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GEOFFREY MONCTON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE sorrows of my childhood were great, but the joys which counterbalanced them were yet greater," said George, recommencing his story. "Though I laboured under many disadvantages, my gay elastic spirit surmounted them all. Instead of shrinking from difficulties, I loved, even from a child, to meet and overcome them. If I could not readily accomplish this at the time, I lived in the hope that the day would arrive, when, by perseverance and energy, I should ultimately conquer. I have lived to prove, what I early felt a proud conviction of, that it is no easy matter for a wicked person, let him be ever so clever, to subdue a strong mind, that dares to be true to itself. But as Dinah North was ever ready to sell herself to the perpetration of any crime, she felt my superiority, and though the mortifying consciousness increased her hatred, she feared the lofty spirit of the child that her tyrannical temper could not tame. I laughed at her threats, and defied her malice; and when freed from her control, enjoyed my liberty in a tenfold degree.

Sir Alexander put me to a day school in the neighbourhood, where I learned the first rudiments of my native tongue—writing, simple arithmetic, and the use of the globes. I returned home at four o'clock every afternoon, to wander among the dusky dells of that beautiful park, leading by the hand two of the sweetest children nature ever formed. Alice Mornington and Margaret Moncton were six years younger than myself, and being very different in their appearance and disposition, formed a beautiful contrast to each other. Alice was all life and animation—the first in every sport, and the last to yield to fatigue, or own to satiety. Her passions were warm and headstrong—her temper irritable, her affections lively and constant, and her manner so frank and winning, that whilst owning that she had a thousand faults, you could but admire and love her. A stranger might have thought her capricious, but her love of variety arose more from the exuberance of her fancy than from any love of change. She was a fair and happy child—the idol of her fond brother's heart. How cruelly did one baneful passion mar what God and nature formed so beautiful.

Margaret Moncton was less gifted by nature than Alice Mornington, but far surpassed her foster sister in mental endowments. Her stature was small, almost diminutive. Her features were neither regular nor striking, except the dark eyes, the beauty of which I never saw surpassed. Her complexion was pure, but very pale, and the lofty, thoughtful brow, wore a serious expression from infancy. You seldom heard Margaret laugh, but she had the most bewitching smile, which lighted up her calm countenance till every feature beamed with an inexpressible grace. Her face was the mirror of truth—you felt, whilst looking upon it, that it was impossible for Margaret Moncton to deceive. How could I be unhappy, whilst I had these two sweet girls for my daily companions, and the most beautiful rural scenery at our immediate command.

Sir Alexander came every day to the lodge to visit his child, and always lavished on me the most flattering marks of his favour. At first, his manner to my mother was shy and reserved. This wore off by degrees; and before two years had expired from the death of his wife, his attentions to her were so kind and lover-like, that Dinah once more began to entertain hopes, that her ambitious dreams might yet be realized. These hopes were frustrated by the sudden death of the object which inspired them. My mother had complained for some weeks of an acute pain in her left side, just under the breast, and the medicines she procured from the doctor afforded her no relief.

She grew nervous, and apprehensive of the consequences—but as her personal appearance was not at all injured by her complaint, Dinah ridiculed her fears.

"You may laugh as you please, mother," she said, the day before she died; "but I feel that this pain will be the death of me, and I so unfit to die."

"Nonsense," returned the old woman; "you will wear your wedding clothes a second time, before you are in your shroud."

My mother only answered by a heavy sigh—she passed a sleepless night. The doctor called in the morning, gave her a composing draught—told her to make her mind easy, for she had nothing to fear.

I always slept in the same bed with my mother—

that night, I had a bad cold, and could not sleep—but knowing that she was not well, I lay quite still, fearing to disturb her. She slept during the early part of the night—the clock had just struck twelve, when she started up in the bed, and called Dinah to come to her quickly. Her voice sounded hollow and tremulous.

“What ails you, Rachel, disturbing a body at this time of night?”

“Do not be angry with me, mother; I am dying.”

“If you think so, let me send for the doctor?”

“It is too late now—he can do me no good—I have something I must tell you before I go. Sit down, whilst I have strength left to do it; but promise me, mother, that you will not abuse the confidence I am about to repose in you.”

The old woman nodded assent.

“That will not do, mother—I must have your solemn word—your oath.”

“What good will that do? No oath can bind me—I believe in no God, and fear no evil.”

This was accompanied by a hideous laugh—the young woman groaned aloud.

“Oh, mother! there is a God—an avenging God—could you feel what I now feel, and see what I now see, you, like the devils, would believe and tremble. You will know it one day, and like me, find out that repentance can come too late. I will, however, tell the plain truth, and your diabolical policy will perhaps see the use which may be made of such an important secret.”

There was a long pause—some sentences passed between them in such a low voice I could not distinctly hear them; at last I heard Rachel say:

“You were away when the child died—you thought I followed Robert Moncton’s advice, accepted the bribe he offered, and killed him.”

“And did you not?”

“I took the bribe, but the child died a natural death, and I was saved the commission of the crime, you and he united in urging me to do. Now listen to me, mother.”

What she said was in tones so low, that, though I strained every nerve to listen, the beating of my own heart frustrated all my endeavours. Her communication appeared to astonish her auditor—her dark wrinkled brows contracted together, until not a particle of the eye was visible. She sat for a long time in deep thought, rocking herself to and fro on the bed, whilst the dying creature regarded her with expanded eyes, and hands raised and locked tightly together; at last she spoke:—

“Promise me, that you will make no ill use of my confidence. What shall we gain by being tools in the hands of a wicked man like Robert Moncton? Why should we sell our souls to do his dirty work?”

“Do not think it is to serve him, I would do aught to injure the child. No, no! Dinah North is

not such a fool—it would be to gratify my own revenge! I have this bad, bold Robert Moncton, in my power—this secret will be a fortune to me, and I will extort from his proud avaricious soul, a good portion of his ill-gotten wealth. Ha! ha! my child! you did well and wisely, and may die in peace, without the stain of blood upon your soul!”

Rachel shook her head despondingly.

“‘There is no peace,’ saith my God, for the wicked. My soul consented to the crime. Whilst the thought was in my heart, and my purpose firm to perpetrate, the bolt of the Almighty smote me, my resolution wavered—but I feel the guilt the same. Mother, it is a dreadful thing to die without hope—where is Alice?”

“Sleeping.”

“Let her sleep—I feel sleepy too; smooth my pillow, mother—give me a little water—I feel easy now—perhaps I shall awake in the morning better.”

The pillows were arranged—the draught given—but the sleeper never awoke again.

Her mysterious communications, which only came by halves to my ears, filled my mind with vague conjectures. I cannot help thinking to this hour, that Sir Alexander’s son came to an untimely death. The allusions to myself are still involved in doubt.

Stern as my mother had been, her death was felt severely by us all—the more keenly by Alice and me, as it removed from our humble home an object most dear to us both, the little lady of the manor, to whom we had ever given the endearing appellation of sister. After Margaret left us, how dull did all our pastimes appear. Alice and I wandered, silent and solitary, over all our beloved haunts. The songs of the birds ceased us no longer—the flowers seemed less fair—the murmur of the willow crowned brook less musical—the presiding genius of the place had vanished. We felt that we were alone.

I had now reached my fourteenth year, and Sir Alexander, true to the promise made to his wife, sent me to an excellent school in York. Here I made such good use of my time, that before three years had elapsed, I had gained a station in the head class, and won the esteem and favour of the master and ushers. My munificent patron was greatly pleased with the progress I had made, and promised to send me to college, if I continued to deserve his good opinion. Ah, Geoffrey, these were halcyon days, when I returned to spend my holidays at the lodge, and found myself ever a welcome visitor at the Hall. With a proud heart I recounted to Sir Alexander all my boyish triumphs at school, and the good baronet listened to my details with pleasure, and fought his own juvenile battles over again, to the infinite delight of our admiring auditors, Margaret and Alice, who spent most of her time with Miss Moncton at the Hall. Margaret was so attached to her foster sister, and wept so

bitterly at the idea of parting from her, that Sir Alexander yielded to the earnest entreaties of his only child, and the young heiress and the huntsman's blooming daughter were seldom apart.

From Miss Moncton's governess, the beautiful, but wayward Alice, received the same lessons, and made rapid progress, so that Sir Alexander would often say that Alice would be the learned lady of the village.

Old Dinah exulted in the growing charms of her grandchild; if the old hag regarded any thing upon earth with affection, it was the tall fair girl so unlike herself; and Alice too—I have often wondered how it were possible—Alice loved, with the most ardent affection, that hideous old crone. To me, since the death of my mother, she had been civil, but sullen, and I neither sought nor cared for her regard. It was on the return of one of these holidays, when I sought my home with eager joy, that I first beheld that artful villain, Robert Moncton. It was a lovely summer evening, and on entering the pretty cottage, with my scanty luggage, contained in a small black portmanteau, on my back, I found the lawyer engaged in earnest conversation with my grandmother.

Struck by the appearance of the man, I paused for some minutes on the threshold, unobserved by the parties. Like you, Geoffrey, I shall never forget the impression his countenance made upon me. The features so handsome, the coloring so fine, the person that of the perfect gentleman, and yet all this pleasing combination of face and figure, marred by that cold, cruel, merciless eye. Its icy expression, so dead, so joyless, sent a chill through my whole frame, and I shrank from the idea of encountering its baleful gaze, and was about quietly to retire to another part of the cottage, when my attention was arrested by the following brief conversation:—

“I should like to see this lad.”

“Your wish will soon be gratified—we expect him home from school tonight.”

“What age is he?”

“Just sixteen.”

“What does Sir Alexander mean to do for him?”

“I don't know—he is very fond of him.”

“Humph, we will soon settle his business—leave him to me, Dinah. Sir Alexander will send him to London, to make a lawyer of him. His own headstrong passions, unrestrained by any guiding hand, will destroy him. Ha! ha! Dinah, I will make a solicitor of him. I have taught many a bold heart and reckless hand to solicit the charity of others.”

“Devil doubt you!” rejoined the fiend, with a gurgling in her throat, which was meant for a laugh. “But you may find the boy one too many for you, with all your cunning. He'll not start at shadows, nor stumble over straws. Robert Moncton, I have tamed many a proud spirit in my day, but that boy

defies my power—I fear and hate him, but I cannot crush him. But hush, here he is!”

I bustled forward, and flung my portmanteau heavily on the ground.

“I'm heartily tired, grandmother—how are you—how is dear Alice?”

“Well—did you see this gentleman, Philip?”

“Gentleman—I beg his pardon—a fine evening, sir.”

I turned to the lawyer, and coolly returned his deliberate stare. His face betrayed no emotion, but his cold searching glance brought the blood to my cheek. He rose, and nodding to Dinah, left the cottage. The next minute Alice was in my arms.

“Brother, dear brother, welcome home.”

Oh, what a contrast to that dark, joyless countenance, was the cherub face of Alice, laughing in the irrepressible glee of her happy heart. I forgot my long tiresome walk from the next market town, as I pulled her on to my knee, and covered her rosy cheek with kisses.

“What news since I left you, Alice?”

“Sad news,” says she; “dear Margaret is in London, on a visit to her aunt, and there is a dull cross boy staying at the Hall, with a very hard name—Theophilus Moncton—Margaret's cousin; but he is nothing like her, though he calls her his little wife—but Margaret says she will never have him, though his father is very rich. I am sure you will hate him, Philip, for he calls us beggar's brats, and wonders dear Sir Alexander suffers Margaret to play with us. I told him he was very rude, and he had better not affront you, for you would soon teach him better manners—but he only sneered at me, and said, “my father's a gentleman,” and Sir Alexander told me I had better not come up to the Hall, until Mr. Moncton and his son were gone.”

Whilst little Alice ran on thus to me, I felt all the pride of my nature rising within me. For the first time in my life, I felt the great difference of rank that existed between me and my benefactor. I was restless and unhappy, and determined not to go near the Hall, until Sir Alexander bade me to do so himself. But days passed, and I saw nothing of the good Baronet, and Alice and I were obliged to content ourselves by roaming through all our old beloved haunts, and talking of Margaret. Returning one evening through a long avenue of fine old oaks, that led towards the huntsman's lodge, a pony rushed past us at full gallop—a boyish impulse tempted me to give a loud halloo, in order to set the beautiful animal off at his wildest speed. In a few minutes we met a lad of my own age, booted and spurred, with a whip in his hand, running in the same direction the pony had taken. He seemed in a great passion, and as he approached us, he exclaimed:—

“You impudent fellow! was it you who shouted

to frighten my pony, when you saw that I was endeavouring to catch him?"

"I saw no such thing," I replied drily; "I admired the pony, and shouted in order to see how much faster he could run."

"You are a saucy fellow, and deserve to be horsewhipped—just go and catch the horse for me."

"I am not your servant," I replied; "I shall do no such thing."

"If you do not do what I tell you instantly, I will complain to Sir Alexander of you."

"You may do so if you please," I replied, endeavouring to pass him; but he drew himself across the centre of the narrow path, and hindered me.

"You insolent young blackguard! do you know that you are speaking to a gentleman?"

"Indeed!" I said, with a provoking smile, "I ought to thank you for the information, for I never should have guessed the fact."

With a yell of rage, he struck me in the face with the butt end of his whip. I sprang upon him with the strength of a tiger, and seizing his puny form in my arms, I dashed him beneath my feet, and after bestowing upon him several hearty kicks, I rejoined the terrified Alice, and left Mr. Theophilus Moncton to gather up his fallen dignity, and make the best of his way home to the Hall.

But this frolic cost me far more than I expected. The next morning, Sir Alexander rode over to the lodge, and severely reprimanded me for my conduct, and ended his lecture by affirming, in positive terms, that if I did not beg his nephew's pardon, he would withdraw his favour from me for ever. This I proudly refused to do—and the Baronet as proudly told me to see his face no more.

I looked sorrowfully up in his face—the tears were in my eyes, for I loved him very much—but my heart was too full to speak. He leant down from his horse, expecting my answer—I was silent. The colour mounted to his cheek—he waited a few minutes longer—I made no sign—he struck the spurs into his horse, and rode quickly away.

"There goes my only friend!" I exclaimed. "Curse the mean wretch who robbed me of my friend!—I only regret I did not kill him!"

Thus, for one boyish act of indiscretion, I was flung friendless upon the world. Yet, were the thing to do again, I feel that I could not, and would not have acted otherwise. Time has convinced me that Robert Moncton, acting with his usual policy, had made Sir Alexander ashamed of his connexion with us, and he gladly availed himself of the first plausible excuse to cast me off. Alice deeply lamented my disgrace, but the whole affair afforded mirth to her grandmother, who seemed greatly to enjoy my unfortunate triumph over the boy with the hard name.

CHAPTER XII.

DURING my residence at the school in York, my master was often visited by a very wealthy merchant, who bore the same name as myself. The man was an old bachelor, very eccentric, but universally beloved, as one of the most benevolent of men. He had always taken great notice of me, and as, from some whim, he generally attended all our public examinations, I had tried to strengthen the good opinion he had formed of me, by always endeavouring to win the prize. Finding me so anxious to excel, he never failed sending me a handsome present of books, after the examination was over, and every holiday invited me to dine with him.

