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THE FIRST DEBT.

A TALE OF EVERY DAY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER III.

FROM their childhood, the good curate remarked a decided difference in the dispositions, manners, and pursuits of his daughters. Their features, taken separately, were strikingly alike, and cast in the same delicate mould; but the total dissimilarity of expression destroyed the resemblance which otherwise would have existed between them. There was a sweet seriousness, a gentle tranquillity, in the smooth, calm brow, and deep blue eyes of Alice Linhope, more touchingly interesting than the gay vivacious smiles, blooming cheeks, and arch dimples of the beautiful but wayward Sophia. Alice's face was full of sensibility, blended with modesty, and though seldom betrayed into a vivid display of her feelings, they were not less acute, or her heart less susceptible of amiable impressions than those who are accustomed to make a display of them on all occasions. She possessed a strong, comprehensive, and well informed mind, a quick perception of right and wrong, and unshaken perseverance in the performance of her duty. Educated in the school of adversity, she had learned to endure with patience all the ills which flesh is heir to. Her self denial was great; and even when a child she would cheerfully resign toys or sweetmeats to pacify the cries of her little sister; and as she advanced in life she took an active part in administering to the wants of her parents. To smoothe her father's restless pillow, to watch silently and unweariedly by his feverish couch, and to wait upon her aged grandmother, were to her not the tasks which many girls of her age would have considered them, but the spontaneous offerings of a tender and affectionate heart. Her character moulded itself upon her father's, and she possessed all his virtues in an eminent degree. To the religious instructions of that beloved parent she bent an attentive ear, and his pious admonitions were never forgotten, and influenced her conduct through life. The piety and affection of his dutiful child poured

balms into her afflicted father's wounds, and alleviated the sorrows of a heart sorely bruised in its conflicts with the world.

Let not my readers imagine that such a man as George Linhope was less interested in the welfare of his youngest daughter. He saw with heart-felt sorrow that her mother's partiality, and the thoughtless commendations bestowed upon her beauty by strangers, had sown the seeds of vanity in Sophia's breast, and that it would require the greatest care to weed them out. He found the task more difficult than he had at first imagined. Selfish, passionate, conceited, and impatient of control, Sophia scorned reproof, and remained indifferent to the most tender and earnest admonitions; and often when musing on these disagreeable traits in her character, the anxious father would exclaim with a sigh: "Surely an enemy hath done this!"

With Sophia Linhope self was the first grand object of her thoughts, and she could assume, to carry a favourite point, a blandness of manner, and artlessness of speech, which, aided by the natural graces of her person, were perfectly irresistible. Against this speciousness of look and manner, the good curate constantly warned his faulty child.

"If you possessed an honest heart, Sophy," he would say, "you would not attempt to dissemble its feelings, by adopting words which you know to be false, and assuming smiles which conceal envious and selfish thoughts. Nor think, Sophia, to act a lie is less criminal than to tell one. Falsehood in too many instances does not require the aid of words. It can be conveyed in a look—a smile—in the motion of a hand, and though voiceless, can be most eloquent, and is ever more dangerous in those forms in which it cannot be disputed, however deeply felt."

Sophia shrank from her father's reproving eye, and generally avoided his couch as the dull and most irksome part of the room, and clung to her mother's side as a refuge from the wholesome les-

sons she dreaded and hated to hear. Vanity and the ambition to excel made Sophia readily acquire all the showy accomplishments of the day. She was a fine musician, a tolerable artist, and an elegant dancer; could speak French fluently, embroider tastefully, and make all sorts of pretty fancy toys; nor did her father deny her the means of acquiring these branches of fashionable education, as he conscientiously believed that it was not the use but the abuse of these things which rendered them criminal. Linhope loved music, but he considered that nothing but studying it as a profession could excuse the waste of time that chains a young female to the piano forte for four or five hours every day. Life was never bestowed on any person to be frittered away in trifles like this. Many young ladies who can play the complicated melodies of the present day, at sight, are deplorably ignorant of the most important branches of education. Religion should be the first principle engrafted upon the mind of a child. It should be considered as the most important, and no other acquirement should be suffered to supersede it. If the study of music, languages, and drawing, was granted as the reward for well doing, instead of being made objects of the greatest consequence in a young person's education, they would be pursued with alacrity and pleasure, and would prove as beneficial to the mind as exercise is to the body, and not wept over as weary tasks. Like the dog in the fable, children are too often taught by worldly-minded parents to dress the substance, and turn all the energies of their mind in pursuit of the shadow.

Gentle reader, forgive this long digression, which if it break in upon the thread of my story, is written in the hope of doing good, and emancipating some poor martyr to music from a four hours' daily bondage to the acquirement of a science which was meant for a wholesome recreation, and not intended to form the sole business of life.

Years stole on: the curate's two interesting children were just stepping into womanhood, when the grandson of an old naval officer, who resided in the neighbourhood, came to finish his education under Mr. Linhope's care. Roland Marsham's father had been killed in the memorable battle of Trafalgar, in which action his veteran grandsire had also lost an arm, and was forced from his many infirmities to retire from the service. Roland was a strange eccentric lad—a creature made up of passionate impulses. He possessed fine talents, but wanted perseverance to render them essentially useful to himself or others. Proud, irritable, and self-willed, he resisted alike remonstrance and control, and while his instructor felt an affectionate interest in his welfare, he saw much to dread in the lawless and daring disposition of the boy.

For Alice this youth early formed a strong attachment, and lost no opportunity of making his

love known to the amiable girl who had been his playmate from infancy.

Alarmed at the impetuous declarations of her youthful admirer, Alice sought counsel of her father, who was not a little surprised and annoyed at the circumstance.

"My dear child," he said, affectionately taking the hand of the weeping Alice, "do you love Roland Marsham?"

"Yes, papa," sobbed Alice; "but he does not care for my love. He wants a different sort of affection, and I have no other to bestow."

The good curate smiled, for he was perfectly satisfied that Alice was unconscious of the nature of Roland's passion.

"Guard well your heart, my child, for out of it are the issues of life," he said. "Roland Marsham must never awaken a deeper interest in your bosom. Alice, mark my words, and remember them when my lips are silent in the grave. This lad is no mate for you. Time may change him, perhaps; but his is not a character which will improve in its intercourse with the world. He has no fixed principles; his actions are the result of impulses, which are often sinful. He is a skeptic in religion, a profligate in sentiment, and the madness which exists in his family is the only excuse for the glaring faults which deform his mind, and obscure the fine genius which he possesses. If you love your father, Alice, never unite your destiny with this eccentric young man."

This was enough to deter Alice from giving any encouragement to her young lover; but there were moments when she could not wholly divest her mind of his image, and if she did not love him, she certainly felt a painful degree of interest in all that concerned him. From this critical situation she was fortunately rescued by the lad being placed on the quarter deck, and for years she saw and heard no more of Roland Marsham, and the incipient affection which she had cherished for him was forgotten in events which more nearly touched her heart and feelings.

A few days after the departure of Roland, the good curate was attacked by a dangerous and alarming illness; and his frame, already enfeebled with mental toil and bodily anguish, was unable to contend with the violence of his disorder. From the commencement of his disorder the physician gave no hopes of his recovery.

It was a bleak tempestuous wintry night—the wind swept in hollow gusts round their little dwelling, and the ceaseless plash of the descending torrents of rain dashing against the casements, would at another time have called forth the prayers of Alice for the houseless children of misery, condemned by hard necessity to brave the fury of the storm. Every thought and every energy of her mind, was absorbed in watching the dark shade of

death, as it slowly came down, and obliterated the light of her father's serene countenance, till nought of the bright or beautiful remained to intimate to the distracted watcher that life yet lingered there. She knelt beside his couch; she supported his damp head upon her arm, and wiped the clammy dew from his rigid brow. Her left hand lay upon the open Bible, from which she had been reading, at the dying man's request, the sixteenth chapter of St. John, and had paused at that emphatic verse—"Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." The light was strongly thrown upon the young christian's kneeling figure. Her jet black hair hung back in dark masses from her white and polished brow. Her coral lips were apart in the act of prayer, and though the large tears hung on the long lashes that fringed her deep blue eyes, those eyes were raised to heaven with a look of such calm resignation, such fervent and holy trust, that she appeared to realize in her own person the sublime truth of the text.

As if awakened to recollection by the soothing touch of those pious hands, the curate once more unclosed his eyes, and beckoned to Sophia, who stood at some little distance, to approach. Trembling from head to foot, and without raising her streaming eyes, she obeyed. He took her hand, and placing it in her sister's, faintly murmured, "My dear children, this is your dying father's last command, 'that ye love one another.'" The voice ceased. The hand sank back upon the feeble arm, that now vainly essayed to support him, and the good man was at peace.

A faint scream broke from the pale lips of the terrified Sophia, who had never before looked upon death, and she gave way to a frantic burst of grief. The humane surgeon approached the couch. He saw that the last conflict was over, and endeavoured to lead the orphan girls and their mother from the apartment.

"Not yet, not yet," said Alice, gently putting back the friendly hand that essayed to raise her from the ground, "I part not so soon with my precious father." Then bending over the senseless clay, she kissed with reverent tenderness the cold brow of the departed saint; and bowing her head upon her hands, repeated a short but fervent prayer, and slowly quitted the chamber of mourning.

The funeral was over. The remains of George Linhope had been consigned to the grave, and his afflicted widow and her children were forced to rouse themselves from the indulgence of grief to form some plan for their future maintenance. The income derived from the school ceased with the curate's life, and Mrs. Linhope was forced to sell her furniture to relieve her present wants, and remove to a small lodging in an obscure part of the town. In this distress, she wrote to her brother, informing him of the death of her husband, the embarrassed state of her circumstances, and the impossibility of

maintaining her mother, without sending the girls, at their tender age, to earn a scanty living in the world. While waiting for an answer to her letter, Mrs. Linhope gave herself up to the most gloomy forebodings. Alice did all she could to reassure her hopes, and dissipate her fears, in which she was greatly assisted by Sophia, who, soon regaining her usual gaiety, began to form a thousand schemes of happiness for the future. Alice did not attempt to check her sister's sanguine expectations, though she tried to prepare her for disappointment. Of two evils, she considered that the most extravagant indulgence of hope was less dangerous than despair. One is the result of a lively imagination; the other implies a want of trust in the mercies of God, and a doubt of his power to succour his creatures in distress.

The man to whom the poor widow applied in her misfortunes possessed a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and her appeal to his benevolence was not made in vain. Heaven had crowned the honest industry of Richard Fleming with success. The young Englishman found favor in the eyes of his employer, an opulent merchant, who bestowed upon him the hand of his only daughter, and finally left him sole heir to his immense property. To share his good fortune with his sister was Mr. Fleming's first thought, but upon reflection he abandoned this idea, convinced that such a sudden increase of wealth might be productive of greater evils than the mere pressure of poverty. From Mrs. Linhope's letters he learned that the girls were clever and handsome; they were likewise very young, and at that critical age when the character receives its strongest impressions, and is most likely to be corrupted by the world. "A fortune added to their personal advantages might render them proud and vain, and draw about them a crowd of heartless flatterers," argued the old man. "I will amply supply their present wants, but their future conduct shall determine their ultimate independence." With the interest of his noices warmly at heart, the merchant settled upon his widowed sister a pension of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and transmitted a handsome sum to defray her present expenses; nor did his kindness rest here. He employed his English agent to purchase a small neat dwelling near B—, with a pretty garden and meadow adjoining, and to furnish it, in a genteel and comfortable manner, and when all his benevolent arrangements were completed, he settled the small estate upon his nieces, to devolve to them at their mother's death.

When his agent, Mr. Barlow, waited upon Mrs. Linhope with this unlooked for piece of intelligence, his communications were received with tears of gratitude and joy. Alice silently returned thanks to God, for raising them up a friend in their hour of need, while Sophia sprung round her mother, clap-

ping her hands and laughing in the uncontrollable glee of her heart at this unexpected change of fortune. "My dear, generous son!" said old Mrs. Fleming, carefully folding his letter, and taking off her spectacles to wipe the tears from her eyes. "Did I not tell you, Anne," she continued, turning to her daughter, "that he would one day restore to you, as the dear children, the property his unfortunate speculations lost?"

"My brother has indeed proved himself a true friend," said Mrs. Linhope. "May God bless him! for he has removed a heavy burden from my heart."

"Ah! dearest mother," said Alice, "never again doubt the mercy of God. To those who believe, all things are possible!"

From that day the most affectionate correspondence was established between the neices and their uncle. From him they derived all their comforts, and he was duly acquainted with the manner in which they spent their time, and expended his bounty. Mr. Fleming was charmed with the simple style of Alice Linhope's letters, whilst the gay vivacity of Sophia amused him.

"Which of these girls would suit you best for a wife, Arthur?" said the old gentleman, in a jocular tone, to his son, after receiving the accustomed packet from England. "This lively rogue, who thanks me for a new gown, and bewails the loss of a favorite bird in the same line, or the quiet, unpretending scribe, who only thinks of her old grandmother, and never mentions herself and her own concerns till the last? There is something in her easy, unaffected letters, which greatly reminds me of that excellent man, her father."

"I think I should prefer my cousin Alice," said Arthur, after carefully perusing the two letters. "There is more heart in what she writes; more effect in the style of the younger sister."

"You are right, boy! Alice is the gold. I'll warrant her heart, a bale of precious merchandise. But you shall see them both, and judge for yourself."

Two years had elapsed since their uncle had come to this determination. Alice had just completed her nineteenth year. At the time of her father's death, Alice was as beautiful as her sister; but a malignant fever, caught while visiting the cottages of the poor, had stolen the roses from her cheeks, and left a marble paleness, which rendered her less striking, but rather gave an additional interest to her delicate, and intelligent countenance.

CHAPTER IV.

ON re-entering the parlor, Alice, to her unspeakable satisfaction, found her grandmother had been induced to join the party below. Mrs. Fleming, though eighty years old, retained the use of all her mental faculties; but her great bodily infirmities

confined her entirely to the house, and generally to her own chamber. Alice usually spent her evenings in her grandmother's apartment, reading aloud to her, or amusing her by relating any entertaining story she might have heard during the day. She loved the old lady, whose character she deeply respected, and her presence at the moment she felt a protection from herself. She cast a timid glance round the room, and silently took her place at the tea-table. Her sister and cousin, already on the most friendly terms, were standing in the recess of a distant window, that opened into the garden, both busily, and apparently pleasingly employed, in looking over Sophia's portfolio. As Alice glided past, Mrs. Fleming, the old lady, took her hand, and said in a low, affectionate tone:

"Why did you absent yourself, Alice, on this joyful occasion? I never knew you to act the prudent before."

"Nor now either, dear grandmamma. I had my reasons for acting as I did—but I cannot explain myself here."

"I guess your secret. And now tell me whom your cousin resembles?"

Alice cast a penetrating glance towards the spot where young Fleming stood. He was so much engrossed with her sister, that he had not noticed her entrance. Sophia was showing him a very elegant group of flowers; and as they bent over the drawing, his dark chesnut hair, and her glossy fair ringlets, nearly mingled together. Sophia was pleased and animated, and looked more beautiful than usual; and Alice, struck by their personal appearance, could not help thinking they would make a very interesting couple. United to a man who possessed sufficient influence over her to correct her faults, and overcome her selfish and extravagant habits, what a charming woman and useful member of society she might become. From these reveries she was again roused by Mrs. Fleming.

"Is Arthur like any one whom you have seen?"

"Yes, he strikingly resembles my mother. The same regular features—hazel eyes, and warm, dark complexion."

"I have his father's face this moment before me," said the old lady. "Yes, yes, he is a Fleming. His Dutch mother has not spoiled his English features. Is he not handsome?"

"No," said Alice. "He is more interesting than handsome; but I think we had better dismiss this subject, for should he overhear us, he will naturally conclude that we imagine him deaf, or at least unacquainted with the English language, by discussing these points before him."

"You need not be under any alarm. He is too much engrossed with your sister to perceive that we are violating Lord Chesterfield's rules of good breed-

ing. The exhibition is over—we shall now hear the young gentleman speak for himself.”

“I have been much pleased, cousin Alice, with the contents of your sister’s portfolio. She draws sweetly. Have you devoted any time to the attainment of this delightful art?”

“Very little indeed. A few sketches from nature include all my attempts in that way.”

“Alice would never take lessons,” said Mrs. Linhope, “and she could not reasonably hope to excel.”

Now young Fleming entertained a decided contempt for that species of egotism which leads many young people to imagine that they can effect by their own talents, without the aid of a master, greater things than those who have patiently acquired the technical rules of art. He could scarcely look in his cousin Alice’s face, and unite its modest, unpresuming expression with such affectation and vanity. Sophia’s speech, in the afternoon, it must be confessed, had prejudiced him against her, and her silence on the subject had rather increased than diminished these unfavorable impressions. He was anxious to discover in what manner she so greatly excelled Sophia that she should take upon herself the part of a monitress; and couch her reproof in terms so severe. A person must possess great taste and a decided genius for his beautiful art,” said he, taking up Mrs. Linhope’s remark, “before they can produce anything worthy of notice, without the assistance of a master. Perhaps, Miss Linhope, you found the task more difficult than you at first imagined?”

“Perhaps I did,” said Alice, laughing, and quite unconscious of his drift.

“Will you allow me to look at your drawings?”

“With pleasure—but indeed, they are not worth your notice, cousin Arthur. I have often regretted the time so uselessly employed upon them.

“You must have possessed great perseverance,” said Arthur, drily.

“Not exactly,” said Alice. “At one period of my life my imagination was strangely haunted with ruined towers and old trees. A broken gate, a dismantled cottage, a picturesque turning in the road, a pretty group of ragged urchins at play with a handsome dog, diverted my attention from more important studies, and employed my pencil for hours.”

“From what you have said on the subject, I am convinced,” said Arthur, “that you have a natural taste for the art.”

“Yes. But the want of that technical knowledge which you so strongly recommend sadly puzzled me. Theory and practice, cousin Fleming, are very different things—what appeared easy in the one, the other rendered replete with difficulty. My cottages were often all on one side. My ruined towers, appeared in the very act of falling. My children’s arms and legs were out of all proportion; and my

dogs looked like some strange animals that had perished in the flood. I found that, without a master, I should never excel, and though I must confess, that it was with great reluctance, I gave up the study of drawing.”

“Why did you refuse instruction?” said Arthur.

“We were very poor at that time,” said Alice, “I did not think papa could afford to pay for lessons for us both. Sophia had excellent abilities that way, and wished much to become a proficient in this elegant accomplishment; and I gave up my prior claim.”

“That was generous, But it was a pity to sacrifice your own talents, which might have been rendered useful?”

“The sacrifice was less than you imagine,” said Alice; “Mr. Glover, Sophia’s master, was a very kind man, and allowed me to hear his instructions to my sister, and witness the lessons, so that I acquired almost as much as she did. You will perceive a great improvement in all my little sketches after his visits; and he often put in a few strokes, which added greatly to their appearance.”

This ingenuous confession on the part of Alice produced a favourable change in young Fleming’s mind; and he continued to regard her with an air of interest, almost amounting to admiration, for some minutes after she had ceased speaking. But again the thought occurred to him that she had said that her beautiful sister looked immodestly before the milliner, and he could not excuse such a piece of ill-natured detraction. Sophia broke in upon his reverie, by placing the portfolio which contained her sister’s drawings on the table before him. Not an elegant scarlet and gold morocco one—the splendid outside promising equal magnificence within,—but a plain, unobtrusive looking article, fitted up neatly for the purpose of taking sketches from nature. Sophy hated black-lead pencil drawings, and she thought her sister’s possessed very little merit, and must appear to great disadvantage after her own brilliantly coloured pieces of fruits and flowers. She therefore concluded that she might with safety appear amiable in the eyes of her cousin, by her pretended zeal in shewing off that which she felt confident he would not admire. Her vanity in this instance was doomed to undergo a severe disappointment, as those who make a practice of exalting themselves at the expense of others are too often apt to experience.

Alice Linhope’s drawings far exceeded her modest estimate of their merit. They were beautiful and spirited sketches from nature, and surpassed in real genius and freedom of design any thing that Sophy, with the aid of a master, was able to accomplish. Fleming, who considered himself quite a connoisseur in these things, asked, with some surprise, if they were her own designs.

“Do you think I could deceive you?” said Alice,

tears stealing to her eyes, for the manner in which her cousin spoke seemed to imply a doubt. "Mr. Glover put in a few strokes for me; but I need not point them out; it is easy to recognize in these poor little sketches the hand of the master."

While Alice was speaking, Fleming fancied he could recognize the Alice his imagination had pictured from her letters to his father; the Alice he had wished to call his own; and for a few minutes the beauty of Sophia was forgotten.

"My dear cousin," he said, laying aside the formality with which he had hitherto addressed her, "how I wish you had been my companion in a tour up the Rhine, in which I accompanied my mother for the recovery of her health. The fine old ruins and noble scenery, which every winding in the river disclosed, would have found ample employment for your pencil. I can imagine by my own the feelings which these majestic remains of antiquity would have created in your mind."

"And your mother!" said Alice, "did she derive any benefit from the journey?"

"None," returned young Fleming, his lip quivering as a host of painful recollections recurred to him. "The mortal blow was struck, and that delightful journey, though it amused and cheered her spirits, owing to an accident she met with at Frankfurt, I fear only hastened her death."

Perceiving that the conversation was likely to take a serious tone, and tired of remaining so long unnoticed, Sophia drew her chair nearer to the table, and pushing Alice's portfolio to the other end of it, she said:

"If you admire ruins, cousin Fleming, there are the remains of a fine old abbey, near the town, which cannot fail to interest you. It is my favourite walk." She laid a particular stress upon the pronoun, and smiled bewitchingly in Arthur's face.

"I think I saw a sketch of the place to which you allude in your sister's portfolio," said Arthur, reaching it from the other end of the table. Sophia bit her lips, and wished that she had placed it out of his sight; but finding him resolutely bent on examining its contents a second time, she replied, carelessly:

"That slight drawing conveys but a poor idea of the ruins of L— Abbey. To form any just estimate of its beauty you should visit the spot."

"Whenever you like, my dear cousin," said Arthur, replacing the drawing in the portfolio. "This little sketch appears to me charmingly executed."

"Cannot we go this evening?" said Sophia, eagerly, for she did not wish Alice to accompany them, and she knew that every Saturday evening she was engaged with the Sunday-school children, in examining them, preparatory to the clergyman questioning them on the following morning. "It is only half an hour's walk from the town."

"With all my heart," said Arthur, rising.— "Cousin Alice will you accompany us?"

"I am engaged this evening. On Monday I shall be at leisure, and —."

"Why not tonight?" said Fleming, interrupting her. "We shall not enjoy our walk near so much without you."

A deep blush of surprise and pleasure lighted up the intelligent face of Alice.

"No," she said, "I cannot go tonight. I have duties to perform which I could not forgive myself for neglecting for the sake of a pleasant walk."

"Let us defer our visit to the ruins until Monday," said Arthur, still holding the small white hand he had taken between his own.

"Not on my account, Mr. Fleming," said Alice, gently withdrawing her hand. "I am glad Sophia proposed a walk to the abbey. It is a beautiful evening. You will visit a lovely scene, and I anticipate for you much pleasure. Nor do I fear that a second examination of the ruins will prove less interesting than the first."

At this moment Sophy re-entered the room, ready dressed for her walk, much disappointed in the non-arrival of her new hat. Had she known how much better she looked in her simple cottage bonnet, it would never have become an object of regret; but Sophy, like many other foolish young women, thought that the more expensive she was dressed the better she looked. In this she was mistaken, as foolish women often are. Alice stood for some minutes at the window, watching the youthful pair, as they took the path towards the abbey. She could not banish from her mind a feeling of mortification that she could not accompany them; and before she could dismiss these unpleasant thoughts, or tie on her bonnet to proceed to the church, a knock at the door announced visitors, and the rector's daughter and her brother, Captain Ogilvie, entered the room. Miss Ogilvie was the lady patroness of the school, and called upon Alice to give some necessary orders for the distribution of books to the girls in the head class. Though born to an independent fortune, Lucy Ogilvie did not forget in the fine lady the pastor's daughter, and she was universally beloved in the neighbourhood, where her extensive charities were liberally dispensed and gratefully acknowledged. She early discovered and appreciated the worth of Alice Linhope, who was the active agent in all her benevolent schemes. Alice had voluntarily offered herself as one of the teachers in the Sunday-school, and she was greatly assisted in her labours in the youthful fold by Miss Ogilvie. The latter had been absent for some weeks in London, and her visit to Alice was an unexpected pleasure, as she had not heard of her return. The captain she had never before seen. She had often heard him mentioned as a handsome, dashing young

man, who had eagerly entered into all the fashionable follies of the day, and disappointed the wishes of his father, by preferring the profession of arms to the church. Nephew and heir to Sir Philip Ogilvie, our gay young soldier thought he could spend his time more agreeably than by writing and preaching sermons. With an empty head and handsome person, he made great conquests among the other sex, who were equally gifted in this respect with himself; and he considered that he conferred a personal favour on any pretty young woman he honoured with his notice. What a pity there are so many little great men of this description in the world. The fashionable world is made up of such. Happy are those who are placed by Providence beyond its magic circle. Evil communications corrupt good manners; and a society from which the name of God is generally carefully banished, is no school in which to form the mind and morals. One glance at the stranger gave Alice a pretty just estimate of his character; and she shrank from his bold, familiar stare, with feelings of indignation and aversion.

