devoted to the interests of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in British North America. We believe it is the only periodical of the kind, published in this country. The present number, in addition to several papers of merit, contains the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, recently established in this City. A very fair engraved portrait of W. M. B. Hartley, Esq., Past Grand Sire, embellishes the number. "The Odd Fellows," an association for benevolent purposes, has become so respectable and so numerous as to leave little doubt but that this promising work will remunerate the publisher. We cordially wish the *Record* every success.

We have seen lately one of the most beautiful specimens of typography, which the press has ever produced. It is the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, printed in various colours, with Initial letters, Borders, and designs of the most elegant invention and brilliant execution, and really presenting a *tout ensemble* of exceeding beauty. It is from the press of John Murray, of London, who seems to have brought the whole of the genius, skill and talent of the Metropolis to bear upon the work. We have no doubt whatever that the enterprise which conceived and carried through this magnificent work will be duly appreciated and rewarded. Messrs. R. & C. Chalmers have a few copies of the book for sale, and really it is a gem which any person of taste, and who has the means of purchasing, may be proud to possess.

There are some other works craving our notice, among which, not the least deserving are the "Eclectic" and "Horticultural" Magazines. We are obliged to say, that to do them justice, we must be permitted to allow them to lie over until our next number. We have no hesitation, however, in the meantime, to recommend them to the favorable notice of our readers. R. & A. Miller, Booksellers, are Agents for these works.