To this worthy man I determined to apply in my distress; and, without waiting to communicate my hopes and fears to Alice, I carefully packed up a few things in a silk handkerchief, and with six shillings in my pocket, commenced my journey to York. A walk of twenty miles, brought me, foot sore and weary, to the rich man's door—and when there, my heart, which had been as stout as a lion's on the journey, failed me, and I sat down upon the steps, sad and dispirited. This I knew would not do—the night was closing in, and the rain, which had been threatening all day, began to fall very fast. With a desperate effort I sprang up the broad stone steps, and gave a gentle knock—so gentle that it was unheard; and unable to summon up courage sufficient to repeat the experiment, I sat down, determined to wait until some less unfortunate wight should seek admittance. Not many minutes elapsed before the quick loud rap of the postman brought Mrs. Jolly, the housekeeper, to the door, and edging up close beside him of the red jacket, I asked in a tremulous voice, if "Mr. Mornington was at home?"

"Why, dearee me, master Philip, is that you?" said the kind old lady, elevating her spectacles; "who would have thought of seeing you tonight?"

"Who, indeed!" said I. "But dear Mrs. Jolly, is Mr. Mornington at home, and can I speak to him?"

"He is at home, and you can speak to him, but not just now. He is at his dinner, and don't like to be disturbed; but come this way, and I will tell him you are here."

"Who's that you are speaking to, Mrs. Jolly?" cried out the good old merchant, as we passed the open door through which the footmen were carrying to table an excellent dinner.

"Only your young friend Mr. Philip, sir."

"Indeed—Foray show him in."

"Why, Philip," he exclaimed, holding out his hand to me, "what brings you back to school so soon—aint tired of play, hey?"

"No sir, but I fear play will soon tire of me—I am to go to school no more."

"Sorry to hear that, Phil; just the time when instruction would be of most service to you. Why

lad, you would learn more in this ensuing year than in all that have gone before it.

"I know it, sir; but I have been very imprudent, and offended Sir Alexander, and he will do no more for me, and I walked from Moncton Park today, to ask your advice, as to what course I had better pursue, and in what way I can best earn my own livelihood?"

The old gentleman looked grave. "Offended Sir Alexander? You must have been a very naughty boy to do that, and he so kind to you—walked all the way from Moncton park—bless the boy! how hungry he must be! sit down, sit down Philip Mornington, get your dinner with old Philip Mornington, and we will talk over these matters by and bye."

Gladly I accepted his invitation, for I had not tasted food since early dawn; and I eat so voraciously that the old man often stopped and laughed heartily at my progress. "Well done, Philip, don't be ashamed; hold thy plate for another slice of beef—twenty miles hard walking may well give a boy of sixteen, strong and healthy like thee, a good appetite."

After the cloth was drawn, and the old gentleman had refreshed me with a couple of glasses of excellent wine, obedient to his request I related to him my quarrel with Theophilus, and the unfortunate results. Instead of blaming me, the whole affair seemed greatly to amuse the hearty old man. He fell back in his chair, and chuckled and laughed over the adventure, until he declared that his sides were fairly tired.

"And was it for punishing yon jackass as he deserved, that Sir Alexander cast you, my fine fellow, from his favour?"

"It was—and for refusing to ask his pardon."

"If you had done so, Philip, you would have deserved to have been kicked for your meanness. Don't look so cast down boy, you have other friends besides Sir Alexander Moncton, who will not forsake you for chastising an insolent puppy as he deserved; you shall go to school yet; aye, and become the head scholar in Dr. Trimmer's head class, and finish your education at Oxford, or my name is not Philip Mornington."

How well, Geoffrey, did this excellent man perform his promise. How ill, I profited by the education he gave me; and the wealth he bequeathed to me at his death. True to his word, Mr. Mornington put me again to school, for the ensuing year, and instead of returning to the lodge at the vacations, I was told to consider his house as my future home. Though my heart secretly pined to behold the humble dwelling once more, in which I had passed my early years, I felt that it would be both imprudent and ungrateful to oppose the wishes of my new friend. From a schoolfellow, who came from the same village, I learned that after Sir Alexander's passion cooled, he rode over to the lodge, to enquire

after his old pet; and was surprised and exasperated to find the bird flown, and taken by the hand by a man for whom he had a great personal antipathy, and who had ever opposed him in politics. There was enough of revenge in my composition to feel glad that Sir Alexander was annoyed at my good fortune. The next year saw me at college, with a handsome annual allowance from my generous patron, to enable me to establish my claims as a gentleman. I will pass over the three years I spent at this splendid city of science, where learning and every vice, walk hand in hand. The gratitude I owed Mr. Mornington, for a long time restrained me from indulging in the wild excesses, which disgraced the conduct of most of the young men with whom I associated. This moral reluctance to do and countenance evil too soon wore off, and I became as vicious and as dissipated as the rest.

I formed many agreeable acquaintances at college, but one only, who really deserved the name of a friend; you must excuse me, Geoffrey, if I omit to mention the real name of this young man, and his sister, whom I shall call Cornelius and Charlotte Laurie. They were orphans, and the only children of very wealthy parents, and Cornelius, when at home, resided with a rich aunt in London, to whom the care of his sister's education had been committed. Kind, gentle and studious, Cornelius mingled very little with his fellow collegians; and his health being very delicate, he spent most of his leisure hours in walking, an exercise of which he was particularly fond. His mild intelligent countenance first won my regard; I sought his acquaintance, found him easy of access, and always anxious to oblige every one as far as lay in his power. Commanding an excellent income, his chief delight appeared to consist in relieving the difficulties of the improvident, who had dissipated theirs. He formed a strong attachment for me, and we soon spent most of our time together. He invited me to pass the Christmas vacation with him in town, which I gladly accepted. From that visit to London I date all my misfortunes. Mrs. H. his aunt, received me with great kindness, and I soon found myself quite at home. Cornelius had often told me, that he had a sister a few years younger than himself, but he had not prepared me to behold the beautiful and fascinating creature to whom I was introduced.

Charlotte Laurie was a child of nature, without display or affectation, conscious of her great personal attractions only so far as to render her more agreeable, for what beautiful woman was ever ignorant of her charms? My pretty Charlotte perfectly knew the power they gave her over the wandering and inconstant mind of man; but she did not abuse it. My passions, Geoffrey, by nature as warm and impetuous as your own, soon betrayed me into love, nor did I think that she was insensible to my affection but when I recalled my obscure birth, of

which Cornelius was perfectly unconscious, and the uncertainty of my future prospects, I felt that it would be indelicate and dishonourable to advance my suit to the young lady. To remain in the house, and to keep silent on the subject, I found would be impossible, as Cornelius, purposely, constantly brought us together; and I feigned a letter from Mr. Mornington, whom I called my uncle, requiring my immediate presence at York. My departure caused great regret to the family. Cornelius remonstrated; Mrs. H. questioned the necessity of my journey; Charlotte said nothing, but she left the room in tears. Strongly tempted as I was to stay, I remained firm, and bade adieu to my kind friends, without breathing a word of my attachment to Charlotte.

On my way to York, I called at my old home, and was received with every demonstration of joy by Alice, whom I found a blooming girl of fourteen. Old Dinah told me, as she scolded at my handsome dress and improved person, that she supposed I was now too fine a gentleman to call her grandmother, or Alice sister. I assured her that my improved circumstances had neither changed my heart nor made me ashamed of my friends; but something, I fear, in my looks, contradicted my words, for she turned from me with a scornful laugh. "The world," she said, "was a good school for teaching people the art of falsehood."

Her sarcasms made me very uncomfortable, for my conscience convicted me of their truth; and turning to Alice, I begged her to tell me all the news, for I was certain a great deal must have happened since I left them. "No," said Alice, "we go on much as usual; Sir Alexander and dear Margaret are very kind to me, and I go often to the Hall; but she is Miss Moncton now, and I am only plain Alice Mornington. Mr. Theophilus is often there, and he is so much improved, Philip, you would never know him. He is no longer proud and disagreeable, but so affable and kind, and always sees me safe home to the lodge. People say he is to marry Miss Moncton, but I am sure he does not love her; for he tells me that he thinks me much handsomer than his cousin."

Whilst Alice ran on thus, I kept my eyes fixed upon her beautiful face, and from the heightening of her colour, when speaking of Theophilus, I was painfully convinced that, young as she was, she was not insensible to his flattery. Anxious to warn her of her danger, I drew her arm through mine, and we strolled together into the park.

"Dear Alice," I said affectionately, "do you love me as well as you used to do, in years long past?"

"Dearest brother, do you doubt my affection?"

"Not in the least, Alice, I know you to be warm hearted; but years make great changes; four years have passed since we met. Perhaps you would be angry with me if I were to give you a little brotherly advice?"

"Not in the least," said she, blushing, "without Philip, you scold me too much."

"Do not listen, my dear girl, to the flattering speeches of Theophilus Moncton. He means you no good."

"How can you tell that?" said she quickly.

"I know more of the world than you do, Alice; take care of yourself, avoid his company; he means to deceive you."

"Philip, you wrong him, indeed you do," said Alice, bursting into tears. "He never talks to me of love, he only wishes to be my friend, I am too young to know anything about love yet. I don't know what being in love is; but I do feel very grateful for one so much richer and better than me, and who is heir to all these beautiful groves, and that fine Hall taking such an interest in me; particularly," she added with animation, "after a brother of mine treated him so ill."

"You surely cannot mean what you say, Alice?" said I, greatly annoyed.

"I never say what I do not mean," replied Alice, "and if you come back to us, Philip, only quarrel with us, you had better have stayed away." For a few minutes I felt very angry; but when I recollected that these words fell from the lips of a child, I not only forgave her, but determined to save her from the ruin I feared might be impending over her.

"Alice, you are a simple child, and as such, I forgive you. You are not aware of the danger to which you are exposed, and if you do not follow my advice, I shall be obliged, as your brother, and natural guardian, to remove you from this place."

"I will not go!" returned Alice, stopping and regarding me with defiance in her eyes. "You are not your own master yet—much less mine. I shall remain with my dear grandmother as long as she lives, and let me tell you, Mr. Philip, I am as competent to manage my own affairs as you are yours."

"Could this be Alice?" I looked at her, and looked again. The beauty of her countenance seemed changed—I turned away with a deep sigh.

"Oh, Alice! I tremble for you—so young, and so vindictive. This is not my sister Alice. The happy confiding Alice, who once loved me so tenderly?"

"I did love you, Philip, very much," said Alice, in a softened voice. "But how was my love returned? You quarrelled with the only friend we had in the world—one who had done so much for us—to whose bounty we were indebted for the bread we ate, and the clothes we wore, who was paying for our schooling, and treating us in every respect, more like his own children than the children of a poor dependent. You forgot all this. You insolently refused to make an apology to him for insulting his nephew, and left your home, and his protection, without bidding this dear sister, who shared in your disgrace, one short farewell. You did worse,

you sought employment from Sir Alexander's political enemy, and never wrote one line either to your injured patron or to us. Was this love, Philip Mornington? Young as I am, I could not have been guilty of such base ingratitude. I despise such conduct; and advice comes very ill from one who could be guilty of such."

"She turned haughtily away—and I, Geoffrey—I, stood overwhelmed with confusion and remorse. I had never seen my conduct in this light before. I had imagined myself the injured party, and Sir Alexander in the light of a persecutor; but I felt at that moment, as I stood humbled before that proud girl, that I had not acted rightly—that something had been due, on my part, towards the man from whom I had received so many benefits; and but for very shame I would have sought his presence, acknowledged my error, and entreated his pardon. Oh, why does this stubborn pride so often stand between us and our best intentions? I let the moment pass, and my heart remained true to its stern determination, not to yield one inch of what I falsely called independence. My reverie was broken in upon by Alice. She took my hand kindly."

"I have made you think, Philip? You are sorry for the past, and I am no longer angry with you—but no lectures, if you please, for the future. You need not fear that I shall disgrace you—I am too proud to place myself in the power of any one. I like Theophilus Moncton, but he will never make a fool of me. Hush! here is Miss Moncton?"

I started, and the blood rushed to my face, as a sudden turn in the woodland path brought us within a few paces of one, who, at that moment, I would have gladly shunned. To retreat was impossible. I raised my hat, and, with her usual frankness, Margaret held out her hand:

I pressed it respectfully between my own, without venturing to look up. She perceived my confusion, and smiled archly in my face.

"You have been a sad truant, Philip, but you are welcome home; I am very glad to see my foster brother again."

"Is that possible?" I said. "Dear Miss Moncton, I am only too happy to be allowed to plead for myself—I feel that I have erred against my good and generous benefactor; and this kindness on your part is undeserved—what shall I do to merit your good opinion?"

"Say nothing at all about it," replied Margaret; "it was a boyish fault, and my father has often repented that he treated it so seriously. But come with me to the Hall, Mr. Mornington, and I will plead your cause. My eloquence with my father," she added, with one of her bewitching smiles, "is quite irresistible."

"Who could doubt it?" I said, for the first time looking with admiration in her pale calm face, and forgetting for a moment, that such a person as Char-

lotte Laurie was in existence; "but I cannot avail myself of your goodness this evening—I must proceed on my journey to York; but I hope we shall soon meet again. I will explain my conduct to Sir Alexander, and I trust will obtain his forgiveness."

"You will find that no difficult task," returned Margaret. "His displeasure is like the early dew, it soon evaporates." Then turning to Alice, she gently chided her for remaining so long from the Hall.

"I grow too proud to visit my rich friends," said Alice, in a tone between sarcasm and raillery; "what would you give, Miss Moncton, to be as proud of your wealth as I am of my poverty?"

"There is only one species of pride that I tolerate," returned Margaret calmly, "the pride of worth. That pride which enables a good man to struggle successfully against the upstart arrogance of the world."

I turned to the speaker with admiration: "What a fine expression emanated from that lofty brow; how I longed to catch the inspiration of her noble spirit. Had she been born a peasant, Margaret would have possessed the dignity of a lady.

"Never be proud, Alice, of any adventitious circumstances," she continued; "beauty and wealth have their due influence in the world, where their value is greatly overrated; but they add nothing in reality to the possessor. Deprived of both, persons of little moral worth would relapse into their natural insignificance. Virtuous persons, who have improved the talents given to them by Providence, inherit riches which defy the power of change. Such people alone, can afford to be proud. Improve this wealth, dear Alice, and your friend will allow you to be proud. But you neglect your studies, Alice, and grow a sad idle girl." This was said playfully, but Alice blushed deeply. If the lesson was disregarded by my poor sister, it made a very deep impression upon me.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning I arrived in York, and hastened to the house of Mr. Mornington. I found the dear old gentleman ill in his bed, but in his usual excellent spirits. On expressing my concern, he laughed at my long face, told me it was but a trifle, and he should soon be well again. Alas! he was no true prophet. In a few weeks I followed my worthy benefactor and friend to his grave; and found myself, at the age of one and twenty, sole heir to his large property. The joy felt at my unexpected good fortune, was more than counterbalanced by the loss of the kind donor. Gladly would I have resigned the wealth he had so generously bequeathed me, if by so doing I could have recalled my dear friend to life. I was detained for several months in York, settling my affairs. I lost no time, however, in acquainting Cornelius, by letter, of my good fortune.