"So, Lucy, this is your pretty little governess?"

"Miss Linhope, let me have the pleasure of introducing you to my brother, Captain Ogilvie," said Lucy.

Alice coloured and bowed.

The captain appeared amused at her confusion.

A pretty place this village of B——," he said, flinging himself into an arm chair. "I must continue to rusticate in it for the next three months. I am glad to find that there are some pretty women in it, however, which will make the time pass away more agreeably. Miss Linhope, were you ever in London?"

"Never."

"I thought not. One winter in town would have chased away all those pretty blushes. Country girls keep the art to themselves. I wish, Miss Linhope, you would favour me with the recipe for making them. It would add greatly to the beauty of our dashing belles."

"Philip, you distress Miss Linhope with your nonsense," said Lucy. "Dear Alice, you must not mind him; he never thinks before he speaks, and his speeches are not guided by the wisdom of Solomon."

"Thank you for the compliment," said the captain. "I must go to your school, and learn my A, B, C, of Miss Linhope, before I can arrive at the dignity of being thought a man of sense."

"I fear you would prove an incorrigible dunce," said Alice, unable to repress a smile.

"Ah!" said the captain, "I should employ my time better in looking at my charming instructress than in the primer."

"You have learned an art which in our school we never teach," said Alice.

"And pray what may that be?"

"The art of quizzing."

"Are you able to discern that? You are not quite so much a novice as I thought you."

"I hope I shall never want sense enough to discriminate between truth and falsehood," said Alice, gravely.

"'Pon honour! you are a clever girl, Miss Linhope. I must positively go to your school and take a few lessons from your book. Will you promise not to expel me?"

"Certainly not," said Alice, "for you would never gain admittance."

"Ah, I see how it is. You godly ladies are so intent upon converting these young heathen that you have no compassion on a brother Christian.

"I wish, Philip, that you were more deserving the title," said Miss Ogilvie. "Many persons call themselves Christians without knowing the meaning of the name they bear."

"Now pray be merciful: do not catechise me too closely, Lucy. I am a sad pagan; but as I grow older, wisdom will increase in proportion to my gray hairs."

"And if Rowland's macassar oil possesses the wonderful properties of preserving our looks from this annoying change," said Miss Ogilvie, "you will remain a trifle all your life?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the captain; I love trifling, especially with the ladies."

"And the poor ladies," said Alice, "do you think that it is equally pleasing to them?"

"Of course," said the captain, "or they would not repay my attentions with smiles and blushes."

He looked provokingly up in Alice's face, whose pale cheek was again tinged with a lively red, and she answered him with unusual warmth:

"A blush may be caused by other feelings than those of pleasure; and we cannot always repress a smile when the follies of others provoke us to mirth."

The captain placed his hand on his breast, and leant forward with an affected air of deep interest, as if he was sensibly touched by her reproof, and finding himself unable to frame a reply, he dexterously shifted the subject, by inquiring, "if he should accompany them to the church?"

"No; we must dispense with your company, Philip, this evening," said his sister. "Your visit is one of idle curiosity; and the appearance of a military man will divert the children's attention from their studies."

"Do not imagine," said the captain, "that I dare venture beyond the porch. If I committed such an act of indiscretion, this little vixen would be reading me a lecture from the pulpit."

"Oh, Philip! Philip! when will you leave off jesting upon serious subjects?"

"When clergymen leave off visiting race courses, playing on the fiddle, and betting on cards," said

the captain, "and young and pretty women cease to preach in petticoats."

Offering an arm to each of his fair companions, Philip Ogilvie pertinaciously insisted on accompanying them to the church. During their short walk he rattled away to Alice, exhausting all his stock of fine compliments and *bon mots*, in order to astonish her by the brilliancy of his wit and his superior knowledge of the world. Alice listened to him in silence. Two lines from the pen of Jane Taylor suddenly presented themselves to her mind, and banished all other impressions :

"Of trifling cost his stock in trade is,
Whose business 'tis to please the ladies."

The captain, who imagined that her silence was the result of profound admiration, continued to run on with the same levity, and was greatly mortified on making his adieus at the church door, to have all his fine speeches returned by a distant bow.

CHAPTER V.

"Poor Philip!" said Miss Ogilvie, looking after her brother, as his fine figure disappeared among the trees; "how the world has spoilt him. He never was very clever; but he was kind and generous once. His mind seems wholly bent upon vain amusements and frivolous pursuits. I wish some sensible woman would cure him of his faults, and convert him into a rational creature.

"It would be a difficult task," said Alice. "Such minds wedded to the world seldom dissolve the union. He is a handsome, gentlemanly man. It is a pity."

"Women are often won by appearances," said Lucy, with a sigh; "yes, my little philosopher, even sensible women like you. Perhaps such may take a fancy to his fine person, and wean him from his follies."

"It is a consummation devoutly to be wished," said Alice, scarcely able to suppress a smile; "but I should not like to be the woman who ventured the experiment."

"You are too good, Alice. Remember poor Marsham. By-the-bye, what do you mean to do in that affair? Do you really intend to reject him?"

"Dear Lucy, how can you ask me that question?" said Alice, tears filling her eyes. "How could I accept him?"

"I really do not see what should prevent you. He is a clever, high-minded fellow."

"An infidel!"

"Not quite."

"Oh yes: you do not know him as well as I know him; and then my father's dying injunction, for me never to unite my destiny with his. If this were not enough, what stronger argument can I urge than this. Lucy, I cannot love him as a husband. I feel for him—I pity him. I would almost

give my own life to purchase for him a better creed—a happier frame of mind—but I never can be his wife."

"You are a cruel girl, Alice; but I did not mean to vex you. Nay, do dry up these tears. I did not think the subject was so painful, or I would not have introduced it."

"It is indeed painful," sobbed Alice; "so painful that it requires all my fortitude to bear it. How I wish poor Roland would transfer his affections to one who could return them. I feel I never can."

"I wish he would," said Lucy, thoughtfully. "But, dear Alice, I am detaining you from the children. Here is the list of books: you will find them in the vestry. I cannot stay tonight. Ellen Feversham is here: she will help you to distribute them. Good evening."

Miss Ogilvie disappeared, and Alice went mechanically to her task. Her heart was sad; her thoughts wandered away in every direction; and she felt relieved when the church clock struck eight, and she dismissed the happy children to their homes, delighted with the books they had received, and impatient to shew them to their friends. Miss Feversham accompanied the children, and Alice was left alone. The lovely summer evening—the sun pouring its mellow light, now nearly sinking to the verge of the horizon, through the lofty gothic windows, and gilding the marble monuments of departed rank and wealth, as if in mockery, with his gorgeous beams—shed a soothing influence over her saddened mind, and attuned her heart to prayer. Kneeling meekly down before the steps of the altar, Alice poured out her soul to God; and the tears, which now fell fast through her clasped hands, relieved and purified her troubled thoughts.

She was still kneeling, when a heavy step broke the deathlike stillness of the place. Alice hastily rose, and found Roland Marsham at her side.

"Alice, you have forgotten your promise to visit my poor mother, this evening."

"No," said Alice, wiping away her tears, "I did not forget it; but I had other duties to perform first."

"And these tears, dear Alice," he said, regarding her with a look full of unspeakable tenderness—"what causes them to flow?"

"I will tell you the truth, Roland Marsham," said Alice, turning upon him her beautiful eyes, full of earnest entreaty. "It is you who cause them to flow."

"Good heavens! Alice!—me? I would cherfully shed every drop of blood in my body before I would willingly cause you to shed a single tear."

"Then why persecute me with a passion which, you well know, Roland, I cannot return?"

"Do not tell me, Alice, to give up the only hope which binds me to life. I loved you when a boy—and then—then I was not wholly indifferent to you."

As I grew up to manhood, your fine mind and many virtues strengthened those early impressions, till to love Alice Linhope became a part of my existence: the only pure and holy part which remained uncontaminated by the influence of an evil world. I know that I am not worthy of your love," he continued; "that I am a faulty, erring creature; that I have in my reckless career of youthful folly been guilty of many crimes; but, oh, Alice—my lovely, my adored Alice—I have ever been true to you."

There was a long pause. Alice stood motionless, her hand resting upon the rail of the altar, her eyes bent to the ground. She dared not trust the sound of her own voice, lest its pitying accents should inspire her unfortunate lover with fresh hopes; yet she felt so deeply for his distress, that she would have been glad could her conscience have acquiesced in his suit.

"You do not answer me, Alice. What am I to infer from this silence?"

"That I cannot do so satisfactorily. Roland, I am not insensible to your affection, though I cannot return it in the way you require; but why need I multiply words to convince you of that which you know so well: an insurmountable barrier separates us; to remove it would ensure our certain misery."

"I understand you, Alice," returned Marsham; his dark eyes flashing fire. "The unfortunate malady with which it has pleased God to afflict my mother's family, prevents you from becoming my wife. You are *too* prudent to love a man whose brother died insane. But I am not mad—or if I am," he continued, in a subdued voice, "it is shown in my continuing to love one who cannot love me!"

"Cease to talk in this strain, Marsham. What I said had no reference to that. It is true that I could not conscientiously unite myself to any man, who might entail this awful calamity on his children. But did I love you, Roland, I would be your firm, devoted friend, and would never unite my destiny to another."

"Oh, grant me this, Alice! and it will content me!"

"How can I do so whilst you remain an alien from God, and a slave to low pursuits and pleasures. I love your old, blind, veteran grandfather; and feel proud that I can, in any way, conduce to his comfort. I love your gentle, kind mother, and when a boy, Roland, I loved you—but —"

"But what?"

"You did not make good the promise of your youth: I ceased to respect you, and the love I entertained for you, as a child, vanished. For your worthy parent's sake, I would wish to be your friend—but if you continue to address me in this strain, all communication between us must cease."

"It will soon cease for ever. Alice, I cannot—

will not live without you. I know a remedy which will free us both."

Alice started and looked anxiously in his face; a bitter smile passed over his lip.

"Yes, I will be silent; I will hide the torment which consumes me in the depth of my own heart, and trouble you on this subject no more."

Alice still continued to gaze upon the perturbed face of her lover with eyes full of tears, and with cheeks deadly pale.

"Roland, what am I to infer from these words?"

"That you have driven me to despair," returned he, in a calm, low voice. "Feelings like mine cannot be trifled with. Perhaps you may live to repent the scorn with which you have treated them."

"You misunderstand me, Marsham—indeed you do," said Alice, laying her hand upon his arm. "I have never trifled with a matter so serious—which has cost me such anguish of mind; but I cannot act in defiance to my conscience; I cannot disobey the commands of both my earthly and heavenly father; and this cruel threat, Roland Marsham, by which you strive to frighten me into compliance with your wishes, will only serve to diminish, instead of increasing my regard for you. Good evening."

She turned from him with an air of stern reproof, and proceeded slowly up the aisle of the church. Outwardly calm, but really so intensely agitated that her limbs almost refused to assist her retreat. Marsham followed her to the church-yard.

"Will you not visit my poor mother this evening, Alice?"

"Not this evening. It is too late. I am no longer able to undertake the walk."

"My mother expected you."

"She will forgive me," said Alice. "She knows that I never act from caprice."

"You are ill, Alice," said Marsham, regarding, with alarm, her death pale face: "and I have made you so. Will you forgive my violence. Lay it on my malady," he said, with a frightful laugh. "Mad people are not accountable for their words or actions. Let this plead my excuse!"

"I fear it will not at a higher tribunal," murmured the distressed girl, as she reached her home, and bidding him good night, glided to her own apartment, and soon in deep communion with the heavenly oracles, forgot for a time her grief, in that feeling of child-like reliance upon the protecting care of Providence, which can alone ensure that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

(To be continued.)

No end can justify the sacrifice of a principle, nor was a crime ever necessary in the course of human affairs.—*Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici.*

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER V.

AFFAIRS remained as described in the last chapter, when one afternoon, in the latter part of September next following the nuptials of Pestley and Cotts, a single horse and gig were seen slowly descending the hill which skirts the village to the east, until arriving at the base of the descent, a smart cut of the driver's whip lash on the flanks of the jaded animal, caused it to arouse from its slow gait and set off at a brisk pace, which progressively increased, as a repetition of the cause was applied, until the carriage dashed up under full speed to the door of the hotel.

The stranger, who was a young man, of goodly appearance, descended from his gig, and handing the reins to the ostler, and bidding him see his steed well taken care of, with a flippant air walked into the house, directing the waiter to bring in his valise and cloak after him.

He called for a private apartment, and after disencumbering himself of his outer garments, adjusting his collar, &c. &c. he returned to the door-steps of the hotel, and familiarly exchanging the common salutations of the day with those who happened to stand around, began enquiring into the history and circumstances of individuals and the various establishments of the village.

There are always enough hangers on of bar-rooms, who stand ready and eager to volunteer their services to render the very sort of information which the stranger now enquired after; and who, for the sake of gratifying their curiosity to know who the stranger is, and what business—which they generally contrive to ascertain before quitting him—as well as to gratify their natural taste for tall-taling, gather around a new-comer, the moment he arrives in a place, for this very purpose.

The person of this description who had the honor, and, to him, the exquisite pleasure of satisfying the inquisitive propensities of the traveller on this occasion, was a man of about forty years of age, of the name of Juet. He was a man of sturdy growth, coarse but familiar manners, and of an easy address. Though ignorant, he possessed an eloquent tongue, and a perpetual desire to have it forever in play; and although, as a legitimate consequence of the gratification of this desire, he uttered a great deal of nonsense, still, many of his remarks and observations were remarkably shrewd and piquant. Moreover, Mr. Juet knew every body, and about every body's business, and was always the first to tell the news of the day; and that, too, in such a

way that it was sure to lose nothing for want of proper colouring or enlargement. This trait had procured him the significant cognomen of "Old News."

Mr. Juet was of that easy disposition which made the world go well with him—or him to go well with the world, whichever way the reader will please to have it—under all circumstances. He was always "hail fellow well met," and he took much more pleasure in relating funny stories, and playing tricks—in which he was an adept—to delight a bar-room audience, than in cultivating his farm.

But Mr. Juet had also many excellent qualities. He possessed a noble and generous mind—detesting treachery and deceit in any case, and was always open hearted and strictly honest in his dealings, and a friend to be relied on in time of need.

Such is a description of the man, who, in the expectation of serving the stranger with all that might satisfy his enquiring mind, had (as he had done many times before) placed himself in a conspicuous position on the door steps, and assuming as much of a consequential air as he was capable of commanding, patiently waited to be addressed by him.

The stranger, after taking a rapid survey of the village, at length rested his eye on the sign of "Pestley, Bantwick & Co." whose store stood nearly opposite the hotel. "Pestley, Bantwick & Co.," said he slowly, "it appears to me I have somewhere heard of that firm. Pestley, let me see," continued he, musing, then turning to Juet, demanded, "is not this James Pestley?"

"That's his name, sir, at your service," replied Juet, advancing a step or two, at the same time clearing out his throat with a brisk hask, and jerking up his coat tighter round his neck and shoulders, as was his wont when preparing himself for a campaign of words; and then thinking himself entitled to commence a short harangue upon the history and circumstances of the firm, he added, "the names of the other partners are—"

"This Mr. Pestley is the same who used to teach school?" interrupted the stranger, drawing his handkerchief from his pocket and blowing his nose in a very consequential manner.

"The very same," replied Juet, "and as I was saying, the other partners—"

"I was once acquainted with Mr. Pestley, at College," again broke in the traveller, assuming an air of great importance. "He has but one arm, poor fellow! but he's no fool, that's a

fact; we used to have some hard goings in with Latin—Latin, you know, is one of the languages of the dead?" here the speaker looked knowingly at Juet, who looked as knowingly at him; "but dead or no dead, we used to wear the bell in the class."

The stranger now turned several times round, then walked backwards and forwards a few paces in front of the hotel with great dignity, to the no small admiration of the by-standers, who by this time were deeply impressed with the belief that he must be some very learned personage; and in this they were greatly confirmed, as he continued his rapid enquiries and remarks.

"That is a very fine house there on the corner—the color too—I fancy green much, it is so classical—who might occupy that pleasant dwelling, my good friend?" said he, addressing Juet.

"Squire Bantwick," replied Juet, "father of the one who trades with Mr. Pestley; he is very rich, and—"

"Bantwick! Bantwick!" quickly exclaimed the stranger, the sound of the name appearing to strike him sensibly; then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he turned short round, and pointing his cane in another direction, continued, "but whose is that farm house yonder at the outskirts of the village? That is a delightful situation, surely—so romantic—and every thing around so nice and comfortable. Farming business is the best after all—one can be so independent and contented. I have cursed myself a thousand times, that I had not been a farmer instead of following my present profession."

"Yes," replied Juet, eager and determined at length to be heard, "yes, you are right, sir, about farming—I'm a farmer myself, and own as handsome a homestead, about a mile out of the village, here, as ever man set foot on to; and if you are a lover of romance, (as I presume from your remarks you are,) you will find enough of it, I'll be bound. But I'd almost forgot to answer your question—that house you see yonder by the large elm tree, is Mr. Bartel's—and a right honest farmer he is too, I can say that much for him, with a good heart," and Juet again hitched up his coat round his neck with a peculiar motion, blew his nose, and spit on the ground significantly.

"No doubt of it," rejoined the traveller, compelled at length by Juet's peculiar manner and animated gestures to take notice of what he said, "no doubt of it at all, sir, and as you seem to be a clever fellow, you would oblige me by accompanying me in a walk around your village, to show me its curiosities. It will occupy but a few moments, and when we return, you shall have with me a bottle of the best the inn affords."

Juet gladly agreed to this proposition, not only because the reward offered was a tempting one, but because he saw in it an opportunity to display his communicative powers of speech. He, therefore, after

again going through with the indispensable manoeuvre of hitching up his shoulders, and the stranger flourishing his cane in the air, they both started off, mutually pleased with each other.

They took the circuit of the village; Juet all the while pointing out to his companion's notice every thing worthy of comment, and eloquently expatiating upon persons and things around them.

The traveller at length, as if satisfied of his man, began to make minute inquiries into the situation and circumstances of various individuals of the village, and gradually, and almost insensibly, (so smooth was he in his language, and so artful were his questions), drew from Juet the whole history of events attending Chauncey and Emily's love. He then, as they drew near the lake shore, invited him to sit down with him in a retired spot, saying that he had something to communicate to him of importance.

When they had withdrawn from the view of the passers-by, the stranger, assuming a mysterious look, in a grave voice thus addressed Juet:

"You may be somewhat surprised at my inquisitiveness, but to be frank with you—for I know I can be frank with you—I say then, to be frank with you, I knew all about this love affair before you told me a word; but how I came by this knowledge I am not at liberty at present to reveal, and I should not have troubled you with the subject at all, had it not been that I had a strong desire for a confirmation of the facts, previous to my taking the steps which I am about to do to recover my right. Now that I am satisfied beyond a doubt of the facts, I see no other way for me to do but to proceed on my disagreeable business, for it is disagreeable, let me assure you, what I have to do; but it must be done nevertheless. And now harkee, Mr. Juet, this Miss Emily Dartmouth, who has caused so much stir about here by her beauty and worth, is no other than my own lawful wife! You start, sir, but it is true. Our parents were near neighbours: hers were rich and proud, mine were poor and despised; but love is not bound by riches or poverty. From being frequently together, whilst in youth, an attachment sprung up between us which grew with our growth and strengthened with our strength; and when we came to riper years, we were anxious to consummate our happiness by marriage. But Emily's father forbade the match, and banished me from her presence. Our distress was extreme, until we found means of eluding the old man's guard, and stealing nightly and secret meetings. It was during one of these blissful assignations that I prevailed on her to elope with me. It was dreadful for her to think of it, but love prevailed, and we took advantage of one dark night to make our escape. We fled to the nearest minister, who united us in holy wedlock, when we retired to a secluded part of the country,

and lived a while in the utmost felicity, although entirely unknown.

"I spent the most part of the day time in hunting, this being almost our sole dependence for subsistence. One night I returned rather later than usual with a nice fat rabbit and a brace of quails, filled with anticipations of the delightful reception my sweet wife would give me in return for my valuable game. I opened the rude door of our lonely habitation as softly as I could, intending to surprise Emily. I walked on tiptoe into the room, in which I had formerly always found her at her needle work, but instead of her beautiful form and smiling countenance, rising as usual to welcome me home, I saw nothing but her empty chair beside her work-stand, and her muslin handkerchief, which she had been working upon, lying on the stand half finished. Every thing else was in its proper place. But, alas! she who gave them their life-touch, she who was my soul! my life! was not to be seen. I stood for a moment lost in wonder, then a thought struck me that she might be in the other room, (for there were only two rooms in our humble dwelling). I rushed into it, but she was not there. I ransacked every hole and corner where it was possible for her to be found, but in vain. I called loudly upon her name, but echo only answered. I then rushed wildly into the street, and after uselessly searching the adjoining woods, and a rivulet which trickled past our door, I hastened to the first neighbour's house, which was not more than a mile and a half, and; out of breath and almost fainting with hunger and fatigue, begged of them to tell me where my wife was. Alarmed at my situation, they inquired into the circumstances, and after hearing all I could inform them, and gathering a party of other neighbours, we all set off to search the woods. But, alas! my Emily was gone beyond our reach! For three successive days and nights did we keep up the search, but no tidings could we hear of her in all our travels.

"Despairing of ever seeing her again, I gathered up what few things I had of any value, and disposing of them for what they would fetch, I went to New York. It was there I became acquainted with Mr. Pestley, to whom I related my sad story, and with whom I lived on the most intimate terms of friendship.

"About nine months ago I received information where my Emily might be found; but I was solicited, in consideration of some particular reasons, not to hasten my determination to molest her, until she had brought her love intrigue with Bantwick to a final consummation. Since then I have had regular information of all that has transpired; and now I come to see what I want of you." Here the stranger looked keenly into Juet's face as if to read his thoughts, and then said: "Can I depend upon your assistance to work a card?"

"If you have an honourable object in view, sir, I'm your man," said Juet, who hardly knew what to make of the man's story.

"Oh, what I want of you is merely to keep dark, and do as I direct you."

"Well."

"I have some papers here," said the stranger, pulling out a sealed packet from his side pocket, "showing that Emily Dartmouth is my lawfully wedded wife, by virtue of which I come to claim her as my own."

Juet for a moment looked perplexed, then incredulously said:

"I never should have suspected this of her, she always appeared so innocent and pretty."

"No one could; but things happen sometimes that we cannot account for. What could have been her motive for leaving me as she did, I never could divine—but let that pass—will you go with me?"

Juet hesitated a moment in deep thought—he endeavoured to examine the case in its various bearings. At length, as if a bright thought had struck him, he answered in the affirmative.

"You will?"

"Honour bright! honour bright!" interrupted Juet, anticipating the stranger's meaning; "and now for the papers."

"It is not necessary that you should read their contents. You see the packet here in my hand—you may rely upon what I tell you as truth. All I want of you, at present, is to go with me tonight and show me Emily's sleeping room. I merely wish to reconnoitre. If she does not choose to go with me peaceably, why—there is more than one way to skin a cat, you know—you understand?"

"Let me alone for that," replied Juet, with a peculiar shake of the head.

