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THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

No. 3.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ORPHAN; OR, THE AFFIANCED.

BY E. M. M.

Art thou a child of tears,
Cradled in care and woe,
And seems it hard thy vernal years,
Few vernal joys can shew ?

And fall the sounds of mirth,
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth,
Untimely called to part ?

Keeble.

The Rectory of Rosedale stood in a beautiful and fertile part of Devonshire: It was a small, yet tasteful building, where every flower and shrub, and every shady tree, vied with each other in making it the perfection of rural loveliness. At the end of the lawn, was a rippling stream, by the side of which many a willow gracefully inclined, dipping their branches into the water, on whose bosom the white lilies grew in rich abundance. The view in the far distance was grand, and imposing; lofty hills rearing their proud heads in one continuous chain, and graced by magnificent trees to their very summits, while the vallies clustered over with the cottages of the peasantry, and the fields waving with the yellow corn, ripe for the sickle, gave to the whole an appearance of peace and plenty, most gratifying to the eye of the benevolent stranger, who might chance to pass it by. Yet even in this sweet sequestered spot had grief found entrance, robbing it of every charm in the sight of him who dwelt beneath its humble roof, as the revered and exemplary Pastor of the neighbouring hamlet.

The Reverend Mr. Milman, was in truth a follower of his Divine Master, his sole aim was to win souls to embrace the glorious gospel of Christ, and lead them to the well of living waters, where alone they could be cleansed from all their sins. In meekness, and kindness, and unwearied patience, did he pursue this high behest, grateful and happy beyond all words, when one through his instrumentality would turn from a life of lawless forgetfulness, and cry in the words of the jailor, "What shall I do to be saved?" He had been much assisted in his arduous and responsible labours, by a most excellent and amiable wife, whose attributes were an entire forgetfulness of self—and a yearning desire to be useful to others. Intellectual and highly gifted

though she was, how would the fine mind of Mrs. Milman stoop to instruct the lowly and ignorant, and bring them out from darkness and error, into the light of better things, making a little sanctuary of many an abode where all before had been confusion, sin and misery; yet while thus employed abroad, home was not forgotten—nay it was the first considered and attended to, amidst the various duties of this gifted woman. One daughter had blessed her union with Mr. Milman, and in the education of this dear child, she at once found the most delightful occupation, and met the richest returns—for the young Emmeline was indeed one of nature's most beautiful conceptions: not only in face and form, but in disposition and mind—gentle, winning and attractive, her meek and dove-like eyes would rest on her mother's face as she conversed with her upon the goodness of God, and the riches of His grace, until tears would fall in quick succession at the sufferings of that Saviour, who, to redeem a lost and ruined world from the curse of sin, had submitted to such unexampled misery and sufferings while on earth. Yet unsatisfied with such emotions, and fearful lest the pious impressions she received, might waste themselves in mere sensibility, or, what has been aptly termed sentimental religion, Mrs. Milman would take her to the abodes of sanctified sorrow and affliction, where she would witness the power of those truths she inculcated, in overcoming all sufferings, all pain,—aye, even the terrors of death itself. Emmeline shared equally the love and affection of both her parents, who prayed against making her their idol, holding her as a talent bestowed on them only to be improved, and as a being destined for a far brighter state of existence.

Yet let it not be thought that austerity or gloom

formed any part of their system, while training and cultivating this beautiful flower. Oh, no! in all her innocent amusements (and they were many,) her parents most readily entered, beholding her child-like glee, with unalloyed pleasure, and listening to the music of her laugh with respondent feelings of happiness, as they watched her graceful figure bounding like an antelope over the fresh green fields in search of the sweet briar and wild rose, growing in the hedge rows, and which she would bring home in triumph to decorate her mother's room, where she would be equally happy to remain, assisting her in her various works, while they discoursed together on all those subjects calculated to elevate and improve her mind; or conning over those lessons selected as the most appropriate to make her good and useful, as well as enlightened. Mrs. Milman possessed a great taste for music; but as she devoted all her gifts, so did she this one also, to the praise and glory of her Divine Lord; and delightful it was to listen to the harmony of her rich voice blending with the youthful tones of Emmeline's, as they chaunted hymns together, which she would accompany in a masterly style on a small organ.

Inscrutable and mysterious are the ways of Providence, and past finding out. At this period, when the life of Mrs. Milman was of the utmost importance to her child—when, as the enlightened, the affectionate, the inestimable companion of her husband, her worth in his sight knew no bounds,—when, by her charities and instructions, she was a blessing to the poor,—and by her counsels, and gifted converse, her society was prized by the rich—the angel of death was sent to bid her prepare for her passage through the dark valley. She received the message in meek resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father, although natural regrets were experienced, when she thought of her husband and her child; yet even these were hushed, as the prospect of a glorious eternity opened on her enraptured sight and she was constrained to cry “Oh, death where is thy sting! Oh, grave where is thy victory!” She committed her only treasure, with tender solicitude, to the care of her afflicted husband, whose faith was now indeed tried by this heavy blow, to the utmost, and folding her hands together, she breathed a prayer that her beloved ones might be brought to her in God's good time. Then gazing on them both with speechless affection, she sank back upon her pillow, and softly and calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

There was scarcely a dry eye in the village, when it became known that Mrs. Milman was no more; or one who failed to follow her lamented remains to the grave, their steps watered by their tears, and their lamentations only silenced for the sake of the bereaved husband, who, after the solemn and affecting ceremony, shut himself up and was seen by none save his child for many days. At the close of one fortnight, he resumed his parochial duties,—his

cheek ashy pale, his form shrunk and attenuated—yet in his placid and resigned countenance might be traced, that the precepts he had been accustomed to inculcate were no idle tales or cunningly devised fables, but possessed of power to heal the bruised—to bind up the broken—and to give strength and consolation to the wounded, afflicted mourner.

Emmeline sensibly felt the loss of her mother. Whichever way she turned in her desolate home, she missed the beloved being who she had been used to see, while every cherished object that had belonged to the dear departed, addressed itself powerfully to her feelings, and produced a flood of grief that would not be controlled. Yet, child as she was, this very indulgence of her sorrow soon relieved its intensity. It was left for the husband, who wept not, to mourn in secrecy and silence, to feel that the iron had entered his soul; that the aspect of the world had suddenly changed, and its brightness faded from his sight.

About a month subsequent to this sad event, Mr. Milman received a letter from the Earl of Windermere, whose acquaintance he had formerly made when at college. It commenced by offering him a few common place condolences upon his late bereavement, expressing his sincere desire to serve him in any way he might name, that was in his power; and then proceeded to inquire whether it would be convenient to him to receive his son, Lord Avon, under his roof for a short time, prior to his making the tour of the continent; his reason for urging the request at the present moment, he said, was to separate him from some very wild and extravagant companions, whose influence over him was becoming dangerously powerful, and had led him into excesses, which he (the Earl) was extremely anxious to correct. “I am aware, my good friend,” concluded the letter, “that your sentiments upon some points, are peculiar, but as I have no fears of Avon's becoming an ascetic, I place him under your care with every confidence,—my wish is only to clip a few of the exuberant branches, and not to trim the noble tree too closely; or, in other words, to give him morality, but no religious fanaticism. Write me a line to say, whether it suits you to enter into my views. Truly yours, “WINDERMERE.”

Mr. Milman smiled as he closed the letter; the Earl, he perceived, subscribed to the opinion of the majority of the world, that so long as education is confined to a preparation for the duties and rules of society, it is right; but step beyond, and endeavour to show the importance of the soul—its high destiny, and the necessity there is to prepare it for the kingdom of God, and instantly it becomes fanaticism, enthusiasm, and folly. Fatal, fatal, errors, the suggestion of an evil spirit, who, cast down from Heaven for his sins, cannot endure that one should attain bliss from which he has been excluded forever.

The proposal to receive Lord Avon for a time, proved very acceptable to Mr. Milman, who needed some stimulus to rouse him from the painful depression under which he was labouring. He had seen the young man but once, when he had been rather impressed in his favour. The Earl he knew to be a proud, haughty aristocrat, tyrannical in his family, and overbearing to his inferiors in rank and station, except when he could make them useful to himself. Lord Avon was his only son, his eldest child being a daughter, and married to Sir John Lumley, who was many years older than herself. Mr. Milman had never met the Lady Frances; but he had always heard that she bore a most amiable character. Their mother, the Countess of Windermere, had died in giving birth to the present heir—some said from a broken heart, owing to the harsh and cruel treatment of her lord, who was feared and hated by all depending upon him. Mr. Milman lost no time in replying to the letter, grateful that he was chosen as the instrument, (he hoped) of good to one destined to fill a high and influential position in society; and at the close of another week, Lord Avon arrived at Rosedale, accompanied by his servant, Austin, and a Newfoundland dog, named Blouse.

He was a fine, noble looking youth, possessing for his age, a most commanding appearance, with manners at once easy, graceful and polished. Yet it soon became evident that he had not come a willing visitor, to the quiet and retired abode of the good minister, who received him with the utmost cordiality, exerting and rallying his spirits with a painful effort, that he might not disgust him with a melancholy, in which it would be impossible for him to sympathise. The enlightened conversation of Mr. Milman could not fail to interest and attract a rational young man, such as Lord Avon appeared to be. But, ardent and full of life and spirits, how could it be expected that he should find himself suddenly transported from all his young companions and most favourite pursuits, to a retired village, and not suffer his chagrin and impatience to be at times apparent? Mr. Milman thought it perfectly natural, making every allowance for him, and wisely abstaining from the slightest display of authority, or dictation, aware that these would have been at once resisted. Had Emmeline been but a few years older, beautiful as she was, Lord Avon might have beguiled many an hour, he fancied, in her society, but winning, engaging, and endearing, though she appeared in the sight of her father, a child of ten years old possessed no interest in his, and he scarcely ever designed to speak to her, while she, naturally retiring and modest, never obtruded herself on the stranger, more than politeness demanded. With his dog, however, she soon became excellent friends, and many a scamper they enjoyed together over the fields, her gay laugh vibrating painfully on the sensitive heart of Mr. Milman, as he gazed on her mourn-

ing attire, and remembered all that she had lost—all that he so keenly deplored. "Yet why wish to restrain her mirth, poor child," he would mentally say; "too soon will time bring sorrows in its train, that she may not so easily surmount as this. Happy, happy age, when tears glitter in the sunshine of smiles, and grief is forgotten in the buoyancy of youth." But there were hours when Emmeline could feel very sad, in the sombre twilight evenings, as she strolled in the nut walk, her mother's favourite resort, and thought on that beloved being forever gone, and all her kindness and affection. Bitterly would she then weep, unseen by all; nor could she recover her cheerfulness till the light of another day chased away her melancholy retrospections. All the time that Mr. Milman could devote to her, he gave her; once he had an idea of engaging a governess to in some measure compensate for the deprivation of her mother's invaluable instructions; but she pleaded so hard to continue his pupil alone, promising to be doubly attentive to her studies, that he yielded his intention to her wish. The love of Emmeline for her father, was without limit,—indeed on whoever she reposed her young affections it was with a depth and power which this excellent parent wisely strove to control; warning her that inordinate attachment to any earthly object was sinful in the sight of that God who claimed the first place in her heart. Ever anxious to afford others happiness, rather than to herself, most engaging it was to witness the little sacrifices which this sweet child would make to give pleasure to a young friend, or to bestow all her hoard of money for the relief of some distressed object. But, trained as she had been from infancy, in religious paths, her slightest act was performed upon a holy principle, and for the sake of her Redeemer. To be praised for any thing she did always distressed her, calling forth the reply, "It was not in me to do this good; if I had been left to myself, I should have neglected it—God put it into my heart, therefore praise him." Richly was her young mind stored, with the Scriptures, which possessed for her an interest the most intense, and her mother's Bible, marked in every page by her own dear hand, became after her death, her greatest treasure.

One morning she carried this precious book into the study of her father, to beg he would expound a text which she did not quite comprehend; but instead of finding Mr. Milman, as she expected, Lord Avon was there in search of a volume he wished to read. Emmeline blushed, and apologising for her intrusion, would have retreated.

"Come in little one," said Lord Avon, "what is it you want?"

"I wish very much to have this text explained to me," replied Emmeline timidly; "perhaps as papa is not here, you would have the goodness to do so."

Her sweet voice and manner could not be resisted.

"Most happily, if it is in my power. Let me see which is it?" said Lord Avon, taking the Bible from her hand and reading aloud the one she pointed out to him, from the seventh chapter of Romans and the ninth verse. "For I was alive without the law once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." Lord Avon's cheek flushed, as he closed the book, for he knew not what answer to give the child.

"Emmeline, I have never studied these things," he said, carelessly returning the book; "you must ask your father."

The eyes of Emmeline dilated in astonishment; but naturally too well bred to make any comment, she thanked him, and was turning to leave the room, when Mr. Milman entered, and she preferred her inquiry to him; he replied to it at once:

"Before the Law came, my child, or in other words, the commandments were given, man could not know all that was required of him by a just and holy God—that in thought, word, and deed, he must be pure even as He is pure, else eternal death would be the inevitable consequence of one single breach in the covenant—thus he became condemned—but, blessed be God, who, knowing our infirmity, our weakness, and how impossible it would be to keep inviolate this holy law, sent his son to be a propitiation for our sins—and to suffer its utmost penalty in our stead, that we might be saved, if we trust in his merits *alone*, and show forth that trust by a constant endeavour to walk uprightly and according to all his commandments. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, dearest papa, it is quite clear to me now," replied Emmeline joyfully, as she glided from the room.

This little incident made an impression on Lord Avon—he was struck with the eager solicitude of a mere child to comprehend that which had never engaged one thought of his, and he marvelled at his own ignorance on a subject of such vast importance; he, however, said nothing, but walked away with the volume he had selected, to a favourite spot in the grounds, under a spreading tree by the side of the lake.

It will not be supposed that a faithful minister, like Mr. Milman, would neglect any means placed within his power to dispose the mind of his noble guest to a better knowledge of divine things; but he knew that with a young man, educated as Lord Avon had been, exclusively for this world, much caution was requisite not to obtrude unseasonably those precious truths which *cannot* be received by the unregenerate mind; yet as he seemed fond of disquisition, he frequently indulged him, refuting many an erroneous opinion, and overthrowing false notions, by holding up that unerring guide, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, well aware, at the same time, that

though he might use the means, and was in duty bound to do so, unless God's especial grace was vouchsafed, no blessed results could follow. Lord Avon possessed that prejudice against real and vital religion, which every man whose eyes are blinded by the God of this world possesses. He thought it was of little consequence what creed he embraced if he was only sincere—but this dangerous doctrine Mr. Milman at once refuted by referring him to the third chapter in St Paul's Epistle to the Philippians—again Lord Avon argued that it appeared to him investing the Almighty with injustice to say that he could form beings innumerable as the sands of the sea, who, never having heard of a Saviour, must perish eternally because of that ignorance—what made him to differ from the poor heathen who in their blindness bow down to wood and stone?"

"These are mysteries which it would be wise in us not to attempt to penetrate," replied Mr. Milman, "since God has chosen to obscure them from our finite reason. Sufficient is it for us to know that if we, who have been brought to the light, neglect so great means of salvation, our condemnation will be heavier than theirs who have never heard the blessed sound of the Gospel preached to them; but I have always observed," he continued, "that they who cavil most on this theme, and express the highest indignation at the heathen's lost state, afford no means to enlighten him—while the true Christian, convinced that there is no other way under Heaven by which man may be saved than Christ Jesus, comes forward and either by his subscriptions to missionary societies, or by breaking all kindred ties to visit far lands, where he may wander amongst these stray sheep—counting his life as nothing, if he may but bring one unto the fold of the Heavenly Shepherd; he, I say, by every means in his power, shows his firm belief in the written word of God, and stays not to question or dispute with his Maker, upon points far beyond his comprehension. Surely such conduct is more gratifying, more cheering to humanity."

"Ah, my dear sir, you are an enthusiast, therefore it is useless to dispute with you," returned Lord Avon smiling.

"If by an enthusiast you mean one who strives to keep in his remembrance the grand purpose of his being, I am assuredly what you term me," rejoined Mr. Milman.

"But you will allow that there are duties to engage and occupy men distinct from religion, which afford not the time which you can beatow on the theme—duties in the senate and in the camp, for instance," again said the youthful casuist.

"I admit this, and the more faithfully they are performed, the more acceptable they are to God. Religion is not intended to unfit us for our several stations, but to enable us to fill them with rectitude and principle. It is the connecting link between us

and our Creator. Break it, and our ruin is inevitable—and remember that he who affirms he has no time to serve God, can feel no love. If he have the wish, he will find the means."

The day may possibly arrive when I may give the subject more reflection," said Lord Avon, walking towards the door; "at present I fear my mind is pre-occupied."

"Ah! my young friend, that postponing to a convenient season is too dangerous to allow me to pass it over; it is true you are now in the plenitude of youth and vigour, yet these must not be depended on,—too many instances of their mutability are daily spread before us. Duties are ours—events are God's."

Lord Avon looked over his shoulder and smiled, as he was leaving the room, merely bowing his head in answer to this observation, while Mr. Milman, gazing for a moment after him, mentally said: "How hardly shall they who trust in riches enter the Kingdom of God." A few days subsequent to this conversation, Lord Avon received a visit from one of his friends, Sir Arthur Clifton, in consequence of a letter he had written him, entreating he would come and enliven his solitude, else he would certainly hear that he had committed suicide in a fit of despair. "What could possess my noble paternity to draw the cords of discipline so tight, Heaven knows!" he wrote; "but break they must soon. Another week spent in this unknown corner of the world would destroy me quite."

"Mr. Milman felt vexed at the coming of the stranger, who, he saw at a glance, was one of those wild and thoughtless companions the Earl of Windermere desired so much to keep separate from the society of his son; and, to prevent their being too long together, he politely invited him to dinner, which the other as politely declined, pleading an engagement with his friend. Mr. Milman could say no more; but with regret beheld Lord Avon leave the house, accompanied by Sir Arthur. The day passed and he came not back; the shades of evening darkened into night, and still he was absent. Mr. Milman sat up watching for him until long past midnight. When at length the young man made his appearance, with a flushed check and haggard eye, he started on perceiving Mr. Milman, and began a stammering apology for having detained him up so long. Mr. Milman said very little, aware that he was not in a state to receive advice; but he gazed on him in grave displeasure. They parted at the door of Lord Avon's chamber, when his man, Austin, was summoned to attend him; in the course of the following day he took occasion to represent to his Lordship the impropriety of his conduct, stating that, as Lord Windermere had, in the fullest confidence placed him under his care, he felt it to be his duty to watch over him and preserve him from all evil,—that the Earl had expressed

a strong desire to separate him from his wild associates—consequently, while he remained at Rosedale, he must entreat that he would hold no more intercourse with Sir Arthur Clifton, else he would be under the unpleasant necessity of writing to his father, to say that he could no longer undertake a charge over which he possessed no control. This rebuke, though gently uttered, gave great offence to Lord Avon, who, drawing himself proudly up, said with a kindling eye, "That he really could not submit to the control Mr. Milman considered it necessary to exercise—that at the age of eighteen, he thought he might choose his own companions. Mr. Milman might act as he pleased, but as Sir Arthur Clifton had come for a few days into the neighbourhood at his request, he intended to give him as much of his society as possible."

"Very well, my Lord," returned Mr. Milman, with much gravity; "then I have but one course to pursue—if I cannot fulfil my trust conscientiously, I must with sorrow relinquish it." He left the room as he spoke, while Lord Avon muttering an expression of anger, hurried into the garden, walking with rapid steps along the path that led to the lake, where he found Emmeline amusing herself in building a little fanciful grotto, with shells and stones she had collected together for that purpose. She was kneeling down with her back towards him as he drew near, accompanied by his dog Blouse, who, the moment he perceived his young favourite, bounded forward, and in his exuberant joy destroyed her labours, levelling the fairy fabric to the ground. "Oh, you naughty dog," exclaimed the child, sorrowfully looking down upon the ruins; "how in an instant have you deprived me of my pleasure, I wish you had not come this way."

"I wish to God that I had never come to Rosedale," said Lord Avon, impatiently calling his dog, and passing Emmeline, without expressing any regret at the mischief that had been done. She started at the tone of his voice, and the frown that knit his brows, then dashing away the tears that had gathered in her eyes, she sweetly said: "Poor dog, he did not mean to vex me—and even if he had I ought to forgive him." At this moment her attention was attracted by a bird's nest, which a sudden gust of wind had cast from the branch of a tree into the water. The sympathy of Emmeline was immediately called forth, as she watched the parent bird hovering over her young, in evident distress, and breaking off a bough, she leaned forward, endeavouring to draw the nest towards her—but unfortunately losing her balance, she fell with a violent plunge into the lake. The piercing cry she uttered brought Lord Avon instantly to the spot; he endeavoured to grasp her white dress, but she was carried out beyond his reach. At his bidding, Blouse jumped in, and seizing her frock in his mouth, held her up while his master wading in after her, caught her in

his arms and conveyed her back in safety to the bank. Emmeline was much terrified. Clasp- ing her preserver round the neck, unable to speak. He hastened home with her—meeting Mr. Milman at the door, to whose care he consigned her, saying :

“ She fell into the lake, sir, but I do not think she is hurt—only frightened.”

“ Merciful God, my child—my darling Emmeline,” exclaimed Mr. Milman in great agitation, as he received her. “ How did it happen ?—speak to me, my own precious one.”

“ Do not be so alarmed, dear papa,” gasped Emmeline, raising her head from his shoulder—but thank kind Lord Avon for saving me.”

Mr. Milman cast on Lord Avon a look of unutterable gratitude, but his heart was too full for utterance. Then raising his eyes to Heaven, he murmured an indistinct prayer, and retired with his child into the house, while her preserver returned to his own apartment to change his dripping clothes.

This circumstance could not fail to produce reciprocal feelings of regard between Mr. Milman and his noble guest, a regard which strengthened very considerably when the character of each became better known to the other ; for while the consistent piety and winning manners of the minister inspired the respect and esteem of Lord Avon, the ingenuous, warm hearted disposition of the young nobleman found a cordial response in the breast of Mr. Milman. Emmeline too, after this, no longer beheld him as a stranger—but would ask to be the companion of his fishing excursions—delighted if she could carry anything for him, or run to execute his slightest wishes. And when he would stroll with her father sometimes in the park walk, she would hold a hand of each, listening to their conversation in silent attention. Sir Arthur Clifton came no more to the parsonage ; and Mr. Milman felt gratified when he found that this was occasioned by a note which Lord Avon had written to him, stating his regret that he could not fulfil the engagement he had made with him, as he had promised his father to spend the period of his sojourn at Rosedale in study, preparatory to his going abroad. This trait in the young nobleman appeared one of great promise, in the sight of Mr. Milman, who considered that if at the early age of eighteen, he possessed the moral courage to brave the ridicule of a thoughtless dissolute companion, to do what he knew to be right—to what good results might not such decision of character lead, as he became older ? By gentle degrees he contrived to bring the subject of religion before his more serious notice, gliding into his confidence almost imperceptibly, when he discovered that he was less opposed to it than that he was profoundly ignorant of its fundamental truths. Of his father he appeared to stand in great awe, but in speaking of his sister, the Lady Frances Lumley, it was in terms of the fondest affection.

She was a few years older than himself, he said, and extremely beautiful.

Mr. Milman felt very desirous that Lord Avon should attend the sacramental table, whilst with him knowing that if once embarked on the ocean of busy life, years might pass in the neglect of this holy and most necessary ordinance. Yet on no account did he wish to hurry him into it unprepared. On mentioning the subject to him, he expressed great unwillingness, pleading his total unfitness. Mr. Milman then said to him, “ My dear young friend do not mistake the nature of this blessed acknowledgment of our faith ; to rush to the altar of your God, while in the indulgence of any known sin would most certainly be presumptuous and highly criminal, and would, without doubt, bring down punishment, rather than a blessing upon you. But to go there in the humble spirit of a Christian—of peace with all men, penitent for your past transgressions, and clothed in the wedding garment—or, in other words, trusting solely for pardon to the merits of your Redeemer, you need have no fears of your acceptance, by a merciful Creator, who knows our weaknesses and pities our infirmities. This language sounds strange to you,” he added, on perceiving a slight smile curl the lip of Lord Avon, “ yet if you really desire and hope to inherit the happiness of Heaven, you must learn to make it familiar to you, and to remember that your neglecting to obey the behest of your Lord, under the plea of unworthiness, will not absolve you in his sight. As well might you abstain from prayer, or from reading the holy Scriptures, till you were more deserving, as from this duty which is intended to strengthen, to comfort, and to improve.”