I mentioned my attachment to his sister, and urged him, if he valued my happiness, to plead with her in my behalf. His answer was kind, but far from satisfactory to a young and ardent lover. He informed me that he believed Charlotte was not insensible to my attachment. That he knew, she entertained for me a sincere esteem; but it was out of her power to accept any offer of marriage before she had completed her twenty-first year; and that four years must expire before that event took place—that even then, according to her father's will, she could not marry without the consent of her guardian, or she would forfeit the property she would otherwise be entitled to possess. For himself, he continued, nothing would give him greater pleasure than to see his beloved sister united to one whom he considered worthy of her, particularly as he found his own health daily declining; and he was about to take a trip to the south of France, in the hope of deriving some benefit from the change. He urged me to return immediately to London, to plead my own cause with Charlotte, and to spend a few hours with him before he left England; as it was possible that we might never meet again. The last mournful sentence decided me, and the next morning found me on the road to London. Not a little proud of being mounted on one of the finest horses in the country, which had formed one of an excellent stud belonging to my late benefactor, I determined to take Moncton Park in my route, and effect a reconciliation with Sir Alexander. After what had passed between me and Miss Moncton, I thought that this would be no difficult task. I was no longer a poor orphan boy, dependent upon his bounty, but a well educated, wealthy man. There was no favour I could ask, or he could bestow, beyond a renewal of that friendship which formed the delight of my boyhood, and of which I had been so suddenly deprived. As I rode up the noble avenue of oaks, that led directly to the Hall, I felt so confident of success, so vain of my altered fortunes, that my step grew lighter, and my cheeks glowed with anticipated pleasure.

"Is Sir Alexander at home?" I earnestly enquired of the liveried servant who answered the door.

"He is, sir, what name shall I send up?"

I gave him my card, and was shewn into the library, whilst he carried it up to his master. Years had fled away since I last stood within those princely walls, a happy thoughtless boy. How vividly did every book and picture recall the blessed hours I had passed with Margaret and Alice, in that very room, when the weather was wet, and we could not play abroad. It was here we kept our revels, turning over the huge folios in search of pictures. There was the Book of Martyrs, with all its dreadful exhibition of human misery, on which we gazed with mysterious awe, and said we were glad we were not Christians in those days; and Descartes's philosophy, with its gods and goddesses; and the pictures of

the devils, on which we were never tired of gazing, and Goldsmith's World, and Buffon's Natural History, and the whole family of Encyclopedias, with their numerous prints, which beguiled the long, dull day. Sir Alexander himself often assisted at these exhibitions, and seemed as much pleased with finding us pictures as we were with looking at them when found. I was roused from my reverie by the entrance of the servant, who accosted me with an air of rude familiarity, and told me that "Sir Alexander Moncton would never be at home to Mr. Philip Mornington." Thunder-struck with this unexpected blow, and writhing under a bitter sense of humiliation, I affected an air of contemptuous indifference, and turned to depart. As I left the apartment, some one caught my arm; I tried to shake off the intruder, when my eyes encountered the dark dazzling eyes of Margaret Moncton, moistened with tears, and fixed upon me with an air of mournful interest.

"Stay, Mr. Mornington, dear Philip, stay—one little moment, I beseech you?"

"Let me pass, Miss Moncton; I have no business here."

"Nay, then, I insist upon your hearing me speak a few words, Philip. There was a time when your sister Margaret would not have asked anything of you in vain." She turned away, and burst into tears, and I felt the small white hand, that still grasped my arm, tremble violently.

"Dear Miss Moncton," I said, leading her gently to a chair; "forgive my rudeness—I am undeserving of your regard, and I fear your condescending to speak to me here, will draw upon you the displeasure of your father."

"Philip Mornington," she replied with dignity, "I never do aught which I should be ashamed of my father witnessing. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see him enter this room, and it is to lead you to him which brought me here."

"Never!" I exclaimed, drawing back. "He has forbidden me his presence, and I shall seek an interview with him no more."

"Let me seek it for you?"

"What purpose would it answer?"

"Can you ask that question, Mr. Mornington. Remember all you owed to my father's kindness. I do not want to reproach you with benefits, which he felt a pleasure in conferring, but surely some feeling of gratitude is due to him from one whom he loved for so many years as his son—I feel certain, that, could he once see you, all his resentment would vanish, and you would be as dear to him as ever?"

"Could I feel that his anger was just, there is no concession, however great, Miss Moncton, that I would hesitate to make. I love and revere Sir Alexander, but he has taken up idle prejudices against me, and I am too proud to solicit his forgiveness for what I never can consider as a fault."

For your sake I would do much, but you must not expect impossibilities."

"Alas! one would think Philip, that you were a Moncton, so hard and obdurate are their hearts," said Margaret, weeping afresh. "How gladly would I be the peace-maker, and reconcile you to each other. But you love strife; you do wrong, and are too proud to acknowledge an error. Philip do you remember my mother?"

"How can I ever forget her?" I exclaimed; "and yet, dear Miss Moncton, I have forgot her." A thousand sad recollections crowded into my mind. The mournful chamber, the bed of death, the calm sweet face of the dying saint, and her last solemn injunction, for me to look upon her grave when I came to be a man, and remember her, who had loved me as her son. Had I done this? Ah no. The world had obliterated her pure and holy image from my mind; and all her tenderness and love, had been forgotten. I now stood before her daughter, a heart-stricken and self-condemned creature, overcome by emotions which I struggled in vain to repress. Margaret perceived her advantage. She took my passive hand, and led me from the room; I followed her slowly up the marble staircase, into the drawing-room, where we found Sir Alexander reading at a table. He did not raise his eyes as we entered; and I could not help remarking the great change that a few years had effected in his appearance. His fine chestnut hair was nearly grey, his cheek had lost the rich vermilion tint, which had given such a lustre to his fine dark eyes, and clear olive complexion. He was much thinner, and his lofty figure had taken a decided stoop between the shoulders. The handsome, generous Baronet, was but the wreck of what he once had been.

"Papa," said Margaret, stepping forward, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, "I have taken the liberty of introducing an old friend."

The Baronet raised his head. The blood rushed to his pale cheek, as he replied: "Margaret, you have taken an unfair advantage. I did not expect this from you."

"Dearest father, you have suffered my cousin to prejudice you against one whom you once loved: whom my dear mother loved. Let him speak for himself."

"Well, sir," said the Baronet, holding out his hand: "you found it convenient to forget an old friend?"

"My excellent, kind benefactor," I exclaimed, pressing his hand warmly between my own. "How can you imagine me guilty of such base ingratitude?"

"I judge your feelings towards me, young man, by deeds, not words. It is not for a boyish act of indiscretion I blame you. You thrashed a lad of your own age, for insulting you; and I would have done the same. To appease his wounded pride, I

demand of you an apology--no very great sacrifice of pride, to a pennyless pensioner on my bounty. This you insolently refused; and without waiting for my anger to cool, you abandoned your home; and you sought protection in the house of my enemy—a man who had thwarted me in every way that lay in his power. His favour you gained, by traducing your benefactor and friend; and you now come to me, after a lapse of years, to make a boast of your wealth. Philip Mornington, I loved you as a spirited, independent boy. I despise you, as a treacherous, double-dealing man!"

"Dear papa," exclaimed Margaret, greatly agitated; "you must have been misinformed—you cannot mean what you say?"

"To such accusations," I replied, modestly, but firmly; "I have but one answer. They are false—some villain has traduced me—and I will not demean myself by attempting to refute such base calumnies. I leave time and my future conduct, to prove my integrity."

Without waiting for a reply, I left the room, and the next minute the Hall, grieved with myself for having yielded for one moment, to the entreaties of my amiable foster-sister. Without stopping at the lodge, I pursued my journey to town with a heavy heart. From Cornelius and his sister I received the most cordial welcome; but my pleasure was greatly damped by the ill state of my friend's health. He looked so thin and consumptive that I apprehended the worst. This impression gradually wore off—but a few months confirmed my fears.

He was to commence his journey to Dover, in the morning; and after passing a delightful evening with his aunt and sister, I was about to take my leave, as I knew the dear invalid retired at an early hour to bed.

"Do not leave me tonight, Philip," he said; "it is the last we shall spend for a long time together—I wish to have a friendly chat with you in my dressing room. Charlotte, will you make one of the party?"

Charlotte looked down and blushed, then answered with her usual simplicity: "Nothing, dearest brother, would give me greater pleasure." In a few minutes, we were comfortably seated before a cheerful fire. My friend in his easy chair, wrapped in his dressing gown, and my own beautiful Charlotte seated on a gaily embroidered ottoman at his feet.

"Here I feel myself at home," said Cornelius, taking a hand of each, and pressing them warmly between his own. "How much I dread this journey—how painful it is to part from all we love on earth."

"Dearest brother, you will return to us quite strong and well in the spring; and we shall all be so happy."

"I hope it may be so, my sweet Charlotte. To that hope I cling, and feel that it is my duty to embrace every means which may tend to restore me to

health and usefulness ; and, if I should never return, my little lady-bird, the world will run on as merrily as heretofore. I should only be missed by a few faithful hearts."

Poor Charlotte did not answer. Her head sank upon his knee ; and I heard the tears, one by one, fall upon her rich silk dress.

"Do not anticipate grief, my sister. Let us be happy today, we know not what the morrow will bring forth. I wanted to speak to you both, on a subject very near my heart." After a short pause, he continued with a lively air : "You and Philip, love one another. Nay, do not blush so deeply, Charlotte, and turn away ; there ought to be no shame in confessing a virtuous attachment to a worthy object—but my dear friends, I perceive many difficulties, which must be surmounted, before you can realize your wishes. You have wealth, Philip, and moral worth. These ought to be sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious—but your birth is low, and your connexions not such as most old families would wish to form an alliance with. You will ask me how I came by this knowledge. It does not matter. It was told me by one well acquainted with your history ; who, as guardian to Charlotte, will, I fear, never give consent to your marriage."

"His name," I cried, "do tell me his name ?"

"Robert Moncton !"

"I felt sick at heart. A vague suspicion of approaching ill stole over me. Why should I fear this man ? I reasoned with myself. Yet I did fear him, or rather the evil which he could do me. I turned very faint, and asked for a glass of water."

Charlotte's hand trembled, as she gave it me.

"Do you know Mr. Moncton, dear Philip ?"

"Very slightly—I never saw him but once. But I know him to be my enemy."

"Strange," said Charlotte, musingly ; "he was always kind to me. How can you have offended him ?"

"I had a quarrel with his son, when a boy, and neither father nor son ever forgave me."

"I know him to be implacable where he takes a prejudice," said Cornelius. "If I live, Philip, you will have little to dread from his opposition. Charlotte and myself are both above the common prejudices of rank, we prize you for your merit, which we consider more than places you on an equality with us—and my little sister has too high a sense of honour to suffer you to entertain hopes, that she never intends to realize. My advice to you both is this : Enter into no engagement, and keep yourselves as quiet as possible, until Charlotte's minority expires. This will lull Moncton's suspicions asleep ; and, all he can then do to annoy you, should you insist upon a marriage, would be, to throw Charlotte's property into Chancery. Should she marry before she completes her twenty-first year, without his consent, her

fortune goes to a distant relation. But again I charge you both, not to enter into any rash engagement. You are young, and may both change your minds long before the expiration of four years." We promised to act upon his advice—but I felt sad and low spirited ; and Charlotte pleaded a headache, and kissed her brother, and retired. I felt that the joy of our hearts had vanished.

"Do not look so grave, Philip," said my poor friend ; "you will overcome all these difficulties."

"I fear not."

"I have a presentiment that you will. I saw you last night, in a dream, beset with a thousand dangers, as fast as you got out of one trouble, you were assailed by another ; yet, you succeeded in conquering them all. First, I saw you pursued by a lion. You sprang into the sea, to avoid him. Then the waves swallowed you up. You called upon me to help you. No boat was at hand. Suddenly a small canoe appeared ; and a savage looking fellow saved you from death. But then, you quarrelled with your preserver ; and he left you alone on a rock, on which the surrounding waves were gaining every moment. You shrieked aloud in your despair ; but no help was near—at last a plank floated by. You made a desperate spring, gained it in safety, and reached the shore. Here, new difficulties arose. You were surrounded by robbers, who threatened your life. I now gave you up for lost, when a gun, accidentally fired from a neighbouring cliff, freed you from all your enemies, and you returned to me with a smiling brow."

"Oh, that you may prove a true prophet !" said I, clasping his hand ; "but Cornelius, I have lost all hope."

"Pray to God, to renew that hope—and seek a better hope, which no change of circumstances can destroy. Philip, you are young, and in the possession of wealth, and what is far better, of health ; and enjoy the full use of all your mental faculties. The world is all before you, and death is far distant in your thoughts. This was my case two years ago. The world is now receding. Death is near, and soon, very soon—nothing will remain for me but that blessed hope which for years I cherished, as the only true riches. Start not, Philip, nor look so sadly upon me—I am happy in the prospect of the awful change that awaits me. You only are miserable, to whom God is a stranger ; and the love of the Saviour unknown."

I remained silent. Experience had not taught me the knowledge of self. Religion was enthusiasm—it promises a dream. My soul was grovelling in the dust, my thoughts wholly engrossed by a sinful world. Oh, how distasteful are its pure precepts to those whose hearts are blinded by vanity—who live but for the pleasures of the day, who seek for no tomorrow in the skies. I shrunk from the glance of

my friend, for I felt that he knew what was passing within me.

"I do not wish to lecture you, Philip. Your mind, unawakened to a sense of those sublime truths, cannot comprehend them. Read for yourself—I say to you, what Christ said to all—"Search the Scriptures." Think and pray—that when a sudden change comes, as it has come to me, you may not be unprepared. And now, farewell my friend, for tonight; I shall see you again in the morning. Think over twice what I have said, before you go to sleep."

I retired to rest—but not to sleep. I tried to feel an interest in our parting conversation. I opened a Bible which lay upon the dressing table. My mind was in an awful state of darkness. I read a few sentences. They were at variance with my present pursuits and feelings. I smiled incredulously and closed the book. "Poor Cornelius," I said, "it is natural for you to cling to the only hope which can now beguile human nature from the contemplation of the last fearful stage of decay." I threw myself into bed, and spent the rest of the night, in thinking of Charlotte; and regretting the long years which must intervene, before I could hope call her mine.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

AMBITION.

"Philosophy smiles at the contempt with which the rich and great speak of the petty strifes and competitions of the poor; not reflecting that these strifes and competitions are just as reasonable as their own, and the pleasure which success affords the same."

THE pursuits of ambition are not peculiar to high stations; but are, in reality, common to all conditions. The vassal who tills the ground, and the sovereign who sways the sceptre—the farrier who shoes his master's horse, and the general whose valour has acquired a deathless reputation—the gambler who turns the dice, and the philosopher remarkable for wisdom, are, in like manner, actuated by ambition.