"Well then, now let us to the tavern, and here, by the way, is a piece for you—be faithful, and your reward is sure and ample," and the stranger slid a sovereign into Juet's hand, who, after eyeing it a moment as if in doubt whether it was best to accept of it, at length thrust it into his breeches pocket, at the same time muttering something unintelligibly between his teeth, and shaking his head dubiously.

They now returned to the hotel, when a bottle of champagne was ordered, and they made themselves free with its contents. Late in the evening they went together and took their way towards Mr. Bartel's farm-house, where arriving, Juet pointed out the room in which he supposed Emily Dartmouth lodged. It was on the ground floor and next to the outer wall. Mr. Juet halted in the highway a short distance from the house, while the stranger proceeded cautiously along until he arrived under the window which Juet had pointed out to him as belonging to Emily's apartment. Here he halted,

and slowly raising himself, so as to bring his eyes on a level with the window glass, he took a deliberate survey of the inside, which the drawn curtains, and a candle burning on a table within, easily enabled him to do. After apparently satisfying his curiosity, he drew back, and hastily returned to the road.

"I saw her!" exclaimed he, when they were out of sight and hearing of the house on their way back; "the arch jade! Now I'll have my own, or, by St. George, I'll die in the attempt. The little vixen is as beautiful as ever. Ah! it was that incomparable form which first ravished my eyes. But, alas! that crime should be suffered to conceal itself under so much outward perfection! that the brightest gems should thus turn out to be but dross!"

"She is certainly a very handsome girl," said Juet, "and it's a pity she is what she is. Poor Bantwick! I feel for *him*, for he loves her as he does his own life."

"Ah! it's little happiness that remains to him in this life then!" rejoined the stranger, emphatically.

"But how do you intend now to proceed?"

"I shall let you know *that* in proper time, my good friend. For the present there is not much to be done," answered the stranger, as they arrived at the door of the hotel.

Soon after the stranger had retired to his room for the night, Mr. Pestley was seen by Juet to enter his room, and after a conference of about an hour's duration, to come out and return home. This circumstance struck him as something remarkable; but he said nothing.

The next day rumour was busy in spreading abroad from mouth to mouth throughout the whole village, how that Emily Dartmouth had admitted a young man into her sleeping room through the window, in the dead hour of the night, and darkly hinting about a former love intrigue, private marriage, &c. &c.

However agreeable to a certain portion of the inhabitants of the village this startling news undoubtedly was, it greatly surprised some of the sober and thinking part, how it could have got abroad so quickly after the transpiring of the act, as it pointed to the stranger as the guilty paramour, and he arrived in the place only the day before the thing was known to every man, woman, and child in the village; and this circumstance struck none more forcibly than it did the honest-hearted Juet. He knew that no one but himself was acquainted with what transpired the last night besides the stranger; and as the strictest secrecy was enjoined upon him in regard to it, he could not see how it could be known, except from the stranger himself: nor could he divine the reason of his divulging the thing so soon, if it were not to forward some purpose besides what he had declared to him: again, the rumour went far beyond the actual truth. He was, there-

fore, satisfied that something more was intended against the girl than the stranger had avowed to him, and this too, (as he had before suspected), not of an honourable nature. He at once, then, made up his mind what to do. Chauncey Bantwick was a good friend of his, with whom he had been brought up from childhood. He knew that he loved Emily to distraction; and his warm nature prompted him, notwithstanding his engagement to the stranger, to reveal the whole circumstances of the case to him, and consult with him what was best to be done. He therefore went immediately to Chauncey's room, and related to him the whole.

"This is a sad business!" exclaimed Bantwick, when his friend had finished his relation. "What is to be done, Juet? Do you think the fellow has really got a certificate of marriage, as he pretends?"

"I can't say as to that," replied Juet; "he would not let me see the papers opened, saying it was no use to me; but this much I can say for certainty, he had a packet of papers, sealed, and pieces of red tape hanging from both ends of it—this I saw with my own eyes; and d—n me if he didn't declare upon his word and honour that it contained a bona fide certificate of marriage of himself with Emily Dartmouth, and he swore he would have the false girl, dead or alive."

"What could have been his object in going to the window of Emily's room last night?" demanded Chauncey, greatly perplexed.

"D—n, if I know," replied Juet, shrugging up his shoulders, and spitting significantly on the floor. "He said it was only to reconnoitre; but I think he intends to carry her off by main force. If so, it'll be over my dead body that he'll do it, notwithstanding he reckons on my assistance in his cowardly undertaking, for I never will forsake you, Chance."

"That's like yourself, Juet," said Bantwick, pleased at Juet's devotedness to his cause.

"He thinks me his friend," continued Juet, gratified with Chauncey's approbation, "and see here is his bribe," producing the shining gold coin; "but I'll let him know he don't buy 'Old News' so easily. I shall stick by my old friends and fellow inhabitants, for all conniving with foreign rascals to overreach them; but in the mean time you know I must keep the right side of the rogue so as to watch his movements, and I'll let you know, Chance, all that happens."

"Do, Juet, do. Be watchful, and you never shall repent your kindness. The fellow may be right, but I cannot believe it—I will not believe it until I have the most positive proof. I know Emily Dartmouth too well to believe her such a woman. At all events let us watch the movement of things. Do you dog the fellow and get all out of him you can, and I will endeavour to learn all I can at the party tonight; and as it is now near the time I

promised to be there, I must go; so good night, and be wide awake."

"You need not fear for 'Old News,' he knows what he's about; and if he don't catch the old rat in his own trap, he's not the man he used to be, that's all; so good night to you, and success to the pretty innocent."

"Good night, and God be with you!—and here, by the way, is something to treat your friends with," said Bantwick, throwing him a purse containing a quantity of small change as he retired.

With a smiling countenance the good hearted Juet gathered up the purse, and while undoing the string, gave vent to the following soliloquy:—"By the pipers! this will do! yesterday a sovereign to bribe me to participate in a crime—today a whole purse, no body knows how much money, to stimulate me to counteract the same. Egad! see the crowns! and the good old Spanish dollars! not to say any thing of the shilling pieces, and other small bits uncountable. Hurra for 'Old News!'—two pretty good days work, by ginger!" and the delighted Juet snapped his fingers, and strutted about the room awhile in the highest spirits. At length, depositing his gold piece in the purse with the rest, and drawing the string, tightly and otherwise securing his valuable acquisition, he put the whole carefully into his pocket, and set off, intending, as he expressed it, "to have a good drink" along with his jolly companions.

At the head of those who *secretly* rejoiced at the widely spread rumour regarding the character of Miss Dartmouth, stood Pestley and Cotts, and their youthful brides. But although they underhandedly used every exertion to give it authenticity and a wide and rapid circulation, yet, in the presence of Miss Dartmouth's friends, they expressed the utmost horror at what they termed the basest calumny, declaring their readiness to aid in sifting out the author of the false report, and bringing him to condign punishment; and in order to conceal their actual guilt, and bear themselves above all suspicion of participating in, or of originating the slander, and, what was yet more, to advance their darling schemes whilst they yet went on smoothly, they got up a social party, and invited, in the greatest friendship, Mr. Bantwick, the Dartmouths, and their friends and relations, to be present, and this, too, on the eve of the very day in which the rumour began to circulate. It was to this party that Chauncey Bantwick hurried, after his conference with Juet was ended. On his way thither, his mind was cast down by dreadful forebodings. He recollected the dark hints of the widow Comstock, on the night of Mrs. Bartel's ball, in relation to Emily, and began to think she might be acquainted with her secret history. He thought how short had been their acquaintance, previous to which he knew nothing of her life; and then the circumstances re-

lated by Juet came with an overwhelming weight to force him to believe what he dared not think of. It was in this mood that he arrived at Pestley's house, where the party was to meet.

Previously to his arrival, Pestley had introduced the stranger to the company, under the name of Marston, as his friend and old acquaintance. He had also particularly introduced him to the Dartmouths, as almost the only survivor of the wreck in which their parents had perished, and as bearer of important matters intrusted to him by them in their last moments, with special injunctions, if Providence should spare his life, to seek out their bereaved children, and make them acquainted with their last wishes. Under this guise he was warmly received by the Dartmouths, who invited him into an adjoining room, to hear from him, without interruption, what he had to say on a matter so near their hearts.

Chauncey entered the room occupied by the company, at the door opposite to that which led into the room in which the Dartmouths and Marston were seated.

It so happened that the first objects which struck his eyes on entering were these three persons; and to a lover's eye, already jaundiced by a thousand dark suspicions, it may easily be conceived these were no very agreeable objects. Albert and Emily seemed to be listening with intense interest to what Marston was saying, who, seated between them, and holding a paper in his hand, from the lower end of which depended a small bit of *red tape*, was earnestly engaged in conversation. He alternately cast his eyes from one to the other of his listening auditors; whilst Emily frequently applied her handkerchief to her face to wipe away the tears which coursed rapidly down her cheeks; and Albert's countenance exhibited great emotion.

Chauncey was unable to advance a single step, after making this fatal discovery. He stood rooted to the spot; while his countenance changed rapidly from a burning red to a deathly hue. His excited imagination presented this conference to his mind as a confirmation of his worst fears; it construed Marston's earnest manner and violent gestures, into the act of upbraiding his renegade wife for her cruel desertion of him; and Emily's emotion as the natural effect, consequent on her dereliction from duty being thus suddenly held up to her view by an injured husband. His brain whirled; his knees shook as with palsy; and he would have sank to the floor, had he not, by a violent effort, recovered himself sufficiently to enable him to reach a chair near by, into which he threw himself; and, almost gasping for breath, exclaimed, "Good God! do I see aright?" and he covered his face with his hands and groaned audibly, as the conviction irresistibly forced itself upon his mind, that Emily was lost to him forever.

As he thus sat, the very picture of despair, a soft tap on the shoulder aroused him, and wildly looking up, the laughing, good-humoured Mrs. Cotts and the demure Miss Tontine, again stood before him.

"My dear Mr. Bantwick," said the first, addressing him with an exciting smile on her lip, "you appear in no very social mood tonight. I hope you are not thus going to spend your time, and leave the ladies to take care of themselves, as you did at Mrs. Bartel's ball?" and assuming a playful mood, she continued, "By the bye, have you been introduced to Mr. Pestley's friend, yet? He seems to be a very sensible young man; but, poor fellow! if the story be true about him and Emily, he must have been greatly abused by her; but I can't believe it; indeed, I should be loath to admit such a disgrace upon my sex."

Chauncey would have given worlds to have been out of the sound of Mrs. Cotts' voice; but he saw no way of ridding himself of her, and he resigned himself to his fate. Assuming as composed a manner as he could, he answered, "I certainly have not had the honor of an introduction to the gentleman."

"That is because you were so late in," returned Mrs. Cotts, "and if he were not now particularly engaged, I would have you made acquainted with him at once;" then turning to Miss Tontine, she enquired, "what do you imagine is Mr. Marston's special business with the Dartmouths, in that room so long? He seems to be very much engaged about something, and I should judge, from Emily's manner, that there was something on the tapis not so agreeable to her as might be; indeed, I shall be almost persuaded soon to believe the rumor, for as I know——"

"It certainly does look suspicious," said Miss Tontine, with a peculiar expression of countenance.

"And only see there!" exclaimed Mrs. Cotts, feigning great astonishment, and pointing her delicate white finger to where the trio sat.

Chauncey looked up—Marston had placed his hand on Emily's shoulder and leant his head towards hers, as if pouring into her ear some tender words of entreaty or love whilst she displayed signs of being more violently agitated than ever.

"Who can longer doubt?" cried Mrs. Cotts, drawing on a serious countenance, as if abandoning all hopes of Emily's innocence.

"I declare it's too true!" exclaimed Miss Tontine, turning her face scornfully from them.

Bantwick could hear no more. He seized his hat and springing to his feet, rushed wildly from the room. Walking rapidly home, he cast himself into his bed, and gave loose to the most violent emotions. He spent the night in feverish excitement; sometimes addressing to his beloved Emily the ten-

derest epithets, then again calling down all the curses of heaven upon her devoted head.

Morning dawned without sleep coming to his relief. To rid himself of his tormenting thoughts, he arose as soon as the first appearance of day was visible in the east, went down to the stable, saddled his horse, and mounting him, rode off; he neither knew nor cared whither, so that he might gain some relief to his aching head.

It was a beautiful morning. The cool, refreshing breeze strengthened his shattered nerves and revived his desponding spirits. He gradually calmed down into a state of settled, gloomy resignation of mind, as his faithful steed bore him rapidly along the road.

About nine o'clock in the morning, it chanced that Mr. Pestley took his carriage, and picking up his friend Marston, set off on a morning ride. As they proceeded along the road, they overtook, as if by accident, Miss Dartmouth, walking to her school. With great politeness, Mr. Pestley urged her to get in and ride, as they intended passing by the school house, and it was some distance there. She at first declined, but after much persuasion, allowed herself to be helped into the carriage. As they advanced a few steps and were passing a house, Mr. Pestley seemed to recollect, all at once, that he had very urgent business with its owner; and excusing himself, alighted and told Marston to call for him when he returned.

Marston now engaged Emily in conversation; and put forth a great deal of wit and humor to please her and attract her attention. In this he succeeded to his mind; for she, viewing him as her friend, and the companion of her parents in their last moments, enjoyed, without reserve, his witty sallies; and talked and laughed with him as merrily, as the happy, buoyant spirit of youth and innocence could make her.

Thus engaged, she did not observe that they had passed the school house and were going at a rapid pace beyond. They had proceeded some distance, when the tramp of horses' feet were heard on ahead, advancing with great speed towards them. Emily looked out, and saw Chauncey Bantwick, on his foaming steed, under full head way, near at hand. The eyes of the lovers met; and the piercing look and unnatural wildness of that of Mr. Bantwick, startled Emily. She uttered a faint shriek, and fell back towards Marston; who to play his part the better at this favourable moment, gently put his arm around her waist and tenderly enquired if she were ill. As both parties for a moment slackened their horses' speed in passing each other, Bantwick gave Marston a look of fiery indignation and deep felt injury; which was returned by Marston, by one of exultation, and malicious defiance. But all this was the work of a moment; the carriage whirl-

ed on its way, and Bantwick, from this moment abandoning all hopes of his adored Emily's innocence, and maddened with despair, put spurs to his horse's flanks and galloped home, more dead than alive.

This occurrence aroused Emily to the fact that they had passed the school house. She became alarmed, and told Marston to return, pointing out to him the house. She now regretted exceedingly that she had consented to get into the carriage, and, for the first time, began to suspect foul play. Chauncey's absence the last evening, his strange appearance to day, and the singular circumstance that she was actually riding off, after school hours, with a perfect stranger, whither she knew not, all struck her as remarkable.

Marston observed the state of her mind, and did not deem it prudent to increase her suspicion by refusing to comply with her request. He, therefore, turned his horse, and after taking a circuitous rout through several streets, as if to show his companion as much as possible, at length set her down at the door of her school house, and drove back to Pestley.

Bantwick arrived home under the greatest excitement, and rushing up to his room, seized a pen and wrote the following note:—

"MADAM!—Circumstances too plainly show that rumour is for once true. Else why your intimacy with that stranger, both last evening and today? Such conduct cannot be excused. You need not, therefore, attempt explanation. You have ruined me forever! Why did you swear to be mine, when your heart was already another's, and bound by the ties of wedlock? But enough! I shall go distracted! My head reels—a dizzy sickness seizes me! Farewell!

C. B.

This letter he handed to a servant, and directed him to have it left at Miss Dartmouth's room; then casting his sinking frame upon his bed, he abandoned himself to the most violent paroxysms of rage and despair. Some time thus passed away, until the inmates of the house, alarmed at his not appearing, as usual, at his meals, went to his room, when they found him so wild, and his talk so incoherent, that they called in his friends, and immediately sent for a physician. Pestley and Cotts attended on the instant, and discovering that their partner was deranged, availed themselves of the opportunity to strike a finishing blow to their projects. They hastily prepared a paper, (the nature of whose contents will appear in the sequel,) and persuaded their crazy partner to place his signature to it.

They had barely time to accomplish this business when the physician, accompanied by Mr. Bantwick's father, made his appearance. The physician, after examining his patient according to the

strict rules of his art, pronounced him under the influence of a brain fever; and after consultation with his father, it was determined, before doing any thing for him, to remove him to his father's house, where he might receive better attention than he could expect at a boarding house. He was, therefore, at once removed, and placed under a proper course of treatment.

When Emily Dartmouth returned from her school that night, oppressed with the foreboding feelings which had haunted her all day long, the first object that met her view, on entering her room, was Chauncey's letter. Seizing it with trembling eagerness, she broke the seal and read. Her countenance was the index of consternation and alarm, as she proceeded; when she arrived at the end a loud scream burst from her laboring breast, and she fell heavily to the floor in a swoon.

At this moment Calista happened to be passing her door, and hearing the noise, rushed into her apartment; and, observing her situation, loudly called for assistance. Her cries brought up Albert, and most of the inmates of the house, to her aid. They raised her from the floor and placing her on the bed, used every means in their power for her recovery. In a few seconds the rolling of her eyeballs and the heavy heaving of her breast, gave signs of returning life.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered to know what was going on, she desired all to leave her room except her brother and Calista. As soon as they were gone, she pointed to the open letter, which, till then, had lain unnoticed on the floor, and said, "Oh Albert! what can all that mean? Surely I am the victim of some dark intrigue?" And then clasping her hands in agony, she exclaimed, "My God! deliver me out of the power of those who seek my destruction, for thou knowest my innocence!"

Albert took up the paper and hastily ran over its contents; during which the indignant flashes from his countenance, as the color rapidly went and came on his manly cheek, indicated the powerful feelings that were at work in his breast. When he had finished reading the letter, he stood for a moment in deep thought, the while pressing his forehead with the palm of his hand, as if to assist his mind to penetrate some dark, indefinable subject. He was struck with the impression that some impending catastrophe was about to burst upon them, through the influence of Marston, but of what nature he could not fully conjecture. At length he said, "I am perplexed to know what the rumor to which this letter alludes is. Can you inform us, my dear Calista?"

Miss Bartel, who till then had been completely absorbed in the interest of the scene, desired to know the contents of the letter, and after reading it, said:

"I can inform you about the rumour, and should have done so before now, had I not been loth to hurt Emily's feelings; but now that she has denied the allegations, and called God to witness her innocence, I have no more hesitation in revealing what I know."

She then told them what was in circulation about Emily, and ended by declaring that although at first she could not believe the tale, yet that the circumstances so powerfully strengthened it, that finally she was almost compelled to believe it against her will.

"Good God!" cried Albert, when she had finished, "what dastardly expedients! And to whom, I would like to know, might we be indebted for all this? To that wretch Pestley, no doubt! Ah! I see through it all now: Marston has been palmed on us as witnessing the last moments of our parents, and as bearer of important papers from them to us, in order to gain free access to our society, and be seen in our company; and to this end he has been furnished with false documents, and a plausible tale withal, to deceive and beguile us with. The curse of God be on him and his abettors!" and Albert stamped on the floor violently, as he continued to vent his indignant feelings in the most bitter language.

"Pray be calm, dear brother," said Emily, mildly; "I have faith to believe that our enemies will yet be caught in their own snares. But how could *you*, my dear Calista, for a moment think me guilty of such conduct?"

"Indeed, Emily, I never could *really* believe it; but the circumstances were so strong —"

"Ah! now I see into their deep designs. How well they managed to have me seen riding with Marston today. Oh! why did I consent to get into the carriage: surely Bantwick will never forgive me! but you, my dear Calista, wont forsake me?" said Emily, imploringly.

"Never, dear Emily. I know you are innocent; and let what will happen I never again will doubt you."

Emily gave evidence of her gratitude by throwing herself into Calista's arms, and the two youthful friends embraced each other affectionately. Mr. Dartmouth, affected with Calista's disinterested conduct, seized her hand, and pressing it between his, said:

"Incomparable girl, you shall never have occasion to repent your noble determination. I promise you I will never sleep until I ferret out this mystery, and clear our characters from the foul stain which has been attempted to be cast upon them." Then kissing fervently the fair hand he held, he bade them adieu, and taking his hat and cane, sallied forth into the street.

He had been gone about an hour, when the girls, feeling a desire to walk, in order to relieve their

minds from the lonely thoughts which oppressed them, put on their shawls and bonnets and went out.

The night, though dark and cloudy, was nevertheless agreeable from its soft autumnal breeze and balmy air; and as they directed their steps towards a maple grove which skirted the northern entrance of the village, they conversed freely upon the events of the last few days.

Thus occupied, they extended their walk some distance beyond the furthest village habitation in that direction, before they were aware of it, until arriving at the brow of a hill which descended sharply into a low ravine that intersected the highway, and which, from the dense copses of cedar and other brushwood overhanging it on all sides, rendered the place, in the darkness of evening, gloomy in the extreme. They made a momentary halt, as if hesitating whether it were best to descend the hill into it. The timorous Emily was for returning, but the more venturesome Calista, who prided herself greatly on her courage, insisted on going on. At length they proceeded down the hill. They had scarcely advanced two rods into the ravine, when they heard the sound of a carriage approaching. Emily instinctively drew back, and begged Calista not to go any farther, saying that the ravine was so dark and lonely she did not like to go into it.

"La!" answered Calista, "what is there in a carriage that need harm *us*! and as for this dark ravine, I had as lief walk in it as in our own garden. Where is the difference?" and she dragged her faint-hearted partner along the road, although trembling from head to foot through fear.

They had advanced but a few rods when the carriage rolled past them. It was a covered coach drawn by a pair of powerful black horses, and driven by a man on the outside, muffled in a riding cloak. It passed them at a very slow pace, and slightly halted opposite them; and again, as it reached a few paces onward, several words, in a low whisper, were exchanged between the driver and a person inside; then a crack of the whip started the horses into a canter, and they were soon out of sight and hearing.

"Do let us go back!" exclaimed Emily, as soon as they drove off. "Did you observe that man on the box how he eyed us?"

"I did; and what should he stop and whisper with some one inside for?"

"Sure enough—it is strange! Come, let us return," and Emily pulled her companion forcibly by the arm to hurry her along.

Calista complied with her desires, for she did not feel altogether free from fear herself, notwithstanding her boasted courage and former determination to keep on.

But scarcely had they commenced to retrace their footsteps, when they again heard the rattle of wheels

and the tramp of horses' feet, as they came rapidly towards them; and, in another moment, the same carriage which had just passed them hove in sight.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Emily, as she clung tightly to Calista's arm for protection, "what can this mean?"

Calista, by this time as terrified as her companion, had not time to answer before the carriage suddenly drew up opposite them. The door flew open, and two men dressed in black, and so completely disguised by a kind of head dress that their features could not be distinguished, rushed out, and before the affrighted girls had time to make their escape into the thicket of cedars—which they attempted to do—they were writhing in the iron grasp of their captors. Notwithstanding their violent cries and struggles for liberty, they were forced into the carriage—the door was closed after them—the driver cracked his whip, and off went again the powerful steeds at a rapid gallop.

The girls were placed on the front seat, and told in a low, harsh tone, that if they remained still they should not be harmed; but that if they attempted to escape, or uttered the least sound before they should have permission so to do, death would be their portion. They, therefore, more dead than alive, and clasped in each others arms, awaited, in dreadful anxiety, the issue of their extraordinary adventure.

Not a word was uttered nor a motion made by either of the men inside, and the poor captives hardly dared to take a long breath for fear of incurring the dreadful punishment they were threatened with; but they fell, as the carriage rolled along at a rapid rate, that every moment they were receding farther and farther from every possible chance of rescue.

To be continued.

(ORIGINAL).

A MAY-DAY CAROL.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

There's not a little bird that wings
Its airy flight on high,
In forest bowers, that sweetly sings
In spring, so blithe as I.
I love the fields, the budding flowers,
The trees, and gushing streams;
I bathe my brow in balmy showers,
And bask in sunny beams.

The wanton wind that fans my cheek,
In fancy has a voice,
And seems in thrilling tones to speak,
Rejoice with me!—rejoice!—
The bursting of the ocean floods,
The silver tinkling rills,
The whispering of the waving woods,
With joy my bosom fills.

The moss for me a carpet weaves,
Of patterns rich and rare,
And meekly through her sheltering leaves,
The violet nestles there.
The violet!—oh, what tales of love
Of youth's gay spring are thine;
And lovers still, in field and grove,
Of thee will chaplets twine.

Mine are the treasures Nature strews,
With lavish hand around;
Her precious gems are sparkling dews,
Her wealth the verdant ground.
Mine are the songs that freely gush
From hedge, and bush, and tree;
The soaring lark and speckled thrush
Discourse rich melody.