The pious aim of the good minister, after a while was achieved. Lord Avon remained at Rosedale for nearly three months ; at the close of which period he departed, having once received from his hands the symbolical aliments of a Crucified Saviour. He took with him the prayers and blessings of Mr. Milman, who had become exceedingly attached to him, and who earnestly requested that he would occasionally favour him with his correspondence, while abroad. Much was he missed at the little parsonage, both by father and daughter, Emmeline shedding many tears for her friend and preserver, who, on parting, affectionately kissed her, placing around her neck a chain with a golden locket in the form of a heart. This she prized amongst her dearest treasures, viewing it daily, in fond and grateful recollection of him who she had learned to love as a dear brother.

Years flew away, and Emmeline passed from childhood into a beautiful girl of sixteen, yet never had she gone beyond her native village, or slept one night from beneath her father's roof. His health

from over exertion in his ministerial duties, had of late become seriously impaired, so much so as at times to entirely incapacitate him for the fatigue of preaching. This to him was a severe trial, but one to which he humbly resigned himself, employing his solitary hours in writing valuable works, intended principally for the edification of his own beloved flock. In the devoted attentions of his Emmeline, he found a never failing solace; yet often as he would gaze on her lovely face, would he sigh, and wish that, for her sake, he might be spared a few more years. It was with trembling anxiety that she watched his declining health, too vividly remembering the bitter loss she had already sustained. No longer were those gay and light spirits to be witnessed in her, which, as a child, had formed part of her character; but in exchange a pensive melancholy, that rendered her a most touching and interesting object. Fervent were her prayers for her father's recovery, and earnestly she besought him to have better advice than that of the coarse village doctor, who attended him. To her entreaties he would make this reply, "Our lives are in His hands, my child; human help can only avail as far as He permits,—by trusting too much to this, we limit his Almighty power. If he sees it right for me, I shall recover, by the means within my reach, if not, His will be done. My only sorrow in the prospect of death is for you, my darling one—in all other respects I should hail the thought of my release with pleasure, since the world has never worn the same aspect in my sight, since the removal of your sainted mother; yet be of good cheer," he added, on perceiving the fast falling tears of poor Emmeline; "I am certainly better and stronger, than I was a few weeks ago, and shall live to task your sweet patience yet, my gentle nurse." He smiled as he said this, while his child, quite overpowered by her feelings, fell on his bosom, and wept bitterly.

Mr. Milman had one sister, a maiden lady, living about forty miles from Rosedale, who in reality was a kind-hearted woman, though possessing a few peculiarities and inequalities of temper, which too often were a reproach to the religion she professed. To this sister he wrote, unknown to Emmeline, asking her, in the event of his death, to become a mother to the poor orphan, who would then be without a home. He received an affectionate reply, accompanied by a promise that Emmeline should be to her aunt as a daughter, whenever the hour came that she was so unfortunate as to lose her natural protector. Miss Milman expressed deep regret, that her own health prevented her at present from coming to Rosedale, but hoped in a little time that she might be sufficiently recovered to pay a visit to her beloved brother. The mind of Mr. Milman became considerably relieved, after the perusal of this letter, which removed his chief anxiety, and he now gave himself and his child into the hands of his Divine Master, in

the fullest confidence, that he would do all things well and wisely for them both. It was impossible for Emmeline to close her eyes against the rapid advances that disease was making in her fond and excellent father, notwithstanding the hopes with which he tried to inspire her; nor could the anguish she felt, be softened, as she marked the weak tottering step—the worn, hectic cheek—and heard the short distressing cough, which, at times, quite subdued the little strength he retained—save by one reflection, that there was peace and happiness beyond the grave, whither he was hastening—in a world where again they would be reunited, never more to part.

One evening as she sat with her beloved parent at one of the open windows in their little drawing room, her hand fast locked in his, while she listened to his admonitions, given in broken sentences, and evidently with pain and difficulty, he owned to her, for the first time, his knowledge of his danger, and the home he had prepared for her when he was gone, accompanying the sad tidings with advice, touching and impressive. "Your aunt, my child," he said, "is almost a stranger to you, circumstances having prevented our meeting so often as I could have wished. She is a well meaning, well intentioned woman, though labouring under some mistakes; upon these I will not now touch, yet I must warn you that in her house you will see and hear many things, that here have been unknown to you. She lives in a populous neighbourhood, knows persons to whom the Lord Jesus Christ is a stranger, save in name, who are blinded by the god of this world, and given up to pleasure. Beware of such,—they have the semblance of all that is amiable, and alluring; but not the reality. There can be no right principle, but that which is founded on practical religion. Be kind and affable to all, but be intimate only with the children of God—those whom he has called by his special grace to walk in his ways, and labour in his vineyard. Yet lean not entirely on even these, for the most perfect are fallible beings,—let your Bible be your surest guide,—your Saviour, your bright example, and prayer your strength. Strive as much as possible to be consistent; the slightest deviation from the right path in one professing godliness, is gladly and triumphantly held up by the children of the world, who behold your error, but not your contrition and self-upbraiding. Be very zealous in adorning your religion, with all those graces that render it attractive, and show the happiness you derive from it in your cheerfulness—cultivate a contented spirit; above all, be charitable in its extended sense, which may be summed up in these few words, 'it thinketh no evil.' Nothing destroys the very foundations of Christianity so much as censoriousness—nothing can be more offensive in the sight of God; shun the vice as you would a viper, and when you cannot praise, be silent."

While thus Mr. Milman counselled, and Emmeline wept, as she thought how soon the dear voice might be hushed that now she listened to with such interest and devout attention, they were interrupted by a ringing at the door bell, and in a few minutes afterwards, to the surprise and agitation of both, Lord Avon was announced. He had heard of the illness of his kind preceptor, and he would not be deterred from coming to see him: five years had passed since they parted, and in the period what wonderful changes had been wrought in each. Lord Avon, from the blooming youth of eighteen, was now the finished young man of twenty-three—his features fine, his countenance intellectual, his cheek bronzed with the sun of many climes. For an instant he gazed on the father and daughter in silent astonishment and sorrow, for in Emmeline he beheld a creature more beautiful than imagination could conceive—and in Mr. Milman, the image of death. The latter strove to rise on the entrance of his visitor; but the effort, with the sudden excitement produced by seeing him, proved too much for him, and he fell back in his chair perfectly insensible. Emmeline screamed, while Lord Avon, greatly distressed, loosened his collar, and assisted the servant, who had followed him into the room, to place him on the sofa and apply vinegar to his temples.

“Do not be alarmed—see he is recovering,” said Lord Avon to the terrified daughter, who had cast herself on her knees by the side of the couch, sobbing bitterly; “look up, Emmeline, and convince yourself.”

Emmeline obeyed, and met the glazed and melancholy eyes of her father fixed upon her.

“My poor child,” he feebly murmured, “I had hoped you were more prepared. My lord,” he added to Lord Avon, who supported him in his arms, “This meeting, so gratifying to my feelings, has overpowered me, yet believe me I appreciate your kindness from my heart.”

For a few seconds Lord Avon could not sufficiently command his voice to reply; he then said:

“I only returned to the castle a week ago, when I heard, with deep regret, of your illness. I trust you have had the best advice?”

“The best within reach,” replied Mr. Milman: “but human means are of no avail since my hours are numbered—a thought full of rejoicing and hope to me, but for my motherless child; yet the God of the desolate and the orphan has found her a home.”

Lord Avon looked with much pity upon Emmeline, who appeared convulsed with agony. He took one of her hands and pressing it tenderly, addressed a few soothing words to her, which seemed rather to add to the intensity of her feelings, till she was compelled to leave the room to recover herself.

After a while Mr. Milman revived sufficiently to sit up, when he surveyed with admiring interest the face of his noble visitor, saying as he did so:

“Five years have produced as great an alteration in you, my lord, as they have in me—yet let the wreck before you remind you of the day when that manly form shall be in like manner cut down—for come it must to you and to all. Oh! prepare for it, my dear friend, as you hope for peace in an hour like this, and fly to that Saviour as your sure and certain refuge. At times I have felt uneasy, lest I might have neglected to lead you to him as the fountain of life, during your sojourn under my roof. And, oh! it has made me unhappy—it was a precious talent committed to my trust. Alas! did I omit to improve it?”

He paused, exhausted by the effort he had made, and gasped for breath, when Lord Avon, inexpressibly moved, replied to him in a distinct and affectionate tone:

“Feel perfectly happy, my dear sir, that in all things you faithfully performed your duty towards me. If you failed in the good you intended, the blame rests with me; yet I hope that your valuable precepts have not been entirely wasted, since I cannot sin now without knowing that I am acting contrary to the dictates of my conscience, therefore it brings pain rather than pleasure. And now tell me—have you no wish respecting your most interesting child? You say you have provided for her a home—is it likely to prove a happy one? If not, I am sure Lady Frances Lumley would gladly receive her.”

The eyes of Mr. Milman testified how much he felt the considerate kindness of his noble young friend. After a moment's reflection, he replied:

“I have neither strength nor time to express all I would say, my lord, in return for your generosity; your own heart must do justice to all that is passing in mine. The future home of Emmeline will be with her aunt, Miss Milman. In obscurity and retirement, her life will pass as it has hitherto done—a much safer course for her than the more flattering one you hold out. With respect to her temporal wants I have not a care, as the little I have to bequeath will be hers—it is her eternal welfare about which I feel solicitous, and that I know, when I am gone, my dear child will sadly miss me—yet the God of the fatherless will be with her, to save and protect her. Can I wish for more?”

Increasing weakness compelled Mr. Milman to cease a conversation so interesting, and laying back his head, he closed his eyes, though Lord Avon perceived his lips still moving as if in secret aspirations: he looked with much sorrow on his pale and sunken cheek, and the fine intellectual brow that time had scarcely touched, lamenting that one whose life was of such inestimable value should thus be cut off in his prime. The train of thought that followed, as he continued to keep vigil in the silent room, could not fail of being serious and solemn. The uncertainty of life—its heavy responsibilities—the first

grand object, care for the immortal soul—all pressed upon him with a force that made him wonder that a subject so momentous should be so constantly forgotten, and swallowed up as it were in the vain pursuit of things, that a day, an hour, might sweep away from before us. He was roused from his meditations by the re-entrance of Emmeline, who drew near her now sleeping father, and sat down on a stool by his feet—the traces of tears still visible on her cheeks. From time to time she cast furtive and timid glances on Lord Avon, who continued to view her with fixed attention. She was no longer the child he had caressed, and, as if by a tacit, though unacknowledged agreement, a reserve and distance seemed to have grown up between them, painful to Emmeline, who wished to have asked him many questions, and whether he thought her father as much changed as she feared. He marked the anxiety with which she watched every movement of the invalid, and the beseeching gaze she so frequently turned upon himself, and at length he said to her :

“ Emmeline, I am distressed to find this peaceful home so altered—yet we must not despair. Your father may yet recover, and Rosedale again be to you all that it was.”

These words produced a fresh burst of tears from the afflicted daughter.

“ Ah ! no, no, never !” she replied ; “ those days are gone forever, and he and I will soon be gone too—would that I were going to the same happy, happy place of rest, with him ; for, oh ! the thoughts of a separation are dreadful. Do you think he looks worse than you expected ?”

“ I would fain wish to say no, but I dare not,” returned Lord Avon, with much feeling ; “ but you must not weep thus,” he added, taking her hand in his. “ Shall I stay with you, Emmeline, and help you to nurse your father. The years that have passed since we parted must not make us view each other as strangers. I am sure you will believe how willing I am to assist you ?”

Emmeline raised her soft dark eyes to his ; a melancholy smile hovering on her lip—she could not answer him, and again they fell beneath that admiring gaze. In the same instant her father awoke from his short and uneasy slumber, and as he beheld his daughter and Lord Avon together, a sudden thought seemed to oppress him, for, turning to her, he said, feebly :

“ Emmeline, my child, you must write to your aunt to come hither at once. Do not postpone it beyond tonight.”

“ Oh ! you do not feel worse, my own dear papa !” cried Emmeline, instantly taking the alarm, and bending over him with clasped hands. “ My aunt has promised to be here in a few days.”

“ Too late ! too late ! beloved one,” gasped the minister, holding out his arms to the agonized girl,

who, with a faint scream, sunk into them, when a long pause followed.

In the chamber of the dying man sat Lord Avon during the night. Emmeline had been obliged to consent to lie down for a few hours, having already lost so much rest but to sleep was impossible ; and, towards the dawn, she arose and stole to the bed-side of her father, whose respiration each moment became more painful, more difficult ; yet even in this dread hour there beamed on his countenance an expression of hope, mingled with resignation, that triumphed over the agonies of death, and told more plainly than words, that the God who he had delighted to serve, was now with him, supporting him through the dark valley—the body was fast sinking, but the spirit still lingered, waiting, longing for the happy moment that was to release it from the house of bondage to the bright realms of eternal day. It was a touching yet improving scene. Emmeline clasped his hands in hers, bathing them with her tears. Lord Avon stood by her side, while Ruth, the attached servant, and daughter of Emmeline’s nurse, remained at the foot of the bed sobbing bitterly. Mr. Milman made many efforts to speak before he was able, when he said, in a voice low and broken :

“ Weep not for me, but take up your cross and follow Christ to that world whose glories are opening on my sight. Emmeline, your mother is there. Oh ! lovely, lovely vision ! Who is that by you, my child ?” Lord Avon told him, when he murmured : “ God bless you ! Emmeline, my sight is dim—where are you ?”

She had never moved—but now she knelt down, while Lord Avon guided the hand of her father and laid it upon her head. Mr. Milman then made a last effort.

“ May the rich mercies of His grace increase in you more and more. May He ‘lead you forth beside the waters of comfort and feed you in green pastures.’ ‘ May you be like a tree planted by the water-side that will bring forth fruit in due season.’ ‘ May His loving kindness and mercy follow you all the days of your life,’ and when He calls you hence may he find you prepared and ready to enter into the joy of your Lord. God bless you, my darling—farewell—we shall meet again.”

He ceased—a profound silence succeeded for several seconds in the chamber of death—it was broken by a scream from Ruth. Emmeline started to her feet—she gazed in her father’s face—a livid hue had gathered round the lips—the eyes were closed from her view by the hand of Lord Avon—all was still, calm and motionless. She turned tremblingly towards her companion—in the solemnity of his pale countenance she read the whole sad truth, and with a wild shriek she would have cast herself on the remains of all she loved on earth, but was prevented by him, who, with the tenderness of a

brother, lifted her in his arms, and removed her from the room.

"Now don't you take on so, Miss Emmeline," said the sympathising Ruth, as the unhappy orphan, supported between her attendant and Lord Avon, paced the small drawing room, the shutters of which were partly closed. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be the name of the Lord." If my dear master could speak to you, would he not tell you to resign yourself to His Divine will?"

These words re-doubled the grief of poor Emmeline, upon whom the blow (expected though it might have been) had fallen with a violence most distressing to witness. Lord Avon spoke not—words he knew were unavailing, but deeply he felt for the sweet and helpless creature, so strangely left to his care. One hour afterwards Doctor Videll (who had been summoned during the night) made his appearance. He was a short and very stout man, whose face indicated that he seldom recommended to himself a "low diet and one glass of sherry." He came bustling into the room, saying, in a coarse unfeeling manner, to Emmeline, who stood with clasped hands, gazing on him in speechless agony:

"So you have lost your father, my dear; I thought he could not hold out beyond a day or two at most for his lungs were gone—quite gone, poor man, with barking to his flock. I would have come to you sooner, but I was called out to attend Mrs. Sutton Perkins, who has just been confined with her eleventh child; these things always happen mal-apropos you know. I was dining at Sir Gilbert Gosling's—a capital dinner, turtle soup and all the rest of it,—obliged to leave the table before the bottle had been passed round twice—very sorry—very sorry indeed for you."

"If a frown could have levelled him with the ground, the one Lord Avon cast upon him would have had that effect. Poor Emmeline felt overpowered; she leaned her whole weight on her friend, as she strove to make some reply, but could not.

"Well, well, it is very natural you should lament for your parent," said Doctor Videll, perceiving her struggles. "When do you expect your aunt, my dear?" he added, turning an inquisitive eye on Lord Avon. "I am sure Mrs. Videll or one of my daughters would have great pleasure in coming to stay with you until she arrives; or, if you would prefer it, you might come to us till after the funeral, and so forth."

"Oh! no, no, no!" almost shrieked Emmeline, covering her eyes with her hands, and shuddering, while Lord Avon said, in a tone of severity:

"Miss Milman is unable at present to hold any conversation, sir, and would gladly be alone."

"Alone, a'hem! I do not exactly understand you, sir," retorted the Doctor, assuming a sort of haw haw manner, and walking up to Lord Avon. "Who,

may I ask, have I the honour of addressing, for it occurs to me that at the present time your absence would be quite as desirable and becoming?"

"Silence, sir," said Lord Avon, proudly, "I desire no interference on your part." And he led the trembling girl to a sofa, where he remained standing by her side, speaking to her in low soothing tones, while Ruth whispered his name to Doctor Videll, who, contracting his lips into a pro-lengthened whistle, and applying his finger to the side of his nose, turned on his heel and left the room.

"Good God! and was it to the care of such a man that the life of your father was intrusted?" now enquired Lord Avon.

"To none else—to none else save God," replied Emmeline, raising her streaming eyes and wringing her hands. "But if He had willed his recovery, he needed no further help. Oh! that I could be resigned! that I could feel the heavy chastisement as I have been taught to do; but I cannot. Oh I cannot, it is too, too dreadful."

"You will in time, dear girl—you must not expect or even wish that nature should become mute at once," returned Lord Avon, taking both her hands in his, and gazing on her with the utmost commiseration. "Give way to your tears—they will relieve you, Emmeline, and are a tribute due to one so worthy of your love."

Emmeline bowed her face in utter prostration of spirit—but for that kind voice and friendly support she must have sunk in such an hour of dire calamity. Fortunately for her, Miss Milman arrived in the course of this very day. Emmeline had not seen her aunt for the space of three years; but as her beloved father's sister, and bearing a strong resemblance to him, gratefully was she welcomed by the desolate girl, who, on being clasped to her bosom, experienced a consolation not to be expressed. Miss Milman was considerably affected on learning that she had come too late to see her poor brother, but she evidently strove against her emotion, for the sake of Emmeline. Lord Avon, deeming that his presence was no longer necessary, delicately departed, but with the kind intention of remaining at the hotel, where he had left his servant, until the interment of Mr. Milman had taken place.

When once this melancholy ceremony was over, Emmeline became more calm, and could turn to the word of God and to prayer, with resignation and submission. Miss Milman felt anxious to remove her from the scene of her young sorrows as soon as possible, and at the close of another week prepared her to quit the loved home of her childhood for ever. It was a sad sad moment for the unhappy orphan; almost all her father's poorer parishioners assembled to take leave of her, and the tears they shed gave tribute to the regard and affection they had felt for him, and their grief for his loss. Lord Avon was also present, and as he assisted the weeping girl into the

carriage she turned to him for an instant, saying :
 " Never can I forget your kindness. Oh God bless —."

She paused unable to conclude; he warmly pressed the hand he held, but spoke not; when he relinquished it and the door was closed, she threw herself back, and concealing her face against the side of the carriage, she raised it not again till Rosedale and its quiet village were far out of sight.

The town of P—, near which Miss Milman resided, was a large and populous place, situated within view of the sea. The cottage she inhabited, stood about one mile from it, a small, but neat abode, in a garden well stocked with fruit and flowers. Her establishment consisted of a woman servant, and a lad who officiated as groom, footman and gardener,—no easy place, for the cook was cross and hard to please, and Miss Milman from ill health, very fanciful, capricious, and at times unreasonable, yet withal, kind-hearted. Ruth, who would not consent to leave Emmeline, was added to the household, and from her gentle and obliging manners, soon became a general favourite.

For weeks after the arrival of our young heroine, at her new residence, her dejection continued unabated; at first, Miss Milman most fully sympathised with her, her own feelings having been softened by the loss of a brother so estimable. But as her regrets subsided, and self resumed its empire in her heart, she began to feel impatient and annoyed at seeing the pale cheek, the heavy eye, and the melancholy form of the orphan so constantly in her sight, and she reproached her by saying that such continued grief evidenced a want of resignation to the Divine will, that surprised her, when she considered all the instructions she must have received from her pious parent. Emmeline keenly felt the rebuke, in an agony of tears, expressing her contrition for her fault, promising that she would strive against her affliction, and never cease praying for that Divine support, which could alone enable her to sustain its weight. Miss Milman was softened by her answer, and embracing her, kindly replied, " There is a good girl—now go my love and wipe away your tears, and remember that I like to have none but cheerful faces round me."

Emmeline sought the privacy of her own chamber, where, casting herself on her knees, she poured forth all her anguish to her Heavenly Father, and with earnest supplication, prayed for help to resign herself entirely to his will. Expressing her gratitude for His great goodness, in still sparing her so many blessings, and imploring His forgiveness, and to have patience with her till she could view her heavy bereavement more calmly.

" I know," she added, fervently clasping her hands, " that my beloved parents are far, far happier where they are, and I feel my own selfishness in mourning their departure from this earth. Yet to

lose those who were so inexpressibly dear—to hear their voices no more—to listen for their steps that can never return, fills me with such utter desolation, that I need all the consolations of religion, to save me from despair! God be praised, that I have been taught where to search for these; were I ignorantly to turn to any other source, than His holy word, sad indeed would be my lot. Oh, gracious Lord! now that my father and mother have forsaken me, do thou take me up and speak peace to my troubled soul—that peace which the world cannot give, but which is thine—only thine."

Emmeline loved to roam along the sea shore, and meditate as her eyes wandered over the vast expanse of waters. She had discovered a little secluded spot, enclosed between high masses of rocks, where she would stroll, sometimes accompanied by Ruth, but more frequently alone, to dwell on all the pious instructions of her lamented parents, and to study that holy volume, now more treasured than ever. The roaring of the mighty waves as they dashed beneath her feet, and the distant vessels with their white sails stemming their perilous course over the deep, spoke to her forcibly of the trials incident to this life—its changing scenes, its storms and dangers,—and of Him who alone could calm their turbulence, and say unto them, " peace, be still." In such moments, how intense was the gratitude she felt to her parents, for having so early led her to the truth, and that she was not left as a " reed shaken by the wind." Ignorant where to cling for refuge, now that the tempest of affliction had overshadowed her, in the promises of God, she found a strong tower of defence—in the words of Christ, a lamp to guide, brighter far, and more full hope, than the beacon light which warns the mariner, from the rocks and shoals in the midst of the ocean.

It was not, however, very often that Emmeline could enjoy the luxury of being alone, for her aunt, thinking to beguile her from her melancholy retrospections, kept her much with herself, either to read aloud to her or to work. Miss Milman was a constant sufferer from nervous head aches, and these, aiding a naturally quick temperament, rendered her both peevish and irritable, to a painful degree. In Emmeline's gentle and soothing manners, she found a balm that served to allay these too frequent attendants on disease, for in her most impatient and unreasonable moods, the sweet girl remembered who she was, and bore in meekness and in silence, her unjust reproaches, though tears would fill her eyes as she contrasted the beautiful patience her loved father displayed in the midst of the most severe bodily suffering, all his solicitude being to spare her. And yet Miss Milman was usually termed a religious woman; she daily studied her Bible, read every pious work as it came out, subscribed to various charitable societies, and was withal, generous in opening her purse to the poor and needy, when called upon

for aid,—“what then did she lack?” Consistency. She had a numerous acquaintance, and although she conceived it unbecoming a Christian, to enter into the gaieties of the world, she encouraged a constant succession of visitors, who amused her with all the gossip of the place,—its scandal, and idle tales, which she would listen to with avidity, forgetting that the world and its vanities, which she professed to renounce, reigned as triumphantly in her heart, as if she constantly moved in its crowded circles.

Emmeline could not help being surprised at many little incongruities, in her aunt's character, who, with the gay, would laugh and talk, and enjoy all their stories, and perhaps, in the next moment, would converse quite in another strain, deprecating those very things which had just before called forth her applause. Emmeline's father had always cautioned her upon talking too often about religion with her companions, well knowing that it was apt to degenerate into a fine flow of words, a kind of religious gossip, deceiving both ourselves and others. Meditation, and a constant watchfulness over our thoughts, words and actions, accompanied by a practical performance of our Christian duties, were what he used to strictly enjoin, and what she strove through fervent prayer to obey. Till her arrival at P—, there had never been daily family prayers in her aunt's house; but Emmeline, having seen and felt the immense importance of this practice at Rosedale, intreated Miss Milman to adopt it, who readily gave her approval, wondering why she had omitted so proper a duty before.