*"—Fulgate trahit constrictus gloria curra,
Non minus ignotus generosis—"*

Ambition is a principle of action, implanted in our nature, common to every member of our species; and it is by its potent influence, when his desires are disciplined by philosophy and checked by reason, that man is incited to the attempt and execution of every commendable action. Nature furnishes us with a general appetite for glory; and education directs it to a particular end. Ambition,

"Small at its birth, but rising every hour," may be said to resemble a proud and untrained steed, which, unless early tutored to his course, is apt to become ungovernable in his habits; for it is alone

when our passions are restrained by religion, and by education directed to praiseworthy and well-chosen objects, that this love of fame is of utility to mankind. Like every other passion, however, it is very often perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; and its effects are always to be estimated according to the cultivation and temper of the mind. "The same sun," says Burke, "which gilds all nature, and exhibits the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy."

The story of the Spartan boy, who allowed his bowels to be devoured by the concealed and stolen fox, rather than confess the theft, is but one of many and innumerable instances, which the evidence of history affords of the force of this passion on the human soul. At the altar of ambition have bowed the fortunes of men and the destinies of nations. Under the influence of this inspiring principle have heroic and wondrous deeds been achieved—has distinction been acquired—have kingdoms preserved their integrity and independence—have chivalrous knights perilled "life and limb" in honour of "ladyes love"—and actuated by ambition does the poor untutored savage, when in presence of the pile prepared for his immolation, exhibit his kindred unconcern.

A striking and powerful illustration of the fate of selfish and unfathomable ambition is presented to us in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, and there is an awful solemnity in the moral to be derived from it. The runner who will never stop for repose, must at last fall down with fatigue; and a love of power grounded on ambition so inordinate as was that of Napoleon, carried with it in its excess the principles of its own ruin. How truly applicable to our subject, and eloquent indeed in their expression, are the following remarks of Scott, written at the conclusion of a war, to use his own inimitable language, in which France so long predominated as arbitress of the continent, and which had periods when Britain seemed to continue the conflict only in honourable despair: "No building among the splendid monuments of Paris, but is marked with the name, or device, or insignia, of an emperor whose power seemed as deeply founded as it was widely extended. Yet the gourd of the prophet, which came up in a night and perished in a night, has proved the type of authority so absolute, and of fame so diffused, and the possessor of this mighty power is now the inhabitant of a distant and sequestered islet, with hardly so much free will as entitles him to claim from his wardens an hour of solitude, even in the most solitary spot in the civilized world. The moral question presses on every bosom, was it worth while for him to have climbed so high, to render his fall the deeper, or would the meanest of us purchase the feverish feelings of a gratified ambition, at the

expense of his reflections, who appeared to hold fortune chained to his footstool? Could the fable of the seven sleepers have been realized in Paris, what a scene of astonishment would have been prepared for those, who falling asleep in 1813, awakened from their torpor at the present moment! He who had seen the Pope place the crown upon the head of Napoleon, and the proud house of Austria compelled to embrace his alliance, Prussia bent to the dust beneath his footstep, England excluded from each continental connexion of commerce or alliance, Russia overawed and submissive, while Italy, Germany, and the greater part of Spain, were divided as appendages among his brothers and allies. What would have been the surprise at the waking moment which should have shown him the Prussian cannon turned upon the bridges of Paris, and the sovereigns of Austria, Russia and Prussia, with the representatives of almost all the other nations of Europe, feasting in the capital of France, with the General and Minister of England, supported by a force which made resistance equally frantic and hopeless! The revolution of ages must have appeared to him to have been accomplished within the space of little more than twenty-four months." Such was the end of the feared Corsican,

—"that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour."

Fortune, which for a season smiled propitious on Napoleon—that intoxicated his very senses, and let loose his unruly passions, at length broke under him; and the Emperor of France, died a captive at St. Helena! Napoleon, looking up from his degraded state, to the stupendous attitude from which a too ambitious spirit had so hastily precipitated him, might have almost exclaimed with the fallen angel in Paradise lost,

O, foul descent! that I who erst contended
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspir'd:
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? Who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last
To basest things.

Thus we perceive how a passion bestowed upon us by a beneficent and wise Creator, for the best of objects, and which, when exercised with discretion, serves as a kind of under agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the performance of every duty of life, when abused becomes a bane, and instead of leading to fame, may plunge us into ruinous chaos.

R.

Genius may adopt, but never steals.
Genius knows no partner. All partnership is deleterious to poetry and art;—one must rule.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE REPROOF.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

In the still depth of those dark eyes,
The living light of passion lies;
Oh, quench those fierce, unhallow'd fires,
And lift to heaven more pure desires.

Passion, from earthly dross refined,
Exalts and purifies the mind:
The flame that's kindled from above,
Alone deserves the name of love!
Belleville.

(ORIGINAL.)

SONG.

BY A. A.

Did you fancy because I had loved you so well,
That my anger would easily fly?

Did you think I should falter in saying farewell,
And see you depart with a sigh:

Oh, no! you have chased all affection away,
And my bosom with coldness shall coldness repay.

Yet must I from memory banish the hour,
When you paid your first vows, then unsullied by art,
When I gave you the rose-bud that grew in my
bower,

And you swore you would wear it long, long near
your heart:

Yes! the rose of affection has faded away,
And my bosom with coldness shall coldness repay.

WHITEFIELD'S ELOQUENCE.

AN officer in Glasgow, who had heard Mr. Whitefield preach, laid a wager with another, that at a certain charity sermon, though he went with prejudice, he would be compelled to give something: the other, to make sure, laid all the money out of his pockets; but before he left the Church he was glad to borrow some and lose his bet. On another occasion, Mr. Whitefield preached in behalf of the inhabitants of an obscure village in Germany, which had been burned down, and collected for them six hundred pounds. After the sermon, Whitefield said, "We shall sing a hymn, during which those who do not choose to give their mite on this awful occasion may sneak off." No one stirred: he got down from the pulpit, and ordered all the doors to be shut but one, at which he held the plate himself, and collected the above sum.

A poet ought not to pick nature's pocket: let him borrow, and so borrow as to repay by the very act of borrowing. Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection; and trust more to your imagination than to your memory.

(ORIGINAL.)

WOODLAND MANOR; OR, THE DISPUTED TITLE.

BY E. M. M.

It was on one of those soft and balmy evenings, which midsummer loves to shed over hill and dale—when the long shadows are spread over the earth, and the sun, which shines alike on the palace and the hut, on the good and on the evil, casts a golden light on all things below, leading the mind to contemplate on the works of a beneficent Creator, and to view him in every beautiful flower upon which the eye rests, that a lady past the meridian of youth, yet still retaining traces of great beauty, was seen sitting in the balcony of a handsome mansion, well placed off the road, though commanding a view of it, from various points. There was a majesty in her whole deportment, an expression in her noble, intelligent countenance, that might have been mistaken for pride, but for the sweetness of her smile, and her soft blue eyes so full of benignity; her form, becoming to her years, was rather *en bon point*, yet graceful and perfectly natural in each movement, as if she had long been accustomed to dwell in a court, and mix amongst the highest. Lady Neville was indeed what an English matron of rank ought to be, a pious, good Christian—an affectionate mother, a kind and beneficent mistress; who, taking a lively interest in the welfare and happiness of all those dependent upon her, was consistent in the practice of every good work—is it not to the example of such, that the community look; and when they behold them immersed in the thoughtless pleasures of the world, their hearts cold and alienated from God, callous to the calls of the sufferer in whose afflictions they cannot sympathize, because they have never experienced them, lavish of their fortunes in selfish indulgences, but parsimonious in their charities, weighing with the caution of a Shylock, the merits of their unfortunate applicants, what wonder if they are roused to say: “Who madest thou to differ, and what hast thou which was not given thee by a merciful Creator, to deal with a generous hand to thy less-fortunate brother—and not to waste on thine own unreasonable desires.”

Yes, certain it is, that the virtues of the great have much power over the prosperity and the peace of a country, as their vices, like the dew falling from a poisonous tree, will blast and destroy all that grows beneath its baleful influence.

Two beautiful girls were the companions of the Lady Neville, one the very image of what she must

herself have been at her age, exquisitely fair, with long golden ringlets shading her delicate brow. She sat on a low stool by the matron's side, one arm resting on her knee, while looking eagerly in her face, she listened to her discourse, uttered in a deep toned, most melodious voice. The other stood a few paces distant, leaning against the balustrade. She was also a lovely creature, though wholly unlike either of her companions—tall and elegantly formed, with large dark eyes, now fixed in melancholy earnestness on Lady Neville. Her raven hair parted from off her forehead, in the style which the painter has chosen for the Madonna, for whose picture she might have sat—so faultless—so beautiful were her features.

“And tonight, Lord De Melfort will return to the home of his fathers?” said the blue-eyed maiden, as Lady Neville paused in her narrative to look out in the distance.

“Yes, my child, he will,” she replied, “and an interesting circumstance it is to all his tenantry, who have not beheld him since he left England, a youth, six years ago. I fear, to himself, his return will be associated with many sorrowful memories—the sight of the old Manor House, will bring back so forcibly gone days, and his parents before him.”

“You were an intimate friend of the late Lady De Melfort, I believe, mamma,” again said her young interrogator.

“I was, my Rosetta. Amelia De Melfort, was the dearest female friend I ever possessed.”

“I have heard my father say, that she was unhappily mated,” observed the dark haired beauty, whose name was Blanche; “was this indeed the case, aunt?”

“But too truly, my dear,” replied Lady Neville. “Lord De Melfort, was a dissipated, bad man, whose only recommendations were his rank and fortune—these influenced her friends to desire the union which proved disastrous in every way, for his infidelities and cruelty broke her heart. The dutiful conduct of her boy towards her during her heavy trials, was her chief solace. Although only twelve years old, yet would he renounce his most favourite sports to sit with her, if he perceived her more than usually sad. I fancy I now behold him as he then was—a fine, noble creature, with the brilliant hue of health mantling his cheek, his sparkling dark eyes expres-

sive of the tenderest affection, as he would gaze on her delicate drooping form; his sedulous attentions to her every wish—his sweet patience, if at times, from sorrow or from ill health she was irritable. Oh, how she adored him, and returned thanks to the Almighty, for the rich blessing he had given to her, to compensate for her griefs. His thrilling laugh seems even now to ring in my ears, while he would recount some amusing story, to beguile her from her melancholy reflections, and how chastened would his spirits instantly become, if he saw that they fatigued her. He gleaned, in return, from the rich stores of her pious mind, much that was valuable, lessons which I fervently hope he may still remember with profit, for his own sake, as well as for hers who is gone.”

“What an amiable picture you have drawn, dear Lady Neville,” said Blanche; “surely a boy of such bright promise must make an estimable man. Was he aware of his father’s faults!”

“He could not be blind to them, my child,” returned Lady Neville, “though, from his mother’s lips he never heard a murmur breathed against him—he had the sense to see that he was completely engrossed by his own selfish pleasures, that he was cold and unkind to his wife, preferring to her society that of the vain—the light—the frivolous—because they flattered him. To the darker page of his immoralities he was of course a stranger. His repeated absences from home, were to the young Algernon, a relief, since in his presence he felt a painful restraint. It was during one of these, that Lady De Melfort died. Your excellent father, dear Blanche, was with her in her last moments, and a most impressive, touching scene it was, when he administered to her the sacred symbols of a Saviour’s dying request. Fully could he sympathize in her tenderest feelings, for he was himself a mourner at the time, having but a short month before lost your dear mother, while you, a helpless child, were only six years old.”

“And how did Algernon bear the death of a parent so valued?” inquired Rosetta, whose sweet face had become gradually more grave, as she continued to listen.

“He was for a long time quite inconsolable,” replied Lady Neville, “and would sit for hours in her favourite room, weeping bitterly, and looking over all the little mementos which recalled her to him. Never was his joyous laugh heard again within the walls of his paternal home. Lord De Melfort immediately obeyed the melancholy summons to return to Woodland Manor, his conscience severely upbraiding him for his conduct towards his amiable wife; but it was in vain that he now lamented the hours he had wasted amidst the haunts of vice and folly, deserting her who had loved him, notwithstanding his faults, with all a woman’s devotion. She was gone forever, and all her virtues and endearing qualities rose up before him until his heart was wrung with agony. In her latest moments, she

had blessed and prayed for him, and the affecting message which she left for him seemed to make an impression which, I fondly hoped, might have proved lasting. But, alas! his evil companions once more rallied round him, treating his apparent reformation with levity, and too glad to escape from himself, he again plunged into dissipation, and put the final stroke to his ruin by marrying, within a year, the woman who had been the chief cause of Lady De Melfort’s unhappiness. Such a union, unblest as it was by the Almighty, proved one of misery. The false blandishments by which this creature had ensnared him, were soon cast aside, and replaced by the most turbulent passions and degrading scenes of violence, while her heartless, selfish extravagance, threatened to ruin him. To his beautiful boy, who despised her, she behaved with the utmost tyranny, this I could not endure in silence, and entreated my noble husband to seek an interview with Lord De Melfort, whose society he had long relinquished, and urge his sending him to school. He kindly did so, and was successful beyond my most sanguine hopes, for Algernon was soon afterwards removed from the contagion of evil example, and placed under the care of a clergyman, with whom he remained until the death of his father, which took place about six years subsequent to that of his Amelia. He left his son sole heir to all his possessions, merely bequeathing to his wife, from whom he had been previously separated, a decent maintenance.”

“I trust, dearest Lady Neville, that he died penitent,” said Blanche, “that the last prayer of his faithful Amelia was heard.”

“That he deeply lamented his sins, my child, I firmly believe,” returned Lady Neville; “more than this I dare not affirm, since his mind, at the close of his life, was so entirely gone, that he continually raved about his departed wife, whose spirit he fancied was forever haunting him, and allowing him no peace. Oh, my children, how dearly purchased are the pleasures of sin, when their end is so full of bitterness. After Lord De Melfort’s demise, the Manor House remained uninhabited, save by a few old domestics, who were retained by their young lord, now eighteen years of age, while he, by the advice of his physicians, proceeded to the south of France for his health which had become delicate. As you are aware, he remained abroad, travelling through various countries, till the present period. Judge then with what feelings—his return must be anticipated by those who knew him only as a child, and who loved his mother. I confess that to myself it will be a meeting full of deep interest.”

“I wonder whether he is handsome,” said Rosetta, after a brief pause, during which she had appeared reflecting—Blanche smiled.

“He would cease to be a hero in your estimation, if he were not, dear Rosetta,” she replied; “but if he only proves a good landlord to his tenantry, and

a true Christian, surely his looks were a minor consideration."

"A fine exterior would be a pleasant addition notwithstanding; my pretty coz, I hate an ugly man."

"Rosetta, my dear girl, speak not thoughtlessly," said Lady Neville, "nor give utterance to sentiments which would long be remembered by others, when you had perhaps forgotten them or changed them entirely," and she laid her hand gently on her daughter's head as she spoke.

"Ah, dearest mamma, I shall never, I fear, arrive so near to perfection as my cousin Blanche," replied Rosetta, "yet rest assured I shall always strive to imitate her, for both our sakes."