A cloud comes floating o'er the sun,
The wood's green glories fade;
And hark!—the blackbird has begun
His wild lay in the shade.
He hails with joy the threatened shower,
And plumes his glossy wing;
While pattering on his leafy bower,
I hear the big drops ring.

Slowly at first—but quicker now,
The rushing rain ascends;
And to each spray and leafy bough
A crown of diamonds lends.
And what a glorious sight appears,—
The sun breaks forth again,
And smiling through dame Nature's tears,
Lights up the hill and plain.

And tears are trembling in my eyes,
Tears of unbought delight,
Whilst gazing on the charms I prize,
My heart o'erflows my sight.
Great God of Nature! may thy grace
Pervade my inmost soul,
And in her beauties may I trace
The love that formed the whole.

Belleville, April 5, 1841.

POVERTY.

POVERTY may be classed among the principal sources of human wretchedness and debility; continual and exhausting labour; insufficient reparation of the powers; poor indigestible nourishment; care, trouble, affliction, want of necessary relief in disease, and of those refreshing and strengthening means which the rich enjoy in abundance. What causes are these of debility, consumption of body and of the vital powers! Size and strength are both lost under the burden of poverty. Such a state is the first exposed to all diseases, which, in the hovels of the poor, rage with most atrocious virulence, and produce the greatest mortality.—*Struve.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE BLIND PASTOR.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

BY E. L. C.

PASTOR.

How soft the air, which from yon lucid lake,
Fans my moist brow ! The eve is balmy sweet,
Breathing of peace, and fraught with harmonies
Mysterious, deep ; uttered by nature's voice,
In ceaseless homage to the one great Source
That formed, and animates with life and joy,
This wondrous world. There, came a vagrant breeze,
Bearing the breath of wild-flowers on its wing !
Gushing in gladness o'er me, then with sigh,
Gentle as that, which wafts the good man's soul
To his last rest, dissolving soft, in odours
Passing sweet, on the still air.

ADALIA.

Dear father,

Would thine eye could rest its ravished gaze
On yon fair view, of hill, and dale, and wood,
Bathed as I see them now, in twilight hues,
Glorious as though, through heaven's unclosing gate
The radiance streamed. Yon mountain, like a king,
Wears on his haughty brow a crown of gold,
And folds with regal pride a purple robe,
Round his majestic form. The dimpling lake
Is strewn with gems ; and glistening in the sheen
Of dying day, the thousand polished blades
Of yon broad corn-field, seem to fancy's eye,
Like gleaming spears of mimic warrior host,
Encamped to guard the treasures of the wave.
Never, my father, saw I eve more sweet !
They talk of those, that soft Italian skies
Shed in their glory on the silent earth ;
But naught, I ween, of beauty can they boast
Which dwells not here—soft odour-laden airs—
Resplendent hues—the madrigal of birds—
The gentle falling of the balmy dews
On softly folding flowers, that with a sigh
Of gushing fragrance, breathe their last farewell
To day's departing smile. How were my joy
Enhanced, could'st thou look forth on this fair earth
As now it lies, touched with a glory
From the hard divine.

PASTOR.

My child, I see it all !

Feel its calm influence with a joy like that,
Which lends to thy soft voice its gladsome tone.
What though, through these sealed orbs there steals
no ray
To light the darksome prison-house, where dwells
A heavenly guest ! The soul's eye is undimmed—

Its wing still plumed for flight above this earth,
And through these well-known scenes, where day
by day

Our lives pass gently on ;—nor needs the aid
Of outward sense to tell me how they change—
How the morn rises with its robe of mist—
Nor how at dewy eve, yon mountain dons
His purple vesture, and the fairy waves
Of yon small lake come dancing to the shore,
Radiant with gems caught from the evening sky.
I see them all ! the hill, the grove, the stream,
And the grey church tower rising 'mid the trees,
The scene of my long labours ; where I've sought,
I, in my blindness, to win souls to God.
Praise to His name, if any shall be set,
As precious seals, in my immortal crown,
Of truth, preached not in vain. Lingers not yet
The glowing sun-light on those time-stained walls ?
Methinks I see it, as I oft have done
From this green knoll, bright 'mid the gathering
gloom,
Like smile of faithful friend.

'Tis a strange power,

Most strange indeed, that, by the soul possessed,
To call the objects of its early love
From "memory's waste," unchanged, undimmed,
With its most fine perceptions to behold
The varied shapes and scenes of its past life,
As in a magic glass—to stand at will
In regions most remote, and commune hold
With the long absent, or the silent dead—
To pierce the earth, or with its untired wing,
Soar to the gate of Heaven, and worship there.
What is this power mysterious, undefined,
But a sweet earnest of capacities
That dormant lie during our sojourn here,
But are designed for limitless expansion,
When the veil of flesh shall be withdrawn,
And the freed spirit wakes to higher joys,
To nobler purposes, than earth unfolds
To our contracted sight.

ADALIA.

Speak on, dear father,

I so love to hear thy calm sweet words.
'Tis beautiful to see thy spirit soar
In holy triumph o'er the ills of flesh,
Cheerful, resigned, and with undoubting trust
Kissing the rod, whose chastening touch has quenched
For thee, day's pleasant light.

PASTOR.

Alas ! my daughter !

Would my spirit bowed more meekly to His will,
Whose gracious hand mingles rich blessings
In the bitter cup my lips must quaff.
If I have strength with patient heart to bear
My sore affliction, 'tis derived from Him,
Who gives unsparingly, to them that ask
For aid in sorrow's hour. Yet, one fond wish
Will sometimes rise to dim the brighter thoughts
That should be ever mine—a yearning wish,
Which seldom utterance finds—but stronger grows,
As o'er my onward path, the lengthened shadows
Warn of day's decline. This, this it is,
To see thy face, my child, thy young, fair face,
Which I have shaped into the loveliest image,
Ever yet wore human form. I still can joy
In nature, though forbid to feast my sight
On her bright forms—still love the pleasant tones,
The grateful intercourse of my own kind ;—
But the strong yearning, as each day goes by,
Fastens itself more closely on my heart,
Once to behold thee, child of my soul's love !
But only once, ere in their last long sleep
My eyelids close.

ADALIA, (*in tears*).

Oh, my dear father,

Would to God thy wish might be fulfilled ;—
And yet, perchance, thy love would grow less strong.
Should it be granted to our earnest prayers.

PASTOR.

I could not love thee less, Adalia sweet,
And more I would not, else, should I defraud
God of the worship due to him alone.
No more of this, 'twas but a fevered thought,
Which in unguarded moment issued forth
From my soul's depths—there shall it henceforth
sleep—

It is enough for me to know thee near,
Tending my steps, to hear thy gentle voice,
Cheering my hours of gloom—enough to feel
Thou art like her, who gave thee to my arms—
Like her in soul, and, 'tis my joy to think,
In outward loveliness the very same.

ADALIA.

Ah ! had she lived to cheer the deep, deep gloom,
Of those long years that have been dark to thee,
Her presence would have lent the light of joy
To our lone home.

PASTOR.

Aye, would it, sweet,
If God had willed it so—but He is wise,
And for some gracious purpose summoned hence
My heart's desire and hope. Come, let us rest
In this cool shade awhile, and speak of her.
Here was her favourite seat, I know it well,
By the low drooping of the willow boughs,
That, like the tresses of thy silken hair,
Sweep o'er my face. The soft leaves rustle

In the summer air, like spirit voices
Whispering of the past—of those sweet days,
When here with me thine angel-mother sat,
And thou, young sparkler, smiling at our feet,
Strewed the green herbage with thy fragrant spoils,
Or chased, with airy step, the vagrant bee,
That came with drowsy hum, and loaded thigh,
To sip the nectar from the dewy bells
Thy hand had cull'd.

ADALIA.

Methinks, I have

A faint remembrance of those happy days,
Of a fair face, that looked on me with love,
And gentle tones, that murmured tenderly
O'er my young head. I heard them yet in dreams,
And oft times feel the warm, soft pressure
Of those angel lips, that printed kisses
On my infant brow.

PASTOR.

'Tis sweet to think

She hovers o'er us, with her eyes of love,
Watching our progress to that spirit-land
Which is her radiant home. Four brief, bright years
She blessed my heart, and gladdened it with thee—
Thee, with thy cherub smile, thy asking eye
Imploping love and care. Then, the strong spell
Of earth enchained my soul, and I was lapp'd
As in Elysian dreams of deep delight,—
Forgetting Heaven—forgetting that I stood,
God's messenger to man—the lost, the fallen—
Myself degraded most, since I had made
Earth my heart's home,—formed idols of its clay,
And worshipped them, reckless how frail they were ;
Frail as the leaf that fades in autumn's bower,
And fleeting as the hues that paint the sky,
Ere the still night her sable pall unfurls.

ADALIA.

Dear father, be more lenient to thyself,
Since on another thou would'st not pronounce,
Such judgment stern. God's minister thou art,
The zealous, the untired, the follower meek,
Of him, who knew no guile. Such art thou now,
And such hast ever been—in darkness even,
Faithful at thy post, to serve the altar—
Binding the broken heart, and pouring balm
Into the spirit's wounds.

PASTOR.

Alas, my daughter,

Mine are words of truth,—I bowed to idols ;
But the chastening came, a father's chastening,
Sent in tender love to win my soul,
Back to the path of heaven. Blindness fell on me,
Shutting out for aye, the light I loved,
Blotting forever, from these straining orbs,
Yon azure vault, the radiant forms of earth,
And ah, more sad than all, thy face, my child,
And her's, in whose sweet lineaments, my eye,
Was wont to seek for answer to my thoughts,

Ere words had given them birth. I should have
sunk

Beneath this fatal stroke, but for her sake,
On whose fond heart it smote a deadlier blow.
Gently indeed, along my darksome way
Her small hand guided me, but when she spoke,
There was a trembling pathos in her voice,
That pierced my soul—then would my lip seek her's,
Breathing fond tones of comfort, with the kiss
Of wedded love, but seldom answered she,
Save with her tears; while in the struggle
'Gainst her inward grief, she oft would fall,
In wild abandonment upon my breast,
Weeping aloud, and panting like a child,
By anguish quite subdued. And so she sank,
As day by day passed on, smitten by grief,—
And when the spring called its first blossoms forth,
Hung flowery wreaths on every budding bough,
And tufted with gay knots, each verdant bank—
I laid my flower of beauty in her grave,
And thou, unconscious of thy fatal loss,
Showered earliest violets on the pale, fair clay,
Which I too well had loved. So we were left,
I, a lone sightless man,—and thou, poor babe,
Without a mother's care, or the fond shelter
Of a mother's arms, wherein to hide thy griefs.

ADALIA.

God spared the bitter knowledge of that loss,
To my young heart, and though within me, oft times,
Nature yearns for a fond mother's love,
I know no want, which thou hast not supplied.
Gently as her's, thy arms have folded me,
My thoughts have all been thine, my joys, my griefs,
Found sweet response in thee; till, as in one,
Our hearts seem mingled, and for me that name,
That most dear name of father, doth combine
The sweetest sympathies, the tenderest ties,
That unto life give bliss.

PASTOR.

To childhood's life,
Which in itself is bliss,—and yet I know,
How fondly thou hast answered the warm love,
Which without measure I have poured on thee,—
But, my Adalia, I have deemed of late,
Thy soul had found new wants,—that its calm depths
Were troubled with sweet joy, like a still lake,
That all unruffled lies, mid folding hills,
Till o'er it softly steals the wooing breeze,
Dimpling with magic touch, its waveless breast,
And from its depths waking new shapes of beauty,
That till now, within its chrystal caves,
Slept on uncalled, unbidden.

ADALIA, (*in confusion.*)

Why think'st thou this, dear father?
Have I failed of late in dutious love,
That thou dost deem my heart estranged from thee,
My wishes rovers, when at home they find,
All that can give content?

PASTOR.

Content and peace,

With thy old father in his darksome way—
Thank God, it hath been so,—and bless thee, sweet,
For all thine angel ministry,—gently
Dispensed as it hath ever been, and constant
As the day,—making my darkness light,
My sadness, joy; my solitary home,
A blissful bower, where thy fond voice,
Spoke ever words of love, and thy young hand,
Lent willing aid to guide my doubtful feet,
Over smooth paths, till now my journey's end,
Is well nigh won, and on these sightless eyes,
Ere long shall dawn the undimmed brightness
Of eternal day.

ADALIA.

Not yet, dear father!

Ah, I pray, not yet, may'st thou be called,
To thy deserved reward. Oh, name it not,
I could not bear——

PASTOR, (*interrupting her.*)

My daughter, calm thyself,
I cannot tell, but years may yet be mine,—
Though, as thou knowest, I am an aged man,
And when I called thy youthful mother, wife,
Stood in ripe manhood,—nay, e'en then, I saw
O'er my bright sky the darkening shadows steal,
That told of eve. So, that by nature's law,
My span of life is drawing to a close,
My earthly life,—for to the Christian's soul,
Death is the glad event, that ushers him
To life eternal, to the joys of heaven,
To God's own presence, and communion sweet,
With Christ his son. Therefore, my child, weep not,
That soon the silver cord must be unloosed,
And broken at life's fount, the golden bowl.
My three score years and ten, are nearly spent,
And I can feel this trembling house of clay,
Dissolving fast. I pain thee by this theme,
Yet oft I choose it; for I fain would make
The thought familiar, of our parting hour,
That when it comes, thou may'st have learned to lean
On that firm Rock, which ne'er, like earthly stay,
Will mock thy trust.

ADALIA (*weeping.*)

Oh, thou dost wring my heart!

I could not live, my father, and thou gone,—
Thou my companion since the dawn of life,
My friend, my guide! What were I, without thee?

PASTOR.

Is there not one my child—nay, start not thus,
It is love's hand that would unveil thy heart,—
Is there not one, whom God hath raised, to fill
My place when vacant, one who'll guard thee well,
And guide thee gently, as thou me hast led,
Through pastures green and fair? Dear one, look up,
I feel this soft cheek glowing 'neath my touch,
And this small hand, flutter like prisoned bird,
In my weak grasp. Thou hast no cause to blush

At thy fond choice, nor to feel shame, because
 I name it thee—long have I known it,—known
 Where thy young heart was lavishing its hopes,
 And fervent prayed that they might not be wrecked.
 The blind are quick discerners, and I read
 By many signs, when young Durance was near,
 How well he loved, and in return was loved,
 By my fair girl.

ADALIA (*hides her face in his bosom.*)

Pardon, dear father,
 That my trembling lips have feared to speak
 What they full oft essayed,—for I have grieved,
 That e'en one thought should rest, unshared by thee,
 Within my bosom's cell.

PASTOR.

I blame thee not ;

'Tis woman's nature silently to brood
 O'er such fond secrets, hiding them full oft,
 E'en from herself, deep in her bosom's core.
 But naught escapes a father's watchful love,
 Naught, that may touch the welfare of a child,
 So dear as thou—and when this morn, thy lover
 Told his tale of hopes and fears, asking of me
 Approval of his suit, I bade him wait,
 Till from thy lips, I heard thy heart's fond wish.
 Yet I divine it, without word of thine,
 So I'll not ask thee, sweet—for thy heart throbs,
 As it would burst its bounds, against mine own.
 'Tis answer eloquent to my appeal,
 And I will spare thee pain to utter that,
 Might shame thy maiden bashfulness to speak.

[*At this moment Durance is seen advancing
 through the trees. He approaches, and speaks
 as he joins them.*]

DURANCE.

I come to hear my doom,—

'Twas here, sir, thou didst say it should be told,
 And I have waited trembling for the hour,
 Which should decide my fate.

PASTOR.

It is a happy one,
 As his must be, to whom this hand is given.
 Take it, my son, and with it a pure heart,
 That pearl of price—and ne'er let rude neglect,
 Or cold indifference chill the gushing tide
 Of its deep love, its trusting confidence,
 Proved by the cheerful faith, with which it yields
 Its hopes, its warm affections to thy care.
 I give her thee to cherish, to protect,
 To guard from ill ;—and charge thee, sit with her,
 Daily at Jesus' feet, learning of him,
 The meek, the lowly, and the pure in heart,
 Lessons of wisdom high, of truth divine,
 Guiding ye onward in the path of faith,
 To joys that never die. So she is thine,
 Soon will be all thine own,—And when death's veil
 Shall shroud me from her view, oh then guard well,
 Thy precious trust, that when hereafter,
 At the bar of God, we meet again,

I may not chide thee for the stains of earth,
 Which cling to her lost soul, but hail with joy,
 'Mong the blest spirits that surround the throne,
 My seraph child, a victor over sin,
 Victor through Him, who its dark power subdued,
 And plucked from death its sting.

April 22.

(ORIGINAL.)

HE BREATH OF SPRING.

BY ARTHUR THISTLETON, ESQ.

The breath of Spring, the breath of Spring,
 That comes afar from southern bow'rs ;
 Thou bearest on thy balmy wing
 The fragrance of sweet summer flowers.

Thou comest from fair climes, sweet breeze,
 That fling upon thy breath a balm,—
 Not there the chilling winds that freeze,
 But summer dwells in sunny calm.

Sweet breath of Spring, sweet breath of Spring,
 I welcome thee with heart-felt glee ;—
 Ope, ope, "ye flowers," thy incense fling,
 Upon the breeze that kisses thee.

I've watched thy lingering footsteps long,
 And wished thy coming o'er and o'er ;
 I've longed to hear the lark's wild song—
 The lonely whip-poor-will once more.

Sweet breeze of Spring, thy breath at morn
 Shalt 'wake anew the wilderness,
 Shalt plant a rose on every thorn,
 And Nature robe in Beauty's dress.

Enkindling pow'r, enkindling pow'r !
 Thou wak'st at all things to life and love !
 The dell and field, and green-wood bow'r ;
 Each heart with joy and passion move.

The breath of May, the breath of May,
 Upon thy wings, sweet breeze, is borne ;
 It hath a spell to charm away,
 The sighing griefs of those who mourn.

Sweet May, I love thy blushing morn,—
 Thy flow'rs with sparkling gems bedewed ;
 And twilight eve, when mellow horn
 Breaks from afar the solitude.

Fling o'er the earth, fling o'er the earth,
 Thy incense sweet, and balmy gale,
 Give bud-imprisoned flowers birth,
 With beauty robe my native vale.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! ye earthly throng,
 Ye birds pour forth the roundelay,
 And welcome ye with glad some song,
 The breath of Spring, the breeze of May.
 St. Albans, Vt., April 12, 1841 ;

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS—NO. IV.

JOHN GALT.

Et agere et scribere doctus, inventor, poeta,—
Novas aperuit terras suamque illustravit.—*Ep. pro Gal.*

As the world grows older, the distinction between the author and the man of business—between the *thinker* and the *actor*—seems to grow less and less marked; so that it not unfrequently happens that renown, as a minister of state, a judge, or a general, is combined, in the same individual, with celebrity as an author and a scholar. In this respect the age is returning to the condition of ages long since gone gone by; and our Wellingtons and Broughams are like the Xenophons and Ciceros of Greece and Rome. The tragedy that most nearly approaches in our day to the sustained sweetness and elegance of Socrates, is from the pen of an English lawyer, and the best poet of America is chained (as was the English Roscoe) to the very horns of the altar of Mammon.

The gifted and extraordinary man, whose life and labours it will be our aim to trace in the few pages which can be spared for such a review, was no less celebrated in many departments of literature than in the stirring business of life; he always considered 'book-making as a secondary concern,' and though few have written so much, was desirous of being estimated by another standard. 'The test of greatness,' which he sets up, "is the magnitude of a man's undertakings to benefit the world." Tried by this test, Mr. Galt would stand 'advanced to more than mortal height,' nor will he suffer in comparison with the great lights of the age, if estimated by what he actually *accomplished*. As an author, his own country is proud of him, as one of the most faithful chroniclers of Scottish manners; while England and the Emerald Isle may well rejoice at the successful result of his great scheme, undertaken, "not to obtain profit for the Land Company, but to build in the wilderness an asylum for the exiles of society—a refuge for the fleers from the calamities of the old world and its systems foredoomed.*

Mr. Galt was born, May 1779, in the village of Irvine, Ayrshire, the county of Burns, where he spent the first ten years of life, until he was taken to the neighbouring town of Greenock, and put to school. Here he remained for some years, experiencing the usual vexations, and not partaking of the cheap, heart-felt joys of the schoolboy. He was

then, as he tells us, a "soft, ailing and growing boy," seldom in perfect health, fond of ballads and story books, and with these beguiling, as he best could, the long hours of confinement to his bed. Whilst his schoolmates were away ranging the woods, on the afternoons of Saturday, he was to be seen seated at the feet of an old widow, who spun out her worthy existence at her wheel, assisting her 'to reel her pirns,' and enjoying strange pleasure in the narrative of her life and privations. At other times he would roam about the garden, when the sun was shining, amusing himself with various little mechanical contrivances of his own manufacture, or like one of his own heroes, by sitting on the gate and 'thinking of *nothing*.' As he grew up his 'sleepy nature' was often the subject of remark by his mother, who was not pleased at his bookish propensities, which she endeavoured in vain to correct. As long as the public library lasted him, he read incessantly, and to the excellent selection of books which it contained, he attributes his taste for solid and useful reading.

At school it would appear that he was not distinguished for any superior abilities; on the contrary, his quiet evenness of disposition was construed into dullness, and it was not till he left school, and had begun to fit himself for mercantile affairs, that his powers seemed to be developed to any great extent. His most intimate companions at that time were two of his townsmen and schoolmates, one of whom, Spence, afterwards was distinguished for his profound mathematical knowledge; the other, Park, for the beautiful and constant friendship which subsisted between him and Mr. Galt till death.—Park was his constant companion, to whom he unfolded the various literary projects with which he then teemed, and by whose advice he was regulated in the choice of books. Both were frequent contributors to the Greenock paper, and some of their essays and poetical attempts were published with commendation in the Edinburgh Magazine. The three youthful philosophers, with a few of their companions, by and by formed themselves, at the instigation of Spence, into a monthly society, which was kept up for years—the exercises commencing with essays 'on every sort of subject, from the cedar of Lebanon, to the *hyassop* that springeth out

* *Autob.* vol. ii. p. 154.

of the wall," afterwards came philosophical discussions, and then supper. Galt was the youngest and certainly not the best writer; for clearness and beauty of diction, Park carried off the palm, and the specimens preserved by Mr. Galt cannot be too highly praised. Spence's essays were all about planets and comets. He was a very modest man, and had made great progress in some of the most abstruse branches of mathematics, when a premature death disappointed the high expectations which his genius had raised, and which might have made him an ornament to his country. Mr. Galt afterwards published an account of his life, prefixed to his "Essay on the various orders of Logarithmic Transcendents."

Galt's first sacrifices to the muses—his earliest 'chirp,' as he calls it—was an ode on a *Limekiln!* a singular subject, and called forth by an incident still more singular and characteristic. Park had lent him Pope's *Illiad*, which Galt read with enthusiastic admiration, and kneeling down by his bedside, *prayed that he might be enabled to produce something like it!* The rebus on the Limekiln immediately followed, and the poetical vein thus opened, there issued forth streams of verses, little worthy of note, and certainly not worthy of the name of poetry. Some of his youthful productions were of a far higher cast, of which we may give the following specimen, from a tragedy written during sickness, on that very original theme, *Mary Queen of Scots*. The scene opens on the battlements of Lochleven Castle:

"1st Lady. How fresh and balmy is the odorous
breath

Of pensive evening at the vesper hour,
When from the East with dewy feet she comes,
And o'er reposing Nature sheds her veil!
See, with the past'ral Ochiels' verdant tops
The sun-beams hold a lingering adieu—
They fit—they vanish. Lo! again they gild
The lofty forehead of yon northern hill."

His next poetical productions were 'Yule,' an ode in the Scottish dialect, and 'The Battle of Largs,' a sort of 'Gothic epic,' on the invasion of Scotland in 1263 by Hako, king of Norway. The following spirited description of the preparations to resist the invader deserves to be quoted:

"At length the morning with cheerful light,
Broke the monotony of night.

The hardy village leaps to arms,
The gorgeous city mails her swarms;—
The forge—the flail—the loom—the line,—
The various sons of toil resign,
And, panting for the standard field,
Assume the spear, the bow, the shield.