The warm affectionate disposition of Emmeline, soon taught her to feel an affection for her aunt, who, notwithstanding her faults, became more and more attached to her niece, and made her as happy as her nature permitted her. Emmeline naturally possessed a cheerful and contented mind, and though grief had shaded her young life, and banished the smiles from her lovely face, still she exerted herself to show her grateful sense of her aunt's kindness—surmounting in her presence, that melancholy and dejection, which would steal over her when alone, in spite of all her efforts; at times she experienced a painful sense of loneliness from having no kindred spirit to whom she could impart her thoughts, as she had been wont to do to her enlightened father. Ruth, her simple hearted attendant, was her only confidante—to her she would talk of Rosedale and its sweet village, well aware that on this theme the kind girl could never tire, having left her parents, and some said her lover, for the sake of following the fortunes of her dear young lady. Emmeline hoped that amongst her aunt's numerous acquaintances, she might at least discover one or two congenial in mind with herself; but to her surprise and disappointment, as yet she had sought in vain, and at the close of months, she was

still without a friend. She scarcely knew how to account for this, till observation taught her that the unkind and free remarks they made upon each other, had produced in her a little prejudice, for if she began to like or admire one for amiable and attractive qualities, she would be sure to hear of some fault, some breach of propriety, that constrained her to change her opinion, though all appeared on excellent terms when together. None spoke well of their neighbour when apart. “Surely this cannot be right,” said our young heroine, mentally; “I came here disposed to feel kindly towards all; but when I hear such strange things told of them, I am most unwillingly compelled to be distant and cold. Is this that beautiful Christian spirit enjoined by St. John, and the Lord himself, who taught us to love one another, to bear each others burthens, to be kindly affectionate one to another, and to think no evil? Oh, that we were as much occupied in correcting our own sins, as we are in talking of our neighbours! How far more beneficial to ourselves—more pleasing to God, whose name is love.”

Amongst the intimate associates of Miss Milman, there was one who Emmeline could not admire, and when she was able to avoid her society, without giving offence to her aunt, she invariably did so. Miss Arabella Billing, the lady in question, lived in a small row, a short distance from Dovescot, and was one of those busy bodies, who took the trouble to make herself acquainted with the affairs of all her neighbours, which she would communicate as freely to others, with her own little additions and constructions. From door to door was she constantly to be seen trotting, (except on a windy day, of which she had a peculiar horror,) her countenance flushed, and excited with the tales she was gathering as she proceeded, like the bee, buzzing from flower to flower,—with this difference, that while the wise insect extracts the sweets, Miss Billing took all the poison. Oh, the tales of scandal she collected and repeated—in her own row she was particularly dreaded—she watched the trades-people as they came to each door—knew who was extravagant—who economical or mean—and who were the favoured visitors, admitted by the lady in the absence of the master. Quick to take offence; if her next neighbour happened to drive a nail into her wall, Miss Billing would immediately send her compliments to say that it had come through into her drawing room—if they ventured to light a fire, she wrote to tell them that her house was filled with smoke. Alas! the miseries of a small row, who can enumerate them?—the name was even a mockery in the present instance, “Paradise row.” The very dogs and cats, inhabiting it, contradicted the assertion, proclaiming aloud that peace and tranquillity had found no abiding place there.

Miss Billing had gained the entrée at Miss Milman's by using the well oiled key of flattery; she

praised her for her goodness, her charities, and held her up as the bright example for all to follow. She humoured her caprices—made every allowance for her variable humours—pitied her sufferings, bestowing on her such sedulous attentions, that her presence at length became almost necessary to the fanciful invalid. Towards Emmeline, Miss Billing assumed a patronizing manner, never suffering her to assist her aunt in her presence, without saying, “Allow me, Miss Emmeline; you know that I am more accustomed to my sweet friend, and can better comprehend her wishes.”

This at first was a mortification to our heroine, but she soon learned to bear it meekly, and endeavoured with all her power to surmount the dislike she could not but feel for one who so evidently tried to supplant her in her aunt’s regards.

Emmeline had been about four months at Dovecot, when Ruth came smiling into her room one morning, to announce that Lord Avon was in the drawing room, waiting to see her.

“Lord Avon!” exclaimed Emmeline, closing the book she had been reading, and starting from her chair. “This is indeed unexpected!” And the colour rapidly fled from her cheek, and she literally trembled with agitation.

“Now, don’t look so like a ghost, Miss Emmeline; I thought my news would have pleased you,” said Ruth. “His lordship quite smiled when he saw me, for I would not let Joe go to the door in his dirty jacket; he would have been sure to say something stupid. Do make haste down before Miss Billing calls to interrupt you.”

Emmeline heard her not. She stood for several moments with her hands clasped together—her eyes cast on the ground in an attitude of deep musing; she then raised them to Heaven, breathed a short prayer, and descended, slowly and in silence, to the room. On her entrance, Lord Avon came hastily forward to meet her, and perceiving how powerfully her feelings were affected he said.

“You did not expect to see me, Emmeline, but I could not be so near you without paying you a visit. How have you been, dear girl? ill, I fear, for you are looking pale, and thinner than you were.”

“Oh, no, indeed,” replied Emmeline, gently disengaging herself from his encircling arm and struggling for composure. “I am quite well, but—”

She paused and burst into tears. Lord Avon drew her to a seat, gazing on her with tenderness, and allowing her to yield unrestrainedly to her emotion, which, after a few minutes, subsided, when she looked up, and smiling through her tears, added:

“You will think this a strange reception; but indeed I could not help it. The mention of your name brought back such a rush of sad recollections that they overpowered me. How kind in you to think of me. Are you staying in the neighbourhood?”

“I am, I came yesterday to Lord Traverscourt’s.

And now tell me, Emmeline, are you happy here—is your aunt kind to you?” inquired Lord Avon.

“Oh! yes, very kind, and I am quite as happy as I can expect to be so far away from dear Rosedale, and without him.” The sigh that accompanied these words contradicted the assertion and called forth the full sympathy of her warm-hearted visitor.

“Poor girl,” he said, pressing her hand; “you have been severely tried for one so young, yet I confidently hope that happy days are in store for you.”

“I wish that I could think so,” replied Emmeline. “Yet perhaps it is better for me to be as I am. If I had been left to choose for myself I would have altered many things, averted many sorrows in my blindness. Fortunately God’s will and not mine must be done; and however hard to bear now, I know I shall thank him in time to come.”

“It is well that you possess a mind so regulated, Emmeline; would that you could instil into me a little of your philosophy.”

“It is not philosophy, but religion,” returned Emmeline, fixing her soft dark eyes earnestly upon him. “No philosophy could reconcile me to the loss of such a father; but when I study the word of God, read of the life to come, and feel assured that I shall see him again, and live with him forever in bliss, then are my murmurings hushed, my regrets softened, my griefs comforted; yet does it require constant earnest prayer, to keep me in the right frame, there are times when I despair in spite of all. You know not how often I have longed to see you,” she continued, after a pause, during which Lord Avon had been intently surveying her. “I have always so reproached myself for not expressing to you the gratitude I felt for your great kindness at a time I needed it so much; but, indeed, the morning we parted I could not speak to you.”

“I required no words to tell me your thoughts, my sweet Emmeline,” replied Lord Avon smiling. “Those eyes expressed them as eloquently as now they do, and I prefer their interpretation much. Now will you promise to consider me henceforth in the light of a brother, and apply to me at any time you may require a friend? Such an assurance from yourself would gratify me, and I think I have a claim.”

“Indeed, indeed, you have many, and I readily make the promise you wish—to whom could I so confidently turn now as to you?” replied Emmeline, in a voice that was very touching.

Lord Avon said no more, but raising the hand he held to his lips, he sealed the compact, in the same instant that the door opened, and Miss Milman, accompanied by her shadow, Miss Arabella Billing, entered the room, when he immediately rose, and returned the polite greeting of the former with every demonstration of respect, while the stare of astonishment cast upon him by her strange looking companion, he repaid by a most ungallant frown.

In all probability Miss Billing had never before

been in the presence of a nobleman, and with the affected ease of a vulgar mind to show her *indifference*, she commenced talking to him at once, asking him a string of silly and unmeaning questions, a few of which he only condescended to answer dryly and shortly enough; then, turning from her in evident disgust, to address Miss Milman, after a brief conversation he took his leave. Emmeline attended him to the door, when, lightly laying his finger on her forehead, he said,

“Remember your promise.”

“It is written here,” she replied, smiling on him in grateful affection, and pressing her hand upon her heart, most warmly did he return that innocent and ingenuous expression of her feelings. Then entering his pony phaeton he waved his hand to her repeatedly, and drove rapidly away, while she glided to her own room, with a mind lightened and far more happy than she ever expected to experience it again on earth.

Indeed the visit of Lord Avon formed a new epocha in the existence of Emmeline; it seemed to cast a brighter light on her onward path, which before had been invested in unbroken gloom; for she felt that in him she possessed at least one real friend, who took an interest in her, one who could sympathise in all her sorrows, and to whom she could talk unreservedly of her lamented father and of dear Rosedale; and associated as he was with those last sad and solemn scenes she had witnessed there a bond seemed to unite them in friendship together, which nothing she thought could weaken or destroy. Ruth expressed scarcely less pleasure on the occasion than did her young lady.

“Ah! well who knows what may come of it?” she observed sagaciously to the cook. “Though my sweet mistress possesses neither the rank or fortune of his Lordship, she has beauty enough to compete with the grandest lady in the land, and he thinks so himself, or I am much mistaken in looks.” The only one on whom Lord Avon appeared to have made no pleasing impression was Miss Arabella Billing, who said that indeed she thought him an extremely disagreeable young man, vastly too proud and high for her. Captain O’Hara of the — militia, was worth a dozen of such sprigs of nobility.

The following day was the Sabbath; but as Miss Milman was suffering from one of her distressing headaches she was unable to attend church. Emmeline therefore went accompanied by Ruth alone. The morning was bright, and their walk through the green lanes most pleasant, as they listened to the bells sweetly chiming to invite the people to the worship of their Creator and conversed together upon the mercies and privileges they enjoyed from having been born in a Christian country. On arriving at the church, Emmeline moved up the aisle, her thoughts elevated far above this earth, her heart melted by the pealing notes of the organ. She glided

into her pew and falling on her knees prayed the God of the fatherless to look down and bless her. Once and only once during the service she ventured to turn her eyes towards the one occupied by the Earl of Treverscourt’s family. Lord Avon was there, and a lady sat next to him, young and beautiful, who appeared whispering something in his ear, for he bent his head low to listen to her; both were smiling, and Emmeline continued to gaze until she attracted his attention, when she instantly averted her eyes, and sedulously avoided looking in that direction again. The officiating minister proved a very excellent one, and the discourse he gave most impressive; his text he selected from the Gospel of St. John, the twenty-first chapter and part of the twenty-second verse, — commenting upon it in a truly evangelical spirit, and exhorting his brethren to use that forbearance and mercy towards others which they hoped and expected to receive from God.

“For are we not all one family,” he said, “and formed for the same Heaven? Has not Christ shown his love equally to all by the sacrifice of himself? Why, then, should such rancour—such ill will—such envyings, and such evil reports arise so constantly amongst us, to destroy that beautiful Christian bond? If we have more piety than another, is it not through the grace of God? If the temptations that are too powerful for our brother, prove none to us, is the merit ours? No, my friends, we all are by nature sinners in the sight of that pure Being before whom the angels are not faultless: all alike need the renewed heart—the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit, to preserve us from the powers of darkness. Let us then view each other with more lenity and kindness, nor presume to question actions, when we cannot see the motives from whence they spring,—or repeat the envenomed tale to injure and cast a blight over the character of a brother or a sister, when we may not close our eyes to their faults or follies. Let these words of Him who spake as never man spake, ring loudly in our ears, ‘What is that to thee, follow thou me,’ since not for their sins shall we be judged, but for our own.”

On the conclusion of the sermon, Emmeline rose humbled and abased; every word had touched her heart. Perhaps there was not one in all that congregation to whom it applied so little as to her who was all meekness and love. But she had been too well taught the deceitfulness of the human heart not to feel her need of the continual help of her Almighty Father to keep her from sin, and “who can tell how oft he offendeth? Cleanse thou me from my secret faults” was the constant aspiration hovering on her lips, as she pursued her daily course. She hurried out of church with Ruth, fearful of encountering any who might weaken the impression she had received. She beheld a splendid equipage at the gates, and a gay group talking and laughing

together; but she passed them all, unheeding the eyes that followed her light and graceful figure, or the interest with which she was regarded by at least one who was standing amongst them. Ruth did not use the same discretion: she had noticed the gaze of Lord Avon frequently fixed on her young lady, and that on their leaving the church he was advancing towards her, with the intention of speaking, but paused as she glided so swiftly by, merely touching his hat to herself,—an attention which pleased her so much, that she courtied to the very ground in acknowledgment, and never ceased talking in his praise all the way home, although Emmeline gently checked her, reminding her of all she had gone to church to hear, and to improve.

"I know it, Miss Emmeline, and I hope to profit," replied Ruth; "but it was so very condescending in his lordship to notice me, a servant, surrounded as he was by all those grand folks; I am sure it is more than that poppinjay in livery did, who pushed by me so rudely at the door."

"High rank is usually allied to great urbanity of manners," replied Emmeline. "Lord Avon's has the delightful accompaniment of springing from a warm kind heart,—but see, clouds are gathering fast; let us hasten on, else we shall be caught in the shower."

On entering the house, Emmeline found her aunt in a very irritable humour; she had been vexed by some act of carelessness on the part of Joseph, and this, in addition to her bodily suffering, had made her so peevish and cross, that no one could please her.

"Now is the time to put in practice my good resolution," thought Emmeline. "Help me, my gracious Father, to be patient under every provocation, and to be a comfort to my poor aunt."

She sat down beside her, not venturing to speak until she was addressed.

"Well, Miss Emmeline, you are come at last," said Miss Milman, pettishly; "I think you might have staid from church one day, when you knew I was so unwell."

"My dear aunt, if you had expressed the slightest wish that I should do so, most happily would I have obeyed it; but you said I had better go, did you not?" returned Emmeline.

"It is of no consequence; my friend Miss Billing would not have required any solicitation," retorted her aunt. "Lord Avon was there, of course?"

The sarcastic tone in which this was asked seemed to imply that he had been the chief attraction.

"He was there, but I did not speak to him," returned Emmeline, slightly blushing.

"And pray who preached?"

"Mr. Grosvenor, aunt; and a most excellent sermon he gave us." And Emmeline repeated the text and the way in which it had been applied.

Miss Milman remained silent a few minutes, and then said:

"Only think that stupid Joseph allowed Mrs. Bunbury's cows to run into my meadow last night, and they have eaten off all the long grass."

"That is indeed very vexatious," replied Emmeline; "yet stay, aunt, I am asid it was my fault, for I was walking in the meadow last evening, and I remember now that I left the gate open."

"You did," exclaimed Miss Milman, in raised and angry tones; "then how dare you be guilty of such unpardonable neglect? but your head no doubt was running so much on Lord Avon's visit, that you could think of nothing else. Let me tell you, Miss Emmeline, this is not the way to please me."—And her eyes flashed fire as she said this, while her whole frame trembled with passion.

Emmeline had never before been scolded in her life—and the severity of her aunt proved a great trial; tears sprang to her eyes as she replied:

"I am very, very sorry for my fault, aunt, and I hope you will pardon it; I ought to have been more thoughtful—there is no excuse for me."

"Well, well, do be silent; you only make my head worse."

Joseph at this moment entered the room with a basin of broth for his mistress.

"So it was Miss Emmeline who left the gate of the meadow open after all," said Miss Milman to him. "How came you to say that you shut it?"

"And so I did, at nine o'clock," replied the boy, with whom Emmeline was an especial favourite; "Ned Sykes knows it as well as I—he seed me shut it; for I've been to ax him, and he says as how that Mrs. Bunbury's cows were standing all of a row, looking wishfully like into the field an hour arterwards, when he was going down the lane, and he is sure the foremost one, who is a werry cute critter, must have lifted the latch her own self."

"Pshaw! folly, boy; go away—your vulgarity is really insupportable: it is very hard that at my time of life I cannot afford to keep genteel servants about me."

Joseph waited for no second order, while a faint smile stole over the beautiful lip of Emmeline.

"Yes, I dare say it is highly amusing to you, Miss Emmeline," said her aunt, instantly detecting it. "But the loss of a fine meadow of hay is no joke to me, I can assure you. How kindly would my friend Miss Billing have soothed my annoyance, instead of aggravating it. Pray, did your father teach you to laugh at the misfortunes of others?"

Emmeline now burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, aunt, do not, do not speak thus," she exclaimed, sobbing. "I who would go miles to save you from the slightest pain—who owe you so much more than I can ever repay, to enjoy your vexation! I should indeed be ungrateful——"

"Well, well, there is no occasion to cry about

it," returned Miss Milman, at once softened by her words and evident distress. "Go, my love, and bring Venno's Memoir, and read aloud to me, while I take my broth. I have perhaps been a little unreasonable, but some allowance must be made for my state of health."

Emmeline pressed most affectionately the hand of her aunt, which she held out to her, and then flew to comply with her request, forgetting in an instant every unkind word that she had uttered.

But accustomed as our young heroine had been from infancy to the utmost tenderness and love, how did she miss the kind and excellent parents from whom she had never received a rebuke, save in the mildest tone of expostulation. There were times when she felt such a dreary void in her breast that she could compare it to nothing less than one who had been suddenly wrecked, and suffered to drift alone in the dangerous boat, amongst boisterous waves, without rudder or compass to guide. Then would there break in light upon her soul like the beacon on the rock, to cheer and comfort her, and give her new courage and strength to proceed on her perilous way, constraining her to exclaim, "Though earth can never give me back the love that I have lost, I must not repine and weep. Oh, rather let me pray to Him who is the orphan's friend—fix all my hopes in Heaven, where they are gone, and say with Christ, 'Thy will be done.'" *To be continued.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SABBATH,

Hail, blessed day of rest!
Of all the seven, the best
Which God hath given;
The soul's glad holiday,
To flee from earth away,
And soar to Heaven.

Silent the early dawn
Steals on, from rosy morn,
To the full day;—
And with its holy light,
Blend thoughts, and memories bright,
As its pure ray.

Memories of Him, who gave
His precious life, to save
Our souls from sin,—
Of all he did, and taught,
That with his spirit fraught,
We Heaven might win.

Gently the Sabbath hours
Fall, like sweet summer showers,

That nurture fruit;—
Peace o'er the household broods,
No jarring sound intrudes,
E'en toil is mute.

And glad the tones, yet low,
From the child's lip that flow,
On this blest day;
As visions from on high,
Gleam on its startled eye,
Amid its play.

Who doth not feel his soul,
As o'er him silent roll
The Sabbath hours,—
Spring upwards to the throne
Of the Almighty One,
Who gave its powers?

And in home's tranquil sphere,
Midst all the heart holds dear,
Seemeth it not,
In answer to our prayer,
Our Lord is with us there,
Hallowing the spot?

Let but his spirit rest,
Dove-like, within our breast,
Holy and pure;
And we new power shall find,
The soul's strong foes to bind,
In fetters sure.

Day of divine repose!
Earth's sordid toils we close,
Bid care depart,
To hail thy hallowed calm,
Which sheds a healing balm,
O'er the worn heart.

E. L. C.

MILDNESS.

BE always as mild as you can; a spoonful of honey attracts more flies than a barrel of vinegar. If you must fall in any extreme, let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed that it resists rigour and yields to softness. A mild word quenches anger, as water quenches the rage of fire; and by benignity any soil may be rendered fruitful.—Truth uttered with courtesy, is heaping coals of fire on the head; or, rather, throwing roses in the face. How can we resist a foe whose weapons are pearls and diamonds!

CHARACTER OF MAN.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storm and waves of life add force to the character of man.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE APOSTATE.

A POEM—BY MRS. MOODIE.

PART II.

Continued from our last Number.

Those crumbling towers that in the evening beam,
Cast their dark shadows on the mountain stream,
Had once been swayed by those chivalrous lords,
Who owned no law but their victorious swords;
And young Ap Meredith, with pride could trace,
His pure descent from Cambria's royal race—
But other masters o'er their lands held sway,
And the old castle tottered in decay;
The few fair fields that girt that ruin'd pile,
Whose broken shafts reflect morn's ruddy smile—
By ivy mantled, and with roses wreath'd,
Was the sole heritage that time bequeath'd
The last descendant of those mail clad men,
The dreaded monarchs of this lonely glen.
Bred up in solitude, 'mid scenes so wild,
Fancy soon claimed him as a favored child;
While yet in infancy his spirit gaved,
To skim imagination's airy wave;
In wood, in vale, on ev'ry mountain height,
Visions of beauty burst in floods of light—
Music and poesy, twin maids divine,
Round his young heart in magic union twine;
To them he dedicates his soul's fresh powers,
Dreaming his life away 'midst sunny bowers.
See him reclining on yon rocky steep,
Soothed by the murmurs of the mighty deep;
When the wind-spirit rustling through the trees,
Sings its deep anthem to the midnight breeze—
Filling the woodland solitudes around,
With plaintive wailings and mysterious sound.

He loved to watch the heavy clouds deform
Heaven's azure vault, and trace the coming storm;
Pleased with the gloom their giant shadows cast—
Their scatter'd masses driven before the blast;
When through reft ridges, piled and black as night,
The moon has pour'd a flood of silver light;
Rising above the dark cloud's sombre hue,
Shedding her glory o'er the waveless blue,
Like spirit who had pass'd life's barrier o'er,
Exchanging earthly for celestial shore.
The heavens above—the very sod he press'd,
Waken'd some glowing image in his breast;
And cloud encircled height, and whispering wave,
Their inspiration to his genius gave—
Eve's placid star—the sun's autumnal beam—
The mountain shadows broken in the stream—
Unlocked the fountains of his heart, and brought
From worlds more bright, a tide of glowing thought.

And like a rill in some lone forest springing
O'er wilding flowers its cool fresh waters flinging,
His youthful mind its deep devotion pour'd,
And his rapt soul lock'd upward, and ador'd—
Such was Lewellyn, ere that gentle maid
The headlong current of his thoughts delay'd;
Bade him improve the light by nature given,
And fix his wandering mind and hopes on heaven:

Like him, an orphan from her very birth,
Reared by his mother, on one kindred hearth;
She grew among them like a tender flower,
Her youth and excellence her only dower—
But she was rich in treasures, which outshine
The purest diamonds from the wealthiest mine,
Rich in her maker's love—that heavenward strife,
That moth corrupts not, ages cannot rust;
She saw no earthly bliss without alloy,
And sought it where no grief could mar her joy;
No doubts distract—nor heart-felt anguish come,
To mar the peace of her eternal home.
What power had sever'd from a heart so young,
Those human hopes to which it fondly clung?
What had stamp'd less than vanity on all
That men their happiness and glory call?—
'Twas love divine, that in her bosom wrought,
That holy change of sentiment and thought—
In humble faith, and free'd from passion's strife,
She read on bended knees the page of life;
On her heart's tablets, traced each sacred word,
And watch'd and wept, with their expiring Lord—
Nor did she in her bosom's depths confine,
The bless'd assurance of a hope divine,
But to the thoughtless, doubting, and the poor,
Pointed the path, and shewed the open door—
Some scorned her counsels—others deem'd her brain
Was touched—her visionary dreams were vain;
The worldling's laugh, the sceptic's taunting jest,
Chased not her Saviour's image from her breast;
Still at his feet, like weeping Mary, found
His love a balm for every bleeding wound—
But most she strove to touch Lewellyn's heart,
And strong in faith, that knowledge to impart,
That saving light which only can regain,
The fetter'd soul from Satan's servile chain—
Long he resisted all her pleading words,
That fell unheeded on the tuneful chords,
Of Fancy's airy harps, which silent still,
Replied not to that sweet musician's skill.

He lov'd the maid—his passion, wild and free,
 Partook of all earth's dark idolatry ;
 Admired her graceful form—her manners bland,
 The perfect symmetry of foot and hand,
 The dark and touching glory of her eyes,
 In whose rich depths the heart's best mirror lies ;
 He prized her rare accomplishments of mind,
 Her taste so pure and sentiments refin'd ;
 All that could charm, or ravish, or entice,
 But overlooked that pearl of matchless price,
 That treasure angels triumph'd to behold,
 That gem enshrin'd in heaven's unsullied gold.
 But sickness came, and thoughts of holy things
 Stoop'd o'er the penitent, on seraph's wings ;
 And she who watched beside his restless bed,
 Whose snowy arm upheld his languid head,
 Prayed with unwearied love, that he might break
 The world's dark fetters—to new life awake.
 When racked with pain—oppressed with mental
 gloom,

He saw the dreary shadows of the tomb
 Deepen around—and not one ray of light
 Dawn on the darkness of the spirit's night ;
 Stung with remorse and goaded by despair,
 His trembling voice sent up the earnest prayer ;
 With sobs and groans, and agonizing fears,
 His stricken heart gushed forth in floods of tears ;
 He begged for mercy with convulsive breath,
 Mercy to save him from the gates of death ;
 Like Israel's King, his strong appeal was heard,
 Feelings unknown before his bosom stirr'd ;
 Through clouds of sin, he saw that sun arise,
 Whose glory fills the temple of the skies :
 The strife of passion ceased—the storms that rent,
 His troubled mind were vanquish'd and o'erspent ;
 Calm'd by his glance, who from serenest sleep,
 Awoke, and quelled the tempest-shaken deep,
 Their Maker's voice the elements obey'd,
 The billows ceas'd to roll—the blast was stay'd.