"Flatter me not, my Rosetta," said Blanche pressing her hand affectionately, "nothing believe me is so dangerous. When my father has occasionally been complimented for his sermons, he has replied, 'get thee behind me Satan, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those of man; but look out, Rosetta, dear Lady Neville, see, there are the rockets which were to be the signal of Lord De Melfort's entrance into the town; how proudly they ascend on high, then fall in golden showers to the earth; and the church bells chiming in the distance, do they not sweetly harmonize with the serenity of the scene before us; even the cawing of the rooks returning to their homes, seem to welcome him.'" The ladies continued to listen in silence, and as the soft breeze wafted the merry peals towards them, the thoughts of Lady Neville were carried back to the time when she had heard them ringing as joyously for her marriage with one who on earth she would behold no more, and a shade of melancholy overcast her fine expressive face. Blanche in an instant perceived the change, and encircling her waist with her arm, pressed her lips on the still fair cheek of her aunt, who smiled kindly upon her, but spoke not, for at that moment her heart was full. Rosetta in the meantime had bounded down the stairs which led to the lawn, and as she moved with fairy steps over the verdant green, the mother's eye followed her in fond pride.

"Is she not a lovely creature," said Blanche, who was also watching her, "so amiable, so truly artless, so free from all odious vanity."

"She is indeed a dear treasure, my Blanche," replied Lady Neville, "and when a few years have been added to her young life, and she has learnt to estimate more truly the peaceful joys which spring from religion, she will still be more to me than now she is—for there is a mysterious bond which unites us to the children of grace, beyond all that words can express; we feel such a repose in their society, such a confidence in their every action, knowing that it is strictly performed upon principle. Alas, when I behold mothers eager only to educate their daughters for this world—devoting their whole time

and thoughts to showy accomplishments, forgetful of their higher interests, it gives me pain as I reflect for how brief a period so much is sacrificed."

"Rosetta is blessed in a mother like you, my dear aunt," replied Blanche, "as I am in possessing one of the best of fathers. What do I not owe him for the early lessons of piety he inculcated with so much tender solicitude, rendering the hours thus devoted the very happiest of my life; he has such a pleasing way of displaying religion in a cheerful aspect, that to me a walk with him is at all seasons the highest treat I can enjoy."

"He is indeed all excellence, my dear child," said Lady Neville, "and the counterpart of his lamented brother. I earnestly trust that the son of my early friend, Lady De Melfort, may prove as faithful in the performance of his duties; that foreign travel may not have weakened the pious impressions made in his youth, and which at that time rendered him so deeply interesting. Then may my fondest earthly hopes be perhaps realised, in beholding him united to my only child. This was the expressed wish of his mother to me, not once but as often as we met and conversed upon the future."

"Few things are more probable," replied Blanche, "none more natural, so engaging a creature as Rosetta could never be beheld with indifference."

"You speak partially, my dear girl," returned Lady Neville affectionately; "yet have I my fears for Rosetta, increased of late considerably, by a growing partiality; I can perceive she entertains for Captain Sidney Forester, he is a young man calculated to win the regards of one light hearted as herself, but independent of his profession he is all too volatile, too thoughtless, and had he not been particularly recommended to my notice, as the son of Colonel Forester, who was my blessed husband's friend, I certainly should not have encouraged him to my house."

"You must not indulge in uneasy thoughts, dearest aunt," returned Blanche, soothingly. "Rosetta, I am convinced, is too dutiful a daughter to plant a thorn in the breast of such a mother. Come, let us join her on the lawn," and she drew the arm of Lady Neville within hers as she spoke, when they descended the steps together. Rosetta ran towards them, on perceiving their approach, saying with an animated countenance:

"I have just been thinking, dear mamma, that you ought to give a ball in honour of Lord De Melfort's return—would it not be a proper compliment?" Lady Neville smiled and shook her head.

"No, no, Rosetta," she replied, "we must show our joy in a different manner. Lord De Melfort will have too much to engage his attention to care about balls. Shall we stroll up the avenue in the hope of seeing him pass?" A slight shade of disappointment passed over the face of Rosetta at this answer, but she checked it instantly, as she felt the fond pressure of

her mother's arm, who mentally said, "Heaven help me to guard this beloved one from the world's temptations, from the vanities of pleasure, which by slow degrees alienate us from all that is solid and good, and fill our hearts with envious emotions, detraction and unchristian feelings. We cannot serve God and Mammon, or unite what He has forever separated; we must be consistent if we mean to be followers of Christ, in deed and in truth. On reaching the gates our friends paused to admire the magnificent view before them. The park paling of the old Manor House was visible in the distance, but the Mansion itself was entirely shaded by the magnificent trees which adorned it.

"I shall lose all my delightful rambles in the grounds of yonder charming abode, now that the owner has returned," said Blanche, "many a happy hour have I spent with my book beneath the shadow of the limes, or in strolling along the banks of the lake, watching the graceful swans as they glided along its smooth surface."

"How much I should like to behold the meeting between Algernon De Melfort and his faithful retainers," rejoined Lady Neville, whose gaze fixed upon the spot, hallowed as it was by so many fond recollections, to her was full of interest. Mrs. Gibson, the housekeeper, will be in a grand bustle to welcome her lord home; as a child he was her idol, and the favourite theme of her conversation—but who have we here? what a gay troop!" On turning to look, the eyes of Rosetta sparkled with pleasure, and her cheek became richly suffused, as she perceived a party of officers approaching. The foremost of the group was a remarkably handsome young man, whose countenance seemed all animation, on beholding Lady Neville and her companions. His light hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, gave him a particularly youthful appearance, aided by his slight, yet well proportioned figure. There was a degree of hauteur in Lady Neville's manner, as he halted at the gate to address her, of which she was perhaps unconscious—but she had marked the mutual delight expressed in the looks of Rosetta, and of the young man, on their thus unexpectedly meeting, with disapprobation, and she drew her daughter away as she said, after the first salutation; "Do not let us detain you in your ride, Captain Forester; we are merely here in the wish of seeing Lord De Melfort; have you met his carriage?"

"No, we avoided the town purposely," he replied, "Miss Neville, is your curiosity very much excited to behold this star, whose approach is hailed with such manifestations of joy?"

"Mamma is interested in the arrival of Lord De Melfort," returned Rosetta, her eyes falling beneath his searching gaze. "I must therefore participate in the general feeling."

"And are those beautiful flowers intended as an

offering at his coming?" alluding to a bouquet which she had gathered.

"Oh, no, indeed—to me he is a stranger; my gifts are to my friends—will you take them?" and she offered the flowers as she spoke with a heightened colour. Captain Forester received them with a gratified smile, pressing the hand which held them as he did so.

"Good evening, Captain Forester," said Lady Neville coldly bending her head, while her countenance expressed displeasure. "Rosetta, your arm, if you please; Blanche, dearest, your father will be awaiting us." Captain Forester raised his cap and bowed low—but there was a saucy triumph in his eye which seemed to say, "you perceive the influence I possess, old lady—lessen it if you can." To Rosetta he waved his hand, and answered her smile by another equally expressive; he then galloped off to rejoin his companions, while the ladies retraced their steps towards the house.

"Rosetta," said Lady Neville in a serious tone, "is it not natural to strive to please those whom we love?"

"Perfectly so, dear mamma; I hope I always do," replied Rosetta, looking in her mother's face most ingeniously. Lady Neville shook her head as she smiled sadly upon her daughter. She said no more, however, well knowing that where the affections are concerned the utmost circumspection is required; if we offer opposition or detract from the merits of the favoured one, we strengthen their influence while we weaken our own, since we are deemed unjust. She determined, therefore, to be watchful over her young charge, but to unite with that watchfulness the greatest tenderness.

Soon after their return to the house, Mr. Neville, the father of Blanche, called to accompany his daughter home. He was a most amiable and exemplary man, devoted to his ministerial duties, and affectionately attached to Blanche, whose education he had himself superintended with the utmost care, founding it upon the only solid basis, "practical religion." It had been his delightful study to cultivate in her all that might strengthen her mind, and render her a valuable companion, for well he knew the little worth of those lighter accomplishments when unaccompanied by others of a more solid stamp. Blanche amply repaid his paternal solicitude, receiving his instructions with avidity, for naturally she was a gifted being, who possessed a most sweet, amiable disposition, united to a cheerfulness which rarely forsook her; her spirits never exuberant, wearied neither herself nor others, but were serene and calm as a summer's eve. She was indeed formed for home, where her happiness was real and unfeigned, apart from that excitement, falsely so called, which is felt only in a crowd; beautiful as she was, not a trace of vanity could be discerned, while her attire, marked for its elegant simplicity, was in keeping with her

pure tastes. She shunned all display, and though possessing talents eminently superior to those of her young companions, she never sought to obtrude them, unless they were called into notice accidentally. She took an active part in the arrangements of her father's small household, his comfort and happiness being her chief care, next to the duties she performed towards God. She was warmly attached to her aunt, Lady Neville, and to Rosetta, and scarcely a day passed that they did not spend a portion of it together. The parsonage was distant about two miles from the Priory, the name of Lady Neville's charming residence. It was a simple edifice, which owed all its beauty to the exertions of Blanche, who had adorned its brick walls with the luxuriant passion flower, the graceful jessamine, and the ivy, whose slender tendrils clinging around it, hung in rich clusters over the porch, and would even steal into the open casements, these were to the ground in the drawing room, and in a small one adjoining which Blanche termed her closet, and where all her private hours were passed. An air of peaceful happiness pervaded the whole, that accorded well with the characters of its pious inmates. Rosetta would gladly steal from her own more magnificent home to this quiet abode, where, in the society of her excellent uncle, and of her cousin, she reaped many valuable lessons. Since the death of her father, Sir Richard Neville, her mother had mixed very little in society; previous to that sad event Lady Neville had been devoted to the world, and considered a very proud woman. Descended from a high family herself, she was justly vain of the military fame acquired by her gallant husband, and flattered by the attentions which he received at court; but when she lost him, her idol, what a change came over her spirit, how subdued and chastened were her lofty feelings, her pride how humbled, her heart how softened! She retired at once to her present abode, far from the haunts of her former gaiety, where she devoted herself to the education of her only child, and to acts of extensive charity in the neighbourhood; she was intimate with but few, confining the circle of her acquaintance to the friends of her earlier days. This by many was still attributed to pride, therefore Lady Neville was not a general favourite, but those who really knew her appreciated her as possessing a most kind heart, united to great good sense. The vicinity of her brother-in-law, the rector, was to her an immense comfort, since upon all occasions he was her friend and adviser, while in the affection of Blanche, she experienced the blessing of another daughter more suited to her as a companion than her own, for though only eighteen years of age, there was a solidity of character in Blanche, not often met in one so young, but which might be attributed to her entire separation from all frivolous society. Rosetta, naturally lively, would gladly have entered more freely into the gaieties surrounding her; from these she was,

however, wisely excluded, a measure deemed by the votaries of pleasure unnecessary austerity, but Lady Neville having duly weighed the value of both, had discovered that the true path of happiness is the one which guides us to God—and this she chose for her beloved child, at the same time never denying her any innocent relaxation, which might be indulged without injury to her best interests.

A few days subsequent to the arrival of Lord De Melfort, Blanche was sitting in her favourite room by the open casement, reading from a large volume which lay before her. Calm and placid was her beautiful countenance, for every thought of her heart was happy, and attuned to that peace which passeth all understanding, the blessed result of frequent communion with our heavenly Father. Suddenly she was interrupted by the approach of footsteps, when the door opened, and her cousin Rosetta, attired in her riding habit, entered, her long fair ringlets hanging in wild disorder, and her cheek tinged with a roseate hue from the healthful exercise she had been taking. "Ah, dearest Rosetta, I am rejoiced to see you," said Blanche, rising and embracing her. "How is my aunt?"

"She is well, and having received a visit from the peerless Lord De Melfort, has not a wish left ungratified," replied Rosetta, throwing herself into a chair; "pray, congratulate me upon my introduction to this Phoenix, who casts all others into complete shade."

"Is that indeed the case," returned Blanche, smiling; "I am happy to hear you say so."

"I only give you mamma's opinion, and not mine," quickly rejoined Rosetta; "he is by far too exclusive to please me."

"Nay, my cousin, you rouse my curiosity; do pray describe him more intelligibly."

"I cannot, Blanche, he is a perfect enigma; handsome he certainly is, with finely chiselled features, as you would term them—expressive dark eyes, suited to a hero of romance—a commanding mien—and I think the most beautiful smile I ever beheld; but then he is so reserved, so abstracted, that to sit for five minutes alone with him, as I was obliged to do, till mamma joined us, was positively distressing. I thought of a thousand things to say, but each time I looked in his face, my intended speech seemed so silly, that I dared not utter it. The silence at length became so awful, that in desperation I asked him if he were fond of dancing! I could have beat myself the moment afterwards, for he started at the sound of my voice, and turning to look at me, I perceived that his countenance was agitated, and his eyes filled with tears. Thoughts of other days no doubt had been painfully obtruding themselves, and nothing could have been so ill timed as my foolish question."

"He forgave you, no doubt, my sweet cousin,"

returned Blanche, gazing in affectionate admiration on the animated girl.

"Oh, for mamma's sake he was of course very civil, and after they had had their talk, which I thought never would end, he expressed a wish to shew me some fine alabaster figures and vases, which he has brought from Florence. He is just the being you would delight in Blanche, but I confess I felt a constant dread while in his society, lest he should touch some topic upon which he would discover me most profoundly ignorant. Now, I have no such fears when with Sidney Forester, who has sense enough to make him most agreeable without alarming one, by one's own inferiority."

"Ah, Rosetta, my dear, dear cousin, I wish for your sake and for Lady Neville's, Captain Forester had never come to E—," said Blanche, in an earnest tone; "I trust, however, your own good sense and your affection for your excellent parent will keep you from causing her uneasiness."

"Trust nothing to my good sense, dearest Blanche, but all to my affection. Heaven forbid that I should add another sorrow to those my beloved mother has already suffered. But oh, my cousin, it is hard to love or feel indifferent towards an object according to the will of another."

"A well regulated mind would find it not so difficult, dear Rosetta; rest assured there is an inward peace and happiness to be derived from the performance of a duty, which far surpasses any gratification we may have expected in the fulfilment of a desire our conscience approves not. God has so wisely decreed it, that when we have broken down the barrier which his laws have raised to attain some wished for object we are severely punished; the very thing for which we have made the breach, frequently becoming the scourge in His hands to chastise us."

"As in the case of Lord De Melfort's father," retorted Rosetta.

"Yes, dear, and not only in his, but in that of all who selfishly and sinfully trample on the best feelings of a parent, a husband, or a wife, to gratify themselves."

"You are in a grave mood today, my cousin," said Rosetta, smiling.

"Because I have not yet left this dear room, where my happiest hours are passed in sweet converse with Him who never wearies, often as we may call upon him. Oh, dearest Rosetta, seek a true knowledge of God, while in the spring tide of youth, ere the blight comes to mar the blossom—amply will you be recompensed beyond all that the world has to offer you."