The Scottish army on the march is still better:

"To the loud pipes the valleys rung,
The cliffs were clustered with the young;
The old, at every cottage door,
The boon of victory implore.
On every tower to cheer the brave,
The high-born dames their kerchiefs wave;
The cowed monks, with lifted hands,
Pray at their gates and bless the bands;
While hooded nuns the lattice throng,
To view the warriors wind along."

At this time his reading continued as varied and extensive as ever; he even dipped into antiquarian speculations, and made some progress in the study of the Italian language. His character, by this time, had developed itself more fully, and instead of being of a soft, yielding disposition, there is reason to believe that his decision of character and warmth of temper were quite as predominant as his discretion. He remained in Greenock for fourteen or fifteen years, and had for some time been employed in a mercantile house, though in what capacity does not appear. In 1804, however, he suddenly left it, and the incident which led to this resolution is so characteristic of his disposition that we quote the substance of it from his autobiography:

"The first revolutionary war had contributed to form, in Glasgow, a number of purse-proud men, who had neither the education, nor the feelings of gentlemen. One of these persons, in some matters of business, wrote to our concern a most abusive letter. It came by the post late in the evening, and I received it in the counting-house.

"My blood boiled, and I determined to have an apology. Accordingly, I sent for Mr. Ewing, [one of the concern] and declared to him my intention, and having supped at home, I mentioned that some business would call me to Glasgow in the morning. At an early hour I set off; but on my arrival there, the delinquent was gone to Edinburgh. I posted after him, and sent for him in the evening as a stranger. He came, acknowledged he wrote the letter, and said it was done in a passion. "That" replied I, "will not do for me, I must have a written apology," and taking out my watch laid it on the table; it wanted ten minutes of ten, and I said firmly, "At ten o'clock I expect a letter from you, until then we can have no conversation; the door is bolted and I shall take care we are not interrupted," leaning with my back against the door. Before the ten minutes expired he sat down, and wrote an apology. Wishing him good night, I said "that I would know him again, never having been introduced to him."

This affair was the proximate cause of his leaving Greenock, but doubtless there were other and more powerful reasons. He was now in his twenty-fourth

year, and his character had gradually been gathering strength and vigor, while at the same time, he felt the sphere of action which Greenock offered far too narrow for his aspiring disposition. The state of his mind is so finely depicted in a letter to his friend Park, three months after his leaving home, that at the risk of swelling this sketch beyond its proper limits, the following extracts will be made, as giving an insight into the very depths of his being:—

“When any plain, direct object, is to be attained, I think myself capable of perseverance; but to try and peep after an infinitude of little affairs that may yield a few pounds, and not one atom of honor, is what I shall never be able to do with success; and not to succeed where even comparative ignorance and stupidity gain affluent distinction—how low should I become! * * * My views are as prosperous as those of most young men in a similar situation, and very few young men of business that have such a good circle of acquaintance. But I want an object to fill my thoughts—something to accomplish—*something to make me in earnest with life.*”

That something he could not find in Greenock, and doubtless this was the principal cause of his leaving it. The natural reluctance to leave home was overpowered by the intensity of his resolution, and yet when the morning came, and his father accompanied him in a chaise, to meet the London mail, his resolution began to melt away. When the horses were changed at the first stage, he walked on to the brow of a hill and cast a last glance at one of the finest scenes in the world and as he beautifully says, it seemed as if *some pensive influence rested upon the mountains and silently allured him back.*

It was too late; his destiny led or drove him on, and in a few days more he was alone in London. The solitude of the city gave him time to think; and from casual expressions in his letters, it would seem that for a time he was not much pleased with the change. He felt himself as a cypher in the sea of life that encircled him on every side; no one cared for him, or for his plans—and although he brought with him, as he says, a whole mail of introductory letters—they ended as introductory letters generally do—in an invitation to dinner. After seeing the sights of London, having some idle time on his hands, he published, “The Battle of Largs,” and after he was established in business, he continued to store his mind with that knowledge which might prove serviceable in his pursuits. He carefully studied the “Lex Mercatoria,” composed a treatise on the practice of under-writing, another on the ancient commerce of England to the time of Edward III; he wrote also a history of Bills of Exchange, and investigated the doctrine of free trade with a zeal and acuteness which was far above his years and experience.

After being engaged in business for about three years, and finding his dislike to peep and pry after manifold trifles increased by an unfortunate connexion with a foreign house, which involved him in its failure, he cast about for some field of fairer prospect, and at last entered himself as a student at law, at Lincoln’s Inn. It was a choice quite unsuited to his age and cast of character; he had little of that influence which in London is necessary to success at the bar; his delight was in active pursuits, in which the imagination could find room to play—and the law was too dull, requiring too much fagging, and by far too close an adherence to precedent to be congenial. He does not appear to have ever seriously commenced the study, for we shortly afterwards find him engaged on a historical work of some pretension, entitled, “The Life of Cardinal Wolsey.” What rank this work deserves to hold among the few devoted to the difficult portion of English history in which Wolsey acted, is for those to decide, who have more carefully examined the works in question; it is certain that Mr. Galt expended no small labor and time in searching out original documents, and in preparing materials for his work; but soon his health failed, and on the recommendation of his physician, and in compliance with his own ardent disposition, he went abroad where he remained several years. It is not our design to follow him in his various wanderings through Turkey, Greece, Sardinia, Malta and Sicily. Every where he carried with him an ardent thirst for knowledge, and a spirit of bold independent criticism, and accurate observation, the fruits of which were given to the world in his voyages and travels, published after his return.

His next publication was a volume of tragedies, of various merit. We make the following extract from the first of the series, entitled, “Maddalen,” which has all the quaintness of a production of the sixteenth century:—

“Oh my dear Maddalen! pray thee forbear,
Thy thoughts are like the yellow falling leaves,
That wildly rustle in the evening gale,
Dispersed afar. Rude was the wintry blast,
That so untimely smote my blooming tree.
I thought to sit beneath the lovely shade,
Tending young lambs all in the setting sun;
But now it waves a wild fantastic head,
And soon will lie before the fell’er low.”

In the beginning of 1812 he conducted for a short time the ‘Political Review;’ but not finding the employment suited to his taste, he threw it aside, and was induced to go to Gibraltar, where a commercial house in London wished to establish a depot for the purposes of trade in Spain. Before his departure he made a short visit to Scotland, not as a common excursion, but to look *once* more on the scenes familiar and beloved in his boyhood—

even to the church-yard and tombstones on which he had so often played. It was in many respects a sad and melancholy visit. The associates of his youth were scattered, and the bonds which had bound him to society, thus loosened and snapt in twain; even in the few years which had passed since his departure, Time has done its work, and a new generation had sprung up, and occupied the place of his old familiar friends. But it was in himself that the greatest transmutation had taken place; the same sun burned in the heavens, as pure and glorious as before; 'the Frith' was there, spread out in all its beauty, covered as of old, with the merchant ships from far, and the 'cobbles,' that he had launched when a boy, into its placid bosom; but the eye that now gazed upon the scene was sadder in its expression, and moistened with a tear at the remembrance of the past. He was not now the boy of 'soft disposition, and bookish propensities,' 'passionately fond of flowers and deriving inexpressible pleasure from their development and culture,' nor was he the bold ardent youth 'tramping twenty-two miles to Glasgow before breakfast,' or out in the early morning with his gun, or as the sun went down whipping lazily the waters, when his thoughts were revelling in the sunny future, blossoming with verdure, and glowing with the brilliant hopes of youth. He was in mind and thought a man—one whose first adventures on the sea of life had ended in disappointment—his ardent hopes nipt in the bud, his plans of business and law-study thrown aside, as unsuited to his feelings—it is no wonder, therefore, that on that occasion a pang of bitterness should shoot across his breast, as he stood 'in the chill of that shadow,' which might have been unfelt in a different scene.

He left Scotland and proceeded to Gibraltar; but here again disappointment awaited him, and sufferings of an acuter kind than he had as yet experienced. Part of the plan received a sudden check by the victorious career in the Peninsula of the Duke of Wellington, and I do not exaggerate my feelings, when I say that I repined at his victories. His triumphal entry into Madrid was the death of my hopes, but there was no decent pretext for coming away. So I staid there several months; at last, however, I found myself obliged by necessity to return to London for surgical advice; and yet it was with me absolutely a struggle, whether to endure the progress of a vital disease, or to take this step.

After his return, he made an excursion to France, visited Holland, and shortly after, in 1813-14, undertook the management of a periodical, entitled, "The New British Theatre," in which appeared various dramatical productions from his own pen.

About this time appeared "The Annals of the Parish," the most popular probably of his works—although in the opinion of the author less worthy

than many of his other productions. Mr. Galt when writing it, intended it as a treatise on the society of the west of Scotland—not having any idea that it would be looked upon as a novel. To describe its merits fully would lead us too far from our subject, while to those who have not read it no description can convey an adequate idea of its richness and originality. To be fully relished, the reader must be a Scotchman, who has in his mind's eye fac-similes of the queer and original characters who figure in it.

Shortly after this Mr. Galt removed with his family to Finnart, near Greenock, and the four or five succeeding years must have been years of great application, if we may judge from the works he has published, amongst which were, 'The Provost,' 'The Steamboat,' 'Sir Andrew Wylie,' 'The Entail,' 'Ringhan Gilbaize,' 'The Spae Wife,' and 'Roethan.' On these works the fame of Mr. Galt, as an author, chiefly rests; and they at once entitled him to a high rank in the galaxy of literary characters that have shed such imperishable lustre on the land of their birth, by embalming her lowly and rugged sons, and her more rugged mountains, in their living pages.

Another phase in the chequered life of Mr. Galt was now about to be exhibited, which afforded ample scope for his varied powers in the sphere most congenial to his disposition—that of action. He was appointed by the principal inhabitants of Upper Canada their agent, in urging on the British government a claim of indemnification for losses they had suffered during the war with the United States. While acting in this capacity his attention was led particularly to examine the resources of Upper Canada. The settlement of Colonies and the means of promoting their prosperity had for many years been matter of interesting speculation to him, but were now the object of his practical study. After some time it was agreed that a loan of £100,000 should be raised, of which the English government were to guarantee half the interest; a different arrangement was subsequently entered into, and the inquiry suggested itself to Mr. Galt how the claim might be satisfied without having recourse to the taxes raised upon the people of Great Britain. For this purpose the Crown and Clergy Reserves of the Province seemed to him to be capable of providing ample means, and his inquisitive mind rested not till he had devised a plan to render these means speedily available. This plan he communicated to government, actuated solely by the expectation that the proceeds of the land sales would be applied to the liquidation of the claim of his constituents. Government made use of the plan, but did not so apply the proceeds—and accordingly Mr. Galt supposed he had a just claim on government for services rendered in procuring purchasers for the lands. Of this claim, as it still remains unsatisfied, it may not be impro-

per here to say a few words, for although it were, legally considered, an *imperfect* obligation, yet if in point of fact, and *foro conscientie*, a just and reasonable claim, surely it would be an act worthy of the British government to bestow on Mr. Galt's family the reward which his services and exertions for this portion of the Empire have so well merited.

The following extract proves the request made by government and Mr. Galt's intentions in relation to his constituents in Upper Canada :

From Mr. J. H. Horton to Mr. Galt.

DOWNING STREET, Feb. 6, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 16th Dec., in which you suggest the Crown Lands as affording the means of satisfying the Canadian claimants * * *. In reply, I have to acquaint you that Lord Bathurst is desirous of receiving the specific proposition submitted by you to the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

This request, command, or application, was speedily complied with; for Mr. Galt addressed a letter to the Right Honourable Earl Bathurst, dated

"DOWNING STREET, 17th Feb. 1824.

"Agreeably to your lordship's request, communicated by Mr. Horton, I have now the honour to enclose the outline and principles of a plan for the sale of the crown revenues in Canada, founded on a suggestion which I threw out to the Chancellor of the Exchequer," &c.

Here the service was evidently performed, and even had the plan not been carried into effect, Mr. Galt's claim is established—as really as if he had been a professional architect, who had made out specifications for erecting a public building, at Lord Bathurst's request. But subsequently to the delivery of the plan, Mr. Galt was verbally authorized by Mr. Horton to ascertain whether purchasers could be obtained in England, and in answer to an application made to a wealthy commercial house in London, Mr. Galt received the following letter :

From Hullett Brothers & Co.

"LEADENHALL STREET, March 31, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,—We have reflected on the idea you communicated to us yesterday, relative to the formation of a company for purchasing and bringing into cultivation the crown reserves in Upper Canada, and have no hesitation in stating our opinion, that there will be no difficulty in raising the necessary capital for the purpose, provided the government will grant those lands at a moderate price," &c.

This letter was transmitted to Mr. Horton, and after several interviews between Mr. Horton and Messrs. Galt and Hullett, the terms of sale were agreed on—the prospectus of a company submitted to Earl Bathurst, and corrected for him by Mr. Horton—the bargain closed, and a sale of lands effected to the amount of nearly £400,000 currency. It seems quite clear that Mr. Galt acted on the request, and in point of fact as the agent of go-

vernment, *quoad* the sale of the lands, and his claim to a *quantum meruit* for services is therefore well founded, especially when, in answer to an application by Mr. Galt, the Secretary of State replied, in a communication dated 6th August, 1824, after the bargain of sale had been closed, and the prospectus of the company issued, 'that the money to be paid by the company was not considered by his Majesty's government to be applicable to the relief of the sufferers by the late war with the United States.' Disappointed thus in his endeavours, he was shortly afterwards engaged in business which required all his attention, and in 1830, when Mr. Galt submitted his claims to the Earl of Ripon, the then Secretary of State, it was decided by him to be inadmissible, and thus the matter rests. It is to be hoped that an investigation of the claim may yet be entered upon, and the just expectations of Mr. Galt finally met.

The prospect of proceeding to Canada as manager for the company induced him to turn his attention to a system of emigration on a large scale, the details of which are well worthy of attention, now that the colonies are rising into notice, and an outlet is so imperatively demanded for the surplus population of the Mother Country. He had previously visited the Upper Province, as one of the commissioners to estimate the value of the lands conveyed to the company, and before his second voyage, found time to make a trip to France.

It will not be necessary to enter into particulars as to Mr. Galt's proceedings in Canada, further than to explain the causes which led to the dissolution of his connexion with the company. On his previous visit to Upper Canada, as commissioner, some bare civilities which had passed between him and the notorious M'Kenzie, then editor of the *Colonial Advocate*, and other trifling circumstances, had given rise to a report that Mr. Galt was disposed to take part in the political disputes which then agitated the province. It was surmised by some, and had reached the ear of the Lieutenant Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, that Mr. Galt had lent an ear to the complaints of certain parties in the province against his administration, and further, that he had not done justice to the colonial authorities in the communications which had taken place with the colonial department in England in reference to the indemnity claims. A remark of Mr. Galt, soon after his arrival at York, about the Alien Bill, which then excited great attention, had been misinterpreted, and this led to a correspondence with the Lieutenant Governor, in which Mr. Galt found it no difficult matter to clear himself of the imputations which had been thrown upon him. And here the matter ended; Mr. Galt immediately proceeding with the business of the company, and shunning what he scrupled not to call the petty squabbles of village politicians. But conscious that his mo-

tives had been mistaken and misrepresented, he could not rid himself of the suspicion that he had enemies in the province, and his peace was afterwards disturbed on this account, to a degree unworthy of a man of his character and cast of mind.

After a short visit to Quebec, he set strenuously to work, to establish a regular plan for conducting the business of the company, and himself attended to the multifarious details which were soon reduced to perfect working order. In order, however, to give employment to pauper emigrants until a better class could be allured to the colony, it was thought best, with the sanction of the directors, to commence some public work, and the town of Guelph was accordingly founded. The settlement proceeded rapidly—clearings were made—roads opened through the forest, and every thing bore the aspect of prosperity. Mr. Galt had now found a theatre in which his active and energetic mind could exert all its powers; his doings were not on the petty scale of a village trader, but had an intimate bearing on the prosperity of a great country, and what was to him of great interest he was watching over, and tending a scion which he had himself planted.

Rumours, however, began to be current in the colony that the directors in London were dissatisfied with the large expenditure at Guelph, and reports that Mr. Galt had omitted to give the health of Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Lieutenant Governor of the province, and had abused the clergy corporation, when celebrating the anniversary of the founding of the company. These last reports were totally without foundation, nor was Mr. Galt a man that could endure them unmoved. Conscious also of the purity of his motives, and the wisdom of his plans and proceedings, he was indignant that the expenditure at Guelph (which scarcely exceeded, by seven hundred pounds, the sum allowed by the directors) should be looked upon as unnecessary. At this time an accountant was sent out from England, an assistant much needed and long prayed for by Mr. Galt, for on his arrival in the colony the company had sent neither clerk nor secretary to his aid, and he had been obliged to pick up what assistance he could. But the gangrene of suspicion had been at work in his mind, and it was not likely there could be much harmony between him and an accountant 'devoured by vanity,' and of a 'very bad temper.' On looking at the instructions which the new comer brought, Mr. Galt says, 'they appeared strangely framed, and I was not satisfied with them,' and he was led to conclude, though, as afterwards confessed, 'erroneously,' that he was a party in the 'machination which every day rendered more and more obvious.'

The directors had strangely enough neglected to acknowledge or even allude to a valuable grant of land, which, at the solicitation of Mr. Galt, the Lieutenant Governor had gratuitously made to the

company, a circumstance which, at the time, added force to the suspicions which Mr. Galt entertained of machinations to get rid of him. A ridiculous incident which soon after took place, together with the indignation which Mr. Galt felt at being, as he supposed, ill-treated, induced him to determine on returning to England.

Before the retirement of Sir Peregrine Maitland, Mr. Galt, in his capacity of superintendent, wrote him a civil note, acknowledging his attention to the interests of the company. To this note the accountant thought he should have been a party; Mr. Galt thought otherwise.

On receiving intimation from Sir Peregrine, that he would introduce him to the new Lieutenant Governor, Sir John Colborne, Mr. Galt mentioned the circumstance to the accountant, and begged that he would accompany him to the Government House. This gentleman, however, flew into a passion, and to Mr. Galt his manner appeared 'to imply a sort of authorized surveillance' over him, and he at once determined to return to England, informing the directors that he thought this step necessary in order to 'avert an increase of misconception,' and that 'a proper understanding' might be established.

In February, 1828, Mr. Galt thought it necessary to send for a gentleman of experience, who had the charge of the large estates belonging to Sir W. Poulteney, to inspect the concern, and to give his opinion for the information of the directors in London. This gentleman expressed 'his most decided opinion that all the proceedings of Mr. Galt and Mr. Prior' had been 'exceeding judicious, and the improvements indispensable,' concluding his remarks thus: 'Upon the whole, I beg leave most respectfully to state to the company my decided opinion that Mr. Galt's agency has been conducted with sound judgment, a proper regard to economy and the interests of the company; that his proceedings have promoted their best interests, and I believe that the company cannot more effectually promote their views than by delegating to him the most ample discretionary powers.'

Mr. Galt made preparations for his voyage as if for a temporary excursion, and as he left Guelph the settlers collected in a body to thank him for his kind treatment, and to express their wishes for his safe return. It was fated that he should never return. The noble institution his genius had reared, and his perseverance thus far carried into successful operation, was destined to pass into other hands. He had allowed some trifling incidents, vague rumours, and the natural anxiety of a corporation for their own interests, to engender suspicion and distrust; the warmth of his feelings had betrayed him into acts and expressions which neither prudence nor a just regard for his own reputation should have sanctioned or permitted; and now he was on his return, with feelings harassed by what

he looked upon as ingratitude, and the future clouded with the reflection that all his labours and sacrifices had not been appreciated as he felt they deserved to be.

Before bidding a final farewell to Canada, he visited Goderich, a settlement he had himself made. During his lonely journey to the shores of Lake Huron he had ample time to reflect upon his present unpleasant circumstances, as well as to review the past, and try to conjecture what was in store for him in the future. It was winter, and all around was gloomy and desolate—the past presented only subjects for sad and melancholy reflections—and as for the future, *its hue is always that of the present hour*. The settlement, however, was advancing, and had an air of cheerfulness. Mr. Galt's description of his feelings as he looked upon the scene is exceedingly touching.

“The morning, bright and calm, was spent in viewing the localities and the progress made in the settlement; but although not aware that any thing was left unexamined, my eyes were cursory and myself listless; for *it was not likely I should ever be there again*; and let a man nerve himself ever so resolutely, there is a sadness in a final thought, especially if, as in my case, it be attended with regret and darkening prospects. Indignant reflections may appease farewell, nor was I without that acrid palliative.”

“The Canada company had originated in my suggestions—it was established by my endeavours—organized, in disregard of many obstacles, by my perseverance—and yet, without the commission of any fault, for I dare every charge of *that kind*, I was destined to reap from it only troubles and mortifications, and something which I felt as an attempt to disgrace me.”

On his arrival in London he found a successor had been appointed, and it is easy to suppose that his excited mind would discover or imagine circumstances to confirm his suspicions of ‘machinations’ against him.

His reception by Mr. M'Gilleveray, at the Canada House, ‘impressed my jealousy with something unsatisfactory!’ but a meeting of proprietors was at hand, and he determined to be present to vindicate himself. No accusations seem to have been brought up, he acknowledges the balance of his accounts was fairly stated, but thought it left an ‘impression’ that the expenditures had been lavish and inconsiderate, adding: ‘I do not say it was *meant* to produce this effect, but I thought so.’ And this thought was sufficient to chafe and fret his high spirit, and to cast a deeper gloom over many a weary day, when disease had laid him upon the bed of pain, his mind as vigorous, scheming, and restless as ever, but the body—(its covering)—half dead. He lived, however, long enough to confess that his indignant feelings had exaggerated the ill-treatment

he received from the company. One of the last sentences he ever wrote was the following: “It so happened that I cannot but regard the treatment I experienced [from the company] as altogether owing much more to the want of information than to any design to affect me in the way their mode of usage has done.”

After his connexion with the company ceased, Mr. Galt betook himself to literature, and ‘Laurie Todd,’ ‘Southennan,’ and ‘The Life of Byron,’ were the result. His family had before this returned from Canada, and his stern resolve not to renew any acquaintance whatever with former associates, gradually melted away, as friend after friend appeared, and as occupation withdrew him from the consideration of the past. He accepted the offer made to him of the Editorship of the *Courier*, but the employment was not suited to his tastes, and he was now threatened with a return of his old malady. He had already suffered two shocks of paralysis, from which he gradually recovered, and, as a sort of relaxation, wrote and published his ‘*Lives of the Players*,’ one of the most amusing books he ever wrote, and shortly afterwards appeared ‘*Bogle Corbet*,’ exhibiting the causes which induced persons in the better rank of life to emigrate—a guide book, in which amusement is only the vehicle to convey instruction.

For some time his life ran on in a smooth and equal current, literature his only employment, but there was still hanging about him some secret disease, inducing a state of mind which he compares to the morbid lethargy of sea-sickness. But in spite of this, his constitutional activity of mind could not be repressed, and he once more turned his attention to business, and to the formation of Land Companies, which then excited great attention in London. The stock of the Upper Canada Land Company had gradually risen to par, and he could now go out among his old friends, ‘without blushing for an undertaking, the solidity of which, was now vindicated by experience.’ He set himself strenuously to work and his labor resulted in the formation of the *British American Land Company*, of which he was chosen Manager.

Disease had, however, thrown her chilly mantle about him, and he was never able to take an active part in the concern—indeed he was confined to his home by disease; but the unconquered mind, and the unbending will, were active as ever, and ‘*The Member*,’ ‘*The Radical*,’ and ‘*Eben Erskine*,’ appeared in rapid succession.

In the summer of 1832, he was visited with another stroke of paralysis, which greatly affected his left side, and left him lame, but shocks more violent followed, depriving him of the use of his right side, and leaving him unable, even to turn himself in bed without assistance. In this sad condition, in the long watches of night, or the still more tedious and

melancholy hours, that creep lazily away by day, in the sick-room, when the sun shines, and you feel that as you toss about in pain, the world is all astir, it was natural that his thoughts should weave themselves into melancholy strains, a specimen of which, we cannot forbear quoting :—

Helpless, forgotten, sad and lame,
On my lone couch the live long day,
I muse of youth and dreams of fame.
And wishes hopes and all away.

Ah, never more beneath the skies,
The winged heart shall glowing soar,
Nor e'er be reached the goal or prize ;—
The spells of life enchant no more.