Health shed her roses on that pallid cheek,
 Re-strung the nerves so long relax'd and weak,
 To wasted limbs their symmetry restor'd,
 And life's frail bark to favoring gales unmoor'd,
 And from that hour, with studious brow serene,
 Apart from all the pensive youth was seen ;
 No longer musing o'er those uncouth rhymes,
 That told the warlike deeds of other times ;
 From earth divorc'd, his dearest, highest aim,
 Salvation's glorious tidings to proclaim,
 To those benighted lands that sat beneath
 The dreary shadows of the vale of death—
 How sweet the memory of those halcyon hours,—
 Faith strew'd the desert path of life with flowers ;
 And she, his fellow traveller on that road,
 With meek confiding tenderness bestow'd
 The pure affections of her guileless breast,
 On him, who seem'd of God approv'd and bless'd—

Her pupil once—but now her favor'd guide,
 How could she deem the world would ere divide
 Spirits united by a hope divine,
 And hearts that worshipp'd at one sacred shrine ?
 But heaven decreed, sweet girl, that thou should'st
 prove,
 The insufficiency of earthly love.

A stranger to that lonely valley came,
 In search of health, and Sullivan his name.
 A man of pleasure, skilled in ev'ry art,
 To lead astray the weak, unguarded heart ;
 Who, vile himself, employed his powers of mind,
 To aid the subtle tempter of mankind ;
 An instrument of evil, whose smooth smile,
 And courteous manners, cover'd depths of guile ;
 An Infidel, who having scorn'd the truth,
 Pour'd his dark knowledge in the ears of youth ;
 With specious argument, and endless ~~words~~,
 The spirit-kindled beam of faith put out ;
 Smiled in derision, when at length refer'd,
 To prove his queries by God's holy word.
 "How !—Was his friend, an idiot, or a dupe—
 Did he believe the Omnipotent would stoop,
 From his Almighty dignity, to trace
 Laws to enlighten such a pigmy race ?
 A priest-invented fable, well devis'd,
 By bigots cherish'd, and by madmen priz'd ;
 On whose plain truths, no two could ere agree,
 Did he believe the legend of the tree ?
 Did he believe that God would vengeance take,
 On countless millions, for an apple's sake ?"
 Such was the wretch, who, by the tempter led,
 O'er that sweet home the blight of ruin spread.
 At first, his pallid cheek, and sunken eye,
 And graceful manners claimed their sympathy—
 They paid no homage to his rank and wealth,
 Nor knew that vice had marr'd the springs of health !
 He was an invalid—a stranger there,—
 His sufferings made him worthy of their care.
 Reader, what e'er your station or degree,
 From bad companions early turn and flee.
 Howe'er their sentiments with thine accord,
 Trust not to specious smile, or flatt'ring word ;
 Keep the old maxim ever in thy view,
 Those false to God can ne'er to man be true !—

The charms of novelty had power to please,
 The worldling reared upon the lap of ease ;
 And Elinor to Sullivan appear'd
 The loveliest flower that ever desert cheer'd—
 He had seen beauty in its courtly guise,
 Had gazed on ruby lips and sparkling eyes ;
 Rich braided locks, soft forms of faultless mould,
 With eye unsatisfied, and bosom cold :
 The charms that woke his passion, quenched the
 flame
 Of love, if such were worthy of the name—

That gentle maiden's calm, expressive face,
 Her sweet melodious voice, and native grace,
 Subdued his heart, and bade the false one prove
 The deep despair of unrequited love.
 No word or glance to Elinor, reveal'd
 The fatal passion, in his breast conceal'd ;
 In the dark chamber of his heart alone,
 He dared the secret of his soul to own—
 By slow degrees, he strove to rend apart
 The links that bound her to Lewellyn's heart ;
 Deep was his knowledge of the human mind,
 Well had he studied nature and mankind—
 Its weakest points, its darkest shadings knew,
 And lov'd to place them in the strongest view—
 He saw that pride oft mingled with the zeal,
 The fiery ardour youthful converts feel ;
 That hopes which seem to own a heavenly birth,
 Mingle too closely with the things of earth ;
 That rash enthusiasts, while they strive to win
 Souls, from the dark and devious paths of sin ;
 Aim at a point beyond their finite reach,
 And mar the simple truths they strive to teach.
 He saw in Meredith, a thirst for fame,
 Ambition hid beneath a nobler name ;
 Pride, more conspicuous on the bended knee,
 Self exultation in humility.
 He read his character—in secret smil'd,
 And scorn'd the victim that his arts beguil'd

Oh ! 'tis a painful task to raise the veil,
 That covers guilt, and turns the young cheek pale !
 To see the stream diverted from its course,
 New-born to death, and with impetuous force,
 Down ruin's rocks precipitately hurl'd,
 Renouncing heaven and clinging to the world.
 Man's progress to destruction, slow at first,
 Soon like a torrent from its prison burst,
 Gathers fresh strength when freed from all control,
 And rushes headlong to its fatal goal.
 A dubious thought, scarce noticed as a sin,
 Yet oft indulged, will quench the light within ;
 Suspicions once aroused are hard to quell,
 And the heart prone to evil, will rebel.
 Lewellyn deem'd his faith upon the rock
 Of ages built, nor feared a mortal shock.
 He saw love's boundless ocean round him roll,
 But found in self, an anchor for his soul ;
 Dreading no storm, he thought his bark would stand
 The rudest gale,—and perished on the sand !

Romantic as a poet's wildest dream,
 His wayward lyre had only changed its theme ;
 The beautiful in nature still had power
 To calm his spirit in the darkest hour ;
 Still at her shrine with reverence he bowed,
 Still spoke the music of his soul aloud :
 And oft in Sullivan's insidious ear,
 Poured the rich strain, and lov'd his praise to hear.

With folded arms, beneath yon time worn tree,
 His friend bends o'er him, mute with extacy,
 Applauds his skill, and in his kindling eyes,
 Reads where the weakness of the poet lies.
 There is a smile on Sullivan's proud lip—
 Not his to let the fair occasion slip ;
 He would excite those feelings—not subdue,
 The praise so justly to the minstrel due.
 His spirit, glowing with poetic fire,
 Hung o'er the youth, to wonder and admire,
 Pronounced the lay immortal—that his name
 Must shine conspicuous in the lists of fame,
 Could he resign this barren spot of earth,
 And make the world acquainted with his worth—
 He would befriend him, both in deed and word,
 And deem the favor on himself conferr'd.
 Alas ! for Meredith ! such flattering speech,
 Had power the poet's inmost soul to reach ;
 No more contented with his peaceful home,
 Rose in his swelling heart the wish to roam ;
 To leave the lonely wild, and mountain peak,
 Wealth, fame, and power, with Sullivan to seek.

Those truths divine, once sacred held and dear,
 Now fell unheeded on his listless ear ;
 With doubts confounded, and with fears perplexed,
 He reads a different meaning in each text ;
 Refines his faith, and takes a wider view
 Of Christ's atonement, and salvation too—
 Changes his theory—forms a better plan,
 And boasts the moral excellence man—
 'Till round the unwary youth the spoiler cast
 His subtle toils, and held his victim fast.
 How could he leave his mother ?—Could he brook
 Her streaming eyes, and fond reproachful look ?
 Could he look calmly in her care-worn face,
 His heart not falter in her last embrace ?
 Nature triumphant would refuse assent,
 And the returning prodigal repent—
 But worse, far worse—could he consent to leave
 His loving Elinor alone to grieve ?
 To weep, to watch, to pray for his return,
 Or would she not with just resentment spurn
 The wretch, who dar'd to break his solemn word,
 Scorn his profession, and deny his Lord ?—
 He knew not—reck'd not—braved the parting hour,
 And, self-condemn'd, has left the maiden's bower.

Yes—he is gone—the worst has met her ear,
 And nothing now remains to hope or fear ;
 She has beheld him for the last, last time,
 And cannot call him hers without a crime.
 Oh ! she had loved him with a holy zeal,
 Not the blind faith that young enthusiasts feel ;
 She knew him human—therefore prone to err,
 Yet deem'd his heart was fondly fixed on her ;
 He was her earthly treasure, her delight,
 Her thought by day, her cherished dream by night ;

For him her prayers arose, her sighs were given,
 The only tie that stood twix't her and heaven.
 That bond is rent assunder—she must now
 Yield to her fate, and veil in dust her brow ;
 The wild, deep throbbing, of her bosom still,
 And bow submissive to her maker's will.
 Time to his home the wand'rer may restore,
 But she must dwell upon his name no more ;
 Must weep and strive, but cannot yet repress
 Her anxious thoughts, nor love the lost one less.

Oh, Love ! how fondly—'enderly enshrin'd,
 In human hearts ! how with our being twin'd !
 Immortal principle, in mercy given,
 The brightest mirror of the joys of heaven !
 Child of Eternity's unclouded clime,
 Too fair for earth, too infinite for time !
 A seraph watching o'er Death's sullen shroud,
 A sunbeam streaming through a stormy cloud,
 An angel hov'ring o'er the paths of life,
 But sought in vain amidst its cares and strife ;
 Claimed by the many—known but to the few,
 Who keep thy great Original in view ;
 Who, void of passion's dross, behold in thee
 A glorious attribute of Deity !

Alas ! poor maid ! what hand can dry thy tears,
 Restore thy peace and calm thy doubts and fears ?
 That Lord, who bade his lov'd disciples take,
 Their daily cross, and suffer for his sake ;
 Who to the rash and sinking Peter gave
 A hand divine, to lift him from the wave--
 He who in mercy bade the shadow fall
 On that young heart, to be its all in all--
 She feels the everlasting arms of love,
 Lift her from earth, to fix her hopes above--
 The clouds of grief recede, the tearful eye
 Is raised to heaven in bright'ning ecstasy ;
 And her soul, roused by inspiration strong,
 Breaks into praise—forgets its grief in song--

House of clay ! frail house of clay !
 In the dust thou soon must lie ;
 Spirit ! spread thy wings, away !
 Strong in immortality—
 To worlds more bright
 Oh ! wing thy flight,
 To win the crown, and robe of light.

Hopes of dust, frail hopes of dust !
 Smiling as the morning fair ;
 Why do we confiding trust,
 In trifles light as air ?
 Like flowers that wave
 Above the grave,
 Ye cheer, without the power to save.

Joys of earth, vain joys of earth,
 Sandy your foundations be ;

Mortals overrate your worth,
 Sought through life so eagerly.
 Too soon we know,
 That tears must flow,
 That bliss is still allied to woe.

Human love, fond human love !
 We have worshipp'd at thy shrine ;
 Envy not the saints above,
 Whilst we deem'd thy power divine !
 But oh ! thy light,
 So wildly bright,
 Is born of earth, to set in night.

Love of heaven ! love of heaven !
 Let us pray for thy increase ;
 Happiness by thee is given,
 Hopes and joys that never cease,
 With thee we'll soar,
 Death's dark vale o'er,
 Where earth can stain the soul no more.
 To be continued.

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD'S EARLY LIFE.
 WHEN we consider that Hogg was taken from school at so early an age as to have to acquire for himself at a subsequent period the art of writing, and almost the very elements of reading, by his own unassisted efforts, our admiration increases with the almost insurmountable difficulties under which he labored, in completing his final success. Family jars for a time drove him from his home, and threw him in a great measure on his own resources when he was no more than seven years old. All the advantages which he had ever derived from schools such as they were, were comprised within a space of about six months. Thus early he betook himself to the moors and mountains, first in the humble occupation of herding cows, and some years afterwards "in the more honorable one of keeping sheep." Here this untutored child of genius "wandered at his own sweet will." Here, surrounded only by mute companions, he learned to commune with nature, and to draw his inspiration from the fountain head. He was gifted with a soul that could appreciate the glorious works of Divinity, to whose worship he raised the anthem, and reared the altar on the rude mountain-top, or in the deep bosom of the shadowy forest, while yet a boy. Here he had full and free scope for the expansion of his beautiful moral nature, and the development of his high genius.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

VIRTUE AND VICE.

EVERY man has actually within him the seeds of every virtue and of every vice ; and the proportion in which they thrive and ripen depends in general upon the situations in which he has been, and is placed.—*Hartley.*

ANTIQUE GEMS, AND MODERN IMITATIONS.

No. I.

PART I.

POETRY, Painting, Sculpture! Arts, Philosophy, and Science! What magnificent regions for the range of reflection—the radiation of thought—the soarings of the imagination—and the aspirations of genius!

How sublime are the conceptions, how admirable the works, how glorious the victories of *mind over matter*—of the poets, painters, sculptors, and philosophers of antiquity, from the “age of Homer” to the downfall of the Cæsars, and the sackings of Rome!

The mazy labyrinths of the human mind were elaborately explored, the inner regions of the heart sifted and examined, the passions scrutinized by these “*magicians of old*,” and the results were emblazoned, in letters of gold, upon the pages of an “*Iliad*,” and in the “discourses” of a Plato! They were displayed in the majesty of a “*Jupiter Olympus*,” in the grandeur of a Pantheon, in the grace of a “*Venus*,” in the beauty of an “*Apollo*” and of a thousand other inimitable Grecian gems! And at length, their marvellous effects triumphantly appeared in the concentrated splendours of “*Imperial Rome*,” with her temples and her palaces, her giant columns and fairy graces,—her painters, poets, sculptors, heroes, statesmen, and philosophers; a wilderness of glories! a universe of perfections!

Nearly three thousand years have passed away since Homer sung his heroic strain, to a wandering, and but half appreciating world; and fifteen centuries have elapsed since the pillar of Trajan started up in colossal majesty, the “capping triumph of them all!” But *their* glories have not passed away; the *Iliad* still lives, a matchless monument of lofty conception, and finished composition; and the column of Trajan yet stands erect, surrounded like the pyramids, by the prostrate fragments of empires, but unlike those mysterious fabrics, telling in characters, which time has not obliterated, the genius of Apollodorus, and the taste and magnificence of the monarch of a world! Nor is it too much to believe, that whilst the soul of man is susceptible of being moved by that which is beautiful, these immortal works will continue to “live and have their being,” even amidst the partial confusion of names, and the temporary chaos of nations, and of things.

It is not at a first, or mere cursory perusal of the *Iliad*, that we are enabled to discover its peculiar beauties, or to appreciate its harmony and correctness as a whole; nor is it at a first or passing obser-

vation, that we can enter into the merits and comprehend the perfections of a thousand other inimitable gems of the polished nations of antiquity. The eye must become accustomed to an object that is real, and the mind familiar with an ideal representation, before correct opinions can be formed, or decrees pronounced upon them; for nothing is more certain than that the subtle combination which realizes our ideas of the *beautiful*, whether it be that which owes its existence to the conceptive powers, and direct physical and mental operations of the human faculties, or that which is beautiful in itself, and what we call *natural*; in other words, the pure and perfect formation of the Creator himself, may, nay must, call forth the admiration of every rational observer; but such admiration is ephemeral and fleeting; passing from the senses as the object that excited it becomes insensible to the eye. True it is, that while fancy is taking a fitful survey of the past, dim visions of enchanting scenery, which once momentarily captivated our senses—of beings we once loved—of works of art of surpassing beauty we once beheld, will start from the dark recesses of forgetfulness, and point with magic finger at the pleasing picture: a sunny spot upon the mind’s desert! a bright star shining through the vista of the past! but, after all, they are *mere* visions, and

“Pass before us like a summer cloud.”

It is study alone,—calm, contemplative study, of the perfect and beautiful, in art or in nature, that can make us sensible of their merits, and render us susceptible of entering into the harmony of their proportions—the *spirituality* of their perfections.

PART II.

One of the grand secrets of the ancients was a perception of the power, and a conviction of the force and effects of *concentration*. It was to a constant action upon this conviction that they owed much of their perfectibility in portraying the passions, and delineating the proportions of man, and producing harmony amongst the host of images their inventive faculties brought into existence. Nothing can be more nervously expressive or forcibly effective than the whole scheme and construction of the *Iliad*, yet its sublime images are admirably condensed, and the most ordinary capacity can comprehend its mysteries.

The “Discourses” of Plato are replete with profound rationality, metaphysical force, and rhetorical beauties, yet the language which clothes them is wonderfully concise, and wholly devoid of the tinsel of expression and the sickness of verbiage.

The great masters of rhetoric and elocution in the age of Pericles, taught and inculcated the necessity of concentration, in order to produce effects worthy of the reasoning powers, and thinking faculties of man; and their works, which are still extant, are speaking illustrations of the practical operation of the conviction upon their own minds, and the force and beauty of its effects in composition.

The statesmen, poets, painters, sculptors, and philosophers of Rome, adopted the theory, and they, too, practically illustrated its correctness—Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, although florid in style, and copious in imagery, in conception are lofty, and in construction subtle, yet nervous and concentrated.

Lucan's *Pharsalia* is a polished gem, every line of which sparkles with beauties, yet the language is condensed, and the figures never clothed in inappropriate expression. Juvenal's *Satires* are masterly productions, yet his language is simple and refined, without even the admissible embellishments of poetical relief. Like the *satires* of Persius, their beauties lie in chasteness of expression: their force and fire in their concentrativeness of construction.

The Roman historians, too, Cæsar, Sallust, Tacitus, Pliny, Diodorus Siculus, and others, condensed their vast stores within tangible limits, and the results of their labours were works, faithful, harmonious, and lasting.

It was upon this principle of concentration, that is, of drawing numerous ideas and objects within the immediate range of the senses, that the sculptors and architects, like the poets and philosophers of antiquity, proceeded to embody their sublime conceptions, and to fashion out and perfect their inimitable works.

In the power of concentration, even the finest poets and philosophical writers of modern ages, are lamentably inferior to those of antiquity; although we venture to affirm that in sublimity, pathos, magic of imagery, and terseness of reasoning, the "*Paradise Lost*," "*Hamlet*," "*Childe Harold*," and some of the works of Bacon, Locke, Bolingbroke, and Burke, will bear comparison with the finest works of antiquity. The divine work of Dante, and the "*Jerusalem*" of Tasso, would stand the test of such comparison, and pass unsullied through the ordeal; and yet, full of grandeur, delicacy, and pathos, as those great compositions are, they neither possess the nervous force, and concentrated power of the *Iliad*, nor the condensed sweetness, and concise elegance of the *Enæiad*—still they are glorious works. Would that we could say as much for the sculpture of the moderns, as we can justly declare of their poetry, and might perhaps remark of their painting; but truth, like a stern moralist as she is, points with cold and marble finger at their spiritless imitations, and silently forbids the payment of that tribute to them, which is due to

originality, and the exclusive inheritance of genius itself.

Our modern sculptors appear, in the intensity of their admiration for the antique models, almost to have abandoned nature, in the vain hope of imitating to perfection things which in themselves were obviously inimitable! We know there are exceptions, and bright ones too, to this grave reflection, and amongst them we may name Canova, Thorwaldsen, and our own Chantrey, but after all, (and this is the way to test their merits,) what have they presented to the world for posterity to glory in, and for the polished of future ages to contemplate as standards of excellence? Canova, the greatest of modern sculptors, produced, we believe, many admirable works, but unfortunately he also was the sculptor of a "*Venus*," and the spiritless goddess of the Italian, sunk into insignificance in comparison with the Athenian deity, the inimitable *Venus de Medicis*, dimmed as were the beauties of this priceless gem by two thousand years of existence, and ~~after~~ centuries of exposure to the gaze of barbarism, and the action of the elements. Still Canova, of whom we may have occasion to speak hereafter, was a sculptor of rare caste, and although inferior to the ancients in the faculty of design, and the power of concentration, it is not too much to believe that his works will live, and his name be handed down to posterity, as one of the brightest ornaments of an age, in which, whilst the useful arts were cultivated to perfection, the fine arts were but awakening from their *second sleep*, since darkness had flung her gloomy mantle over the civilized world in the sixth century, and they had sunk into a repose, too heavy and profound for the tumults of barbarism to break through, or the last throes of an expiring empire to disturb.

PART III.

The great fault of modern sculptors, and one which they have all more or less committed, has been the fault, we had almost said the sin, of imitation. Not contented with contemplating the beauties, and studying the merits of the master pieces of antiquity, they have clung with contracted pertinacity to the confined limits of imitation: they have taken the figure, without imparting the life; they have moulded the body, without instilling into it the soul: in short, they have copied, rather than designed, or designed upon the narrow principle of copyism. Not so the Poets of modern days. Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Milton, Shakspeare, and the most illustrious of our own times, although they might have contemplated the gems of antiquity (and even that there is reason to doubt in the case of Shakspeare) evidently made *man* and *nature* their primary studies; and hence it was that they were en-

abled to embody the loftiest inspirations, in figures and forms of marvellous force and beauty.

In painting, modern genius has taken the "Eagle's flight, bold and straight on," soaring in the regions of originality and design, and descending at length upon the earth, with the softness and lightness of the dove. The works of Raphael, Dominichino, Rubens, Leonardo di Vinci, Correggio, Titian, and Claude, will justify the hyperbole, and sufficiently sustain our position. Rubens dashed the canvass with the force and effect of a giant: Claude touched it with the grace, and warmed it with the breath and spirit of an angel!

The Italian school of painting produced gems of exquisite beauty, and the Flemish had its masters of unrivalled fame; but, with the exception of Reynolds, and subsequently of Lawrence, and they are at present remembered but as portrait painters, the English school produced nothing until the days of West, which could expect to exist beyond its own generation. Whether the finest works of that master will live is a problem. His "Christ healing the sick," his "Death on the Pale Horse," and one or two others, may, as they ripen with age, assume new beauties, and attract the eye with more impressive effect; but, at present, men of the most cultivated taste appear to differ as widely upon the works of West, as they universally agree upon the transcendent merits of Raphael, and the combined perfections of Claude Lorraine.

Since the days of West, however, the English school of painting has obtained a firm footing within the Temple of Fame, and the names of Martin, Wilkie, Landseer and others, have raised its reputation, and established its character, as the most comprehensive and finished, in Europe at the present day.

Whatever may be the faults of the English painters, the degrading one of imitation certainly cannot be numbered amongst them. Martin is frequently obscure, and at times, extravagantly confused in his grouping, but he is always original, and at times sublimely so. His "Belshazzar's Feast," and "Fall of Nineveh" are forcible examples of this. Wilkie is startlingly original, and wonderfully real. His pictures are speaking records of his times, his grouping is correct, and his delineations easy and composed. Had Martin lived in the days of Trajan, he might have been fitly selected by that accomplished Prince to stamp upon the canvass that fearfully touching scene in one of the tragedies of Ennius, where Andromache is lamenting the death of Priam, and the desolation of her father's home:

"Quid petam

Præsidii aut exsequar? quo nunc aut exilia aut
fruga freta sim?
Arce et aube orba sum; quo accidam? quo applicem?
Cui nec aræ patriæ domi stant; fractæ et disjectæ
jacent;

Fana flamma deflagata; tosi alii stant parietes.
O pater, O patria, O Priami domus;
Septum altisono cardine tempium!
Vidi ego te, adstante ope barbarica,
Tactis cœlatis, laqueatis,
Auro, ebore, instructum regifice!"

And Wilkie would have painted with admirable truth, the Spartan scene of "a stern old moralist, cautioning a youthful warrior against the degrading vice of drunkenness, an intoxicated slave reeling before them as an example, and a Temple, a party at the Olympic Games, and a soft glowing sky, forming parts of the relief to the picture." Had the best of our English sculptors lived in that polished age, their talents might have been engaged in adorning the palace of a patrician, but it is more than probable they would have been employed in the humbler sphere of polishing the domicile of a Plebeian.

PART IV.

In architecture (excepting our own beautiful Gothic,) the moderns have been imitators, but not mere copyists. There, imitation has assumed grand and imposing attitudes, and in some instances, genius has burst the servile fetters, and ascended to the noblest regions of fancy and design. St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome is an illustration of our argument, and an imperishable monument of the towering genius of its great architect. It was reserved for a mind such as Michael Angelo's to conceive the magnificent project of fixing a "Temple in the air," and for him alone to embody his conceptions in the noblest reality.