"It is my earnest wish, dear Blanche," replied her cousin, touched by the earnestness of her manner; "you render religion so attractive by your consistency, your cheerfulness, and your charity towards the failings of others, that you do indeed

draw me towards it—yet tell me Blanche, how much piety should we need if we strove to please man rather than God—methinks they do not give us much encouragement to seek the pearl of great price."

"Let not this damp our ardour in its pursuit, my Rosetta—could they see the heart of her who is devoid of religion, save in its outward forms, they would discover the hollowness of those apparently amiable qualities they fancy she possesses—the falsehood of those smiles and blandishments which she throws aside with the tinsel dress she has worn amidst her crowd of admirers; and how filled with vain thoughts, self love, envyings and detraction, stands that fair object when the excitement is over, they would start back as from the interior of a dark vault suddenly opened to their view, whose corruptions had hitherto been concealed beneath the white marble sarcophagus, and learn to value the blessings of that renovating power, which can alone purify our fallen nature, and make us the children of grace. Could you gather from the discourse of Lord De Melfort, his sentiments upon this subject?"

"No, he never once alluded to it, or spoke of his mother—nor had his countenance that lackadaisical expression which your good people so often think it necessary to assume; but you shall judge him for yourself, since I am here by mamma's desire, to request you and my uncle will meet him at dinner tomorrow, when he has promised to come to us."

"I think I may venture to say yes, most happily," replied Blanche, who after some further conversation upon various topics, followed her cousin to the door, and watched her as she vaulted on her horse and rode off, attended by Donald Grey, the old and attached servant of Lady Neville. Blanche then tying on her straw bonnet, proceeded to pay her accustomed visits amongst the cottages of her poor neighbours, where she was well known and much beloved.

Rosetta in the mean time pursued her way, and struck into one of those picturesque green lanes so abounding in English scenery, where the hedgerows, redolent with the sweet briar, the hawthorn and the wild rose, resound with the merry notes of the feathered tribe, joyously springing from bough to bough. She felt her spirits rise with the vivifying freshness of the morning air, and as she cantered along, her thoughts were as sunny as the path she traversed. The lane opened on to a wide heath, which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding beautiful country, and of many handsome houses belonging to the gentry—but Woodland Manor stood far within its magnificent park in solitary grandeur—a venerable pile, whose gothic architecture, and long straight avenues of noble trees, spoke of bygone days. Rosetta drew up as she approached it, and gazed in admiration and interest on a spot amongst the grounds of which she had been accustomed to

ramble from her early days. Numberless deer were roving in herds over the park, in happy security, while on the broad clear lake, flowing past the side of the mansion, appeared some beautiful swans, flapping their white wings and dipping their bills in the water, then gliding majestically down the stream.

"Eh, Miss Neville, but yon is a fine house," said Donald Grey, approaching his young lady with the freedom permitted to an old servant; "but it's a pity the laird o' sic a domain should ha' wasted sae mony years in a strange land, and suffered the weeds to spring up in its courts."

"It was not from choice that Lord De Melfort became an absentee," replied Rosetta; "his health required his removal to a more genial climate, and the joy with which his return has been hailed, shows how much he is valued."

"He was a braw lad, when last I saw him," rejoined Donald Grey, "an' dearly my leddy lo'ed him. Weel I should just like to see you his bonny bride—the auld house wud be a glesome place then, to my thinking."

Rosetta started at this abrupt remark, while the colour mounted to her cheek—she immediately moved away at a rapid pace, and turned into another road. As she did so, she suddenly came upon a detachment of the military, who were stationed at E—, and who were this mornig out upon a long march, commanded by Captain Forester. Rosetta, confused and alarmed, paused, for she was so completely hemmed in, that she could not proceed without breaking their ranks. Donald Grey drew near to hold her bridle, for her horse, startled by the music, had become restive; but ere he could do so, Captain Forester rode forward, and caught the animal, which was plunging violently, and held him until the whole had passed.

"Oh, thank you a thousand times," said Rosetta, agitated and abashed; "I had no idea that you ever came this way."

"I am sorry we have alarmed you," he replied, dismounting and gazing in delighted admiration on her beautiful face; "I would willingly accompany you home, but you see how I am engaged."

He then fastened her curb chain, which had become loose, and suggested some improvement to Donald Grey in its arrangement, at which the old man nodded rather sullenly. Forester looked at Rosetta and smiled, then tenderly pressing her hand, he again mounted and galloped off, while she continued to follow him with her eyes until the whole party had disappeared. On reaching home, she repeated to Donald the instructions he had received, requesting they might be attended to.

"Hoot, toot, Miss Neville," he replied impatiently, "your soldier officers fancy that they know every thing, but auld Donald Grey saddled mony a horse while that youngster was in his cradle—he

wudna' be the worse for a curb himsel', I'm thinkin'."

Rosetta knew how useless it would be to argue against the prejudices of the old man, and entered the house without farther parley. She narrated her little adventure to Lady Neville, and dwelt upon the prompt assistance of Captain Forester with such exaggerated eloquence, that the grateful mother was induced to send off a note to request he would join their party on the following day. With what joy the young Rosetta hailed its approach, may be imagined.

Soon it came, when Blanche, simply and tastefully attired, set out at the appointed hour with her father to walk to the Priory. They had allowed themselves a little time to linger by the way, for both, delighting in the beauties of nature, would pause to admire each new feature in the picturesque scenery, as it opened before them in all the varied richness of umbrageous woods, deep glens and cultivated lands. Not a countryman passed without touching his hat respectfully to the minister and his lovely daughter, while Mr. Neville had a kind word for all. Presently a young girl of most prepossessing appearance, and neatly and modestly dressed, was seen approaching; she smiled on meeting Miss Neville, who said:

"Ah, Grace, where are you tripping with that blythe and merry face of yours, which assures me that your grandmother is well?"

"Yes, Miss Blanche, she is well, thank God," replied Grace; "I am now on my way to the town, to purchase a few things which she wants."

"Tell her I will come to see her soon," returned Blanche, as she passed on; "a visit to dame Harman's cottage is always pleasant to me."

Grace curtsied with deep reverence to the good minister, who also spoke to her in friendly terms, and she continued looking after them both, with affection expressed in her eyes, till they were lost to her view by the intervening trees.

Grace Harman was the daughter of one of Lord De Melfort's game-keepers, and one for whom Blanche had long felt an interest, from her affectionate attentions towards her helpless, blind old grandmother. Her beauty and pleasing manners had gained for her many admirers, but her heart could not respond to the clownish attentions of those in her own sphere, from whom she turned with evident distaste. She was warmly attached to Blanche, who had bestowed on her much pains, encouraging her in her dutiful conduct to her aged relation, and leading her young mind to religion, as her best and only safeguard, while journeying through this perilous world.

On arriving at the Priory, Mr. Neville and his daughter were affectionately welcomed, and Blanche immediately ushered by the happy Rosetta to her own room, who, while she arranged her dress, amused her by detailing all that had occurred since

they met the preceding day. They remained conversing until the dinner bell rang, when they descended together to the drawing room. On entering, Blanche perceived her father standing with a gentleman at one of the windows, who she knew at once could be no other than Lord De Melfort, from the description Rosetta had given of him; but how inadequately had her words done justice to a face and form which were superb. Yet it was not these that riveted the gaze of Blanche, but the expression on his countenance, portraying, as it did, high intellect, benevolence and every noble quality. On encountering the soft eyes of Blanche, so intently fixed upon him, he started, then smiled at the rich suffusion which instantly mounted to her cheek, while Mr. Neville came forward and presented her to him—nor could the father's fond pride help being gratified on perceiving the pleased surprise with which she was received. A very few other guests were present, amongst them Captain Sidney Forester, and as Blanche turned to reply to his greeting, the thought swiftly crossed her how soon his reign in the regards of her fair cousin, must give place before so formidable a rival. At the sumptuously spread dinner table, Lord De Melfort sat next to Lady Neville, and from the party being small, his conversation could be generally heard; Blanche listened with delighted attention, for every word he uttered, breathed information without pedantry, keen observation united to great philanthropy—upon each subject discussed, his opinions were given with the decision of a matured judgment, unwarped by prejudice, yet with mildness and suavity. Blanche looked towards Rosetta, and then at Captain Forester—on his countenance appeared a sneer, while his eyes were covertly turned on Lord De Melfort; but this was changed for a smile the most bland, when Rosetta addressing him, he bent low his head to answer her. Frequently did Blanche meet the dark eyes of Lord De Melfort fixed on herself, until she blushed to be thus often caught gazing upon him.

When the party met together again in the drawing room, at a late hour, he approached the open window at which she had stationed herself. The night was a delicious one, the soft air which stole in being impregnated with the fragrant orange blossoms, and various plants on the lawn and in the balcony, while the moon, shedding her pale beams on all below, lent to them an additional charm.

"What a beautiful country England appears to me, after my long estrangement from her shores," he said, as he looked on the scene without; "I have seen much to admire abroad, but nothing to love—our early associations are without doubt the most powerful."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," replied Blanche, "for I have known those who, after an absence of years from the scenes of their childhood, have been chilled with disappointment to find how

insignificant they appeared, compared with what they had once thought."

"I should not choose to have the heart of such," returned Lord De Melfort; "there is much of pain, I grant you, to the exile, who finds on his return the home deserted—the voices he had loved to hear, forever silent—the hearth lone and desolate, where innocent mirth and cheerfulness once had reigned—yet while he laments, he views every spot with redoubled affection, connected as they are in his memory with the dear departed."

As he uttered these words, he leant his forehead against the window, and sank into one of those abstracted moods which Rosetta had remarked. Blanche felt for him, for she knew that he alluded to his own case, and in her soft silvery tones, she said:

"Yet mingled with the pain, is there not strong consolation when we remember where they are gone whose loved forms we miss, and that our separation from them is but for a time?"

Lord De Melfort gazed for a moment with deep earnestness on her beautiful face, ere he replied:—

"Yes, Miss Neville, you say truly; none other could avail in the slightest degree, while with the eye of faith we pierce through the iron bars of the tomb to that bright vista beyond—we can behold as we journey on, the friends we love falling around us without despair, without madness—yet, oh, even with this, how terrible is the trial."

A short pause ensued, when Blanche anxious to rouse him from his melancholy retrospections, observed:—

"How much must you have been gratified with the joy expressed by your people at your return, and to arrive at so favourable a season too, when all things wear their brightest aspect—what a beautiful place is yours."

"I am happy that it is so in your eyes—and I hope you will convince me that you think so, by still wandering amongst its woods and grounds. On my admiring a fine old oak tree in the bosage a few days ago, Eelson told me that I was indebted to you for its still standing there—that you had spared it from the woodman's axe, who, to encourage the growth of some young saplings, would have cut it down."

"You must have thought me very presumptuous for my interference," replied Blanche, blushing deeply; "but it seemed such a cruelty to sacrifice an old friend to make way for the new, that I could not help pleading for its preservation—but I am afraid I was very wrong," she continued with hesitation, "I had no right to—"

"I thank you from my heart," interrupted Lord De Melfort warmly, "without knowing it, you indulged one of my weaknesses, which perhaps I should have been ashamed to do myself—the old tree will be more cherished than ever."

At this moment Rosetta passed the window, hang-

ing on the arm of Captain Forester, who appeared conversing with her in an earnest manner, and as they paused nearly opposite to Blanche, and leant on the balustrade, her face fixed intently on his, Lord De Melfort enquired if she had known him long.

"Only two months," replied Blanche, "he is the son of Colonel Forester, who was formerly in my uncle's regiment; he was introduced to Lady Neville by his father."

"Has he a mother?"

"Yes, but she never resides in England; she is a Greek lady, and cannot bear our climate or our ways—her beauty it was which won the heart of Colonel Forester, who would now, I fancy, take in exchange for this, qualities more suited to the domestic hearth of an English husband. But tell me, do you not think my cousin Rosetta a lovely creature?"

"She is very, very pretty, certainly, and appears perfectly natural; yet a fairer vision has crossed my sight."

"Oh, no, no, I cannot believe it—you have not yet studied her. Rosetta dear, come hither," added Blanche, who knowing the strict notions of propriety entertained by her aunt, wished to draw her away from her private conversation with Captain Forester. Rosetta started and immediately came forward, when Blanche inviting her to the seat next herself, said:—

"You will take cold, love, standing out there; I must act the part of mamma, and forbid your doing so again."

Rosetta understood her real meaning, and smiled, holding up her finger in a warning manner to Captain Forester, who remained without, making signs to her to return to him."

"You have not yet done me the honour to come and see my figures!" said Lord De Melfort to her; "remember I have your promise to do so."

"And I have been looking forward to the fulfilment with great delight, I can assure you," replied Rosetta. "But you must fix the day, as mamma has few engagements."

Lord De Melfort named an early one, and turning to Blanche, extended the invitation to her, which she acknowledged with a smile and an inclination of the head. Lady Neville, then approached to ask for music, when the whole party adjourned to the next room. Mr. Neville, was particularly fond of "The Creation," and Blanche selected one from this. Her voice was a fine tenor, and the exquisite taste and feeling with which she sang, called forth the highest praises, while Rosetta's sweet and soft tones blended in a strain of most delicious harmony. Mr. Neville stood enchanted near them, occasionally patting them on the shoulder by way of encouragement. Or turning to Lord De Melfort, who with folded arms, his eyes riveted on Blanche, listened in perfect silence.

The moment they ceased, Captain Forester stepped forward and asked for a waltz.

"Oh, no, no, strains like those must not be so lightly followed," said Lord De Melfort, eagerly laying his hand on Rosetta's, who would have complied.

"Conceited fop!" muttered Captain Forester, turning on his heel.

The evening closed, Blanche was to remain at the Priory until the following day, and on Lord De Melfort hearing her express to her father some anxiety at his returning alone; he immediately offered him a seat in his carriage, which politeness was amply repaid by her look of thanks, while Mr. Neville drawing her affectionately towards him, replied:—

"I accept your lordship's kind offer, less on my own account than to insure sound slumbers to this silly girl, who would be dreaming of footpads, and a thousand evils, because I had not this stout arm to defend me." And he playfully held up the delicate and beautiful one of Blanche, as he spoke. Lord De Melfort cordially pressed her hand, thus extended towards him, between both his, promising to take the greatest care of her father, and to see him safely within his own door.

Captain Forester was the last to linger, but his horse having been long announced; he now rose to take leave. Lady Neville replied to him politely but coldly—she had marked his assiduous attentions to Rosetta throughout the evening, with evident displeasure, and on retiring to her own department with Blanche, she threw herself into a chair, expressing her regret, that she had been induced to invite him.

"But I did it," said the anxious mother, "that she might contrast him with Lord De Melfort, whose immeasurable superiority she must own; yet how delightedly she appeared to listen to the frothy discourse of the one, scarcely heeding the other, from whose every word she might have gathered something improving."

"He is indeed, a most superior being," replied Blanche, "had he been the plainest man, instead of the very finest I ever saw, with his mind and heart, he could not fail to create an interest, how often while listening to him, I thought of the beautiful child, Algernon, sitting by his sorrowing mother—and once when he laughed its soft, yet joyous sound, seemed to thrill on my heart, even as you described."