The burning thought, the boding sigh,
The grief unnam'd that old men feel,
The languid limbs, that weltering lie,
The powerless will's effectless zeal ;—
All these are mine ; and Heaven bestows
The gifts—but still I find them woes.

It was not the character of the man long to bewail his melancholy lot, and again we find him hard at work. His hand was powerless, but his head was clear, his resolution firm and unshaken ; and although his amanuensis was a little boy, save when some accidental visitor was good enough to take the pen, he labored on. Let the complaining, peevish, victim of trifling and fanciful disorders, look on and learn. Here was fortitude worthy of a Roman, a victory of the spirit over bodily decay, worth more than a thousand lectures, as evidence of the immortality of that principle which waxes brighter and more vigorous, as its covering of clay is ready to drop into the grave.

In this state, he wrote the 'Stories of the Study,' and his 'Autobiography.' This latter work, comes down to the close of 1833, his 'Literary Life and Miscellanies' followed. The two last works, to a thinking reader, will be looked upon as full of good things, and great value, as furnishing an outline of the workings of a highly original mind. Mr. Galt lived to see that the public interest in him as a man and author, was greater than he was sometimes ready to believe. But his active and suffering career was nearly over ; no medical aid could do more than mitigate his malady, and on the 11th April, 1839, he died at Greenock, to which place he had returned in the Spring of 1834.

There is but small space left for comment on his singularly chequered career. Nor is much comment required—there are many in Canada, who have had the good fortune to be his personal friends, and many more who have known him through his works. Those who are best acquainted with his merits as an author, are most deeply persuaded, that his great and varied talents have not been so highly appre-

ciated as they ought. We have already had occasion to notice some of the most prominent traits of his character and disposition—his love of activity, his industry, and high spirit, that could not for a moment stoop to do, or to tolerate a mean act. Himself frank and sincere, he resented somewhat too ardently, as he confessed on his death bed, not only every imputation, but every suspicion of sinister motives. Touch his honor, and he was sensitive and excited to a degree bordering on rashness ; suspect the purity of his motives and it was next to impossible for him to overlook, or even to forgive the offence.

Notwithstanding this warmth of temper and aversion to every thing that looked like underhand dealing, he could make proper allowance for the indiscretions of a friend, and few attachments have been more firm and consistent than that between him and Park. When a premature death had removed his friend, how pathetically did he lament his loss ; Spence, too, was not left without a tribute of his warm esteem. The three had grown up together in the spring time of their lives ; they were gathered first to their rest, and the memory of their virtues was a light which enlightened the gloom of his last years.

Mr. Galt's filial affection was as warm as his friendship. Hear how he speaks of his mother's death—she was attacked in Scotland with the same malady which rendered his last years helpless—he hastened down from London, and his presence, although but for an instant, dispelled the cloud which had darkened her mental powers :—

"From my very childhood, it had been my greatest delight to please this affectionate parent, and her loss weakened the motive that had previously impelled my energies, and the charm of life was in proportion diminished in its power." His brother's death was barbed with a peculiar anguish, as he tells us, leaving a cold vacancy in his bosom, which nothing could fill up. But we must pass on to other traits of his character.

He was an inveterate schemer. Among the schemes of his early youth, was one for supplying Greenock with water, and another for cutting a canal from Loch Lomond to Loch Long. Sitting in his sleigh on his way from Quebec to Little York, he constructed a plan for connecting the waters of the St. Lawrence, with those of the Petite Nation, and of making the latter river navigable. He even went so far as to have the levels taken and found that from the close of Lake Navigation, below Prescott, there was a fall of seven feet to the Petite Nation, but the scheme was not carried out. Other schemes of his might be mentioned—his vine-yards and cotton fields on his farm of 'The Mountain,' his plans in relation to the cultivation of madder—the navigation of the River Clyde—treasure trove—abolition of slavery—and for the assimilation of the currency of the North American Colonies, to that

of the United Kingdom. From his great scheme—that of the Land Company—he lived to see the proprietors realize more than £400,000, in little more than a year. Some of his plans have been carried out since his death, others will doubtless be yet set in operation; it should never be forgotten that in *all* his schemes the welfare of others was his first concern.

His own interests were too frequently lost sight of in his pursuit of his schemes, nor does he seem to have had those notions of the value of wealth, which the carvers out of their fortune generally cherish. It might have been contempt for money, arising from habit or constitutional carelessness, or from having his eye fixed on higher objects, and on gratifications which gold cannot buy; certain it is that his conduct was seldom guided by views of interest. The salary received from the company, £1500, he tells us was 'respectable,' but if his thoughts ever gravitated toward pecuniary matters, it was when he remembered his children. Had he exhibited the same activity, industry and zeal, in looking after his own interests, as men of business usually display, he might have figured as a great man on change and died worth a plum. Fortunately for the world there have been some in it who estimate riches at their true value. Mr. Galt was one of these, his aims were higher and nobler; his regards were turned from the earth, towards the pure clear heaven in which the temple of Fame glitters, but too often to bewilder the aspiring, and mock them with hopes never to be realized.

It is singular that with such a thirst for distinction, Mr. Galt seems to have placed so low a value upon literary pursuits as a means of attaining it. 'Book making,' says he, 'has always been with me a secondary pursuit;' 'the moment I had found a fulcrum I abandoned literature.' Allusions of the kind are frequently to be met with in his works, but his low estimation of authorship, as a trade, arose from that restless energy, and love of action, which was part of his nature. Could he have found stirring occupation suited to his tastes, or had his health permitted him to engage in it, his literary labors would have been thrown aside. But disease laid him low and obliged him to be content with activity of mind, and perhaps it was fortunate for his fame that it was so ordered. He contrived what others may yet execute, and carry out in their full extent, and perhaps his prophetic spirit did not mislead him, when he declared that his name would live as an inventor, and be spoken of in after times, when his merely literary works will be forgotten.

Few men, so keenly alive to censure or praise, have been so independent in action as Mr. Galt. His was no crouching, fawning spirit, but the manly soul that dared to act, without inquiring too cautiously what the world will say, or whether

the great ones of the earth will frown upon the act. Whilst he had too much good sense to wish to seduce all men to the same level, as to station and fortune, he looked 'rather at God's creatures than at the difference of drapery, in which so many think all the differences of rank consist.' He had the honour of being a frequent guest at the table of the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of York, and others of the royal family; but his frank openness was quite as much displayed, and perhaps as highly honoured, in the presence of these exalted personages, as in the humbler ranks of society. He frequently waited on the Duke of Kent, in obedience to his commands, and sometimes he was sent for at times when he found it inconvenient to attend. On one occasion of this kind, when engaged to a particular party, being sent for he became highly vexed, and determined to have an end put to this interruption. 'Frying with anger, and growing fiercer as he walked faster through Hyde Park to the Palace,' he was shewn into the presence of the Duke, and immediately began his remonstrance. His Royal Highness listened for awhile, and his good-natured laugh at once recalled Mr. Galt to his senses, and disclosed the absurd violation of etiquette, which none but Mr. Galt would have committed, and none but his Royal Highness have overlooked.

His chief and distinguishing excellence as an author—his accurate delineation of character, especially in the lower and middle ranks of life—his powers of description also, especially as displayed in his later works, and in describing forest scenes—are well known to those who are familiar with his writings. His faults of style, especially in the use of strange and uncouth words, subjected him to many a hard knock from the critics. Even in his later works there is a carelessness of expression which often obscures the meaning; he wrote more hastily than most, and with more than the incorrectness of his countrymen. Such phrases as '*aspectable* grander,' for *visible*; '*stampery*,' for printing press; '*eruditical*,' '*multitudinous*,' were considered fair game by the verbal critics, who make up in finical nicety of expression what they lacked in sense. The extracts made in this sketch will show the general character of his style; it may be added that occasionally his poetry and even his prose is so beautifully simple and pathetic that the reader is struck with delight, often the more vivid because certainly unexpected. The following simple stanzas, with the exception of one or two unhappy epithets, are worthy of the most fastidiously correct votary of the muses:

TO THE RIVER PENEUS.

Peneus! as on thy green side

A pensive hour I chanc'd to spend,

Where o'er thy gaily flowing tide

The beeches bow and osiers bend;

And saw, beneath the varied shade,
 The ruminating herds recline,
 And lengths of woven thrift display'd
 Along the rural margin shine ;
 Methought that youth was still my own,
 As when I strayed by Irvine's stream,
 And all the cares I since have known,
 The phantoms of a troubled dream.
 Ah ! never shall I know again
 Those simple hopes of blithesome hue—
 The playmates gay of Fancy's train,
 Such as by Irvine's stream I knew."

It cannot be said that his simple blithesome hopes were ever destined to return, and his latter years were clouded by disease, as his manhood had been by blighted hopes. Perhaps, however, his ardent hopes and unquenchable enthusiasm, led him to rejoice as ardently in the belief that at some future time his plans would be fully appreciated, as ordinary men do in the full tide of successful experiment. "It will be done," he used to exclaim, "but I will not see it." He was conscious of the purity of his motives, conscious that no man could accuse him of a mean act. Beams of his well earned reputation shone upon his darkest hours, and friends were around him when his last hour came. If his career was not splendid, it was honourable and unstained, and his name will be long cherished by the admirers of his genius.

A. R.

Montreal, 13th April, 1841.

LIST OF MR. GALT'S PRINCIPAL WORKS :

* Battle of Largs, 1 vol. ; Letters from the Levant, 1 vol. ; Wolsey's Life, 1 vol. ; Historical Pictures, 2 vols ; Wandering Jew, 1 vol. ; *The Earthquake, 3 vols. ; *Ayrshire Legatees, 1 vol. ; *Annals of the Parish, 1 vol. ; *Provost, 1 vol. ; *The Steamboat, 1 vol. ; *Sir Andrew Wylie, 3 vols. ; *The Entail, 3 vols. ; *The Gathering of the West, 1 vol. ; *Last of the Lairds, 1 vol. ; *The Omen, 1 vol. ; *Ringham Gilhaize, 3 vols. ; *Spew-wife, 3 vols. ; Rothelan, 3 vols. ; Lawrie Todd, 3 vols. ; Southennam, 3 vols. ; Bogle Corbet, 3 vols. ; Stanley Buxton, 3 vols. ; Eben Erskine, 3 vols. ; Stolen Child, 1 vol. ; Lives of the Players, 2 vols. ; Life of Byron, 1 vol. ; Life of Spence and West, 2 vols. ; Member, 1 vol. ; Radical, 1 vol. ; Dramas.
 Those marked * published anonymously.

PRAYERS.

IN Flacourt's History of Madagascar is the following sublime prayer, said to be used by the people we call savages:—"O Eternal ! have mercy upon me, because I am passing away. O Infinite ! because I am weak. O Sovereign of Life ! because I draw nigh to the grave. O Omniscient ! because I am poor. O All Sufficient ! because I am nothing."

THE VOICE.

THE voice—its melody touched the ear,
 As a sound we should look towards heaven to hear ;
 As the soft, rich light of the western sky,
 Where the sun went down, will meet the eye.
 And it made me think of a world afar,
 Above the sun, and the evening star—
 Of the odors of flowers that freight the air
 With the notes of the bright ones warbling there.

Methinks, when the world looks void and dark—
 When the waves of trouble engulf my bark—
 When the sky above me is black with wrath,
 And the lightning is all that illumines my path ;
 While I set my feet but with doubt and dread ;
 When the friend that I loved is false or dead ;
 In fear, in sorrow, in pain or care,
 I would hear that voice poured out in prayer.

When the storm is past, and the heavens look
 bright,
 While the clouds that I feared are dissolved in light—
 When I smoothly glide o'er the peaceful sea,
 With a breeze all fragrance and purity ;
 When the friend that I choose is the true one still,
 Who adds to good, and who takes from ill ;
 In every joy that may gild my days,
 I would hear that voice sent up in praise.

It was tuned for a rare and holy gift ;
 To pour in prayer, and in praise to lift ;
 And through the ear, as it took control,
 And wrought its charm o'er the spell-bound soul,
 It came in a sound so sweet and deep,
 It could soothe the heart, though the eye must weep.
 But it was not made for the thoughtless mirth
 Whose light is a blaze from the chaff of earth.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

THE proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is prodigality of life ; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that time was his estate : an estate indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.—Johnson.

(ORIGINAL)

THE EMIGRANT.

A TALE.

“AND so you are going, Andrew?”

“Yes, Mary; it is no use stopping here any longer. God knows I have striven as hard as man well may, but every thing has turned up against me. The old farm is mine no longer, and another year may find me a beggar. You would not have me wait for *that*, Mary?”

“No, Andrew, no!” sobbed the poor girl to whom these remarks had been addressed; “but still it is hard to leave one’s country—to say good-bye to friends whom you may never see again. The world is a wide space, but there is only one spot we call home. Recollect, Andrew, there is your mother, she would pine bitterly, whilst for myself, do you think I could be happy when you were away? Oh Andrew!” continued the speaker, with more energy, “think well before you take this step. There are many spots in our native land where contentment may be found, if we would but quell our feelings of pride: these it is drive hundreds forth to the wilderness, who but for that had never left their own fireside—that makes desolate the hearts of friends, which had else known little but sunshine. Oh, Andrew! look into your heart and see if there be no such feeling there!”

A cloud of displeasure passed over the young man’s brow, whilst he answered, with some emotion:

“I did not expect this from you, Mary. God knows I have laboured hard enough. From morning till sunset my task has been one of toil—unthankful toil, indeed, that turned to no account, but left me poorer than before. I tell you, Mary, that a spell hangs over me. Had I been a drunkard or a brawler, indeed, this had not been strange; but where is the man who can stand up and say,—‘Andrew Miller, the sorrow you have reaped is of your own sowing.’ No, Mary—the world’s cares have fallen unjustly on me: I have seen those whom truth, fairly told, had condemned, mount up before me, and I have withstood it all, till I stand a ruined, care-worn man, amidst the broad acres that were my father’s; but that have slipped from my hands like the grains from an hour-glass. It is unjust then, it is unkind, Mary, to accuse me of pride.”

Such is a portion of the conversation which, on a fine evening in June, passed between two young persons, as they moved slowly up one of those rustic paths peculiar to English scenery. The speakers were, as we have said, both young; but there was a care-worn expression on the countenance of the male which held the place of years, and justified the language he had just uttered. Misfortune had

indeed pressed heavily on Andrew Miller. His father, a substantial yeoman, had died when he was yet young, leaving a rich farm, unencumbered, as a portion for his widow and her only child. It was held by all the world to be a rich inheritance for young Andrew, who grew up a fine handsome lad, with a strength of mind and intelligence which interested all who knew him in his favour. But the times were adverse. The fluctuating price of agricultural produce (brought about by partial legislation) was destroying the old race of English farmers, and promising destruction to the best interest of the country. An evil influence seemed to have fallen upon the farmer: crushed between the corn laws and the poor laws, he was gradually merging into a state of bankruptcy, and losing his former independent standing. In vain he struggled to maintain his position: his efforts only involved him still deeper, and the work-house or the prison was the gloomy prospect that opened on him. In the general crash, Andrew Miller did not escape. Year after year saw him growing poorer and poorer, till at length little else was left him but that independence of mind, and integrity of purpose, which are, after all, the best possessions, and of which no adversity can deprive us. Fortified by these, Andrew Miller could stand up like a man and look the world in the face: for himself this change of fortune could not have been intolerable. To one of his habits of industry and perseverance the world is a wide field where he might hope to gain an honourable competence. It was thus that he had been gradually brought to wean his affections from his native country, and to look to a foreign land for that contentment and peace of mind which were denied him at home. But between emigration and him there were obstacles: he had a mother whom he loved, and who doted on him: he had one other tie, which was as strong as the affection of a mother to him, and which with a gentle grasp detained him still at home. In the midst of all his dreams for the future there was one sweet pensive face whose melancholy smile could never be banished. Andrew Miller still stood irresolute, when fresh misfortunes, which rendered his circumstances still more desperate, worked up his mind to a final determination.

It was in this mood he had met with Mary Somerville, and the conversation which we have particularly detailed took place.

To the mind of the girl the intelligence, though not unexpected, came as a death-blow. Gloomy as was the present, what guarantee was there for the future? In those vast wilds her lover was about to visit, a thousand secret dangers might be hidden, and his back once turned upon his native land, who could say that its beauties would ever meet his eyes again? It was thus with the gentle persuasion of women that she endeavoured to turn him from his purpose, but in vain. Strong as was his love, the

mind of Andrew Miller could not stoop to dependence.

"If I consent to be a beggar, I am not worthy of you, Mary, and if your love is so blind as to overlook my honour you are not worthy of me."

Mary Somerville sighed as she heard the words of her lover, but from that moment sought not to dissuade him.

So Andrew Miller left his native home, and came as a wanderer to Canada. Slender, indeed, were his means, for the poor wreck of his fortune had been sunk to secure a competence for the declining years of his mother, whose heart was well nigh broken at the parting, but who loved her son too well to add to his pain by useless regrets. Mary Somerville, too, remained behind: a sick parent required her care, and like a dutiful child she hesitated not to sacrifice her feelings of love at the shrine of maternal affection. Alone Andrew Miller departed—alone, but not uncared for.

And years rolled on—one, two, three—and brought many tidings from the absent one. He had settled down in a pleasant district, where, till a short time before, the presence of an European was unknown. With his own hand, he had built him a house, and had called up from the fertile soil a plentiful harvest. He dwelt in rapturous terms on the delights of the new land, and was anxious that his friends should follow him. His mother smiled as she read the letters, but Mary sighed, and tears might be seen in her eye. What—did she repine at the fortune of her lover? No; but she feared that in the excitement of his new life his thoughts might turn less frequently homewards, and that time might weaken a feeling that in her breast only grew stronger. Was she wrong or was she right?

Four years passed, and Andrew Miller did not return—but yet he had not forgotten Mary Somerville. It was true he had not written to her so often as he should have done, but then he had a thousand things to do, and he was sure (thus he satisfied himself) Mary would overlook it. Alas, he little knew how susceptible is woman's heart, and how deeply a slight neglect sinks into her breast. In truth, the new life Andrew Miller led, was not calculated to refine his feelings, and though his heart was as good as ever, yet he had lost that fine polish which contact with so pure a being as Mary Somerville had imparted to his character. His love was as strong as ever, but it was something more selfish. Once or twice in the letters he had received, he thought he could detect a tone of reproach, but it generally happened that he had some excuse to make to himself, and then passed lightly over the matter. At length, however, a more pressing letter from his mother recalled him to a sense of duty. He there learnt that Mary, whose health it was stated, had long been delicate, was seriously indisposed, and that anxiety of mind (how produced the

letter had no need to state) was, it was feared, bringing her to the grave. With a heavy heart, Andrew Miller arose from the perusal of that letter, and bitterly did he reproach himself with an indifference, the effects of which were now made too apparent. His old love returned with double force, and he felt that all he had hitherto acquired was but worthless if not shared with her whose image now stood constantly before him. "I will return to England," said he; "and she shall learn, that if my voice has been silent my heart has known no change."

It was a lonely September day, when the ship which bore Andrew Miller to his native land, reached its destined port. There were many anxious hearts there, whose feelings burst forth into shouts of joy as the countenances of well remembered friends welcomed them again. Hands were clasped in hands, and breasts pressed to breasts, which had never thought to be so united again, and many kindly words were breathed, which took away the sting from past regrets.

Amidst this crowd of welcomers and welcomed, Andrew Miller made his way. His spirits were somewhat downcast, for no one had been there with a kind word for him, and he felt as if he were a stranger in the land of his fathers. He strove, however, to wrestle against these feelings, and, proceeding to the nearest inn, ordered a conveyance to take him to his native village. With what impatience did he await the moment when he should once more stand in the old accustomed places: as they proceeded, the country grew familiar to him, and he could recognize a hundred well-known spots, associated in his thoughts with some pleasing incidents. First in his mind, connected with these scenes, was Mary Somerville: they had roamed together over these paths continually, and now, after years of absence, were to meet again. Was she changed? he asked himself, and then he drew in his mind a portrait of the fair girl, as she had ever seemed to him.

It was with such feelings, that Andrew Miller drew near to his former home, and, alighting at the entrance of the village, directed the driver to return, that he might indulge more freely in those thoughts which pressed so strongly upon him. The road lay through the church-yard, and the rays of the departing sun were falling strongly on the modest monuments, erected to the rustic dead. Here reposed the remains of Andrew's father, and like a good son, he felt that his first duty was to breathe a prayer above the grave of the author of his being. The spot had undergone but little alteration since he last saw it. The grey moss had begun to creep over the head stone, and render the characters less distinct, and the herbage was more luxuriant than it used to be—but with these exceptions, Andrew could perceive little difference. He knelt by the grave for a moment and then turned away: he

that there were other tenants near, and his eyes wandered over the unpretending memorials of their birth and death. Many of the names were familiar to him, and, sighing to think that death should have made such havoc in a few short years, he turned to quit the spot, when his eyes rested on a newly turned mould, over which no stone was yet placed. There was nothing singular in this grave to distinguish it from many others near, but still the emigrant felt a melancholy feeling steal over him, as he looked upon it. At the moment, the sound of the belfry bell proclaimed that the curfew (a practice still kept up in many village churches) was being tolled, and with an impatient step Andrew entered the chapel. He had reached the middle of the aisle, and was about to interrogate the old sexton, when a newly erected tablet met his eye. He approached and read :—

To the memory of
MARY SOMERVILLE,
Who died August 30th, 1833,
aged 22.

Three days after this, a packet ship sailed from Liverpool to New York, bearing many emigrants, and amongst them Andrew Miller. His arrival and departure were unknown to all. On his reaching his former dwelling he found letters from England, informing him of the death of Mary Somerville, and adding many particulars of her last illness. It might have been remarked that these drew no tears from him, and those around him would not have even guessed their contents. But though there was no outward expression of grief, all who knew him, remarked that Andrew Miller was an altered man. Still he pursued his old occupations, and drew around him those marks of prosperity which are the reward of the industrious settler. Every three years he was absent for some months, but no one knew whither he went. It was only remarked that when he returned home he shunned society for a time, and seemed oppressed with some secret grief. What this was his friends could not tell; but it was reported in his native village of ——— that Andrew Miller had been more than once seen by the grave of Mary Somerville, and that there were those, who were aware of his visit. It is probable, therefore, that he came as a wanderer to the grave of his first love, and that the image of Mary Somerville was never obliterated from his memory.

W. S.

POPULAR INSTRUCTION.

To instruct mankind in things most excellent, and to honour and applaud those learned men who perform this service with industry and care, is a duty, the performance of which must procure the love of all good men.—*Xenophon.*

THE SEA BIRD.

LOUD broke the surge on the sullen rock,
The startled valleys gave back the shock;
Hard blew the wind, and far as the eye could strain
No living thing was left upon the main
Save one poor feeble solitary bird,
With plaintive scream upon the breezes heard;
Chas'd from his nest by man's encroaching hand,
He winged his flight too rashly from the land,
And toiling now to reach his distant home
With worn and wearied limb and ruffled plume;
Disabled on his native gale to ride,
He scarcely floats upon the troubled tide,
And up and down, and down and up again,
Rising as oft and rising still in vain;
Each effort brings him nearer to the shore,
But each becomes more feeble than before;
Will he not reach it? Will not one kind wave
Bear him to land, and snatch him from a grave?
He would have reached it had not some rash hand
Cast forth an idle pebble from the land—
With aim too sure the fatal missile sped,
And sunk the victim in the ocean's bed;
Blame you the hand that did the wanton deed,
And struck the spent bird in his hour of need?
Pause then—for wounded oft and hard bestead
On path more troubled than the ocean's bed,
Constrained to voyage on too rough a day—
Bound for the skies, but wounded by the way,
Far from its aim by sin and sorrow borne,
With strength subdued and courage overworn,
Each growing hope by some new sorrow riven
From each advance to harder effort driven—
Full many a spirit struggling with its doom,
Is toiling hard for shelter and a home,
Vainly essaying to put forth its wings,
And rise superior to earth's feeble stings;
Pause then and think, before ye idly wound
What sorrow bears already to the ground;
Think lest the whisper'd wrong, the heartless jest,
The ill-timed censure on a heart depressed,
The hard construction and the trust betrayed
Cast over sorrow's night a deeper shade.
Too often smitten to resist the shock,
One stroke too much will cleave the solid rock,
And hearts surcharged with bitterness before,
Need but a drop to make the cup run o'er;
Spare e'en the rigid and unfeeling word,—
'Twas but a pebble sunk the wounded bird.