The Gothic of our own land is purely modern, and strikingly original; yet, strange to say, full of grace, and replete as it is with poetry of conception, and harmony of style, this beautiful order has, until very recently, fallen into disuse, and almost into disrepute, whilst the talents of our architects have been employed upon orders, less in accordance with the spirit and institutions of the people, and infinitely less adapted to the position and climate of England.

As a sort of compound exemplification of the proposition we have advanced, let us for a moment draw the attention of the travelled and classical reader to the many public and private edifices which have been erected of late years in the "Great Metropolis" and other large cities of the empire. What does he behold in any direction that his curious eye may chance to be turned? Here, a mountain of stone, supported by petty misshapen Corinthian columns; there, a miserable pile of bricks, plastered over with composition, and propped up with huge Doric columns, equal to the burden of St. Paul's itself! Windows out of all proportion with the body of the structure, they ought to give elegance to, as well as light; and, O tempora! O Mores! as old Christopher would say, domes, the clumsy appear-

ance of which positively give one the fidgets to look upon. St. Paul's Cathedral is a noble exception. There the architecture is grand and imposing, yet graceful, spirited, and harmonious. It is, as it professes to be, a copy of St. Peter's; but the vastness of the subject required the highest order of genius and talent, to complete such an imitation. Wren proved himself equal to the task, and his name stands unrivalled in England as an architect, and in Europe as the constructor of an edifice of gigantic proportions, which, although a copy, was without the littleness of mere copyism, and the servility of contracted imitation.

But let us suppose that the architects of England, during the present and last centuries, had adopted the Gothic, instead of the ancient orders, and devoted their talents and energies towards developing its properties and beauties. Is it unreasonable to believe that, in such case, original, chaste, and lasting structures would have been raised, and such as would have enhanced the glory of the nation, and stood the test of ages, instead of perishable and wretched piles of deformity, which *could* only outlast the centuries in which they were erected, and that provided the principles of taste should perish ere they had well attained a fresh and resuscitated existence?

We could almost weep with vexation over the blindness and infatuation of our countrymen, who, while the fine old Abbey of Westminster stands in all its native beauty, can continue to pile up mountains of stone and brick, combining but little that is ornamental, with much that is paltry, and all that is ridiculous.

Comparisons are always odious, nevertheless they are sometimes instructive; but, to establish a comparison between the gorgeous palaces, the magnificent edifices, and matchless sculptures of antiquity, with those of modern times, in our own land, would be but to compare the ridiculous with the sublime—a painful task, and a distasteful occupation. The glorious gems of antiquity stand upon their own immortal pedestals. Their foundations are “bedded in the rock,” and the elements of prejudice, ignorance and folly, can never prevail against them. Modern imitations will have their day, but before the finished works of more polished ages, while the relics of Grecian and Roman art continue to be studied as models of perfection, they will vanish and be forgotten, or only be remembered as monuments of the false taste of civilized people, who, whilst they brought to perfection the useful arts, neglected the cultivation of the graceful and ornamental.

PART V.

One cannot help smiling at times over the enthusiastic pages of some of our modern travellers, as they descant upon the relics of antiquity, and moralize over the departed glories of immortal Rome.

One indulges in a grand criticism upon the famous arch of Titus. Another plants before us in vivid colours, the magnificence of the colosseum, and muses over the prostrate beauties of a thousand sculptured columns. Another ascends the Capitolino hills, and there summons up the spirits of “*Brutus and of Rome.*” Another paints in touching colours the broken and disjointed statue of a Venus, or a Faun, and weeps over the shattered fragments of some exquisite Vase; and all unite in one common opinion upon the surpassing, yet solemn grandeur, and wonderful perfections of the scene before, and the relics around them.

After all, the objects which excite this rapture in the mind of the enthusiast, are sufficient to inspire even the soul of the stern moralist with kindred feelings and ideas.

Centuries of barbarism, plunder, desecration, and destruction, have not swallowed up the evidences of what Rome was in the days of her brightest glory, the reign of the Antonines. Her Temples are levelled with the dust, but many of their sacred relics are preserved. Her Forums, where the stern spirit of Brutus nerved, and the fiery eloquence of Cicero inspired, the citizens to deeds of virtue and glory, are no more, but the spell of their mighty power is yet felt like the mighty breeze upon the ocean, after the tempest has passed away. Her Palaces have been destroyed, her superb Baths have been filled up by the dust of centuries, and her Fountains have ceased to play; but ten thousand fragments yet speak of their magnificence, and check the slow and sullen march of oblivion, which at last must immolate her fame.

What the cities of remote antiquity were we know not: what Rome was, the pages of past history, and the picture of her present desolation sufficiently indicate and declare.

The limits of this paper will not permit us to dwell, as our fancy would invite, upon the merits, or the extent of the ten thousand public edifices which adorned Rome in the days of the Antonines, otherwise we might trace out, with Pliny, the marvellous wonders of the Temples of “*Vesta*” and “*Jupiter Capitolinus*,” and the grand proportions of the “*Temple of Peace*;” we might range through the vast baths and libraries, the endless porticoes and basilicas, until our readers, like ourselves, became bewildered in the interminable maze. If, however, we allowed ourselves to indulge in a selection, and to give it as our example of unequalled, and inimitable grandeur and beauty, we should be disposed to select the “*Forum Ulpianum*,” designed and completed by Apollodorus during the reign of the Emperor Trajan, whose triumphs and name it was intended to emblazon and perpetuate. But we can only give a passing sketch of this noble pile, according to the descriptions by Pliny, and if we mistake not, by Diodorus Siculus. The principal

entrance was through a triumphal arch of noble dimensions, and adorned by the most delicate, yet elaborate sculptures. A temple, a basilica, and a public library, were the grand and imposing features of the other three sides of the forum. Some idea may be formed of the extent as well as grandeur of the whole, when it is remembered that nine hundred marble columns, graced with the most exquisite sculptures, aided in supporting, as well as adorning, this imperial pile. Paintings and statues of the rarest beauty, volumes innumerable, countless gems, and splendid vases, were amongst the interior attractions of the vast galleries and saloons, and the "Pillar of Trajan," surmounted by his colossal statue, reared its head in towering majesty, the capping triumph of them all, from the centre of the forum, the centre of its grandeur and attractions. When it is considered that the *Forum Trajani* was but one (although perhaps the most imposing) of the ten thousand gigantic structures which once stood within the city and immediate precincts of Rome, some idea may be formed of the real magnificence and power, as well as taste, and polish, and glory of her people. But alas! what are at last, or at least, the grandest monuments of the genius and capacity of man?

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!"

Figuratively speaking, they are immortal, but, in the language of eternal truth, they are perishable; they flourish for a season and are cut down! In the sublime words of our own great bard—

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
The gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples,
The great globe itself and all that it inherits
Shall dissolve!"

Gentle reader, art thou a moralist? If yea, then transport thyself without delay to the eternal city—arise from thy dreamy slumbers at the dawn of day. Go see the clustering dew drops upon the prostrate fragments that surround thee like the tears of angels as they rest upon the cheek of fallen innocence and beauty.

Go, ascend the Capitolino hill, and behold the monarch of the east arise in his majesty, and transmit his glorious effulgence over a thousand classic hills, and once far famed plains. Behold him shedding his lustrous morning rays upon the remains of the once proud city, dispensing his blessings upon the "fallen zion," as he did upon "Imperial Rome," in the palmiest day of her splendour.

Go, search through the mouldering tombs, rent and beggared as they are; gaze upon the vaulted roof, the sculptured column, the shattered vase, the disjointed statue! Explore the melancholy desert that "encompasseth thee round about," nor linger upon the few green spots which modern art has

scattered over the dreary scene, as if in mockery of its past magnificence!

Go, fill thy hungry mind with untold reminiscences of the past, from this vast emporium of desolation, ere the din of voices, and the busy step of man, remind thee of a people, whose degeneracy the very ruins that surround them cry shame upon; and as you pause upon some consecrated spot, where once stood a "gorgeous palace" or a "solemn temple," reflect how vain are all the efforts of man to preserve the noblest earthly monuments from destruction, or the proud name that once spread terror upon earth, from the darkness and mystery of oblivion, when that which is of "the earth earthy," has mingled its corruption with the dust and ashes of the grave!

History for a time may preserve the halo of a name, and the sculptured gem of antiquity may for centuries outlive the casualties of time, as it must outlast the rivalry of imitation, but as reflection teaches us that the elements of destruction are unsparring in their hostility to all created things, it is well to contemplate the havoc they have caused, and amidst such scenes, to ponder upon the littleness of man, the frailty of his works, and the vanity of his career.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RECALL ME NOT.

BY TYRONE POWER, ESQ.

RECALL me not, as in the idle crowd
I oft have met thee,
When maidens sweetly smiled, and flatterers bow'd,
And hands were press'd, and light vows gently vow'd,
'Midst mirth and dance, and merry music loud,
Or soon, love, thou'lt forget me.

Recall not e'er my heartless tone and air,
When fain to fret thee;
I've laughed at love's fond words, and love's despair,
And sworn I never knew love's pain or care,
Then spoke soft words, with flattering falsely fair,
Or, rightly, thou'lt forget me!

For thou wilt see full many as gay a sight,
As when I met thee;
As short will seem full many a merry night,
When other eyes than mine will look full bright,
And other tongues than mine breathe vows as light—
Then, surely, thou'lt forget me.

Recall me rather 'neath the starlit sky,
If thou'st regret me,
As homeward loitering, still we seemed to fly
Toward that abode that ever stood too nigh;
Recall my fervent clasp, my fond good-bye,
So thou wilt not forget me!

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "JUVENILE TRAVELLER," "TALES OF THE HEATH," &c. &c.

(Continued.)

THE fond mother had now a struggle of feeling to contend with, which she had not before contemplated. She thought she saw the propriety of her friend's suggestion, but could she possibly consent to leave her child? No! the separation would prove fatal, at least to herself, and she decided on taking it with her. But was not it a selfish feeling which urged her to do so, and one which might forever deprive her of her cherished treasure, while, on the contrary, a sacrifice on her part, which she hoped would be but of short duration, would again restore her to her beloved child, who, in the mean time, would, she felt convinced, receive every endearing attention from the friend in whom she so implicitly confided, and who had, unsolicited, so generously proffered her maternal care. Ultimately Elvira yielded to the suggestion; although not less sensible to the agonizing sacrifice she was about to make, she felt such unreserved confidence in the individual to whose care she committed the sacred charge, that she resigned it with more composure than her friend expected. And now with undiminished assiduity continued preparations for her immediate departure, and engaged a passage for herself and servant on board a respectable merchant vessel.

As the hour of her departure approached, the resolution, however deliberately formed, of leaving her infant, had nearly failed.—In frantic grief she gazed on the sleeping innocent, and for some moments indulged in most distressing sorrow, then bending on her knees she implored Heaven to protect her child, and support her through this heavy trial.—This pious supplication succeeded in regaining that serenity of mind, which enabled her in this cruel conflict to determine upon the course she had better pursue. Her friend repeated her former promises, which, from a knowledge of her character, the sincerity of which the afflicted mother did not for a moment doubt.

"I then will be the only sufferer," said Elvira, again pressing her parched lips to those of her still sleeping child—and again breathing a prayer for its preservation.—With a struggle that might in its nature be called gigantic she forced herself from her precious infant, and warmly pressing the hand of her friend, without the power of uttering an adieu, she stepped into a post chaise, and, attended only by her servant, proceeded in silence to join the ship at Gravesend.

After a passage of thirty-two days, without any occurrence worthy of remark, Elvira heard the joyful sound of "land," and a few hours subsequent brought her safe into the destined harbour, and to

the arms of her delighted husband, who had gone on board the new arrival, not anticipating the happiness of meeting his wife, but in expectation of receiving his usual packet of letters from her.

In silence we pass over the two first years of their residence in St. Vincent. At the commencement of the third, Raymond wrote to his father, stating his desire to return to Europe, as the estates were in a very flourishing condition, the negroes in a state of perfect contentment, and all going on right. He did not contemplate, from the tenor of his late correspondence with his parent, that his wishes could meet with the least opposition; they therefore commenced arrangements, in order that they might be prepared for their departure as soon as the answer should arrive—so ardently did they long to press their darling child to their bosom. But alas! the hopes of a season were blighted, and the blossoms of happiness which parental fondness and ardent imaginations had so lately presented, were in an instant withered and fallen! Sir Berkley wrote to his son, requesting that he would resign all idea of returning to England for another year, at the expiration of which time an establishment suited to his rank, should be prepared for his reception.

I should have told you that Elvira had presented her husband with an additional claim to their paternal affection, in a little son. This infant now became her chief care,—fondly did she dwell on the happiness she would experience in watching the budding of her youthful flower, and in watering its opening blossoms from the fountain of honor and integrity. Another year had nearly passed, when Raymond received the melancholy intelligence of his father's death. The shock was intense, but would have been yet more severely felt, had not the sad communication conveyed with it the assurance that in his latest moments, Sir Berkley acknowledged that his severity towards his son and his amiable Elvira, had been too harsh and unjust. As the only reparation he could offer, he bequeathed to them and their children the whole of his property, with a declaration that every feeling of displeasure had long subsided,—that, although too late, he cordially rejoiced in his son's judicious marriage. He intreated that they would immediately return to England, and take possession of a mansion already prepared for them in Berkley Square.

Raymond and his wife lost no time in making preparation for the fulfilment of the last injunction. The anxiety to see their absent child, was felt with equal intenseness by both parents, and could not admit of the smallest delay. "Happy is the man who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed." The bustle and activity of preparation, was at its height,—the sanguine feelings of parental solicitude had increased into a feverish anxiety, and the lapse of each succeeding day—now that their child's embrace appeared within

their grasp, seemed to absorb the yet intervening period, and impatience only to take possession of their bosoms.

"In the midst of life we are in death." The natural philanthropy of Elvira's mind led her incessantly to attend to the necessities, and to relieve by every tender attention, the sufferings of her fellow creatures; even the present hurried state of their affairs—"the din of preparation"—would not allow any relaxation of such duties, and in one such act of benevolence towards a poor slave, she caught the disease she hoped to cure, and in three days she was a corpse!

An event so deeply to be deplored, and so replete with grief and disappointment, had nearly proved fatal to the heart-broken Raymond. For months he remained in a most distressing and inconsolable condition, leaving little hope of recovery: until the breathings of religion, that powerful soother of the afflicted mind, roused him to a sense of duty, and impelled him to the exercise of that activity so essential to the welfare of his children, who, on this melancholy occasion, were in the fullest sense fellow sufferers with himself, and he determined to quit for ever a climate which had proved so fatal to his happiness, leaving in her soil, the greatest earthly treasure he could have possessed.

No sooner had he landed in England than, impelled by paternal love, he hastened to receive his little Elvira, upon whose resemblance to her beloved mother, his fond imagination now constantly dwelt.

As he reached the residence of the friend with whom she had so long resided, he felt overcome by sensations too powerful for expression. He was about to receive into his arms his darling child, which he had never yet seen,—that dear interesting pledge, for whom his Elvira and himself had so often mingled their tears, and fixed their fondest hopes!—And he now believed he should behold the counterpart of that treasure which he had for ever lost! But who can portray his disappointment, when he was introduced to his daughter, a genteel interesting girl, in whose features he vainly sought the resemblance to one he had so highly prized,—for a moment he recoiled; but parental love surmounted every other feeling, and he blushed with shame at his injustice.—Prensing then his dear child to his heart, he felt that exquisite tenderness which a parent only can duly feel and truly appreciate. It was an interesting meeting also between Elvira and her brother, who, although two years younger than herself, had been taught to love her with fraternal affection; yet the father could not but observe, and with disappointment too, that his children bore not the slightest resemblance to each other. Mr. Raymond soon discovered, that although his Elvira had no distinguishing mark of beauty, she was interestingly pretty; her manners exceedingly mild, her carriage dignified; and a mixture of vivacity and steady-

ness in the eye, denoted imagination and intellect; she possessed a mind capable of the finest feelings, which a well directed education would assist to improve, nor, for her tender age, was there any deficiency in external accomplishments.

Since his irreparable loss, Raymond had felt no desire for society, beyond the circle of his family and most intimate friends; yet his heart was too just and generous to allow him to become a misanthrope. Conscientiously, rather than from inclination, he felt it a duty then to mix occasionally with the world, but at his table were always found men of learning, or persons possessing some extraordinary talent.—Contentment governed his domestic affairs, his children were happy, they loved each other, and together pursued their studies, progressively gaining improvement in every useful as well as ornamental branch of education.

The recollections of their departed parent became in the natural course of time fainter and fainter, so as to appear retrospection rather of seriousness than melancholy.—Yet the anniversaries of certain days, such as those of the birth, the marriage, and the decease of their late mother, were regarded with a respectful solemnity upon which nothing was allowed to intrude. Their father was a party in all their pleasures; he assumed an appearance of gaiety, in order that the difference of age should be as little as possible felt, and that he might the better mix himself up with their ordinary amusements and occupations; thus his children would have less occasion to look abroad for more congenial companions.—But to the more discerning, the heavy brow, and occasional momentary abstraction of mind, bespoke a wounded spirit that would willingly look within, and contemplate the vacuum in his bosom, which no object could supply.—But Raymond had been sufficiently tutored by trials of affliction: his character formed upon a tolerable share of intellectual power, had acquired that manly firmness, which could see the utter folly of wasting away time, the most valuable of all things, in vain and empty regret; he could in retired moments indulge in the softer feelings of his breast, but he resumed the man, when he heard the calls of duty; and no one would have suspected the amiable weakness, known only in moments rendered sacred by a religious intercourse between his heart and his Maker.

Kingston, January, 1842.

To be continued.

IMAGINARY WANTS.

If we create imaginary wants, why do we not create imaginary satisfactions! It was the happiest phrenzy of the two to be like the mad Athenian, who thought all the ships that came into the harbour to be his own; than to be still tormenting ourselves with insatiable desires.—*Bulstrode's Essays.*

(ORIGINAL.)

CONSUMPTION.

A PICTURE FROM ACTUAL LIFE.

IN the first blush of womanhood, there lay
 A form as delicately beautiful,
 As ever flashed upon the poet's eye,
 Or rose in beauty 'neath the sculptor's hand :
 And o'er her dying couch, in manly strength,
 One hung in the deep holy tenderness
 Of brother's love, striving to sooth her pain.
 Her large blue eyes, radiant with brightness born
 Of purer skies, told in a long deep gaze
 Unutterable love, and silent thanks,
 The spirit's eloquence, when hovering round,
 Its earthly home, ere yet it leave the friends
 Who rendered it so dear. Then stretching forth
 Her hand to gain a brother's gentle clasp,
 She slept—rest sweet as cradled infancy,
 Whose breathing scarce might stir the gossamer.
 Rich ran the purple tracery of the veins
 Threading a calm expanse of purest snow,
 Like sunbeams on the Alps; while either cheek
 The rosy impress bore of Beauty's touch,
 And born amid the smiles like light, that spread
 O'er the half-parted lips, were faintly breathed
 The cherished accents of a brother's name,
 As a sweet dream. Gently her spirit passed,
 As distant music dies upon the ear,
 Or fades the glory of a summer's eve.

*** He stood beside her grave—
 And as the reverend man in solemn tones
 Pronounced—"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"
 He felt the harsh, dull sound of the first clod
 Tear from his quivering heart the last strong chord
 Of earthly love. The last sad offices
 Of sympathy performed, the mourners stood
 Uncovered, daring not the mockery
 Of soothing speech, that makes the heart grow sick.
 Then in the stern agony of spirit turned
 To bear the blight alone :

Father, mother,
 Brothers—all, struck by the withering blight
 Of pale consumption, died, and this fond one
 The best and loveliest, clinging to his side,
 And living in his love, she too had fallen,
 Leaving him in utter desolation.
 Like a young oak, the last of all the grove,
 He stood amid the ruins of his race ;
 But the same frost that nipped the tender flower,
 That grew in beauty near, had touched his heart ;—
 And when the autumn winds again returned,
 He, too, was gently gathered to their side.

RUSSELL.

Montreal.

Laws act after crimes have been committed : pre-
 vention goes before them both.—Zimmerman.

(ORIGINAL.)

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

DEATH has been here ! His cold and iron grasp,
 Hath broke the social circle— and we mourn,
 Thy absence from our midst, our pleasant friend !
 And tender sympathies gush freely forth—
 And we are led to weep with those that weep,
 For thee, as daughter, sister, mother, wife—
 And oh ! in each relationship, how dear !
 Thrice blessed ties ! and in thy heart, so strong,
 So deep, these fond affections grew, each day
 Seemed but to add a three-fold chord to life.
 For thou didst love so much to make all blest ;
 Thine seemed no common lot—'twas not thy fate
 To see thine earthly idols fade and die—
 And time's cold changes never wrung thy heart,
 With disappointments chill, and hope deferred !
 Yes ! thine were sunny days—no storm clouds cast
 Their gloomy shadows o'er thy way ; the rose for
 thee,
 Gave up her fragrance, but retained her thorn.
 Mysterious dread of death is interwove
 So closely with our nature, that how'er,
 The spirit may be willing to depart,
 And be with Christ, which is far better still,
 Her frail companion, trembling flesh, is "weak,"
 And shudders at the solemn pageantry
 Of funeral pomp—the cold dark grave,
 And train of mourning friends ; all strike the heart
 With chill and sad emotion ! thus to thee !
 Yet no unchristian fears, or doubts had place,
 To mar the peaceful tenor of thy soul ;
 For with a holy meekness thou didst wait,
 Thy spirit's summons at the last sad hour.
 Let us not mourn, dear friend, that thou hast changed
 Earth's happiness for heaven's ! Father, forgive
 Our selfish tears—and grant us grace to feel,
 Through faith, and hope, that she is happier now.
 Great God ! How wondrous are thy ways !
 By eye of faith, we know that thou dost well,
 Though why 'tis so, is hid from mortal ken—
 And in my musings I have marvelled much,
 That this our friend, with all her dear ones round
 her,
 As a fair shrub, with blossoms rich and rare,
 Is by the storm uprooted—yet the while,
 A blighted tree, shorn of its branches, stands,
 Untouched—alone. Thus seemeth it to me
 Strange wonder, thou art taken,—I am left !
 East Randolph, Vt.

GOOD SENSE AND LEARNING.

He that wants good sense is unhappy in having
 learning, for he has thereby only more ways of ex-
 posing himself ; and he that has sense, knows that
 learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of
 using it.—Tatler.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE DETECTED BRIGAND.

BY _____

CHAPTER I.

It was on a sunny afternoon in the sunny clime of Italy, that a foreigner in a naval uniform was observed loitering on the *Ponte de la Sanita* of Naples. The casual observer might presume him detained there by the strangely contrasted prospects the place affords. Above arose Vesuvius in all its awe-inspiring grandeur, the bright rays of the declining sun falling on its summit, distinctly marked the edges of the crater, from whence immense volumes of white smoke rolled off in fleecy masses, taking various shades as it receded, and giving in effect, a most enchanting aerial perspective; glancing but a moment at its dark and rugged sides, the eye rests with pleasure upon its verdant base, richly cultivated and interspersed with innumerable villas. It was in the early autumn, and the landscape glowed with the luxuriant and varied tints of fruit and foliage.

In forcible contrast to the repose of this scene, at once so terrific and beautiful, a singular *coup d'œil* of busy artificial life was presented beneath the feet of the beholder.

Many streets stretch to a distance in the valley over which the bridge is erected. It is raised but little from a level with the house tops, and sundry groups of grotesque figures were variously employed in domestic drudgery on the flat terrace roofs. Old women were there rolling out and cutting into lengths the far famed maccheroni. Cobblers, washerwomen, shoe blacks, and professors of various other crafts displayed all the mysteries of their avocations to the curious observer; a house here and there evinced better taste in their occupants by the absence of these coarse realities of life. Under light awnings there were flowers and birds, and various pretty devices to please the eye; some had trim parterres—one particularly, a palazzo, that stood a little distance to the left of the church of *Santa Maria della Vita*, displayed a refined and luxurious taste in its arrangements. It was a strange locality for such a dwelling; but the disposition of all around and appertaining to it was faultless. The spacious courts and extensive gardens were embellished with fountains and statues from the chisels of the best artists; the rarest shrubs and trees of noble growth, gave ornament and shade to the broad and far stretching walks. The palazzo was a specimen of architectural beauty, and the terrace glowed with gorgeous flowers of the south, intermingled with the more delicate hues of cooler climes, at once delighting the eye and impregnating the air with a delicious fragrance. A fairy fountain of the purest white marble played in the centre, acting the good genius to the bright flowers, blooming beneath its

refreshing influence. A short flight of marble steps led to a balcony, from whence a stained glass door shaded with parasitical plants, gave admission to the interior of the palace.