"Would to Heaven, that Rosetta beheld him with your eyes, my dear child," returned Lady Neville; "do not give me credit for being worldly minded," she continued, after a short silence; "it is not the position in society, which De Melfort holds, that I covet for my daughter, for were he placed far below it, I should still feel the same towards the son of my early friend, and wish, as that dear saint did, for the union of our children. It has been my hope for years."

"And if it is right, be assured it will be granted to you, my dear aunt," replied Blanche, affectionate-

ly. "Cast all your care upon that God who knows what is good for us, far better than we with our finite wisdom possibly can. My father always tells me, that we are wrong to dwell with too much anxiety on our earthly prosperity, or to be too solicitous about the future, that we should pray more for spiritual blessings, and leave the rest to him who knows our every wish, and will deny us no one thing which we may with safety receive."

"Your father is right, my dear child," said Lady Neville; "and often do I reproach myself, when I find my thoughts dwelling on this world's advantages; perhaps it is a dangerous sophistry, which blinds me when I attempt to excuse myself by saying that it is only for my child I feel thus anxious."

"Fear not to trust her—your dearest treasure—to her Heavenly guide, my aunt," replied the pious Blanche; "He who withheld not his own son for our sakes, will with him, give us all things needful; what can we desire more?"

"What, indeed," repeated Lady Neville, folding her niece in her embrace; now leave me, my love, to profit by your words, and to turn to my bible, for help against pride, and a worldly spirit. These were my besetting sins, until I was bowed down by affliction; they are crushed, but I fear not yet conquered. Good night—God bless you."

"Good night, my dearest aunt," said Blanche, affectionately, returning her embrace; "pride you cannot have since you are not offended at the presumption of your saucy niece, may your best prayers be fully realized."

Ere Blanche sought her own room, she entered Rosetta's, who was sitting in a loose robe before her toilette, while Lumley, Lady Neville's maid, was arranging her hair for the night. "Ah, dear Blanche is that you," she said, turning round; "I wished to see you before you retired to rest—tell me, has not this been a very happy day?"

"I have enjoyed it much," replied Blanche; "the hours seemed to fly; I had no idea it was so late, until I just now looked at my watch."

"And you were not disappointed in Lord De Melfort."

"Disappointed! impossible—imagination could never do him justice."

"Bravo, my pretty cousin," returned Rosetta, smiling at her enthusiasm; "and if I am not much mistaken, your admiration was not thrown away on one coldly insensible—nay, you need not blush so deeply; you surely must have observed how often his dark eyes were turned towards you."

"Hush, hush, Rosetta, do not talk nonsense, it is unworthy of you, dear," replied Blanche. She sat down opposite to Rosetta, and as she continued looking in her sweet face, partly shaded as it was by her golden ringlets, and met her laughing blue eyes, she could not help mentally saying; "she is indeed a lovely creature, who could behold her with

indifference!" Rosetta now drew back her hair which obscured her sight; and as she did so, Blanche perceived on her finger a ring which she had observed on that of Captain Forester during dinner—it was a small turquoise cut in the form of a heart, and set in dead gold. Rosetta looked confused when she saw the attention of her cousin fixed upon it, but Blanche said nothing so long as Lumley remained; on her retiring she questioned her upon it, adding that she was sure Lady Neville would be much displeased were she to know that she had accepted such a gift.

"And for that reason, she shall not see it," replied Rosetta, colouring violently as she drew it off and locked it in a cabinet. Blanche, dear, do not look as terrified as if I had robbed a church; I gave him mine in return, so we are quits."

"Rosetta, my dear cousin, you have acted most imprudently," returned Blanche, in a serious tone; "how can you reconcile doing what you would fear to confess to your own excellent fond mother, and destroy that happy confidence which has hitherto subsisted between you—will you kneel with the same satisfaction to your God this night after such a deception?"

"Oh, Blanche, do not treat so trifling an act with so much gravity," said Rosetta, while the tears sprang to her eyes—"you make me think I have committed a sin."

"Then, show Lady Neville the ring tomorrow, my sweet Rosetta; trifling as it may appear to you, the first step in deceiving those who we are bound by every holy tie to love and reverence should be carefully avoided; it is the commencement of a chain of miseries which will eventually coil around ourselves, leaving nothing but remorse and unavailing regret. Think of what I have said, I beseech you, and let me hear your determination tomorrow."

"Oh, no no, Blanche, I cannot own my weakness to mamma; I know her well—were she to know of my accepting a gift from Forester, she would forbid his ever coming hither again—and this I could not bear. Blanche, he is very, very dear to me." And Rosetta now burst into a flood of tears, covering her face with both hands. Blanche felt much distressed—she soothed and reasoned, till feeling how useless it would be to say more in her present excited state of feelings, she left her after affectionately commending her to the care of Heaven.

Blanche lay awake many hours after she had retired to her couch, ruminating on the events of the past day. Rosetta filled her with uneasy thoughts; she felt that the happiness of her whole future life was now involved, and earnestly did she offer up her devout petitions that the Almighty would in all things guide her. A distant clock had chimed the hour of midnight long before she sank into a deep sleep, from which she did not awaken, until the sun was shining into her windows, and told of another day.

Several weeks now passed, during which much had occurred to interest as well as to call forth the anxiety of Blanche for those she loved. Since the night which has been recorded, Rosetta had become unaccountably reserved towards her, and instead of that delightful confidence which formerly made her reveal every feeling of her heart to her cousin; she seemed fearful of being left alone with her, while frequently her confused and abstracted manner indicated a mind ill at ease. Blanche strove with the affection of a sister to induce her, to confess all that was evidently weighing on her spirits—but in this, she was unsuccessful; Rosetta would weep, but remain inflexibly silent. The ring, at her earnest entreaty, had been shown to Lady Neville, and, as Rosetta expected, returned to Captain Forester, who had not since appeared at the Priory. Her mother very sensibly abstained from expressing the anger she felt on the occasion, knowing that it would have destroyed all further confidence; indeed she redoubled her kindness to her daughter, in the hope that her girlish attachment would yield before her sense of duty, particularly as she was excluded from all intercourse with its object.

Lord De Melfort continued to be a constant guest at Lady Neville's, and if in her first interview Blanche had been pleased with him, how much was her regard increased on a further acquaintance, when his cultivated mind and excellence of heart became more known to her, while the admiration he from the first moment evinced for her, seemed to expand into warmer feelings each time that they met—but Blanche possessed so little vanity that she never for an instant deemed it possible, that in the presence of her attractive cousin, whose worldly advantages were so superior to her own, that she could be preferred—what then was her surprise, when her eyes were gradually opened to the truth—that although Lord De Melfort admired Rosetta, and seemed to take a brother's interest in her, yet he treated her rather as a child, while towards Blanche his attentions were unremitting and even tender. From the moment she discovered this, and that he really was in earnest, she determined on the course she was to pursue.

She was sitting one morning in her little boudoir at the Parsonage—her book lay open before her, but her eyes, though fixed upon it, seemed unconscious of its contents; her elbow rested on the table, and her beautiful face, in which deep thought was expressed, she had partly shaded with her hand; the scene without looked serene and smiling as ever, and save the low hum of the bee as it lighted on each fragrant blossom to gather honey for its hive—and the cooing of her pet doves, not a sound was heard to break the stillness which reigned around her. At length, her meditations, whether pleasant or painful, were disturbed by the entrance of her atten-

dant, Newton, the faithful and attached nurse of her childhood, with a bouquet of choice flowers in her hand, which she held up delightedly, as she said; "see what a present I have got for you this morning, who brought these, think you?" Blanche started, and with heightened colour enquired if any one had called.

"Yes, surely," replied Newton. "Lord De Melfort has been here, and he looked so disappointed when I told him you were engaged—he desired me to give you these flowers from him."

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Blanche, as she received them, and hid her blushing face amongst their scented leaves; "do, dear Newton, bring me water that I may arrange them immediately."

Newton promptly obeyed, and while she filled the vase destined to contain them, she said:

"La, Miss Blanche, what a charming gentleman Lord De Melfort is; I declare I could hardly keep my hands off him, he spoke so pleasant and condescending, and smiled so sweetly; I wish you would not refuse to see him so often."

"Thank you, Newton, that will do—I can finish them myself," returned Blanche, evading the remark; but Newton would not at first take the hint for she dearly loved to talk, till the determined silence of her young lady, making her despair of being able to draw her into a conversation, she withdrew, leaving Blanche to the luxury of her pleasing employment, and her own thoughts.

Long and earnestly did she gaze upon the flowers, ere she carefully separated and placed them in the vase.

"How kind, how thoughtful to bring them," she murmured, as she proceeded in her occupation; "and must I ever appear cold and insensible to the attentions of one so formed to be admired, nay loved—it seems hard, but it is a sacrifice to duty, and that reflection must reconcile me. Oh, my dear aunt, often have I wished of late, that you had not confided to me the secret wishes of your heart, but having done so, can I prove the barrier between them; I should hate myself were I capable of such ingratitude. It is true, that the affections of Rosetta are given to another, and that Lord De Melfort has, perhaps, not viewed her with our partial eyes—yet, still these reasons would not exonerate me in my own opinion, were I to give encouragement in the slightest degree to his most flattering attentions; no, I will steadily pursue the path I have marked out for myself, praying for resolution to adhere to it—he will not long care for a cold unloving being—here she sighed, and placing the last flower into her bosom, she repeated with a sad smile; "yes, cold and unloving, so am I thought—well be it so; if it proves the means of saving Rosetta, and of happiness to her fond mother, shall I not be recompensed?"

Poor Blanche, your motives for such unexampled

disinterestedness are pure and good ; but as yet, you are not aware of the magnitude of the sacrifice you are about to make, or the strength of those feelings which have been so recently called into existence within your breast.

When her morning avocations were completed, and after having paid her accustomed visit to her father's study. Blanche sallied forth to seek those in the neighbourhood, who most needed her help and consideration—the abodes of poverty, disease, and squalid misery, were her first care, and many a pillow she smoothed—many a sorrowing heart she comforted, ere she bent her steps towards the cottage of Harman the game-keeper, to visit the blind grandmother of Grace.

It stood on the borders of the wood which formed a part of Lord De Melfort's estate—and the walk to it was picturesque and romantic in the extreme. Blanche paused as she reached the bosage, where stood the noble oak tree, from whence various openings in the wood permitted a view of the richly cultivated country beyond—its vallies adorned with the golden furze blossoms—its distant hills rising in proud majesty ; to her surprise, she now beheld a rustic seat surrounding its massive trunk. She could not fail being struck by this little circumstance, and when she again proceeded, it was with slower and less buoyant steps. The cottage of the game-keeper was a low thatched edifice, with a rural porch in front, where he would be seen sitting of an evening with his pipe and foaming tankard ; a palisade surrounded it, which protected the little flower garden from the yard attached to the cottage, and from whence the baying of many dogs greeted the ears of Blanche as she reached the wicket gate. One old setter knew her, and came bounding joyously to meet her. She warmly received his rough salutation, and then approached the door, over which hung a large cage containing a chattering magpie ; “ Is Dame Harman within ? ” she enquired of the little girl who admitted her.

“ Yes, Miss, but Grace is absent.” She unclosed the door of the neat sitting room as she spoke, and announced Miss Neville in a loud tone to the old dame, who, sitting in her high backed chair, mechanically turned her sightless eyes towards her as she drew near ; the furrows of age were strongly marked in her face, while the grey hair smoothly combed beneath a snow white muslin cap, added to her venerable appearance. Peace and serenity were delineated in her whole deportment—as if life and all its cares were now swallowed up in the anticipation of a glorious eternity in a brighter world. Her spinning wheel stood before her, and on a table by her side lay a large old Bible with a green baize cover ; her favourite cat sat purring at her feet, while on the window sill were ranged her flowers in pots, comprising the stock, the yellow cowslip and the fragrant mignonette—all the paraphernalia of the

game-keeper ; such as fowling pieces, pouches, traps and gins, decorated every corner of the room, on the walls of which were to be seen, sundry Scripture pieces, in black frames ; the school girl's sampler, on which were traced Adam and Eve on either side of the forbidden tree—a large apple in the woman's hand denoting who was the first tempter—and a few choice ballads, containing Chevy Chase, the Babes in the Wood, and Beth Gelert—nor may we omit the corner cupboard with its various specimens of old china, as completing the interior of an English cottage.

“ Is that my dear Miss Neville,” said the old dame, as Blanche took her withered hand in hers ; “ it ever does my heart good to hear the tones of her sweet voice.”

“ I have been reproaching myself that I have allowed so long a time to pass without seeing you, dame,” replied Blanche, “ but I have been much occupied of late—how is Grace—Janet tells me she is not at home.”

“ No, my dear young lady—she is gone up to the mill, with a message from her father. Oh, Miss Blanche, what does she not owe you for all your kind instructions. Morning and evening are our humble prayers offered up for you and the good minister, who brought the message of salvation to bless our hearth, and turned our night into day.”

“ Return thanks to God, dear Mrs. Harman, that He crowned our efforts with success—to Him be the praise alone,” replied Blanche, deeply gratified.

“ Yes, my sweet lady, you say truly—yet, when I think on past times, and the years that were lost in ignorance, till our minister came amongst us ; can we be too grateful for all the pains he took to lead us into the fold of the true Shepherd.”

“ It is the joy of my father's life to preach the gospel, and convey the glad tidings of a Saviour's mercy to poor sinners,” said Blanche ; “ he has often expressed the wish, that he might yield up his latest breath in the service of his Divine master.”

“ He is indeed, all goodness,” returned the dame, “ and so kindly adapts his language to the poor and unlearned—addressing himself to their hearts—that a sermon or discourse from him must ever prove beneficial—but would it be trespassing too much on your time, to ask you to read one chapter to me, Miss Blanche ? ” continued the Dame. “ Grace was not able to do so before she went, and Ralph has more to do now that my young Lord has returned—aye, there is another blessing sent to us in him—so condescending and affable—so thoughtful for the happiness of all around him—they tell me he is beautiful ; I shall never see him—yet to enjoy the protection of such a master, demands my gratitude.”

“ What chapter would you wish me to read to you ? ” asked Blanche, with a heightened colour, as she turned over the leaves of the old Bible ; “ choose from any part you like, and while I listen,

I will praise my Saviour, that although it has pleased Him to close the light of Heaven, and all fair things from these rayless eyes, yet, He has not bound up my spirit in darkness—when I shall have passed the valley of the shadow of death, and the gates of the celestial city are open to receive me, I shall behold Him face to face, amidst those endless joys which He has prepared for all who love him."

Blanche was affected by the fervent happy piety, expressed in these words of the old woman, and sitting down on a low stool before her, and taking the Bible on her knee, she turned to the story of blind Bartemeus, which she read in a clear and distinct voice; the dame bending low her head, in order not to lose a word, as she was, in addition to the one calamity, very deaf.

While they were thus employed, the pattering of rain was suddenly heard against the window, succeeded by the hurried approach of footsteps; in the next instant the door opened, and Lord De Melfort, attended by the game-keeper, entered.