JUSTICE.

We ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us, but likewise with those who endeavour to injure us, and this, too, for fear lest by rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice; so we ought likewise to have friendship, that is to say humanity and good will, for all who are of the same nature with us.—*Hierocles.*

(ORIGINAL.)

MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS.

BY ARTHUR THISTLETON, ESQ.

WHEN we feel disposed to murmur against misfortune, to repine against the circumstances that hem us in, that environ our lives, we may be effectually silenced; nay, put to shame, by the reflection, how far better circumstanced we are than thousands around us; how much better conditioned than were those of our fellows who lived in ages past; than even were our forefathers, who lived only some fifty years ago. Aye, reader, reflect, how every one should thank heaven most fervently, that he lives and toils in this enlightened age; that Destiny—if we may so speak it,—has cast his lot, not only in these latter times, but in this favored land.

The same kind earth sustains us, yields of her abundance to provide for our necessities; the same bright heaven is above us, as mild, as beautiful, as when they environed our rude fathers; yet how much greater our advantages, moral, social, intellectual and political! We have all they had, doubled a thousand fold, wherewith to enjoy life, to render human existence happier and more useful. Above all, we are the keepers of our own consciences, the lords of our own free will, of the soil we tread. The veil of ignorance and superstition has been rent asunder; popular rights have been solemnly recognized, liberty has revealed herself to our wondering gaze and longing souls, in that beautiful and celestial form, natural for her to assume, bestowing blessings upon those who will embrace her, who will love and cherish her nobleness, her justice.

When, through the dim vista of years that lie behind us, we look at the past, and compare it with the present, we are wonder-struck at the wide abyss-like contrast! Marvellous, indeed, has been the revolution; aye, Asmodeus, with supernatural power, could not reveal to us things more wonderful. Transforming has been the change, as by magic, not only in the mechanical but in the spiritual world. Man begins to discern the full wealth of knowledge; the nobleness that is in him; the full power, not to *wish*, but to *do*. Once, strength and activity of body, athletic feats, skill and prowess of arm, won the admiration of a gaping ignorant multitude, made the hero, the world's idol. But now so no longer. It is the creations of genius that are marvelled at; it is intellect that bears sway, mind that rules the world. It is no longer the golden sceptre, the mitre, the visible arm of flesh, that man leans to, and pays his reverence and obedience, but the invisible mind—the inborn energies of man's spirit; strength lies in his bare arm to perform, but power in his mind to create, to command! Hence, in this age, the cultivation of his faculties, storing his mind with the experience of the past, Strengthening

himself inwardly, understanding himself and his fellows, have come to be his chief concerns, and the greatest strength and power he can have. This same knowledge is the "open sesame," to all success in whatever we would undertake; and as he proceeds therein, and begins to penetrate the arcana of science, he finds that he lives in a world full of beauty, full of deep meaning, aye, rich in all the heart can desire; a store-house, a magazine, whose doors are barred against him, if he be not capable by intellectual strength and expertness to help himself, to open the same by possessing himself of the word of enchantment. Indeed, the fair garden of earth, its beautiful scenes, and blossoming flowers, and heaven's azure arch, and gems of light, are veiled from his eye, if the light of true knowledge be not poured into his soul—does not shed for him its "orient beams over all living and lifeless things."

Since it has become known to him where lay the secret of his strength and power, man has begun to emancipate himself, by the best way he can, from ignorance; from the thralldom of superstition, of error—from oppression and tyranny, that were humbling him, degrading him, grinding him to the dust. His high soul revolted from her degradation, burst the fetters that shackled her free course, and she stood forth free, ready to go onward to her high destiny.

The spirit-nature of man is ever advancing, ever soaring upward, ever striding onward in infinite improvement. Law, nor the blood of martyrs, can stay its never-ending, untiring progress towards perfection. Its depths are like the depths of the everlasting heavens. No one can calculate, nay can even conjecture, their vastness, their boundless extent. The limits of perfection, the might and power of the one can be no more prescribed than the measureless space of the other. What new undiscovered creations dwell in each, are not known, cannot be imagined—Time and the advancement of science must make revelation. It is told us that the material world had a beginning, will have an end; but the beginning and ending of man's soul cannot be told, cannot be prophesied of. It is an emanation from the great essence of all being; its growth in perfection is infinite; the length of its duration is beyond the measure of thought.

Though man has been acting his life, making spiritual progress therein as he could, for more than six thousand years; yet has he not, in any age, arrived at any point of perfection, that he has not, nay, cannot in any succeeding age surpass. Were six thousand years more to pass over him, we can well imagine he will still continue to advance from perfection to perfection, to the very end of all time. He has seemingly to us, but just begun to open his eyes, and look abroad upon the things that environ him, and into the works that are above and around him. The thousandth part of the great truth that

is in them, is yet undiscovered the new combinations and applications that are to produce things new and strange, are still to be made. Even of himself it would seem he knows nothing, or next to nothing, and hardly yet understands, as to the why, and for what he is placed upon earth, except it is to be tempted of the devil, and sacrifice to him! or why a soul to exist in neverending eternity is given, or why bestowed all his glorious faculties.

Yes, reader, man, hitherto for some thousand years, has lived, toiled, and acted his life, with thought or without thought, understanding not himself, not knowing his own high destiny, or the noblest gifts that belongs to his exalted nature. Hitherto, until some half a century past, he has considered himself created only to eat, drink, wear clothes and propagate his kind: to people the world, to provide a succession to his name. Even now, the great mass of mankind are of this class: a few only have had, as by inspiration, a glimpse of the full over-flowing measure of knowledge the mind is capable of acquiring and receiving; a shadow of the infinite truth and beauty there is dwelling in all things.

That man who can discern "*what manner of person he is of*," the rudiments, the elements of his nature; who can comprehend his own gifts, will feel a perfect triumph in the progress his mind makes in the field of science. At every step he will be delighted with new objects, with marvellous truths, with visions of beauty; an empire as limitless as endless thought "*in wandering mazes lost*," opens to him, inviting him to enter to conquer and make it his own. A fairy realm, full of beautiful images, radiant with the effluence of genius, catches his eye in the sunny distance, where imagination revels, bodying forth the form of things lovely, and giving to airy nothing a shape, a habitation, and a name.

Yet the illusions of the fancy lead him not astray: with his keen vision, his mind illumined with the experience of ages, he can discern what is real, what is fictitious. The light of truth beams on him so clear, so radiant, their "*airy nothing*," blind him not. His inward strength is so strong, that nothing false can overpower his perceptions of the true. These magic splendors are only to him the sportive recreations of genius; the ungirding of the mind from intense thought, from deep earnest endeavor to catch a sight of the gorgeous panoply of poetic creations, to revel in the beautiful dream-like visions of the ideal.

The improvement of the mind, the extension of knowledge and the sphere of thought should be the chief end, and aim of man's existence. These are the highest pursuits, leading to nobler objects of ambition, than any which the uneducated mass aspire to reach. To gain useful information, to scatter it abroad, to enlighten man's ignorance, to refine his rude nature; to light the torch of science at the

altar of truth; to be even an humble instrument in hastening that glorious era of universal knowledge, when the dark mists of error and misknowledge shall retire before its rainbow hues—this were, indeed, "*a high calling, in which the most splendid talents, and consummate virtue may well press forward, eager to act a part*." It were better that Genius, the god of inspiration, should unshackle us, rather than wealth, or titled ranks. Let merit and deeds worthy the pen of the recording angel make our names known to fame.

April 7th, 1841.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

"Tread softly—bow the head—

In reverent silence bow—

No passing bell doth toll,

Yet an immortal soul

Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,

With lowly reverence bow,

There's one in that poor shed—

One by that paltry bed—

Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,

Lo! Death doth keep his state:

Enter—no crowds attend—

Enter—no guard defend

This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold

No smiling courtiers tread;

One silent woman stands

Lifting with meagre hands

A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—

An infant wail alone:

A sob suppress'd—again

That shor' deep gasp and then

The parting groan.

Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change—

Burst are the prison bars—

This moment *there*, so low,

So agonised, and now

Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!

There lies the soulless clod;

The sun eternal breaks—

The new Immortal wakes—

Wakes with his God.

WISDOM.

WISDOM that is hid, and treasure that is hoared up, what profit is in them both? Better is he that hideth his folly, than a man that hideth his wisdom.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

THE LAST OF THE 'VOYAGEURS.'

BY A LITERARY LOUNGER.

— A man o'er whom
 The stormy perils of a rugged life
 Had shed a frosted callousness to aught
 Which seem'd of suffering to his fellow kind—
 Bearing a frame, so iron-like in age—
 It prov'd how much a youth of toil and strife
 Wears the soft mouldering of a fleshy form,
 Leaving the winter of its nature bare—
 The harden'd relic of its former self.

Poem.

In a small, quiet looking cove, opening out on the waters of Lake St. Francis at its upper end, you will, in sailing along the shore, perceive a snug and comfortable cottage. In this resides, or did reside nine years ago, an aged man, at least to deem so from the frosted honours of his head, but, with this exception, shewing little of the decay of years in its usual symptoms in the general bearing of his frame. His early youth and manhood had borne much of toil and peril in the dangerous and hard service of a *Voyageur* to that once powerful and wealthy Fur Company, the Northwest; and with the hoarded earnings of his many privations and hardships in their employ, housed himself comfortably with the husband of his only surviving child, a substantial small farmer, to wear out the winter of his life in peaceful comfort and ease, which had been denied its earlier and more genial seasons.

The *voyageurs* of Canada have ever been a class of men perfectly distinct from, and individualized among the common mass of their countrymen. Bred up to the constant endurance of peril, privation, and fatigue—each alike peculiar to their country and avocation, and of a description from which most Europeans would gladly shrink—their habits and feelings become naturally warped to a manner and tone, which, perhaps in reality, form their particular classification.

Unaccustomed to, and rarely mingling in the kindly intercourse of more social and domestic society, and as little versed in, as despising its occupations and industry—it may be judged how little of connective pursuit or disposition link this hardy race with their kind in those civilized paths which they but rarely visit. Engaged for the better part of each season in toiling through the intricacies of a comparative wilderness, and, for the remainder of the year, herded up as it were in a wintry torpidity at some distant post on the lonely shores of a dreary inland lake, their intercourse with their fellow men confined to the casual visit of hunting parties of the Indians, and from their frequent contact with whom they imbibe a large portion of their manners and habits—all this, in consequence, is certainly sure to unsettle if not wholly eradicate all disposition to the staid and quiet occupations of the farmer or mechanic.

To those in Canada whose recollection will go back the length of some ten or fifteen years, the appearance of this class of people, crowding the streets of Montreal, on their occasional return from long and distant voyages in the interior, must be yet strong and vivid. Their wild and half savage mien, and affected Indian style of costume—the long, shaggy hair—bronzed and ferocious cast of feature, so weather beaten and so recklessly scowling forth from under the hood almost hidden beneath the mass of feathers or tails, the spoils of strange birds or animals acquired in the chase, and which is ever a distinctive ornament with them—the whoop and shout, or canoe chorus, as in bands they strolled along our streets, idly gazing at novelties that for the moment seemed passing strange to them—the riot and row ever attendant on the occasional visits of these wild men of the rapid *portage*, when the bridges of their birchen craft brought from distant regions bales of costly peltries, comparatively as valuable as the rich freightage of an Eastern commerce. All these are in a manner passed away from us now; for they have become things of rarity since that once great and powerful body politic in the mercantile world, from which they drew birth and dependence, has been removed from among us, to, but at best, a waning existence elsewhere.

Among the many wild and peculiar characteristics of Canada, I doubt if a more beautiful could be sketched than the passage of a brigade of Northwest canoes across one of our smaller lakes, or along one of our noble rivers, in the placid stillness of the evening twilight, either as viewed from the shore, or enjoyed by a person on board the birchen fleet itself. I have often stood for hours to gaze upon these seemingly frail structures, as each appeared to fly through the sleeping waters, under the impetus of a score of vigorous paddles, dipping so regularly, and you would think so lightly too, to the sweet and measured *chanson d'un voyageur* of the steersman, and anon, the bursting and melodious chorus of the crew. The wild yet pleasing music of these songs, so peculiar in their composition and melody, and so adapted to their particular application, when heard in the soft stillness of a moonlit summer evening, mellowed by distance, and sweeping to your ear over the hushed and slumbering waves, possess a strangely impressive effect; and which, as in all similar cases of musical impression, it would be impossible for language to define.

We may well smile here in Canada, at the idea of the numerous Canadian boat songs, as they are termed, going the round of musical circles in Europe with no trifling *éclat*, but which, were we to dignify them even as caricatures of the melodies of our own dear land, blue lakes and rivers, yet bear not the slightest affinity or resemblance to the dulcet and deep toned *couplets* of our *véritable voyageur-glee*. Oh! no—it is not even the piano accompaniment, or

preposterously unsuited music of Moore's now somewhat hacknied, but beautiful boat song—beautiful in its descriptive language—that can give or convey an idea of the fascination of a genuine canoe melody. It is alone in Canada, and where such a scene is presented as I have touched upon, which can indeed charm and interest you with its reality of sweetness and effect.

But to return to the outside of this sketch, and from which I have somewhat lengthily digressed.—My old friend of the lake side was perhaps as perfect a specimen of the *voyageur* cast, even in the seared leaf of his existence, as could be found in the country. Hale and robust in his temperament, still the habits of his early life were strong upon him; and he sought not to enjoy the listless ease and quiet comfort of his provident home, beyond the mere convenience of occasional whim, or when influenced by fitful starts of torpid laziness—and to which latter falling off of his nature I must confess he was alone amenable during the rigorous season of winter; and even this last might easily be deduced from custom identified with a whole life—for the *voyageur's* existence at his winter post is little else than one of sleeping and eating—and the more particularly where materials for the latter pursuit are not peculiarly scant or difficult of access. As I have observed, it was only occasionally that the old canoe-man indulged in fits of lazy inaction—these fits were, in truth, but few and far between, for the spring, summer, and autumnal months, rarely found him but in the depths of the woods with his gun, or floating in his bark canoe over the blue surface of the lake. He had constructed a snug little Indian cabin in a sort of fairy harbour, under the brow of a lofty hill, overlooking a wide-spreading expanse of waters, and at the distance of some miles from his more regular residence; and in which, except when under the influence of one of his dormant fits, or the extreme severity of winter obliged him to quit it for a more congenial shelter, he preferred to reside.

Some few of my readers may possibly have seen the individual furnishing me with the materials for this hasty sketch; and I shall the more effectually bring him to recollection, by the addition of a trifling particular or two, indicating him more peculiarly in personality. Old Pierre Le Bisquorné, or more familiarly and widely known as *Le Loup Noir*, or the Black Wolf,—a *nom célèbre*, derived from some act of prowess displayed by him to one of these animals in his youth,—might ever be identified along the shores of the wide spreading St. Francis—alike from the originality of his figure and costume.

Fancy to yourself a lank, lengthy figure, much bowed in the shoulders from age, possibly, or perhaps from a natural set of the frame—features of a sharp, tangible cast—high cheek bones and strongly peaked nose and chin, plentifully bearing a healthy, florid blush—keen, twinkling eyes, ever restless and in ma-

tion, and one of which would close now and then as if to rest the unquiet lid a moment, giving to the physiognomy a queerly knowing expression—and then the thin and silvered hair and thick ragged eyebrow seemed to mark the whole off in a proper keeping. A large bear-skin cap, worn jauntily, as the saying is, on three hairs—a *capôt*, made from the spoils of some strange animal killed by the owner in the passes of the Rocky Mountains years before—the *metés*, or Indian cloth-leggin, and deer-skin moccasins—and the pendant tobacco pouch, and long, deadly, Indian knife in its squirrel-skin sheath—formed the never varied array of this old wayfarer of the north, and which was worn during the heats of summer as well as the frosts of winter, except that during the rigor of the latter the leggin was wisely substituted by a more genial piece of apparel.

Good Old Bisquorné—I think I see him now, bending his way to the woods, with his long and trusty old-fashioned French duck gun on his shoulder, axe, horn powder-flask, and quill-worked shot-bag slung around him; a large, ill-favoured, prick-eared hound of the true Indian breed, yclept *Ko-kar*,—and than whom a greater rascal of his species never existed,—troting by his side;—or, methinks he is just putting off in his trimly built canoe from the little harbour, fish-spear, and tackle, and long duck gun cheek by jowl along the thwarts, each in proper readiness for action,—the old man flourishing his light red paddle with a pleasing and easy dexterity,—and the aforesaid *Ko-kar* installed in *statu quo* on the grating in the bow of the craft, usually placed there for the burning torch used in night fishing. I think I now behold, as I have often beheld, the figures of the ancient *voyageur* and his hound, in their slight and scarcely perceptible conveyance, gliding, as if under a motionless impulse, round the point of the wooded headland that stretched away into the lake, returning in the misty twilight from some fishing voyage over its waters;—and, through the silent gloaming, appearing to fancy as spirits of the crystal waste, waking from their watery lair at the approach of night, and silently prowling in its hour of darkness along the dimly defined shores, to entrap the solitary and unsuspecting hunter or fisherman.

I was but a stripling,—young, wild, and reckless,—when a chance residence of a summer's duration in that part of the country, brought me acquainted and in frequent intercourse with the Black Wolf.—The old man, somehow or other, took a strong fancy to me,—I dare say from the ready deference I evinced to his sporting opinions and pursuits,—and in consequence I was often the companion of his hunting rambles into the forest, or fishing trips in his canoe, both by day and night.

I have often thought since, that the tacit and single-heartedness of this really kind old man, bore a strong resemblance to that of the Natty Bumppo school, so ably portrayed by the American Novelist;

for, like that old hunter, he was shrewd and observant, but to the full as simple and kind-hearted. As great a charm as any other to me in the society of my ancient friend, was his many and never tiring narrations of accident, and peril, and adventures, in the course of his *voyageur* life. Dangers in ascending or descending raging and terrible rapids—privations and toils of the portages—sufferings at the gloomy winter posts from hunger—attacks from hostile Indians—excursions to hunt the buffalo, the bear, or the stately elk—winter journeys on snowshoes from one distant post to another—the strange manners of different savage tribes—and the details of a thousand similar interesting subjects and events, were ever sure to beguile the time swiftly and delightfully away.

I recollect one fine moonlight evening, after we had made a large offing in the spreading and beautiful lake, and had disposed our lines for a particular species of fishing, a remark of mine on the loveliness of the night drew an assent from him, and an observation that it reminded him strongly of a similar one, and an event connected with his *voyageur*-life in the North West territory, bearing its date some thirty years before. I had forgotten the old man's story till within a short time ago, when recurring to memory, I deemed it worthy of preservation; and shall now give in, as near as I can recollect, his own form of expression.

“The middle of summer had arrived, when the brigade to which I belonged halted for some days at an island in one of the many and distant lagoons or lakes, and which we *voyageurs* have to navigate in our wearisome course to the several trading posts in the company's territory. The purpose of our stay was to repair our damaged canoes, and to rest the men after a continuance of severe labour in getting over a number of toilsome *portages*. As is customary, we had with us a number of young men, junior clerks—adventurers in this sort of life—and who were under the control of one of the partners of the company, accompanying, and of course, commanding the party. With this gentleman came another,—a man of about thirty-five years of age, particularly handsome and noble in his appearance, but repulsively stern and gloomy in his manner—from pride and haughtiness as was thought by the men of the brigade. He had no official connection with the business of the expedition, but merely, from a traveller's curiosity, became the *compagnon de voyage* of our Superintendent, and with whom, it was said, he was in some way connected by blood. It was moreover hinted, among the many other *on dits* dropped by the young clerks in the hearing of the men, that he was a man of superior fortune,—and in fact the costly profusion of his outfit for the voyage, and his unsparing liberality of its *matériel* to his canoe men—however unpopular in his customary demeanour—told as much. He was reserved

in manner, and rarely held familiar intercourse with any but his friend. He was given to much of solitary rambling wherever we were constrained to land; and I noticed he wrote a great deal, and drew a great many sketches in a large portfolio, which he usually had slung in a cover by his side. The wise ones with us said it was for a book which he would publish on returning to his native country, somewhere beyond the seas,—and I think myself such was his intention, for he devoted much time and attention to it. He was clever in the chase, as our hunters said, whenever he accompanied them, which, however, was but seldom; and they gave him the credit of being as indefatigable in pursuit and as good a shot as the best among themselves.

“We had been but a few days at our resting place, when we were joined by another brigade of light canoes, which had left Lachine within a week after our departure, and had made exertions to join us if possible on the route, as it brought some dispatches of consequence to our principal.

“Among some five or six young lads, newly articulated clerks to the Company, brought along by this arrival, there was one who excited the notice and interest of many of our people. He was a tall, slender boy of a beautiful countenance, though something tanned in its fairness from exposure to the weather—soft dark hair,—which though cut short and tarnished by neglect, was still glossy and silken—and large, sweet blue eyes of a melancholy expression that affected one strangely to look upon. The impulse with us all, when we first saw him land on the island, was to pity him for his apparent incapability, from his youth and delicate frame, of sustaining the fatigue and privations of our way of life—and of which we knew, he had as yet experienced but a faint sample in his progress up to our present rendezvous,—as the brigade to which he belonged was one ably equipped for a particular service of expedition, and especially prepared for a ready surmounting of every obstacle.

“I was not by at the time,—but was told that circumstances took place at the first interview of the young lad with the traveller of our party, which denoted some previous acquaintance between them;—the recognition must have been attended by something peculiar, or it would not have been noticed by our rough spun fellows, generally so careless of every thing of the kind,—however, they told me of what even to myself appeared strange—but which, in the bustle of our departure to resume our route, I quickly forgot.

“On quitting the island, we left the newly arrived brigade behind us, as they were to proceed on a different course from ourselves; but the young boy, noticed before, by some arrangement between the travelling gentleman and his friend, accompanied us, and was placed in the canoe to which I was attached.—I could not account for it, but I never

looked on this youth but I felt strongly interested for him. He was so mild and gentle, and withal so sorrowful in his manner, and his voice when he spoke, so silvery, sweet and musical—that I felt a degree of disgust even to think that his friends, if he had any, should have bound him to a description of life and pursuit, which I plainly saw, in despite of his quiet uncomplaining mood, was any thing but genial to his nature. I used to wonder much how he kept up at all in the course of our many perils and toils,—for he rarely took sufficient sustenance even to support his slender frame,—though I must confess that the best and most delicate of our commander and friend's fare were ever offered to his acceptance.—There was some link of connection, or former acquaintance—or it might have been a bond of kindred,—existing between this lad and our master's companion, which, though in seeming but coldly and distantly recognized by the latter, yet still evinced itself in an anxious display on his part for the youth's accommodation and comfort during the voyage, as far as they could be secured from circumstances—but the acknowledgement of any previous friendly obligation rested here; and, strange to say, it was but rarely beyond this that any communication, at least as far as I could perceive, was sought after by either party. Yes,—twice or thrice,—in landing and crossing the *portages*—they were thrown together in a kind of lonely contact,—and the result of this was a tearful agitation of the poor boy when he returned to us, and the effect of which would weigh upon him for hours. The conclusion generally drawn by the men from this, as well as other things that fell under our notice, was that the youth was some poor, or it might be illegitimate, connexion of the rich stranger's; and being placed in this way of life against his will, was pining away and breaking his heart for his far-distant friends, and that his grief was increased to his young bosom by the cold and haughty demeanour of his contumelious kinsman.

“How far this conclusion was well founded will be seen in the course of my story. As I have observed before, this delicate boy was placed in the same canoe with myself—and it appeared to me, purposely for some reason or other, kept apart from the society of other young men, to gratify his own wish, I should think, for he seemed to prefer it—and we were, from our being a light craft, ordered in attendance on the larger one in which our superintendent and friend sailed together.