To this balcony and terrace, its flowers, and its fountains, the eyes of the stranger were steadily directed. An expression of impatience, mingled with sadness, marked his countenance; but vanished, and his face beamed joyously as a small white hand pushed the luxuriant foliage aside from the stained glass door on the balcony; it lingered, in removing the trifling obstruction,—was withdrawn, and instead of the form to which the fair hand belonged, a dove, with plumage of unspotted whiteness, appeared,—flew upwards, and alighted on the pedestal of a statue. The flush of joy receded from the young man's brow, and for some minutes the pain of suspense, amounting to agony, was visibly portrayed in his looks and gestures; but again his face resumed its first bright expression of delight, as a lady of surpassing grace and beauty ascended the terrace. Her figure was slight, but rich in harmony of outline, her dark and glossy hair and darker eye, would have proclaimed her a daughter of Italy, if the exquisite fairness of the brow, and the delicate peach-like hue of the cheek, had not invested her with stronger claims to the vapoury isles of the north. She leaned against a parapet, as if requiring its support, whilst the little hand that first caused such deep emotion in the stranger, rested lightly on the pedestal beside the dove; and the bird, all conscious of her presence, cooed and waved his pinions to welcome her approach. She cast a timid apprehensive glance around, ere her looks were directed to the bridge, and then the delicate tint on her cheek diffused itself over neck and brow, as she gracefully acknowledged the profound obeisance made her by the stranger. The glow of emotion was beautiful, but, like all things exquisite, was too transient in its duration, leaving the sweet face it visited as pale as the sculptured marble beside which she stood. She did not tarry long; taking her pretty favourite, she stroked it affectionately, and the bird enjoyed the caresses of its mistress as it meekly yielded its glossy neck to the soft pressure of her hand; some whispered word she addressed to it, when the well trained little thing, stretched to its full extent one of its white wings; over it the lady passed a silken loop, to which a billet was suspended; she slightly drew the cord, and poising the aerial messenger in her hand he waved his extended pinion and soared proudly from her. A low whistle of a plaintive strain proceeded from the bridge, instantly he veered and cut the air and with the rapidity of thought,

alighted on the young man's shoulder. Never before was a messenger so welcomed, never was there bird so fondled and caressed, and as he folded the docile creature to his breast, and pressed his cheek to its ruffled plumage, his looks would glance over the envious space, and say to its mistress, thus, thus I thank you. And the letter, so cautiously removed was pressed to his lips, to his heart, and then concealed in his bosom; but all transports have their termination, a signal in the same strain as first, guided the little Iris, now recalled him to his bower. The sound of voices in the court below, gave notice of an unwelcome intrusion, and gently waving a a handkerchief in adieu to the stranger, the lady and the dove disappeared from the terrace.

The voices proceeded from a walk, darkly shaded with orange and ilex trees, where the Count d'Altino suddenly encountered his wife. The meeting was evidently unwelcome as it was unexpected by him, and his address to the fragile and meek-looking countess too plainly evinced that conjugal affection was not the tie that bound him to this sweet retreat.

The count was a handsome man, in the prime of life—that is, he had attained the indefinite period of from thirty to forty-five, but where to stop exactly in the intermediate space his baptismal register alone could determine; from certain indications of air and dress one was impressed with the idea of his own wish to incline to the most juvenile term; universally allowed to be a handsome man, there was yet something in his dark eyes, an expression at once sinister and savage, that carried with it, at times, a repelling power, which the winning blandness of his manners and insinuating tones of voice could scarcely conquer. Left, early in youth, the sole representative of an ancient family, and the unrestricted heir of an ample fortune, he entered upon manhood at that critical period of revolutionary mania, when religion and morality lay prostrate with thrones and tyranny, when all that dignifies man—that ennobles and purifies his grosser nature, was cast off with the galling yokes devised by human folly through lust of power, and most unwisely pressed upon a slumbering world. Without religion to guide, without principle to govern him, the Count d'Altino rushed with an avidity peculiar to his age into a vortex of pleasure and whilst yet a boy in years he was a man at least in the knowledge of evil. To some, nature the wild career of pleasure carries with it an antidote; satiety follows in the footsteps of indulgence, and the reckless spendthrift oft times settles into a useful and exemplary character, throwing into shade the follies of his youth, by the lustre of his virtues in more mature years; but there are others who, like Hamlet's father, have their "appetite increased by what it's fed on." So it was with the count, he became a systematic and hardened votary of vice; of an ungovernable temper that

brooked no opposition to his will, he possessed at the same time all the wily caution and intriguing tendencies said to characterize his nation. The wanton profusion in which he lived, soon brought on pecuniary embarrassment; much of his fair inheritance passed into other hands, and the gaming table and opera house that engrossed the largest shares still held forth their allurements for the portion that remained; but he paused at this point, not to correct the errors of the past, not to restrain a vicious propensity or to encourage a virtuous emotion; it was to devise means by which he could make the fortune of others subservient to his pleasures. Many schemes were suggested by his fertile genius, but chance at length determined his choice. A near relative of his was appointed by the court of Naples, Ambassador to England. The wealth of the far famed Isle in a moment sparkled before his vivid imagination—he did not exactly decide on the means by which to appropriate the glittering treasure, but he solicited and attained an appointment in the Ambassador's suite, firmly resolved to return with replenished coffers, to those congenial scenes a diminished fortune compelled him to forego.

England was at this epoch the only ally to which Naples in her extremity could look with confidence. The partial success of the allied armies, that led to the suppression of the Parthenopean Republic and the restoration of the hereditary monarchy, were succeeded by the most signal defeats. The vacillating Ferdinand, now clung with the tenacity of despair to the single power that had not succumbed to his arch adversary; and although imbecility marked his councils, and disasters pursued his armies, England freely yielded her treasure and her blood to guard this feeble barrier that yet opposed the resistless career of the Child of Destiny. Bound by a common tie, the few Italian nobles who continued faithful to royalty, were especially distinguished by the royal favour at the court of St. James. The Count d'Altino's personal claims to distinction fell nothing short of his political advantages. Of an ancient family, titled, young and handsome, joined to the most insinuating address, he appeared at once a star of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of fashion. Beauty smiled upon him, rank almost courted his acceptance; but his heart was set on gold, and the unassuming manners and homely person of a co-heiress to one of the wealthiest commanders in England, won the exclusive regard of the foreign Adonis. Most willingly would the count have dispensed with the soothing cares of a wife, if wealth, at a *coup de main*, could be otherwise obtained, but observation taught him that traffic was the principle by which all things were regulated in the island; it pervaded all orders, the magnate in his ancestral hall, as well as the menial in his service, obeyed the same imperative decree. In fine, he found he must bestow his title, in return for the thousands he

sighed to squander amidst the dark-eyed dames of his native land.

The envied lady of the count's selection believed in her simplicity that she only bartered heart for heart; and hers was given with all the singleness and truth of a disinterested, high minded, and loving woman; conscious of her deficiency in personal attractions, her love partook of an idolatrous gratitude, in being sought out and selected from the brilliant, the gay and lovely women by whom she was surrounded; and her vanity received no wound in contemplating the queenly dowry she brought her husband. His rank, the favourite of courts, and his reputed wealth, placed him far beyond the suspicion of being actuated by mercenary motives.

Many long and eventful years had passed since Count d'Altino bore his bride from her happy English home. She parted with a light sorrow from many weeping friends, from an indulgent father and a fond sister, the sharer of her youthful cares and pleasures, to sojourn in a strange land, where one heart only could beat responsive to hers, but that one heart was her world, peopled in her imagination with a thousand beautiful creations of thought and fancy. Her sorrowing friends were consoled for her absence, with the belief that she they loved most tenderly, was confided to one worthy of the trust, the husband of her own free choice, the first object of her love; and pride soothingly whispered that they should hear of her in courtly records, honoured by strangers, and sought after as one first in rank and influence by the proud nobles of their own land. Alas! alas! long before her father had ceased to sigh at her absence from the board, or her sister to miss her counsel and sympathy, the veil was partially removed which concealed for a few fleeting days the dark abyss of misery to which the deluded countess was self-doomed. Too soon the desolating truth broke on her unwilling senses, that she was not and perhaps never had been loved. This, the worst a trusting heart could learn, was followed by many a painful proof that she was a neglected and a despised wife. Who that has ever formed to themselves an idol can willingly look upon it as clay? He, the object of her heart's incense, could she believe him formed of the gross materials of which the worldly minded and the heartless are composed? Oh, no!—her meek and humble spirit deemed all the fault her own. Her unloveliness, her want of that brilliant wit and attractive manner congenial to his own,—it was these deficiencies that on a closer intimacy estranged his heart, or rather dispelled the strange illusion that beguiled him in his choice. It was thus she communed within herself, mentally resolving that if she failed to win his heart to love, she would bear resignedly her bitter lot.

It is needless here to tell how long hope's fatuous lamp cheered her with its deceptive ray; nor can it

well be told, the dreary void that life became, when, year after year, its light diminished, till the last gleam was extinguished and black despair had settled on her heart.

CHAPTER II.

It is not the object of this narrative, to follow the countess through the royal scenes in which the fallen fortunes of the royal family of Naples involved the Count d'Altino. One occurrence only claims prominent notice, as colouring in some measure her future life, and influencing, through its remote consequences, her destiny, and the fate of those connected with her.

When the imprudent and unhappy daughter of the illustrious Maria Theresa found resistance to the French arms unavailing, in the extremity of danger she besought in person the intercession of the Emperor Paul with Napoleon. The count and countess formed part of the slender train that accompanied the queen on her northern journey.

It was at an entertainment given by the Russian envoy Lewenshoff, to the illustrious suppliant, before his departure on a mission to the French court in her behalf, that the count met with, and became enamoured of a beautiful Jewess. Her extraordinary vocal powers obtained her admission to the fête, nothing being omitted that could give eclat to the entertainment. In the music-loving capital of the north, the women of the Jewish race cultivate with the most sedulous care, and a commensurate success, a science that secures to them as great a degree of power, as the gold the other sex of that tribe labour to amass. The usual consequences often ensue. Beauty and talent triumph over the prejudice of station—*les mesalliance* occurs, but yet the custom prevails—and those on whom nature has bestowed the gift of an harmonious voice can always command an entrée to the most exclusive circles in Petersburg. Mariamne Heildermaen was one of those highly gifted beings, and she was no less distinguished by her wit and discretion, than by her personal charms and great musical acquirements. Rank was more than once proffered to her acceptance; but her soul was free from ambition; she sought for happiness, and gave her hand to one she had long loved, in her own station and of her own race. After her marriage she rarely graced those festive scenes to which the usages of the country gave her access. On the occasion in question, she was solicited as a personal favour, by the grand huntsman to add by her presence to the brilliancy of the fête.

The count, though at first sight captivated by her rare loveliness, did not seek an immediate introduction; he adopted a more artful mode to achieve the design his unprincipled heart at once suggested. The day succeeding the entertainment, he obtained admission to her residence, under the assumed character of a musician attached to the Queen of Na-

ples' suite. Days and weeks passed on, and saw him almost domesticated in the family circle. Whether the lady suspected the real rank and character of her visitor, or had ever learned to look on him as a lover, can only be known when the secrets and the weaknesses of all hearts are disclosed.

Her husband certainly regarded him in no other light than as a good musician, of social, inoffensive manners, who liked much to hear his wife sing, and loved to play with and fondle his little daughter Zillah. This happy state of ignorance was soon dispelled. Coming home one evening M. Heildermaen observed that he was followed for some time by a woman closely muffled; his way led through various bye streets—still she kept on his track; at length, in a retired place, she passed, and turning abruptly round, confronted him. On his replying in the affirmative, to her enquiry if he was M. Heildermaen, husband of the Jewish vocalist, she handed him a letter and passed on. With a curiosity deeply excited and a trepidation that scarcely permitted him to read through the contents of the letter, he learned from it the real character of his Italian guest, and his probable design, in being introduced under an assumed name to his adole. The information came probably from some of the intriguants of the court, as it bore the distinctive marks of such a source in the innuendos thrown out, calculated to wound the feelings of a husband, especially one who relied with unwavering confidence on the fidelity and love of his wife. Bewildered by the strange and sudden intelligence that deprived him of all power of reflection, he proceeded homewards, whilst an ill-defined feeling of jealousy gained upon him with every step he advanced. On reaching his dwelling, he entered stealthily the apartment his wife usually occupied,—he beheld her at the opposite extremity of the chamber, her figure drawn to its full height, her cheeks flushed and her eyes dilated with angry passion,—the count was before her, upon one knee, his hands clasped in an attitude of supplication. The sight of his insulted wife, aroused to fury the madness that before his entrance had been slowly rising on his brain. Springing as a tiger might have done, on the recumbent form before him, he suddenly drew a dagger from a scabbard, suspended to the count's girdle, and plunged it in his side. The outcries of the family drew a crowd to the scene. The unfortunate Heildermaen was seized upon and hurried to prison, and the count was borne upon a litter, weltering in his blood, to his apartments in the palace.

The occurrence produced an extraordinary sensation at court. The Emperor, for whom such incidents had a peculiar charm, investigated in person the sanguinary affair; but few, if any but those concerned, were acquainted with the merits of the case, and even if all were known, the judge would have failed to discover an extenuating plea. In reality

it bore the appearance of a shocking outrage upon an offending person, and supposing the parties equal, the assassin seemed to merit the severest punishment; but when it was considered that the aggression was made by a worthless Jew upon one of a privileged order, it was quite evident to the Autocrat, the crime demanded still more signal vengeance. The sentence of death was summarily pronounced upon the wretched culprit, but its infliction was deferred, till the fate of the wounded man should determine the degree of ignominy and suffering, the Jewish spirit of retaliation exacted.

The wound was not as dangerous as had been apprehended; in a very short period the count recovered. In the interim the emperor's ire abated; other trifles occupied his volatile mind, and all causes combining, through the timely interposition of some compassionate person, the doom awarded M. Heildermaen was commuted to perpetual labour in the distant mines of the Arabian mountains.

Whilst death appeared to be suspended over the guilty parties, the innocent and beautiful Marianna became, in reality, its victim. Her mind unequal to the shock, had given way on the first intimation of her husband's doom. She sat for hours, her hands clasped upon her brow, the image of mute despair, insensible to the cries of her child, or the entreaties of her attendants,—no food had passed her lips, no sign of recognition beamed in her glazed eye. The attending physician was of opinion that when the paroxysm subsided, reason would resume its power, and leaving such sedatives as he deemed requisite, recommended her attendants to be vigilant. Contrary to his anticipation, the hysterical affection terminated in a burst of wild insanity. At midnight she started from the recumbent position in which she had remained for many previous hours, and rushing to the street, fled from the terrified attendants, with a fleetness that defied pursuit, nor stopped till reaching the banks of the Neva, she plunged into the half frozen stream, and was seen no more.

The tragic fate of the gifted vocalist, increased the sensation the affray had excited at court. The little daughter of the lost maniac was brought thither, and, for some days, princesses and arch-duchesses, vied with each other in caressing the helpless orphan. But the novelty wore off; in courtly scenes where the panorama of life is ever shifting, and new characters and events are pressing forward in quick succession, a single occurrence, however startling, cannot long retain a prominent place. The count was scarcely restored to health when his story, as well as the tragedy connected with it, were forgotten. The little Zillah, whose desolate infancy awakened sympathy for a time a lively sympathy, was now consigned to domesticity and thought of no more. The countess alone, who in her secret thoughts, judged correctly of her husband's turpitude, in the calamity by which she was the sufferer, continued to interest herself in

the welfare of the child. Before her departure from St. Petersburg, she proposed taking the orphan under her own protection. The offer was at once complied with, and her little charge journeyed with her to Italy.

Years passed on,—the security of the Neapolitan crown to the Bourbons, obtained through the influence of the Russian Emperor ceased with his death. Every succeeding day the clouds in the political horizon of the south became more dense. The storm so long threatening burst with renewed violence, and Ferdinand was once more compelled to abandon his hereditary dominions, and seek safety in a precipitate flight to his insular possessions. His adherents were exposed to the most trying vicissitudes. To the evils of exile and poverty there was added disunion and bad faith—a conviction that they were the scorn of other men, and a consciousness that they deserved it. During this season of adversity, the countess might have chosen an asylum in the home of her girlhood; but she feared to disclose, in the familiar intimacy of household friendship, the wretchedness of her lot—to betray sorrows that admitted of no alleviation, and the knowledge of which would inflict the deepest pain on those she loved. Whilst the political intrigues and light pleasures of the Sicilian court engaged her husband's attention, her days were passed in a quiet retreat on the Calabrian coast, selected because of the facilities it offered for communication with England,—the little Zillah and a few attendants forming her household. Her time was chiefly devoted to the instruction of this child, who, with much of her mother's beauty, possessed her genius and musical talents. Whether she also inherited from nature, the waywardness of temper, and impatience of control, that marked her character from infancy, it were difficult to say. These traits might be the effects of an injudicious training. The gentle and unresisting tone of the countess's manner was not calculated to obtain an ascendancy over a fearless and eccentric mind; and though the child loved her benefactress, as children will love those who are kind to them, it was not by duteous submission she evinced her affection. Unsubjected, as those of her age usually are, to school discipline, uninfluenced by the example or companionship of girls nurtured like her, childhood passed with her in the wild enjoyment of life. In storm or sunshine, Zillah might be found wandering in the mountains, with the wives and children of the bandit peasantry, or at times upon the sea coast, often accompanying the fishermen in their frail barks, far out on the bosom of the Mediterranean.

It was a dull, cheerless morning; the clouds hung low and heavy; the air was sulphurous and oppressive—not a bird was heard to chirrup, nor was there

an insect on the wing; scarcely a living thing gave signs of life, excepting the frogs in a distant morass, and the universal stillness made their croaking more discordant.

Zillah entered the apartment where the countess was perusing letters received by a chance conveyance from England.

"Mama," said she, interrupting her, "I shall go fishing with Pietro; his boat is on the strand, and I have come for my basket and line."

"Zillah," remonstrated the countess, "the weather wears a threatening aspect; stay with me today. Your governante complains of your truant disposition, and your inattention to her instructions; this is a day, my dear child, for study—profit by it, and leave your fishing excursion for a clearer sky."

"I cannot stay on land," replied the little girl, "it is so dismal. I can study when the sun shines and the birds are singing, but now I want to get away from earth—if I had wings I would fly far far above those dull dark clouds. Well, I cannot go through air, so I must float upon the water—the breeze will blow fresh and cool around me. Good bye, good bye; I must away," and full of buoyant spirits she ran from the apartment.

The countess accustomed to the erratic habits of her *élève*, and occupied with her letters, soon forgot, in the absorbing interest of their details, the alarming aspect of the heavens.

Towards noon a small trading craft was seen standing for the bay, where Pietro in his fishing boat was paddling to and fro. Zillah, her dark hair falling in waving masses on her shoulders, her hat thrown carelessly off, that nothing might obstruct the light breeze that at intervals swept over the waters, was trying her childish skill to rival the old man on his element. More than once the experienced fisherman, apprehensive for his young charge, was rowing for the shore; but she entreated him so earnestly to stay a little longer, to go in this direction, and in that,—to wait till she had made one more effort to secure a prize—that his more prudent resolution was overcome, and they lingered on the water till the threatened danger overtook them. A violent tempest suddenly broke over the bay. Blackness obscured the heavens, the ocean heaved as if agitated by an invisible power, and then a whirling blast came rushing on, swelling the waves to mountainous height, and lashing them till they broke with fury on the coast. The little skiff rose with the swelling surge, and like a thing endued with life, and giddy with its elevation, it whirled round, and sinking in the abyss of the divided waves, it turned keel upwards. With the strong instinct of self preservation the man clung to its side, and, driven forward by the impetuous gust, the boat and its owner were cast high upon the shore. Whilst the angry billows were the agents of the old man's preservation, a human arm was employed to rescue

Zillah. Before the squall came on, the brigantine had approached within hail of the skiff. A man habited as a pilgrim stood on the deck; he had been watching for some time with exclusive interest, the graceful movements of the girl, whose delicate beauty was so strangely assorted with the coarse and weather-beaten features of her companion. It might be, that judging from the appearance of the elements, he anticipated in idea the impending danger, and was prepared to avert it, for ere the boat upset he had seized a rope and fastning it securely round his waist, he gave the end to a sailor, and fearlessly cast himself amidst the foaming waters. He reached the drowning girl as she arose to the surface, and grasping her firmly, he abandoned himself to the resistless power of the elements. At first he was carried far towards the strand, but the receding waves bore him closer to the vessel, when with the united exertions of those on board, he was raised, nearly exhausted, with his senseless burthen to the deck. Whilst these humane exertions were being made for the preservation of the child, the ship with its crew, was in the most imminent peril. Wave after wave broke over her; still the man to whom the pilgrim entrusted his slender means of safety clung to his post. She tossed and laboured for several minutes, her very mast head dipping at times in the water, and no human effort could have saved her, if, with the torrents of rain that commenced to fall, the wind had not suddenly subsided; yet awhile the agitated billows heaved in sullen anger, but the vessel swept through them, and anchored safely in the cove.

The generous stranger who had risked his life for the preservation of the child, became a frequent and a welcome guest of the countess. He was a traveller in Italy from some northern country—a pious man, who had renounced all worldly interest in life, and journeyed hither in fulfilment of some secret vow, and with the ulterior design of entering himself a disciple of some religious order, in a land held sacred by the devout professors of his faith. Although separated from the common ties of life—an isolated being in the world, his disposition was benevolent, and his heart overflowed with kindly emotions towards his fellow creatures. Zillah became the peculiar object of his care; it seemed as if his interposition to save her from an early and dreadful death had inspired him with a paternal affection, for he watched over her with the most tender solicitude.

He was often the companion of her wanderings, and she made him the confidante of all the troubles of her young life; the chief of these was her ignorance of who and what her parents were; if her father was in existence, “her mother, she knew, had gone long long ago to heaven—but her father, they never told her he was dead, and she wondered

much if he would ever come and take her with him, and love her as other fathers loved their daughters.”

Such expressions invariably awakened the deepest emotion in the breast of the solitary. He would weep like a woman, listening to these artless yearnings for kindred love, and oft times kissing the child’s fair brow, he promised to be to her a father.

The count, for the first few years of their exile, never obtruded on his wife’s retreat, excepting when factious intrigue led him to seek intercourse with the chiefs of the Calabrian hordes. His visits on such occasions were usually brief, and unmarked by any desire to extend them; but as time sped on, and Zillah grew to womanhood, the countess observed, with trembling apprehension, that his presence at the villa was more frequent, and his visits prolonged. She could not mistake his object; her knowledge of his character was too intimate, and obtained at too dear a sacrifice, to admit of misapprehension. In this distressing dilemma she called to her council the only friend whose character, years and tender regard for her *élève*, rendered it prudent to confide in. The pilgrim, now a friar of the Franciscan order, warmly participated in the countess’ affliction and dread of impending evil. He suggested to her, and she adopted his advice, to place Zillah for some time, under the pretext of completing her education, in a convent. he undertaking to make the requisite arrangements and convey her thither.

CHAPTER III.

The tide of life rolled on as usual, ever leading to the same termination, though for ever varying its journey,—now appearing bright and luminous, with sunbeams dancing on its surface—now shaded in a tender light, and the next hour overspread with gloom and darkness; amidst these ever fleeting shadows, a change passed over the face of continental Europe. Like the enchantments related in eastern story, “an empire raised by the immolation of human victims, and cemented with human blood, crumbled and disappeared from the grasp of the magician, whilst he (to carry out the metaphor) lay chained upon the ocean rock, subdued by the spells of a more subtle genii. The Bourbon dynasty was once again restored, and their adherents gathered round them, ravenous for the spoils of their predecessors.

The palazzo already described, belonged to one of Murat’s generals. It now passed into Count d’Altino’s hands, the gift of the restored queen to her favourite. The countess, averse to mingle with the licentious train surrounding their Sicilian majesties, confined herself to this retired and beautiful residence, “the world forgetting by the world forgot.” Those fond fresh feelings of the heart, the yearning to gain and grant affection, that yields to woman so much of bliss or misery, had long since ceased to

agitate her breast. The prospect of tranquil content was now before her, but domestic trials soon disturbed the transient calm. Zillah, the wild and intractable Zillah, would not submit to the restraints of conventual life—liberty to roam whither she would—to do as her versatile fancy prompted,—could not be granted consistently with the rules of the establishment, and with less than this, existence was intolerable to her; she had repeatedly appealed to the Franciscan friar, and the countess, for permission to return to her former home; but anxious for her welfare, they refused her request. Ignorant of her guardian's motive for opposing her return, the idea took possession of her mind, that, influenced by the friar, whose contempt of the world and dread of its snares, were often expressed, the countess intended consigning her forever to a cloister. Her aversion to a secluded life acting on her impetuous feelings, led her to cast off all authority. Regardless of the impropriety of the step, and the pain she inflicted on those so kind to her, she fled from the convent, and took refuge with an opera corps, from one of whom she had received instructions in music; every effort was made to induce her to return to the protection of her friends, but in vain; she resolutely declared she had made her election of a walk in life. She had liberty, she said,—she might perhaps win fame,—it was all she wished for. The conduct of her protégé grieved the generous hearted countess; she loved the girl tenderly, and it was a severe trial to see her throw herself in a path of life neither safe or reputable; but deeper sorrow was at hand to wring that poor worn heart. Intelligence arrived announcing the death of her sister, the beloved companion of her youth, the one—the only one in the wide world to whom her heart clung with certain reliance for sympathy and love. Occans divided them—years had intervened since looks interpreted the feelings of each heart to the other,—new ties were formed; but nothing had estranged the affections that grew with them from infancy.