“On the principle of some peculiar consideration, and which, it was evident to us all, was shewn to the lad from his first joining our party—he was little, if at all, troubled with occupation of any toilsome kind; and the bustling duties of his grade were placed in the performance of the other young gentlemen of the brigade—and with reason and kindness was this attention shewn him, for he was

not competent to much of physical exertion, and I could plainly see that even the ordinary routine of our fatiguing voyage was gradually enfeebling him. Poor boy!—he would sit day after day, silent, and sad in the canoe, with his gaze ever fixed on the one before us containing the person of the traveller, and rarely displaying an interest in any other object. And often, too, I noticed in the silent evening hour, whose stillness would occasionally be broken by a merry strain from the leading canoe, and all within hearing kept a melodious chorus, as they passed swiftly on and the paddles threw the blue waves in showering sparkles behind us—and the sweet moonlight lit up our watery way, while we were yet miles from our proposed encampment of the night. Then I particularly remarked that the beautiful eyes of this interesting youth were bathed in tears, as he would fix them for a moment on the soft bright moon above him—and then drop them to their customary gaze on that one form, from which, whenever in sight, they were rarely removed. Perhaps the moment and the scene brought the memory of other and happier days vividly before him; or it might have been the sense of a fearful and dreary loneliness in the wild and solitary desert we were traversing—and to one so young and so timidly gentle, the recollection of a happy home and affectionate kindred, must, in such a situation, have been withering in the extreme.

“A fortnight had elapsed since the time and place with which I have commenced my narration, and we were yet within a week's progress of the post which was the ultimate object of our route. One fine evening, after a day spent in getting our canoes over a lengthy and rocky *portage*, we encamped at the mouth of a lovely little lake, almost immediately above the commencement of a series of dreadful *chutes* or waterfalls, where its waters narrowed to the river channel, and to escape which had been the object of our labours. The weather was genial and serene, and the moon shone with the pure and mel- low brilliancy it sheds tonight; and the scene was so tempting and lovely, that, preferring to enjoy it in a solitary ramble rather than the repose of a hard bed under an upturned canoe, I directed my steps along the wooded ridge; rising loftily behind our camp fires, in the direction of the roaring falls and whirlpools below. I had noticed, during the whole of the day, that the youthful *commis* was more than usually depressed and agitated. Our march along the *portage* had more than once thrown him in contact with his supposed kinsman, and it appeared to me the result of this singularly affected either party. Musing on the probable cause of this, and the strangely acknowledged connexion between these two somewhat mysterious beings—I wandered on, till the roaring of the falls, loudly and closely echoing around me in the wood, drew my steps to the river bank, to view their moonlight a

pearance. As I approached the spot, I fancied, amid the whirling din and tumult of the raging waters, I heard a voice, as if of plaint and anguish, and on emerging from the forest, my eyes rested on that which startled and surprised me much. Just below me was a kind of a table rock, overhanging the principal cataract, which boiled and thundered furiously at a distance beneath, and where horrid and craggy breakers would be seen with their black points at times grimly and fearfully displayed through the curling foam. The place was open to the clear light of the moon; and as I hesitatingly stood concealed by the trunk of a large tree, I had a full view of the persons of the traveller and the young boy, as they stood on the shelving surface of the precipice. I could not, from the roaring of the furious flood so near, distinguish any distinct speech—but the impassioned gestures of both indicated discussion violently animated and impressive in its nature. The fair boy clung in a sort of agony to the stranger's arm, with his beautiful face turned with an imploring look up to the fine but darkening and fierce features of the other. A repulsive motion from the latter forced him rudely away; and when, whether from a voluntary act or through weakness, he sank upon his knees on the slinky rock, I plainly saw the glittering of some weapon in the traveller's hand, and the youth tore open his slight vest to bare his breast to the threatened doom—then, then indeed, the revealed bosom told the story of this mystery at once. It was a fond and injured woman, baring her bleeding but devoted heart to the last and closing cruelty of her destroyer.

He gazed for a few moments with a kind of pitying indecision on the kneeling form of the beautiful being before him; and while he did so, I saw him relax the menaced violence of his outstretched hand, and at length cast the dagger or pistol from him into the leaping surges below. Possibly he relented him of his intent, at least it seemed to me that he did so, for on the instant his hand passed over the fair brow of the supplicating girl, and his eyes softened in their steadfast glance upon her loveliness—but it was only the deception of a passing kindly and humanized impulse, for the next moment he fiercely caught up the slight and yielding form of his victim, which seemed like an infant in a giant's grasp, as he rushed to the edge of the rock, and furiously hurled her into the roaring and raging destruction beneath—and that wild and fearfully horrid shriek which she gave, and I heard so distinctly above the frantic din of the tumbling flood, haunted me sleeping and waking, as did the cruel act which gave it birth, for years and years afterwards. * * *

RICH AND POOR.

THE difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases, and the latter when he can get it.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789.

POLITICS and cupidity were not the only evil passions which sent their victims to the revolutionary scaffold. All the baser feelings of human nature furnished their contingent "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," jealousy, sensuality, and even the wounded pride of bad poets and wretched actors. The following anecdote is related by Heron, private secretary of Fonquier Tinville, the public accuser. On the sixth or seventh Thermidor, (two or three days before the fall of Robespierre), one of Heron's friends called upon him at the bar of the tribunal, for Fonquier had scarcely any other domicile, taking his meals and his rest at the bar, so urgent was the work of destruction; and his secretary was compelled to show as much activity as himself. His college friend then came up to Heron, rubbing his hands, and a chuckling smile upon his lips: "Bravo! citizen Heron!" said he, "brave! the work goes bravely on; fifty-four today! Eh! Tell me, have you as many for tomorrow?" "Not quite," replied Heron, "but nearly." "Is your list complete? tell me, is it signed by citizen Fonquier?" "Not yet; but why do you ask? have you any aristocrat, federalist, fanatic, or any other to denounce?" "Unfortunately, no; but I have a small favour to ask of you, my friend; for you are my friend, are you not? Oblige me by putting my wife's name on the list." "Your wife! ridiculous! you are joking!" "Upon my honour, I am as earnest; and I assure you it would be doing me a signal service." "Impossible," rejoined Heron; "why it was but last week we dined together, and you then seemed delighted with the citoyenne!" "Never mind! my opinion of her is altered." "Not at all!" "But she is an excellent sans culotte?" "Not at all," replied the husband; "she is an aristocrat, and I can prove it." "You are mad," said Heron; "she is a good wife, and you would quickly repent it." "Not at all; listen to me; once, twice, will you guillotine my wife for me?" "Certainly not," said Heron; "I'll have nothing to do with it." "Thus it is to place any reliance upon college friends," exclaimed the visitor as he withdrew, so angry with Heron as if the latter had refused to lend him an assignat for a hundred francs, or to sign a certificate of his civism. The cream of the story is that they continued to live lovingly together for thirty years, and that the wife never entertained the slightest suspicion of her husband's summary attempt to get rid of her.

JUSTICE.

JUSTICE is as strictly due between neighbour nations as between neighbour citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang as when single, and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang.—*Franklin.*

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

A PLEASING INCIDENT.

A STERN-LOOKING, matter-of-fact sort of a bookseller, named Regnard, was summoned before the judge of the court of Justice de Paix, in Paris, by one of the most engaging little milliners that would be seen in a day's march—so innocent, so prepossessing, so full of sentiment, the spirit of poetry, and the affections of the heart, that she at once engaged the sympathies of all who were present. She had summoned the bookseller to restore a book containing a "Forget-me-not," which was her property. Forget-me-not! How many delightful remembrances does not this phrase give rise to! What poetical associations does it not recal! Forget-me-not! Words which our lips have pronounced with so much emotion and warmth, when for the last time pressing the hand of a dear friend whom the wide ocean has snatched away from us, perhaps for ever. Forget-me-not is the phrase which our eyes have expressed in kissing that pretty little nice-gloved hand which we had secretly placed upon our heart. Oh, sacred words in the life of a young man! Oh, soft and tender petition of a fond heart and elevated soul! Forget-me-not—what sweet memories dost thou call back to our mind!

But alas! in spite of this prayer of youth—a prayer so full of sentiment, hope, and confidence—it is rare that we are not forgotten, notwithstanding. Our friend has had every desire to keep our image present in his memory, But he is about to become a husband, the father of a family, an active man of business, or a political partisan. Your mistress has sworn to be *fidèle*, but the very day of your departure an individual of the ruder sex arrives, who discovers that she is charming—who on the morrow tells her so, and before the end of the week convinces her that he has told a very agreeable truth in a very agreeable manner. And this is the very way to obliterate the past from a girl's memory as far as you are concerned.

However, Regine is an exception from this rule; the pretty little pale and trembling Regine, who now advances towards the judge, has kept her promise. To her, "Forget-me-not" is binding as a sacramental oath. To disregard the injunction is a sin against society—a sin against sentiment! Indeed it is in defence of this part of her creed that she has summoned M. Regnard before the judge of this court.

The Judge—M. Regnard, you are summoned here to produce a book belonging to this young person, called "The Pious Hours of Christian Ladies"—(*Heures Pieuses des Dames Chrétiennes*).

Regnard—Oui, Monsieur; I bought it with a number of other books. But it is not a very saleable book. I prefer such books as "*La Petite Cuisinière Bourgeoise*," or "*Les Œuvres de Piron*,"

which are much more in the spirit of the present age.—(Laughter).

Regine stated that she had been apprenticed to Madame Duval, a milliner, to whom she became very much attached. Unhappily she had lately died, and her grief for her beloved mistress was so great that it made her ill, and she was laid upon a sick bed. In six weeks afterwards she went to the house of the late Madame Duval to claim her little effects, when she found that every thing had been sold off for the benefit of the creditors.

Regnard—Well, this is an affecting story of yours, and reminds me of Paul and Virginia, which, by the bye, is a book which had a great sale.—(Laughter).

The Judge—(to Regine)—Did you then demand the restitution of your property?

Regine—Only of the one book in question, sir, which I was desirous of having, on account of its being a "souvenir."

Regnard—I have brought, Monsieur, a book, called "*Les Heures Pieuses des Dames*." It is a good edition, bound in red morocco. Here it is; I am ready to give it up, if Mademoiselle will consent to give me three francs, which it cost me when I purchased it.

Regine—I am willing to reimburse you for the book, provided you will furnish me with my own copy. That is not my copy; and it was for the restitution of my own book, and not for any ordinary copy of it, that I summoned you.

Regnard—How do you know that this is not yours? It is the same edition, has the same binding, and the plates are precisely what you describe.

Regine—(sorrowfully)—Oh! I know my own poor little book. It always opens in the same place; and besides it has been more used than this.

The Judge—A book has been delivered to the officer of the court, Monsieur Regnard, very like that which you produce. Your wife, it appears, found it in the shop (taking it from the *huissier*.) Look, Mademoiselle, is this your book?

Regine—(trembling with joy)—Oh, mon Dieu! c'est lui; oh, yes, yes, yes, that is mine.

Judge—How do you distinguish it?

Regine—It always opens at the same place, at the mass. Look, you will see it open.

Hereupon Regine took the precious little volume in her hands, which at once, almost of its own accord, opened in the centre, and at the mass indicated, disclosing to view a little dried specimen of the *myosotis*, or "forget-me-not."

Judge—Did you place the flower there?

Regine—Oh, Monsieur, if I had placed it there, think you that I should have set so much value upon the book? Oh, no; it was placed there by my dear mother, only two short weeks before she descended to the silent grave; and I have so often wept upon that page when praying for her repose, that the book always opens in that place.

All present were much moved by the unaffected simplicity and affection of the poor girl; and indeed the bookseller himself had allowed his feelings to be so much wrought upon that he refused to receive the three francs which he had paid for the book. "Take it," said he handing her the volume, "take it, and keep your money. When you are married, give it to your children; and to set them an example of virtue and affection, you will only have to point to that flower, and say, 'Ne m'oubliez pas.'" —*Paris Journal.*

RICH AND POOR.

THE most obvious division of society is into rich and poor; and it is no less obvious that the numbers of the former bear a great disproportion to those of the latter. The whole business of the poor is to administer to the idleness, folly, and luxury of the rich; and that of the rich, in return, is to find the best methods of confirming the slavery and increasing the burthens of the poor. In a state of nature it is an invariable law, that a man's acquisitions are in proportion to his labours. In a state of artificial society, it is a law as constant and as invariable, that those who labour most, enjoy the fewest things; and that those who labour not at all, have the greatest number of enjoyments. A constitution of things this, strange beyond expression. We scarce believe a thing when we are told it, which we actually see before our eyes every day without being the least surprised. I suppose that there are in Great Britain upwards of a hundred thousand people employed in lead, tin, iron, copper, and coal mines; these unhappy wretches scarce ever see the light of the sun; they are buried in the bowels of the earth; there they work at a severe and dismal task, without the least prospect of being delivered from it; they subsist upon the coarsest and worst sort of fare; they have their health miserably impaired, and their lives cut short, by being perpetually confined in the close vapour of these malignant minerals. A hundred thousand more at least are tortured without remission by the suffocating smoke, intense fires, and constant drudgery necessary in refining and managing the products of these mines. If any man informed us that two hundred thousand innocent persons were condemned to so intolerable a slavery, how should we pity the unhappy sufferers, and how great would be our just indignation against those who inflicted so cruel and ignominious a punishment? This is an instance, I could not wish a stronger, of the numberless things which we pass by in their common dress, yet which startle us when they are nakedly represented. But this number, considerable as it is, and the slavery, with all its baseness, and horror, which we have at home, is nothing to what the rest of the world affords of the same nature. Millions daily bathed in the poisonous damps and destructive effluvia of lead, silver, copper, and arsenic;

to say nothing of those other employments, those stations of wretchedness and contempt in which civil society has placed the numerous *enfants perdus* of her army. Would any rational man submit to one of the most tolerable of these drudgeries, for all the artificial enjoyments which policy has made to result from them? By no means. And yet I need not suggest, that those who find the means, and those who arrive at the end, are not at all the same persons. On considering the strange and unaccountable fancies and contrivances of artificial reason, I have somewhere called this earth the Bedlam of our system. Looking now upon the effects of some of those fancies, may we not with equal reason call it likewise the Newgate and the Bridewell of the universe! Indeed the blindness of one part of mankind, co-operating with the frenzy and villainy of the other, has been the real builder of this respectable fabric of political society. And as the blindness of mankind has caused their slavery, in return, their state of slavery is made a pretence for continuing them in a state of blindness; for the politician will tell you gravely, that their life of servitude disqualifies the greater part of the race of man for a search after truth, and supplies them with no other than mean and insufficient ideas. This is but too true; and this is one of the reasons for which I blame such institutions.

In a misery of this sort, admitting some few lenities, and those too but a few, nine parts in ten of the whole race of mankind drudge through life.—*Burke—Vindication of Natural Society.*

THE DRUM.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round and round and round;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round and round and round;
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs and dying groans;
And widow's tears, and orphan's moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

SCOTT OF AMWELL.

MORALITY OF ACTIONS.

THE morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act. If I fling half-a-crown to a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but with respect to me the action is very wrong.—*Johnson.*

AN EXTRACT.

PROFESSOR WILSON ON THE CHARACTER AND
GENIUS OF BURNS.

"THE old nameless song-writers, buried centuries ago in kirk-yards that have themselves perhaps ceased to exist—yet one sees sometimes lonesome burial-places among the hills, where man's dust continues to be deposited after the house of God had been removed elsewhere—the old nameless song-writers took hold out of their stored hearts of some single thought or remembrance, surpassingly sweet at the moment over all others, and instantly words as sweet had being, and breathed themselves forth along with some accordant melody of the still more olden time; or when musical and poetical genius happily met together, both alike passion-inspired, then was born another new tune or air, soon treasured within a thousand maiden's hearts, and soon flowing from lips that 'murmured near the living brooks a music sweeter than their own.' Had boy or virgin faded away in sudden and untimely death, and the green mound that covered them, by the working of some secret power far within the heart, suddenly risen to fancy's eye, and then as suddenly sunk away into oblivion with all the wavering burial-place? Then was framed dirge, hymn, elegy, that, long after the mourned and the mourner were forgotten, continued to wail and lament up and down all the vales of Scotland—for what vale is unvisited by such sorrow?—in one same monotonous melancholy air, varied only as each separate singer had her heart touched and her face saddened with a fainter or stronger shade of pity or grief. Had some great battle been lost and won, and to the shepherd on the braes had a faint and far-off sound seemed on a sudden to touch the horizon like the echo of a trumpet? Then had some ballad its birth, heroic yet with dying falls, for the singer wept, even as his heart burned within him, over the princely head prostrated with all its plumes, haply near the lowly woodsman, whose horn had often startled the deer, as together they trode the forest chase, lying humble in death by his young lord's feet! Oh, blue-eyed maiden, even more beloved than beautiful! how couldst thou ever find heart to desert thy minstrel, who for thy sake would have died without one sigh given to the disappearing happiness of sky and earth—and witched by some evil spell, how couldst thou follow an outlaw to foreign lands, to find, alas! some day a burial in the great deep? Thus was enchained in sounds the complaint of disappointed, defrauded, and despairing passion, and another air filled the eyes of our Scottish maiden with a new luxury of tears—a low flat tune, surcharged throughout with one groan-like sigh, and acknowledged, even by the gayest heart, to be indeed the language of an incurable grief. Or flashed the lover's raptured hour

across the brain—yet an hour, in all its rapture, calm as the summer sea—or the level summit of a far flushing forest asleep in sunshine, when there is not a breath in heaven? Then thoughts that breathe, and words that burn—and, in that wedded verse and music, you feel, 'that love is heaven, and heaven is love!' But affection, sober, sedate, and solemn, has its sudden and strong inspirations—sudden and strong as those of the wildest and most fiery passion. Hence the old grey-haired poet and musician, sitting, haply blind, in shade or sunshine, and bethinking him of the days of his youth, while the leading hand of his aged Alice gently touches his arm, and that voice of hers that once like the linnet, is now like that of the dove in its lonely tree, mourns not for the past, but gladdens in the present, and sings a holy song, like one of the songs of Zion; for both trust that, ere the sun brings another summer, their feet will be wandering by the waters of eternal life.

Thus haply might arise verse and air of Scotland's old pathetic melodies."

RELIGION.

CONVINCED as I am there is no system of sound morals which is not based on the rock of Revelation, I must e'en take my chance, both of the scorn of avowed, and the rebuke of practical infidelity. Yes! distasteful as it may sound to the ears of some, the man who, admitting the evidences of our faith to be complete, yet disdains to take that faith as his guide and counsellor, is nothing better than a practical infidel. He is as absurdly inconsistent as the mariner, who having satisfied himself of the use of the compass, yet too proud to be indebted to its assistance, locked it up in his chest so soon as he found himself in the open and shoreless sea. Religion gives us new natures. It controls the passions—directs inclinations, and confines desires into proper and reasonable limits. It makes us conscious of our own errors and short-comings, and so enables us to bear our neighbour's weaknesses and failings. It is the parent of every kind and graceful feeling—it restores us to the image of him whose great characteristics are perfection and love. I therefore lay it down as an incontrovertible maxim, that no union can be permanently happy, where religion does not intervene. To deny this were to deny the Scripture, which affirmeth that "every good and perfect gift cometh down from God."—*Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage.*

HISTORIANS.

WE find but few historians of all ages, who have been diligent enough in their search for truth; it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public, by which means a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity.—*Dryden.*

DERNIÈRE PENSÉE.

BY BELLINI.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and then a series of eighth notes: B2, A2, G2, F2, E2, D2, C2. Both staves feature slurs over the eighth-note passages.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and then a series of eighth notes: B2, A2, G2, F2, E2, D2, C2. Both staves feature slurs over the eighth-note passages.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and then a series of eighth notes: B2, A2, G2, F2, E2, D2, C2. Both staves feature slurs over the eighth-note passages. The lower staff includes dynamic markings: *sf* (sforzando) and *p* (piano).

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and then a series of eighth notes: B2, A2, G2, F2, E2, D2, C2. Both staves feature slurs over the eighth-note passages. The lower staff includes the dynamic marking *Dolce* (dolce).

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music is written in a slow, somber style. A 'cres' (crescendo) marking is placed above the second measure of the bass staff.

The second system continues the musical notation from the first system, maintaining the same grand staff and key signature. The music flows with a consistent, mournful rhythm.

The third system concludes the musical piece with a double bar line. A 'for' marking is placed above the final measure of the bass staff, indicating the end of the piece.

FUNERAL DIRGE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

LIFT not, lift not the shadowy pall
From the beautiful form it veileth;
Nor ask, as the offerings of sorrow fall,
Who it is that the mourner waileth!

We could not look on a face so dear,
With a burial gloom surrounding,
A name so cherished we must not hear,
While her funeral knell is sounding!

But seek with the throng of the young and fair
Their loveliest still in number;
You will find her not! for 'tis her we bear
In the mansion of death to slumber!

She shone to our sight like a gladdening ray
Of light that awhile was given
To brighten the earth, and has passed away,
Undimmed, to its source in heaven!

THE WOODLAND WELL.

Oh! the pleasant woodland well,
Gemmed about with roses;
Sweetest spot in dale or dell—
Bright when evening closes:
Sparkling, gushing clearly,
There it was first love begun,
And, midst even's shadows dun,
There it was I wooed and won
Her I loved most dearly.

O! the lovely woodland well—
Unto it is given,
Fairest lights that ever fell
Full of bliss from heaven.
There both late and early
Ever do I love to be,
Through sad memory's tears to see,
Lost to love, and lost to me,
Her I loved most dearly.

OUR TABLE.

NIGHT AND MORNING—BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

WE have frequently had occasion to offer the humble tribute of our praise to the genius of the celebrated author of "Pelham," and "The Disowned." We have performed this duty with the greatest pleasure, esteeming highly the sparkling and brilliant intellect of the gifted author, whose prolific pen has done much to adorn and beautify the literature of his country, and the world.

The new work, from his pen, with a glance at which we had been favoured, appears to us, from our cursory perusal of it, richly to merit the same honourable distinction which the voice of public approbation has awarded to its predecessors. The easy and graceful eloquence, which, no less than the inexhaustible fund of original and striking thought, distinguishes the productions of Sir Edward Bulwer, is in the new work amply sustained, and we feel confident in predicting for it a popularity equal to that which has rewarded the author's happiest efforts.

AMERICA—HISTORICAL—STATISTICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE—BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

THE above is the title of a work to be published by the "Oriental Traveller," who, during last summer, visited this country. It will extend to three octavo volumes, and will contain from fifty to one hundred wood engravings, with a portrait of the author, on steel. Knowing the peculiar talent of the author, we cannot hesitate to believe that the work will be valuable and true.

WE are under the disagreeable necessity of apologising for the non-appearance, in this number, of the continuation of the interesting tale of "Beatrice, or the Spoiled Child," the manuscripts of which were confided to the care of a gentleman of this city, who, in the multitude of business, suffered the matter to escape his memory. The annoyance to us from this cause has been extreme, knowing as we do the anxiety with which the tale is looked for by the public. The omission is, however, solely owing to accidental causes, over which neither the author nor the publisher had any control whatever, which, to a public proverbially indulgent may be deemed apology sufficient. In our next number the deficiency will be made up.

In the present number we have the pleasure of presenting our reader with a poetical gem from the ever eloquent pen of "E. L. C." who has been some months a stranger. It will be seen that this favourite contributor has lost nothing of the purity of style and idea, or of the force and elegance of expression which have so efficiently aided in placing the Garland in the favourable position it now so happily occupies.

"The First Debt," with a continuation of which the present number is also enriched, is a tale of no ordinary interest. Though very different from the story of "Geoffrey Moncton," by the same author, it will not fall behind it in any of the attributes of excellence. That it will be superior we cannot promise; indeed it can scarcely be expected that it should exceed in interest that spirited tale, acknowledged on all hands to have been among the best ever published in the country.

Under the title of "Retrospective Reviews," we have the greatest pleasure in giving insertion to an able article from the classical pen of an ever-welcome contributor. The subject of this memoir—the lamented Galt—was long, honourably and intimately known in this country, to the advancement of which many of his years were devoted. His character won for him an esteem as sincere as universal, and the gloom occasioned by his death was scarcely less sensible than in the immediate circle in which he moved. We feel assured that the unpretending, but clear and lucid memoir of his life and writings we have now published, will be perused with interest and gratification by every reader of the Garland.

The pages of our present number are also indebted to several other contributors, some of whom are new—all of whom, we trust, will be as welcome to our readers as they are to us.

Among the few articles, not original, the reader will find a short tale from the pen of Mr. J. H. Willis, author of "Scraps and Sketches of a Literary Lounger," a volume some years ago published in this city, a few copies of which are still in circulation. The book contains a number of interesting sketches, and as well from its merit as a literary production, as from local causes, is well deserving of preservation by the friends of literature in Canada.