Mrs. Herbert had married shortly after her sister's departure from England. Her union was a happy one, but of short duration, her husband having fallen in the Egyptian expedition under Sir Sydney Smith, in the second year of their marriage. He left an infant daughter, and to this doubly endeared object, the widowed mother devoted all her care. Faithful to the memory of her gallant husband, she rejected the most alluring offers to enter into a second marriage, cherishing as woman should, those pure and lofty sentiments that raise the true hearted beyond the grave, to a communion with the spirit of the loved one; she lived, as if the death of one, were but a partial separation, leading to an indissoluble union in an enduring world.

Miss Herbert grew up from childhood all a dotting parent could desire,—lovely and good—and

perfected in those accomplishments that give effect to beauty. She had attained the prescribed age for making her debut in the fashionable arena of life, when a sudden and fatal illness deprived her of her mother. The last effort of the dying lady's strength was to dictate to a friend a letter for the countess, imploring of her to extend her sisterly protection to the lovely orphan, to supply in all things a mother's place, now that she was entering on the most eventful period of woman's life,—possessing, with extreme youth, the hazardous advantages of fortune and beauty.

Language cannot describe the affliction of the countess, at this most melancholy bereavement; even the count, stoic as he was in all that did not immediately concern himself, seemed touched by her extreme anguish. His manner assumed a kind and affectionate tone—expressions of sympathy for her loss, mingled with self reproaches for the past, and implied promises of future amendment, tended more than anything in the world could, to alleviate her sorrow. Days long past—when he first sought her love—and that had lain in memory's deepest recess, shadowed by many a dark remembrance, now gently rose before her. Was it decreed that the evening of her life was to repay in its happy setting, the dark and starless time that preceded it? Hope's sweet whisperings glided to her heart. Alas! it was to leave it more dreary than before. The count's suggestion to proceed to England, to bear in person their united condolence, was readily acquiesced in. No doubt of the singleness of his motives, founded upon previous experience, warned her of the fallacy of her trust. Grief is not suspicious.

He departed for England with her full concurrence, to solicit the young Isabella, the heiress of untold wealth, to spend the season of her mourning with her disconsolate relative.

"Yes, my beloved child," wrote the countess, in a letter entrusted to her husband, "we shall weep together, our common calamity; no other heart can sympathise in our deep sorrow, for none can estimate our loss. It is a grief sacred between us—come to me then, dearest Isabella, that I may pour fourth to thee, the pent up feelings of this aching breast—that I may, if possible, fulfil the dying injunctions of your sainted mother. Let me behold her virtues reflected in her child—her child—her life's hope and idol—how dear—how precious is the trust to me."

To be continued.

OF ABILITIES.

THE abilities of man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are asked; if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered.—*Sir W. Temple.*

(ORIGINAL.)

FRANCIS THE FIRST IN CAPTIVITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

AH France! my native—my beloved France!

My heart beats quick as memory turns to thee :
This swordless belt—my gaoler's watchful glance—
Speak all the horrors of captivity :
On thought's free wings, my restless spirit soars
O'er time and space, to view thy fertile shores.

They talk of freedom! who have never known
But half the value of the good they prize ;
Oh! they must feel, like me, their hopes o'erthrown,
Their native land forbid their longing eyes :
All liberty, save that of thought, denied,
To gratify a crafty tyrant's pride.

When pleasure wove around my regal brow,
Her balmy coronal of honied flowers,
Ah, little did I think 'twas mine to know
A captive's fate—to count the lingering hours,
To watch impatiently the sinking sun,
And sighing, wish, like his, my journey done.

In these dull, gloomy walls, condemned to pine,
And feel my mental energies decay,
I think how brightly he was wont to shine
When rung the trumpet on the battle-day,
And spear and helm reflected back the light,
Which saw me still the foremost in the fight.

The chase, the tournament, the tented field,
The midnight revel, and the minstrel's song,
And beauty's glance, in turn, could transport yield,
While the deep adulation of the throng
Veiled the dark crimes and follies of the past,
And bade the present joys for ever last.

How many captives I have doomed to groan,
And see, in life's fair morn, their hopes decay,
On whom yon setting sun has never shone,
Or rising glory of the coming day,
Their lonely dungeon visited, or shed
One ray of comfort round the living dead.

Torn from the wife to whom he fondly clung,
The husband shook in agony the chain ;
While round his neck his weeping children hung,
In speechless woe, yet knew not half the pain
That rent the captive's bosom, when his eyes
Looked their last farewell to the earth and skies.

The lover's sigh, the parent's gushing tear,
The stern reproaches of the injured brave,
Unheeded fell upon the royal ear,
That had the power—but mercy lacked to save :
Their fate is mine!—the voice that will not rest,
Transplants their anguish to this tortured breast.

Ah, glory! where is now the quickening spell,
That erst thou wor'st around thy votary's heart!
Had I in battle nobly, bravely fell,
Like Bayard, acting an heroic part,
Fame o'er my mouldering ashes would have cried,
The royal Francis here, unvanquished, died.

And thou, dark politician, who hast bound
The kingly lion in thine iron thralls ;
For thee a day of vengeance shall be found—
A voice shall echo through these gloomy halls ;
France shall demand her monarch at thy hands,
And beard thee here, amidst thy armed bands.

Ah, no!—on Bragrasse and Pavia sleep,
The chiefs who for their king the strife had dared,
These massy walls their sullen trust will keep :
By no brave friend my prison will be shared ;
And hope grows sick, and withers in the gloom,
That gathers round me in this living tomb.

All, all is lost!—but honour still is mine ;
The conqueror cannot rob me of that gem,—
Her bright undying wreath did never twine
Around the brows of cold unfeeling men ;
Invidious Charles! thy crooked policy
May bind a slave—it cannot chain the free!

SKETCH OF SYRIAN MANNERS.

THE interview we had with the Emir Bsechir, or Prince of Lebanon, and in which, to a certain extent, we may have intruded upon his privacy, could not be regarded as a picture of his ordinary mode of life. I was, therefore, glad when Major Napier proposed to me to accompany him on a visit of ceremony to that chieftain, to whom he had a letter of introduction from the Commodore. We found the Emir at Hammah. We were directed to a large house, something in the Swiss style, and apparently set apart for the transaction of public business. The court-yard, in which we alighted, was crowded with retainers. A buzz of curiosity and surprise soon passed round, occasioned, no doubt, by the Major's appearance in full uniform, and the no less captivating figure of Giorgius, his dragoman. We were conducted up a flight of steps, and along a corridor of some length, still making our way through a crowd of armed men. I was not a little surprised, at this stage of proceedings, to hear my own name frequently called out—"Ah! Houtor! Houtor! keef hableck?" (*Anglice*, How do you do?) The salutations proceeded from a number of mountaineers, who were present in the late reconnaissance, though I am not aware of any particular circumstance which may account for their remembrance of me. After a short time we were ushered into the presence of the Emir. He arose to receive the Major, expressing the most flowery Eastern

compliments in return for the letter of the Commodore. "Fame is on your brow," he said: "you shall be my son: may we never part!" &c. Having seated ourselves, of course, pipes and coffee made their appearance, and conversation started, as usual. The rooms were filled with Sheiks and chief men, who stood in a respectful circle round the carpet on which the Emir and ourselves were seated. Two secretaries knelt in a corner, behind the great man, writing from occasional dictation. Presently we were gratified by seeing preparations for a repast, for it was then mid-day, and we had been in the mountains since sunrise. A small inlaid table, the size of a chess-board, was placed in the midst of the party. A pilau, and other Eastern dishes, sweet and sour, were then brought forward, and—most notable of luxuries for a mountaineer to produce—there were silver spoons and forks! It would appear, however, that, in practice, if his highness had any choice about the matter, it was still a preference for his fingers. After our meal, a ewer and basin were presented, when the prince washed not only his hands, but the inside of his mouth, with abundance of soap, as is the Syrian custom. The further intellectual recreation of pipes and coffee then again ensued, after which we arose to depart: but it was soon notified that our entertainer had not yet shown the full measure of attention with which he determined to honour his guest. Major Napier had previously, in the course of conversation, expressed a desire to see the Emir's troops under arms: but the latter seemed at the time to take little notice of the request. Now, however, he informed him that his brother Abdallah would proceed with him to a spot where the men would be drawn out for his inspection. We were then conducted to another apartment in the same house, where we found Abdallah installed in an equal degree of ceremony, with this difference only, that the Sheiks and other subordinate chiefs might sit in his presence. We proceeded with him through the village to the place of review, and at length reached the large court of the principal residence, where Capt. Laué and myself alighted on a former occasion. The place was yet empty, and we waited with patient expectation with Abdallah and his numerous attendants.

ALLIGATORS AND THEIR ROAR.

The large alligators or caymans are the foremost among the inhabitants of the water which prey upon the fishes. There they lie, like dry logs of wood, at the foot of some cataract, their mouth half open, ready to snatch and swallow what the increased rapidity of the current should carry down the fall. How frequently have we seen them in that situation while ascending the upper river, which, beyond all others, seemed to swarm with these horrid mon-

sters. I have already observed how often they tore the flesh from our spring-hooks, and carried fish, hook, and line away; and we naturally did not owe them good will for their stealing propensities, which served as an additional proof to what extent their depredations must be carried on. And although abundance of fish during certain seasons prevail in the rivers of the interior, the cayman is nevertheless the most covetous of all animals, and envies every other successful fisher. This he gives to understand, particularly by angry growls, if the line with the captive is drawing in, and his attempts to intercept the captured fish before it be drawn on the land should have proved unsuccessful. While we were encamped at the mouth of the river Rewa, or Roiwa, during our last expedition, the afternoon of the 21st of October had passed under thunder and rain; but at the approach of night Nature lulled herself to rest, and only the droppings from the leaves of the trees now told of the former storm. I was lying sleepless in my hammock, and I watched two Indians who had their lines out to entrap some hungry fish. A *kilbagre*, lured away by the tempting bait, had snapped at it; and the fisherman, acquainted by the stress on his line of his success, drew the unwilling fish towards the canoe, when the roar of a cayman awoke the echo of the wood; and rushing towards the course with all his might, he recaptured the fish as the astonished Indians were just on the point of drawing it in; and with it went the hook and a great part of the line. At our second night's camp, after we had entered the river Rupununi, the Indians were likewise fishing; and drawing towards the canoe the caymans commenced such a roar that it baffled description. We distinctly heard that there were three: first one commenced, when the fish that was drawn in began to struggle; and another answered him, until the noise was so great that the Indians, as in self-defence, and to intimidate the approaching monsters, set up a shout themselves. Indeed the roaring of the cayman is so strong, that in the still hour of night it may be heard a mile off; and there is something awful and indescribable in it: it is not the tiger's growl, the bull's bellowing, the lion's roar—it is different from all, and really terrific when the sound bursts suddenly upon the ear. I might compare it to the snorting of a frightened horse, if the strength of that snort could be increased ten—no, twenty fold in effect.—*Schomburg's Fishes of Guiana.*

ANGER.

To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent and suppress rising resentment is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.—*Watt's Doctrine of the Passions.*

DR. BEATTIE.

The subjoined traits of Dr. Beattie will interest the public:—

“IN the year 1767 Dr. Beattie married the daughter of Dr. James Dunn, the rector of the grammar school, by whom he had two sons, both of whom died before their father. It was soon after his marriage that he wrote the famous *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth*, which laid the foundation of the extensive reputation which he enjoyed as a man of letters, and was the means of procuring for him an introduction to royalty, and, when added to his other means, a comfortable independence for life. About this period the infidel writings of David Hume created a sensation in the country greater than perhaps any works, hostile to religion, which had previously appeared in this country, had done. Against the doctrines of Hume, Beattie wrote this essay, the object of which is, to shew that there are certain things which we must believe, though we may not be in a condition to prove their absolute truth, and that we are led to this belief by our common sense. The essay was finished in 1767, but was not given to the world till the year 1770. Between these years he had shewn it to Sir William Forbes and several others of his friends, who all highly approved of the manner and the ability with which he had handled his subject; and he himself had made various alterations and amendments upon it. The whole was ready for press by the autumn of 1769. Beattie, however, was disinclined to run the risk of publishing the work at his own expense, as he considered that it was not reasonable that he should suffer in his pecuniary interests for having been the champion of the immutability of truth; and he thought, besides, that if a bookseller should give a sum of money for the work, he would then have an interest in doing all in his power for the sale of the book. Beattie, therefore, intrusted his friends Sir William Forbes, and Mr. Arbuthnot with his manuscript, in order that they might dispose of it to a publisher. The name of the author was not then known further than as connected with a small volume of *Original Poems and Translations*, which had been published at London in the year 1760, and had attracted much notice. His friends failed in procuring any bookseller who would publish the work on his own account, though all of them were willing to do so at Beattie's risk,—a circumstance which, as Sir William Forbes says, ‘strongly marks the slender opinion entertained by the booksellers at that period of the value of a work which has risen into such well-merited celebrity.’ Though discouraged by their failure, Beattie's friends resolved not to let the world lose so valuable a defence of religion; and, after some consideration, fell upon a plan of giving it to the public, which is entitled to much credit for its ingenuity. They were aware

that Beattie not only had objections, which no arguments could overcome, to losing money by the speculation, but was also decidedly averse to doing any thing for the benefit of truth without receiving that reward to which he had felt that the advocate of the best interests of mankind was most justly entitled. They, therefore, in order to overcome his scruples, wrote to him that they had sold the work for fifty guineas, but had stipulated with the bookseller that they should be partners with him in the transaction. At the same time they transmitted fifty guineas from themselves to Beattie, who expressed his satisfaction with the sum, as exceeding ‘his warmest expectations.’ ‘On such trivial causes,’ says Sir William, ‘do things of considerable moment often depend; for had it not been for this interference, in a manner somewhat ambiguous, perhaps the *Essay on Truth*, on which all Dr. Beattie's fortunes hinged, might never have seen the light.’ In all this transaction the strict integrity of Beattie is conspicuous. He adhered to his principle of not allowing his zeal in a good cause to injure his worldly interest. He was lucky in having friends who deceived him so much to his advantage, and who acted so faithfully on the philosophy which he himself had inculcated. In a letter to Sir William, written some time before, Beattie lays it down that ‘happiness is desirable for its own sake—truth is desirable only as a means of producing happiness; for who would not prefer an agreeable delusion to a melancholy truth? What, then, is the use of the philosophy which aims to inculcate truth at the expense of happiness, by introducing doubt and disbelief in the place of confidence and hope! Surely the promoters of all such philosophy are either the enemies of mankind, or the dupes of their own most egregious folly.’ The result of this manœuvre of Beattie's friends proved the wisdom of his doctrine. The publication of the essay, accomplished in this singular manner, brought honour and wealth, and respect and fame, to the author; and the devisers of the scheme do not appear to have regretted that it was by a temporary sacrifice of truth that they were enabled to establish its immutability.”

The *Essay on Truth*, it is thus shewn, was published in consequence of a *Lie!*—*Bruce's Eminent men of Aberdeen.*

RIDICULE.

THE fatal fondness for indulging in a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too severe reply, can never be condemned with more asperity than it deserves. Not to offend, is the first step towards pleasing. To give pain, is as much an offence against humanity as against good breeding; and surely it is well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is unpolite.—*Dr. Blair.*

(ORIGINAL.)

WOMAN.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?*

"FRAILTY thy name is ^{woman} ~~woman~~!! I beg to differ with the great author who produced this sentence, although it sounds poetical, reads well and smoothly, and like many new ideas, pleases at first sight; yet think but for a moment of the libel it conveys, attacking the fairest created being that adorns our world. What noble bachelor of modern date would dare give utterance to such a sentiment? What one so rash as peril his hope of matrimonial alliance, by uttering such an opinion of the sex? "I pause for a reply." No, truth contradicts it, and experience verifies the contradiction. Were it true, what misery would be entailed on man. To what source of happiness would he resort, to render life's journey through the bleak desert of existence, tolerable? What solace find, to calm his wounded spirit in the day of trouble, and nerve him to withstand the dread attacks of care, when misfortunes meet him at every turn? Where would he find a kindred soul among his fellows, which would sympathize with his hopes, and bear with his failings? All would be an endless strife and buffetting against the varying currents of the wide world's whim, and peace a stranger to his soul. What substitute will he find for wife, or sister, who with patience hears his long and melancholy tale of dire mishap, and freaks of jading fortune, then, with her gentle soothing voice, pours a sweet solace into his mind, a balsam for all his racking ills, leaving him calm—and filled with eager hope of better times, and brighter prospects? How much purer the noble feelings of our nature are shown in woman. Benevolence, sympathy, and love, all beam in radiance from her soul, diffusing cheering rays around, on all who have a claim to them.

When prosperity favors its votaries, she rejoices with them, and when the dark cloud of adversity hovers o'er the loved ones, and despair has almost got possession of their every energy, she, though sympathizing with their misfortunes, bears up against the impending storm, and strives to avert its blighting ravages. Creative wisdom has implanted in the soul of woman (physically weaker) a capacity of mental endurance, a conscientiousness and love of virtue, unequalled in the other sex. There are exceptions, 'tis true, and what truism so extended as the present, is without them? but it is owing, in most instances, to the almost irresistible temptations and allurements held out to them, often working on the tenderest feelings of their nature, which if led into the path of virtue, or even left to its own guidance, would have shunned the wandering.

To whom shall I appeal, as to the truth of this

brief panegyric, if I may venture to give it so fine a name? To whom as proof of it? Not to the hen-pecked or dishonored husband, who through an error in judgment, or instigated by worldly motives, unmindful of the warnings of Prudence, has rashly formed an unhappy alliance with an *exce- lion*, one, it may be, wholly dissonant from him in feelings and inclinations, (while both are perhaps devoid of the faculty of accommodating themselves to each other's wishes) and by these differences, driven as it were to fall from the high estate of virtue with which she was endowed by nature—Not to the prejudiced and care-worn bachelor who has gathered his ideas of the sex from the slanderous effusions of misguided and unthinking fools, eschewing matrimony as he would a plague, poisoning his cup of happiness in life, with a voluntary and bitter draught. From none of these would I ask a candid judgment, although even here, I might not fail in rendering them tributary to the cause; I would lead them back through the vista of time to bye-gone days, ere melancholy broodings over human frailty, had blunted their sensibilities, and warped their reason, then ask them if they had never experienced the kind attentions,—fond solitudes, and ministering sympathies of a mother or a sister, ever ready to feel for and cheer them in all their toils and struggles? Would this be ineffectual? I am loth to think it. But I would ask the man who is by experience competent to weigh and consider—he who for years has borne a share of the conjugal yoke, without being galled by the pressure, or irritated by its constraint, and trodden the path of life supported by a guardian angel, encouraged by her attentions, and lighted by her smiles—To such a one as this will I leave the question for decision, and without fear of a reversal of that judgment which the ladies, and all young married husbands have already accorded me, I abide the result.

Montreal, 10th January, 1842.

H.

THE HARP AND THE POET.

BY THOMAS POWELL, ESQ.

The wind, before it woos the harp,
Is but the wild and common air;
Yet, as it passes through the chords,
Changes to music rare.

And even so the poet's soul
Converts the things that round him lie
Into a genial voice of song—
Divinest harmony.

Sweet harp and poet, framed alike
By God, as his interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thought
Of every thing that stirs.

PERSIAN MANUFACTURES.

BEYOND these were workshops for the manufacture of fire-arms, brought to very respectable perfection by one of the Persian youths sent to England to acquaint himself with the art. So ingeniously had he copied a rifle of one of the London makers, that I was completely taken in by it. He had engraved the name in steel letters, and, Persian-like, had sold some of them as "London guns." This he related to me with great glee, quite unabashed. "Real London," said he although made at Tabreez." The sabres also were good, though not equal to those of Ispahan or Damascus, either for the excellence of the material, or for the delicacy of the workmanship. A good Ispahan blade, if well wielded, will, it is said, cut through a half-inch bar of iron, a bale of cotton, or a silk handkerchief thrown into the air; and this is by no means a Persian extravaganza. The Persians are great admirers of these missiles, and nothing is so acceptable in the way of "peisheash," or present, as a double-barrel Joe, or a pair of hair-triggers. The other manufactures cannot be said to flourish much. Despotie governments are adverse to all improvements; for if profit be derived from them, they are sure to be taxed, and genius can never flourish where the invention meets no protection, and may be even attended with danger. The Persian who succeeds in amassing wealth, unknown to the government, seeks posthumous fame by the building of caravansaries or baths, but quite unconnected with any patriotic feeling, or even for the good of mankind. The most prominent of the arts, and the one in which they so much excel, is that of enamelling; in which, in point of rich fancy of pattern and of execution, they exceed the Europeans. The exquisitely formed flower grows on the gold and silver "kalleons" and thimbles, with a grace most true to nature.

Of jewellery I do not recollect much display in the bazaars beyond that of the "feruzas," or turquoises, of which the Persians are very proud; some stones being valued as high as one hundred tomauns. The most celebrated mine is at Nishapora, in Khorassan. There are others but they yield a stone of a very inferior quality. The merchants may be deemed the most opulent and the most independent class in Persia. They are lightly taxed by the government, and less interfered with than others, and are so alive to their own interests, that they take care not to excite the cupidity of their rulers by any ostentatious display of wealth. Sordidness and avarice are their general characteristics, with a good deal of low cunning caution. The merchants seal their bargains with their signet instead of their signature; and the authenticity of these, and the being bound by them, depends entirely upon the seal. Hence the office of the seal-cutter is one of great importance and trust, for if he

is known to make duplicates, his life would answer for the offence. The date must be cut on the seal. They are all registered; and if a seal be lost, public notice is given of it by the merchant to his dealer. They engrave beautifully; indeed, with a perfection unknown in Europe.—They abbreviate the Ferengee names by leaving out the vowels; whether in contempt or compliment I do not know.—*Fowler's Travels.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

Gently glideth yonder stream,
Like a pleasant summer's dream—
O'er its rocky bed the while,
Fairest flowers are seen to smile.

And anon the sun beams' play
Light it up with brightest ray—
And the silvery waters shine,
Like some living thing divine.

There, beneath a wild-wood bower,
I hie me oft at evening hour—
And love to wander there alone,
List'ning to its pensive tone.

There is a charm in solitude,
Where the world doth not intrude;
To chasten and refine the mind,
With an influence, sad yet kind.

I marvel not, that men of old,
Forsook the fame bedecked with gold—
And, guided but by nature's light,
In nature's works adored her might.

Sweet evening hour! art thou not made
To call devotion from the shade,
Cast o'er it by our noon-day cares—
To cull the wheat from out the tares?

At eventide the patriarch strayed,
And the sweet singer, David, prayed.
More sitting time for prayer is none—
And Jesus loved to be alone.
East Randolph, Vt.

THE MIND.

THE mind, like a bow, is sometimes, unbent, to preserve its elasticity; and because the bow is useless in a state of remission, we make the same conclusions of the human mind; whereas, the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of ease; it may lose, indeed, its vigour, by being employed too intensely on particular subjects, but recovers itself again, rather by varying its application than by continuing inactive.

LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC.

DILEMMAS OF A PORTRAIT IN ESTONIA.

One day, to diversify the subject, a tall Estonian peasant was ushered in, bearing a note from a neighbouring family; wherein it appeared that, in consequence of some bantering questions and promises, they had sent the best-looking man the estate could boast, to represent the physiognomy and costume of his class. And truly, as fine and good-looking a young man stood before us as needed be seen. At first he returned our glance with rather more courage than a peasant here usually ventures to show; but on being told his errand, blushed like a girl, and proceeded to place himself in the required position with a *mauvaise honte* which, it must be owned, was at first not limited to himself. He wore the regular peasant's costume—his long hair falling on his shoulders; a coat made of undyed black wool down to his heels, with metal buttons and red-leather frogs; and his feet clad in the national *passelt*, or sandals of untanned cow's-hide. After the first novelty was over, he stood sensibly and respectfully enough; and being shown his miniature fac-simile, and told that it would go to England, acknowledged it to be *vegga illos* (very beautiful.) And he took his leave in perfect good-humour with himself and us. But a few days after, a disastrous sequel to this adventure reached our ears. Under the conviction that he had been subject to the spells of a sorceress, his lady-love cast him off for another; his fellows taunted and avoided him; while, added to this, the innocent victim himself was in the utmost terror of mind lest this mysterious delinquent of his person should prove the preamble to his being banished either to Siberia or—to England.

THE NORTHERN CAPITAL OF RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg must be acknowledged to be an extraordinary work of art; in the regularity of its plan, the costliness of its public buildings, and the general magnificence of its architecture, it is without a rival. The stranger finds himself in a city of palaces; the barbarian genius of Peter the Great has effected more in a marsh, than the polished skill and hereditary wealth of all the European sovereigns in the world. But it is impossible for us to doubt that St. Petersburg is only a magnificent mistake. Its great founder, in showing the haughtiness with which barbarians defy obstacles, has shown only the rashness of attempting to conquer the eternal resistance of nature. Moscow ought to be the sole capital of the empire. By building St. Petersburg at a cost of wealth and life which would have made Moscow as splendid as a dream of eastern imagination, he formed two interests where there should be but one; he fixed the great organ of government at the remotest possible distance from the most vigor-

ous, populous, and important portion of his dominions; he condemned his successor and his court to the most rigid climate: planted eternal jealousy between the north and south, and gained little more than the fixture of a splendid settlement, surrounded by swamps and snows, on the shores of a sea, frozen six months in the year, and with nothing before it for conquest but the melancholy wastes of Poland and the frozen deserts of Scythia. If he had concentrated the strength of the empire round Moscow, with its glorious climate, its superb position, Russia must have long since been to the east what ancient Rome was to the west; the territories which have since cost her such long and wasteful struggles, would have been spontaneously absorbed into her dominion, and every power from the Indus to the Hellespont would have acknowledged her diadem, either as a tributary or a slave.

COURT CONVERSATION.

Russia has no literature, or rather none to attract a frivolous woman; and political subjects, with all the identical chit-chat which the observances, anniversaries, &c., of a constitutional government bring more or less into every private family, it is needless to observe, exist not. What then remains?—Sad to say, nothing, absolutely nothing, for old and young, man and woman, save the description, discussion, appreciation, or depreciation of toilette—varied by a little cuisine and the witless wit called *l'esprit du salon*. To own an indifference or ignorance on the subject of dress, further than a conventional and feminine compliance, would be wilfully to ruin your character equally with the gentlemen as with the ladies of the society; for the former, from some inconceivable motive, will discuss a new bracelet or a new dress with as much relish as if they had hopes of wearing it, and with as great a precision of technical terms as if they had served at a *marchand de modes*. It may seem almost incredible, but here these externals so occupy every thought, that the highest personage in the land, with the highest authority under him, will meet and discuss a lady's coiffure; with a *gusto* and science as incomprehensible in them, to say the least, as the emulation of coachman slang in some of our own eccentric nobility. Whether in a state where individuals are judged by every idle word, or rather where every idle word is literally productive of mischief, the blandishments of the toilet, from their political innocuousness, are considered safest ground for the detention of mischievous spirits, I must leave; but very certain it is that in high circles of Petersburg it would seem, from the prevailing tone of conversation, that nothing was considered more meritorious than a pretty face and figure, or more interesting than the question how to dress it.

(ORIGINAL.)

MAYER BEER.

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

Allegretto

ff energico *pp leggiero*

8ves.

ff me *pia*

2x *for*

p

leggiero

for *ffmo*

FINE *pia dolce* **FINE**

8va *ffmo* *ff>*

loco *ffmo*

OUR TABLE.

HISTORY OF EUROPE, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TILL THE RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS, IN 1815. BY ARCHIBALD ALISON, F. R. S. E.—EDINBURGH.

THE history of the stormy years which are included in the quarter of a century previous to the Battle of Waterloo, is one which is literally crowded with events of mighty interest to the world. There is scarcely a day in the whole period that has not something memorable recorded of it—some deed of terror, frightful from its atrocity, or some field of victory, won by the sacrifice of human blood, whose gore-dripping laurels have stamped its name on the historic page—and which, wonderful though it be, has elicited the admiration of thinking and reasoning men!

The revolution itself, with its torn and bleeding hearts—its treacheries, plots, conspiracies—its hideous and revolting murders—though at the time it filled the world with horror, was, before its victims had decayed, all but forgotten in the wonder with which mankind watched the course of the terrible being, who was the “Child of the Revolution,” and who became the “spoiler of hearts and empires”—the portioner of kingdoms,—the bestower of crowns and sceptres; and whose ambition aimed at universal sway over the civilized and uncivilized world.

To trace the story of Napoleon is to tell the history of Europe, from the time when he arrived at manhood, and became the leader of the republican hosts of France, until, at the close of his last and most disastrous battle, the ever-to-be-remembered Field of Waterloo, he became a fugitive from the wrath his unparalleled crimes had raised against him, in the breasts of the millions who had felt the iron rod of his despotic power, and who, though of all nations, origins, and tongues, became as brethren in the bond of enmity against him, which alike fired the breasts of all.

Since his disastrous fall, the world has been deluged with histories, biographies, tales, romances, novels, dramas, and songs, having for their foundation the epoch which called him to be the ruler and scourge of France and of Continental Europe. His achievements, while borne along upon the overwhelming torrent which he raised, are a never failing source which the dealer in the marvellous, whether in fancy or in realities, “stranger than fiction,” need not fear to exhaust. Genius, learning, talent, have been ransacked, to give greater effect to what, in itself, it is impossible to colour too highly. Pre-eminence in grandeur, as he was in all the attributes of the dreadful and repulsive, the highest aim of the truly gifted historian should be to present him as he was, and his achievements as they occurred. It is, indeed, to “gild refined gold” to give to his life anything of mere startling brightness which it did not wear. But almost all who have written of him have attempted it. Indeed, it seems to be a natural consequence of the kind of fame he won, and of the high “bad eminence” he reached. Even in the book which has given occasion to this notice, there is not unfrequently an error of the same description. Though the book is destined to hold the highest place among the works which treat of this extraordinary man, it has many of these blemishes, as if the author had been occasionally dazzled by the glory of the conqueror’s career. Notwithstanding these objections, however, the work will rank among the noblest histories which ever proceeded from the pen of man.

We have seldom read a book in which the attention is more regularly chained to the subject treated of than this. Though it adheres closely to the facts, they wear so closely round them, the witchery of romance, that even the lover of the wonderful could not fail to be charmed with their perusal. But the life of Napoleon was almost all romance. The humble child of lowly parents, forcing his way almost from the ranks in which he served, into the proud position of an Imperial Governor, filling the throne, and wearing the crown of Charlemagne—eclipsing the glory of that mighty sovereign, and surrounding himself with the gorgeous spoils of crushed and ruined states and empires—filling the earth with the renown of his deeds, and the terror of his arms. Truly, no romance can exceed the tale in all the attributes which fire the imagination, and kindle the torch of fancy.

The work will occupy ten large volumes, nine of which are already published,—and, beginning with the commencement of the Reign of Terror, it gives a comprehensive, clear, and complete detail of everything which occurred in Europe until the defeat of Napoleon.

Leipsic by the allied hosts, and his disastrous return to France, hunted over the fields of his former glory, by the conquerors his rapacity and despotism had armed against him. The battles which he fought—the victories he won—the reverses he endured—all are sketched with the pen of a master, and placed before the mental vision as in a moving panorama, enabling the reader, as it were, to follow the march of the opposing armies—watch them in the field and in the bivouac—admire the gallant array of their unbroken hosts, when battle is yet a name, and shudder at the miserable appearance they present, when their ranks are hewed down by the sword, famine, and pestilence, to a flying remnant of what they were! All is here, in these magnificent tomes. They contain a lesson which the man of ambition will not read in vain.

In the ninth volume of this stupendous work, the author has briefly sketched the character of Napoleon. He has done so well. The stamp of truth is upon the page, and the defects of the hero's mind equally with the grandeur of his intellect, are shewn as with a pencil of light. He has entered, as it were, into his inmost thoughts, and laid bare the hidden springs from which emanated his various and innumerable acts, whether of good or ill. He has possessed ample means of arriving at a just and proper estimate of the genius and character of Napoleon. He has had access to all that is extant with respect to him. His secret correspondence with the Directory of Paris, during his first campaigns,—when subject (as far as such a man could be so) to that body, which, outwardly, he and France acknowledged for the rulers of the state—have yielded an ample tribute to the demands of truth, and shew, in these pages, the duplicity which formed so foul a blast upon his name, and the meannesses which disgraced his character as a warrior and a man. The author, too, with a keen and piercing mind, has rent aside the veil from many of Napoleon's actions, even where no record written by himself is in being. In future, the mass of mankind will better understand, and less respect the character of the Emperor. The world has hitherto been content to admire him, because the dazzling brightness which shone on the greater portion of his deeds obscured the vision—while the indescribable misfortunes which at other times tracked him to the verge of ruin, have awakened an uncalled for sympathy for his terrible downfall.

The course of Napoleon, was that of the meteor, which in the far distance, is sublime, glorious and awful to look upon, but whose nearer coming brings terror, destruction and death on its wings.

The limits to which we must confine this notice, even were we qualified for the task, would render it impossible to do justice to this work, and to the author's mode of treating the multiplicity of subjects, which, necessarily, have fallen under his notice, as the historian of the most memorable epoch in modern history. The ninth volume, in particular, which few in this country have yet had an opportunity of reading, is well deserving of a lengthened notice. In it, besides the review alluded to of the genius and character of Napoleon, the author has briefly but beautifully sketched the lives and characters of the more eminent of the Generals, who contributed so largely to his success. But all this, though interesting, is not by any means the larger or more valuable portion of the volume. In it the reader is furnished with a vast quantity of important information, with reference to the power of Russia, and the immense capabilities of the boundless territories of the Czar. The glorious enthusiasm which followed upon the failure of the Russian Expedition,—which led to the glorious victory of the allied hosts at Leipsic, and the resurrection and deliverance of Germany,—is eloquently and beautifully described. The various battles are fought over again, with scarcely less excitement to the reader than, originally, they must have imparted to the gallant actors in them. The volume concludes with a description of the state of matters on the Peninsula, in 1813, with the victories of Wellington at Vittoria, Sauroren, Salamanca, and Bayonne, and many other fields of inferior note, though still bright with the lustre of the Veteran's warlike skill, and the unconquerable courage of the warrior hosts of Britain.

It would be an easy task to cull from these volumes, extracts of interest to every reader. Indeed, we have marked as much as would fill a number of the *Garland*; but we must be content to transfer to our pages a very small proportion of these selections, and as it is our purpose at all times to be advocates of peace, we may perhaps contribute something to repress

the too hasty spirit of many dwellers in this Province, by presenting a picture of the horrors of war. We give the description of the storming of St. Sebastian, a name famous in story, from the terrible struggle by which it was ultimately won, though the glory of the achievement was sadly dimmed by the revolting abuse of victory, which sullied the laurels of the conquerors:—

The first object which occupied the attention of the English general after the defeat of Soult's irruption, was the renewal of the siege of St. Sebastian, which had been so rudely interrupted. The governor had made good use of the breathing-time thus afforded him by the cessation of active operations, in repairing the breaches in the sea-wall, retrenching the interior parts of the rampart, and taking every imaginable precaution against a second assault. In particular, he had constructed out of the ruins of the houses which had been destroyed, immediately behind the great breach, a second or interior rampart, parallel to the outer, very thick, and fifteen feet high, with salient bastions, which it was hoped would entirely stop the progress of the enemy, even if they won the front wall. During the intermission of active operations, the efforts of the English were confined to a blockade position taken up on the heights of St. Bartholomew, which were much strengthened, and a distant fire upon the men engaged in these vast undertakings; and they lost two hundred Portuguese in a sally made by the garrison in the night of the 26th July. But when Soult was finally driven back, matters soon assumed a very different aspect. The heavy guns which had been shipped at Passages were all relanded, and again placed in battery; a fleet of transports, with twenty-eight additional pieces of great calibre, and immense stores, arrived from Portsmouth, and they were soon succeeded by as many more from Woolwich; and the battering train, with the guns landed from the ships, now amounted to the large number of a hundred and eighteen pieces, including twelve sixty-eight pounders. By the night of the 26th this immense train of artillery was all in readiness, and fifty-seven pieces actually in the batteries; and on the morning of the 26th they re-opened their fire with a roar so awful, that, re-echoed as it was from all the rocks and precipices in the wooded amphitheatre around, it seemed as if no force on earth could withstand the attack. The fire continued without intermission for the next four days, and before the 30th sixty-three guns were in constant practice; two wide breaches were gaping, and seemed easy of ascent; the fire of the place was almost entirely silenced, and three mines had been run in front of the advanced batteries on the Isthmus, close under the sea-wall, in order to counteract any mines of the enemy near the great breach. Still the brave governor, after informing Soult of his desperate situation, was resolute to stand a second assault, although his resistance of the first had fulfilled to the letter Napoleon's general orders, and the storm was ordered for the 31st at noonday.

At two in the morning of the 31st, the three mines were exploded under the sea-wall, and brought it completely down. At this awful signal the brave garrison all repaired to their posts, each armed with several muskets; and, relying on the successful resistance of the former assault, confidently anticipated the defeat of the present. Nor was their confidence without reason; for, notwithstanding the vastly increased means now at the disposal of the besiegers, they had not yet beat down the enemy's parapets nor established a lodgement in the hornwork, so that the assaulting columns would be exposed when near the breach to a destructive fire in flank—a fatal error, contrary to Vauban's rules, and which was only washed out by torrents of British blood. Dissatisfied with the steadiness of some of the troops at the former assault, Wellington had brought fifty volunteers from fifteen regiments in the first, fourth, and light divisions; "men," as he expressed it, "who could show other troops how to mount a breach." Leith, however, who had resumed the command of the fifth division, by whom the former assault had been made, was so urgent that his men should be allowed the post of honour, and they were accordingly placed under General Robinson, to head the attack, supported by the remainder of the same division and the seven hundred and fifty volunteers from the other regiments of the army. Major Snodgrass of the 52d, had on the preceding night forded the Urumea alone, opposite the smaller breach, clambered up its face at midnight, and looked down upon the town! After the troops in the trenches were all under arms, deep anxiety pervaded every bosom; and before orders were given for the forlorn hope to move forward, the excitement felt had become almost intolerable. The heroic band took its station at half-past ten; the tide, which all watched, was fast ebbing; and the enemy's preparations were distinctly visible—the glancing of bayonets behind the parapets, the guns pointed towards the breach, the array of shells and fire barrels along its summit, told but too clearly the awful contest which awaited them. Little was said in the assaulting columns; the kness of the most resolute smote each other, not with fear but anxiety; and time seemed to pass with such leaden wings, that the watches were looked to every half minute. Some laughed outright, they knew not why; many addressed a mental prayer to the throne of grace. The very elements seemed to have conspired to increase the impressive character of the moment; a close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, lowering and sulphurous clouds covered the sky, large drops fell at intervals, and the very animals, awe-struck by the feeling of an approaching tempest, were silent in the camp and on the hills.

Noon had barely passed, when, the tide being considered sufficiently fallen, the signal to advance was given. Silently the men moved forward, and not a shot was fired till the column had reached the middle of the stream, when such a tempest of grape, musketry, and cannonster was at once opened upon it as well nigh choked the Urumea with the killed and the wounded. With dauntless intrepidity, however, the survivors pressed through the now crimsoned waves, and soon gained the strand on the opposite side, headed by the gallant Lieutenant M'Guin of the 4th, who led the forlorn hope, and rushed on, conspicuous from his plume, noble figure, and buoyant courage. Two mines were exploded rather prematurely by the enemy under the covered way of the hornwork; but they crushed only twenty men, and the column, bounding impetuously forward, streamed up the great breach, and soon reached its summit. There, however, they were assailed by a dreadful tempest of grape, shells, and hand-grenades, while the head of the column found it impossible to get down into the town, as the reverse of the breach consisted of a wall

twelve or fourteen feet high, the bottom of which was filled with sword blades placed erect, and every kind of offensive obstacles, while the newly constructed rampart within, and the ruins of the houses burned on occasion of the former assault, were lined with grenadiers, who kept up so close and deadly a fire, that the whole troops who reached the summit were almost instantly struck down. Still fresh troops pressed on; the Urumea incessantly resounded with the splash of successive columns hurrying forward to the scene of carnage, until the whole fifth division was engaged; and the volunteers from the different corps, who had with difficulty been restrained, were now let loose, and rushed on, calling out that they would show how a breach should be mounted. Soon the crowded mass made their way up the face of the ruins, won the summit, and with desperate resolution strove to get over by a few ruined walls, which connected the back of the old with the front of the new rampart. Vain attempt! A steady barrier of steel awaited them on the other side, the bravest who got across were bayoneted or thrown down into the gulf below, and after two hours of mortal strife, the heroic defenders still made good the dreadful pass, and not a living man was to be seen on the breach. As a last resource, Major Snodgrass, with his Portuguese battalion, volunteered to make a simultaneous assault on the lesser breach; but here, too, the slaughter was dreadful—a shower of grape smote the head of the column, and the obstacles proved insuperable, even to the most ardent valour. Matters seemed desperate—the Urumea was rapidly rising, and would soon become impassable; the great breach was choked with the dead and the dying; and already the shouts of victory was heard from the French ramparts.

In this extremity, Graham, having consulted with Colonel Dickinson of the engineers, adopted one of the boldest, and yet, with his artillerymen, safest expedients recorded in military annals. He ordered that the whole guns of the Chofre batteries should be brought to bear upon the high curtain above the breach in the demi-bastions, from which the most destructive fire issued; while the British soldiers at the foot of the rampart remained quiescent, or lay down, while the shot flew only two feet over their heads! In a few minutes, forty-seven guns were in this manner directed with such effect on the traverses, that they were in great part broken down, and the troops who manned them were obliged to retire to more distant cover; and yet so accurate was the aim, that not one man among the assailants was struck. Twenty minutes after this fire had commenced, one of the shells from the British batteries exploded among the numerous train of fire barrels, live shells, hand grenades, and other combustibles, which the garrison had arranged along the ramparts for the close defence of their traverses and interior works; the flame ran along the walls, and soon the whole exploded with a bright flash, succeeded by a smoke so dense as to obscure all vision. Three hundred brave Frenchmen were blown into the air by this awful catastrophe, which, like the blowing up of the L'Orient at the Nile, so impressed both sides, that for a minute not a shot was fired either from the ramparts or the batteries. At length, as the smoke and dust cleared away, the British troops, seeing an empty space before them, rushed forward, and with an appalling shout made themselves masters of the first traverse. The defenders, however, even at this terrible moment, soon rallied, and a fierce conflict, breast against breast, bayonet against bayonet, ensued at the top of the high numbers and vehemence of the assailants prevailed over the stern resolution of the besieged. The French colours on the cavalier were torn down by Lieutenant Gethin of the 11th; the hornwork and ravelin on the flank of the great breach were abandoned; while about the same time, Snodgrass, with his valiant Portuguese, stormed the lesser breach; and the bulk of the garrison, now every where overpowered, were rapidly driven from all their interior retrinchments, and sought refuge with the governor in the castle, leaving seven hundred prisoners rescued from instant death, in the hands of the victors.

And now commenced a scene which has affixed as lasting a stain on the character of the English and Portuguese troops, as the heroic valour they displayed in the assault has given them enduring and exalted fame. The long endurance of the assault, which had continued in mortal strife for three hours, the fearful slaughter of their comrades which had taken place at the breaches, had wrought the soldiers up to perfect madness; the battle which occurred the same day with the centre and right wing at San Marcial, prevented fresh columns of troops from being introduced, and, as not unusual in such cases, while they spared their enemies who were made prisoners with arms in their hands, the soldiers wreaked their vengeance with fearful violence on the unhappy inhabitants. Some of the houses adjoining the breaches had taken fire from the effects of the explosion; and the flames, fanned by an awful tempest of thunder and lightning, which burst on the town just as the ramparts were carried, soon spread with frightful rapidity; while the wretched inhabitants, driven from house to house as the conflagration devoured their dwellings, were soon huddled together in one quarter, where they fell a prey to the unbridled passions of the soldiery. Attempts were at first made by the British officers to extinguish the flames, but they proved vain amidst the general confusion which prevailed; and soon the soldiers broke into the burning houses, pillaged them of the most valuable articles they contained, and rolling numerous spirit-casks into the streets, with frantic shouts emptied them of their contents, till vast numbers sunk down like savages, motionless, some lifeless, from the excess. Carpets, tapestry, beds, silks, and satins, wearing apparel, jewellery, watches, and every thing valuable, were scattered about upon the bloody pavements, while fresh bundles of them were continually thrown down from the windows above, to avoid the flames, and caught with demoniac yells by the drunken crowds beneath. Amidst these scenes of disgraceful violence and unutterable woe, nine-tenths of the once happy smiling town of St. Sebastian were reduced to ashes; and what has affixed a yet darker blot on the character of the victors, deeds of violence and cruelty were perpetrated, hitherto rare in the British army, and which cause the historian to blush, not merely for his country, but his species.

This is enough of horror. The details we leave for the imagination of the reader, confident that, how lively soever may be the fancy, it will not overcharge the facts. With this, for the present we leave the work, commending to all searchers after historic truth, and admirers of philosophical reasoning, and calm reflection upon the grave events of the "storied past," to procure and read the whole of the ten volumes for themselves.

OUR MESS,—BY HARRY LORREQUER.

HAVING brought the adventures of Charles O'Malley to a close, with equal honour to himself and satisfaction to his hero—the author has commenced the publication of a book, under the title of “Our Mess,” which will include a number of shorter tales. The first of these will be the story of “Jack Hinton the Gardsman.” The small portion of it which has reached us will not warrant us in venturing an opinion; but the immense success which has followed his former publications, is a sufficient excuse for the belief that this one will not lack in merit. We shall look for the numbers of it with impatience, and revert to it when we are better able to judge of its contents.

POCAHONTAS, AND OTHER POEMS—BY MR. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE title of the leading poem in this pleasing volume is itself a passport to public favour, and the composition is worthy of the romantic subject. The smaller poems are selected with a cultivated taste from the numerous effusions of the muse which have won for the author the flattering title of “Heyman’s of America.” In the language of an American writer, they are called “a wreath of her choicest flowers, that deserved thus to be set as apples of silver in a frame of gold.” The volume is an elegant specimen of typography and will, in all probability become a popular one on both sides of the atlantic.

THE LADIES’ COMPANION.

WE have frequently had occasion to notice this elegant monthly, which continues to improve in embellishment and beauty. It is now, we believe, the most extensively circulated of any of the purely literary magazines, and it has proved itself worthy of the favour shewn it.

THE NEW YORK ALBION.

A CONSIDERABLE addition has recently been made to the size of this most excellent weekly Journal of Literature, Politics and News. It now consists of twelve pages instead of eight, the additional four being principally devoted to the political and news departments. By this means more ample space is afforded for literary matter. The enterprise of the publisher has hitherto met with a liberal reward,—and it is only reasonable to expect that he will now receive an additional share of public favour; which, we willingly confess, has been honourably earned.

THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL—NEW YORK.

THIS is another weekly journal of News and Literature, justly claiming the support of the intelligent and enlightened, particularly of that nation to the tastes of which it is more peculiarly the minister. The Editor, Dr. Cumming, formerly of Edinburgb, is a gentleman of decided talent, and an ardent lover of his native country. To the Scottish residents of Canada, we are safe in recommending the patronage of his “Journal,” in which they will at all times find matters of interest to themselves, and calculated to keep the memory of their fatherland green in their memory.

ARRIVAL OF “BOZ” AT BOSTON.

IN the last Cunard steamer the far-famed author of the Pickwick Papers, arrived at Boston. He has been received with more than “Consular Honours.” The whole city was intensely agitated with joyous excitement, when it became known that he was on board the gallant vessel. The decks were crowded with the gentry of the city, eager to obtain, if not an introduction, at least a glimpse of the “lion” of the age. Mr. Dickens was highly gratified, as, indeed he ought to have been, with so warm a welcome from a people so well qualified as the Americans are to judge the value of his literary labours—Poetical addresses are profusely lavished upon him, and engraved portraits are scattered with no niggard hand upon the community at large, who universally keep jubilee on the occasion. The visit of Mr. Dickens is expected to be about half a year in length, and during that time, we may reasonably expect he will pay a visit to the Province, where he is scarcely less generally known and admired, than in his native England or the United States.