"I have come with your permission to take shelter from the shower, dame," he said; "but I fear I am disturbing you, your pretty grand-daughter is reading to you." And he laid his hand on the head of Blanche, whose back was turned towards him—she looked round.

"Miss Neville, I beg your pardon," and his fine face flushed to crimson, while she rose in some confusion.

"Miss Neville is no stranger in the poor man's cottage, my lord," said the dame, attempting to rise, but he would not suffer her; "hers are the feet that bring tidings of great joy to the aged and the afflicted."

"Is that the case?" returned Lord De Melfort, in a low tone to Blanche, and pressing her hand—she turned away from his admiring gaze, and approached the window; at the same time tying on her bonnet, she observed:

"The cloud will soon pass over, the sun is even now trying to disperse it—I must hasten on my way."

"Surely not till the rain ceases, when, perhaps you will allow me to be your escort," replied Lord De Melfort, drawing near her.

"Oh, no, indeed—on no account would I permit you to take that trouble; I prefer much to walk alone," replied Blanche, in the coldest manner she could assume. He looked at her for a moment in surprise, and seemed hurt and offended, for he slightly drew himself up, while a shade of hauteur passed over his face; he turned from her to examine the pictures on the walls, whistling while he did so, some favourite Italian air, as he moved round the room with folded arms. At length he started, and walking towards the door said:

"Harman, I shall not require you again today,

should you miss any more of the deer, you can acquaint me; you had better keep a good look out, but remember I positively forbid any traps being set."

"Your orders shall be attended to, my Lord," replied Harman, respectfully unclosing the door for him; but your lordship had better wait till the shower is over, it is still raining fast."

"It is nothing," returned Lord De Melfort, passing into the porch and looking up at the weather—"good morning, Dame—Miss Neville, good morning—and he walked away with rapid steps, while the heart of Blanche smote her as her eyes followed him, for her ungracious manner and rudeness it was which had driven him out into the rain—she had not even thanked him for his flowers—what must he think of her; "surely what I wish," she said bitterly to herself—is not my aim gratified.

She waited in the cottage until the weather had quite cleared up, when promising, at the earnest entreaty of the good dame, to visit her soon again, she departed and retraced her steps homeward—once more was the sun shining brightly as she emerged from the wood, while the trees and shrubs, sweet with the refreshing moisture, glittered like gems in its glorious beams. The winds were hushed and the merry birds mounting into mid air, sent forth their joyous thanksgiving for the change. All nature smiled around her, yet the heart of Blanche responded not; a sad expression had overcast her beautiful and expressive face, her eyes were cast towards the ground, and her hands listlessly clasped together as she moved slowly along. On entering the parsonage she found Mr. Neville absent on some of his parochial duties, and she gladly turned to the solitude of her quiet room, there to commune with her own heart, and to learn her how far she was justified in the course she had adopted; how far right in disguising her real sentiments, and appearing in a character the very opposite to her own.

"Should he continue to show me the same preference he has hitherto done," she mentally said, "I feel that I cannot long appear insensible to the merits of such a being; but if he turns from me with the evident distaste he exhibited today, I may then have the strength to persevere. My dear and excellent parent has always warned me against deception—Truth, he says, is of so holy a nature, that we dare not sully its purity by the slightest evasion, or deviate from the straight line in which it takes its course, (even with the idea of doing good,) without danger to ourselves, and offending God—and am I not wandering from this golden rule when I pretend to be what in reality I am not; I must reflect more deeply on this, and lay all my thoughts open in prayer to my Heavenly Father. His counsels shall instruct me, His word be my unerring guide; then shall I be safe and once more happy.

(To be continued in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE WAVES THAT GIRT MY NATIVE ISLE.

A BALLAD—BY MRS. MOODIE.

The waves that girt my native isle,
The parting sun-beams tinged with red;
And far to sea-ward many a mile
A line of dazzling glory shed.
But oh, upon that glowing track,
No glance my aching eyeballs throw,
As I my little bark steer'd back,
To bid my love a last adieu.

Upon the shores of that lone bay,
With folded arms the maiden stood,
And watched the white sails wing their way,
Across the gently heaving flood.
The summer breeze her raven hair
Swept lightly from her snowy brow,
And there she stood—as pale and fair,
As the white foam that kiss'd my prow.

My throbbing heart, with grief swell'd high,
A heavy tale was mine to tell;—
For once, I shunn'd the beautiful eye,
Whose glance on mine so fondly fell.
My hopeless message soon was sped,
My father's voice my suit denied,
And I had promised not to wed,
Against his wish, my island bride,

She did not weep—though her pale face,
The stain of recent sorrow wore;
But, with a melancholy grace,
She waved my shallop from the shore:
She did not weep—but oh, that smile,
Was sadder than the briny tear,
That glisten'd on my cheek the while,
I bade adieu to one so dear.

She did not speak—no accents fell,
From lips that breathed the balm of May,
In broken words I strove to tell,
All that my bursting heart would say.
She did not speak—but to mine eyes,
She raised the deep light of her own,
As breaks the sun through cloudy skies,
My spirit caught a higher tone.

“Dear girl!—I cried—“we ne'er will part,
My haughty father's wrath I'll brave;
Wealth shall not tear thee from my heart—
Fly! fly! with me across the wave!”
My hand convulsively she press'd,
Her tears were mingling fast with mine,
And sinking trembling on my breast;
She murmur'd forth—“For ever thine!”
Belleville.

(ORIGINAL.)

OUR FAIR MOUNTAIN-LAKE.

DEDICATED TO MISS C. J. P.—BY D. V.

In the bosom of the Switzer's land,
In Alphon's sea-girt isle,
Fair glassy streams reflect the sky,
And sunny heavens smile.
When his course is run, the golden sun
Bathes earth in crimson light,
And the evening star, from her pearly car,
Smiles o'er the brow of night.
But morning finds no lake more blue;—
And Twilight robes no softer hue,
The angels have no brighter view,
Than our fair mountain-lake?

Go, roam by Como's velvet bank
Where her infant-surges moan,
And ride the waves of Lake Lemano,
And hear old Chillon groan!—
But though your eye can well descry
The spots which poets praise;—
Yet still your heart is loth to part
With charms of youthful days.
While azure mountains still surround
Its swelling bosom all around,
A lovelier scene can ne'er be found,
Than “our fair mountain-lake.”

March 12, 1840.

Sympathy constitutes friendship; but in love there is a sort of antipathy, or opposing passion. Each strives to be the other, and both together make up one whole.

If you wish to give consequence to your inferiors, answer their attacks. Michael Angelo, advised to resent the insolence of some obscure upstart, who was pushing forward to notice by declaring himself his rival, answered—“Chi combatte con dappochi, non vince a nulla:” who contests with the base, loses with all!

Know that nothing is trifling in the hand of genius, and that importance itself becomes a bauble in that of mediocrity;—the shepherd's staff of Paris would have been an engine of death in the grasp of Achilles; the ash of Pelcus could only have dropped from the effeminate fingers of the curled archer.

Nothing appears to be so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense to them. The fear of being thought vulgar is the moral hydrophobia of the day; our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.

(ORIGINAL)

THE HUGUENOTS.

BY E. L. C.

Heart of mine,
A human idol was within thy shrine !
And or it thou wert stricken.

REV. G. CROLY.

It is well known to those familiar with the early history of America, that the site on which the beautiful city of Philadelphia now stands, was once an Indian village, bearing the not unharmonious name of Coaquannock. Yet long before the foot of the illustrious Penn, pressed its soil, the poor native had left the wooded banks of those confluent streams, beside whose blue waters, his humble wigwam had for centuries remained unmolested by the daring hands of foreign rapacity and ambition. The tide of European innovation was fast flowing in upon him, and he retreated step by step from the approach of adventurers, who, attracted by the beauty and fertility of the country, were every year extending their territory, and driving farther and farther from their birth-right, the hunted children of the soil. Thus, when William Penn, with his band of brave and bold hearts, arrived at the land of his adoption, he found this lovely spot, selected for the erection of his city, already tenanted by a mixed population, gathered from distant quarters of the globe, and presenting a strange diversity of exterior, of language and of habit. The daring Finlander, the calculating Swede, the phlegmatic Hollander, had here found a home. France, Switzerland, and Spain, were likewise represented in this western El Dorada, and each, still preserving with religious care the manners and costumes of their respective countries, the little settlement presented a singular, and most incongruous aspect to the observing eye.

As it was the object of the peace-loving Penn to establish his colony on the basis of harmony and good fellowship, he did not altogether fancy the heterogeneous mixture which he found located at Coaquannock. It was his wish to promote permanent peace, to enlarge the British Empire, to lend new facilities to trade and commerce, to extend Christianity in its most simple and benevolent form, and above all, to subjugate the savages, not by menaces and bloodshed, but by the influence of "just and gentle manners, to the love of civil society." In furtherance of these designs, he laid

claim to the land, taking possession in the name, and by the authority of his sovereign.—and when a party of Swedes ventured to contest his right, he met them, not with threats, but soothed them with amicable words and friendly overtures—proffering them in exchange for the spot of his selection, a larger quantity of rich land at no great distance, which they willingly received, leaving him unmolested, to commence the erection, which he immediately did, of the fair city, which now bears the name of Philadelphia, and owes to him its existence.

The motives of those who followed William Penn to the shores of the new world, were mixed and various as their histories. There were some, it is true, who fleeing from the flames of persecution at home, came thither for conscience sake alone—but it is not to be supposed, that among so motley a crowd the incentives of all were of a pure and spiritual nature. Some there were, who came merely from the love of change, the daring spirit of adventure, or the eager thirst for novelty, by which so many individuals are characterised—and others again, followed their upright and unselfish leader, in the hope to mend their broken fortunes in another hemisphere, or there, perhaps to carve out for themselves a more brilliant destiny than awaited them in the land of their nativity—and still a smaller and more hapless number, joined the adventurous band, almost without aim or object of any kind. Disappointed in their expectations, wounded by private wrongs, or mortified by public neglect, they longed only to flee from the scenes that had witnessed their sorrows and humiliations, regardless whither they went, and reckless of the good or evil that awaited them, in the unknown regions which they sought.

Among this latter class, came the hero of our tale, a youth of gifted mind, of winning manners, manly and graceful, and the possessor of personal beauty, which only the olive hue of his cheek, and the somewhat haughty curve of his finely chiselled mouth, redeemed from the reproach of feminine.

Reginald Hazlehurst was the younger son of an ancient family in the North of England, and, as such, heir only to a small patrimony,—the hereditary estates being entailed upon the eldest son. But the want of fortune, Reginald could have borne without a murmur, had he not also been denied the richer boon of paternal and brotherly affection, for which his warm and feeling heart sighed in vain. His father, Sir William Hazlehurst, had been a peculiar and very selfish man, and during his life, all the love which he was capable of cherishing for any object, had been lavished upon the son of a first marriage, who was to perpetuate his name and title, and to inherit the estates of his ancestors. It was the pride of the baronet, rather than any more generous sentiment, that led him to grant unlimited privileges and indulgences to this spoiled child of his hopes, while Reginald, the offspring of a later union, became an outcast from his heart. His mother had died in giving him life, and he was thenceforth consigned to the care of hirelings till the age of eight years, when his tutor, a clergyman of the established church, and a man in all respects worthy to be loved and honoured, married, and obtained permission to finish the education of his little pupil beneath his own roof, and henceforth Reginald became an inmate of the pretty vicarage, which was to him a pleasant and a happy home. Nor was it till he grew old enough to feel his father's indifference, and the absence of all affection, which marked his brother's bearing towards him, that anything occurred to disturb his tranquillity. But then, the sense of alienation from those who should have cherished him, was sufficient to embitter the sweet fountain of his youthful happiness, and when he saw his father descend to the grave with unaltered feelings, and his brother, who was many years his senior, still treat him with coldness and utter disregard, a gloom stole over his spirits, his health declined, and he was apparently sinking beneath the dejection arising from the mortified and wounded affections of his nature. An attachment, which at this period he formed for a young and very beautiful girl, restored him once again to the hopes and enjoyments of life. But after several months of the most confidential and endearing intercourse, Reginald accidentally discovered that his wealthy and titled brother had actually made overtures of marriage to the object of his love—yet even then he did not doubt her truth—not a thought crossed his mind that she, so true and guileless, could betray him, he dreamed not of it, till one evening he surprised her *tête à tête* with this perfidious brother—he saw a jewel glitter in her hand which she had received from him; he read in that face, which he had thought so beautiful, the marks of guilt and shame, as she vainly strove to hide the costly token of her falsehood, and casting on her one withering look of scorn, he turned and fled, never to behold her more. A week from this time he saw the

announcement of her marriage with the heir of Hazlehurst, and in the excitement and bitter agony of the hour, he bade, as he thought, an eternal farewell to his country, and embarked for America in the same vessel that brought the adventurous Penn and his band of followers to its shores.

He scarcely asked himself whither he was going, or wherefore—he felt only a desire of change, an earnest longing to quit those scenes which had witnessed his vain yearnings for withheld affection, his disappointed hopes, his injuries, his chagrin, and mortification. Several months had now passed away, since he first stood upon the soil of the new world, yet Reginald had formed no definite project for the present or the future—he wandered listlessly through the solitudes that surrounded him, or lay hour after hour stretched upon the turf in some wooded and sequestered spot, recalling the painful past, and bursting forth, when his feelings became too strong for control, into passionate addresses to his dog, the mute and faithful attendant upon his wanderings. William Penn had in vain solicited him to lend his energies to the advancement of the infant colony, he had sought to tempt him by the offer of lucrative employment, the prospect of future honour, and present usefulness—but the uniform answer of Reginald was—

“Not now—not now—leave me for awhile to myself—I have suffered from men, and the wounds they have inflicted must be healed before I can mix again with my kind. Leave me to commune with God and nature, and when I am once more at peace with myself, I will come to you in the strength and energy of a well man, and devote to your cause all the faculties of my being.”

The humane and excellent Penn was aware that it would be like reasoning with a sick and humoured child, to combat the querulousness of a mind so totally diseased—he therefore ceased to urge the unhappy young man farther, but neglected no opportunity to infuse the balm of kindness and judicious counsel into the wounded heart of the sufferer.

Towards the close of one sultry and wearisome day, as the young exile stood alone beneath the lofty and primeval pines which then adorned the banks of the Delaware, and sent his gaze over the broad river, and along the dense masses of forest that darkened the shores far as the eye could reach, he fell into a softened train of musing, and lovely pictures of his island home, contrasted with the scene which spread before him, arose to his imagination. The vine-covered parsonage which had been the home of his childhood and youth, when banished from the more splendid abode of his fathers stood forth in lovely relief, and invested with the vivid colouring of reality. He saw again its velvet lawn, dotted with flowering shrubs, and bounded by the translucent lake, whose pebbly bed he seemed even now to gaze upon, and beheld again the revered

form of that excellent pastor, who, when nearer friends regarded him not, had trained him to virtue, and been to him all that a fond father could have been. These, and every tender image connected with them, passed in review before him, and came with such subduing power upon his mind, that he sank upon the turf and burst into a passion of tears. It was however but the indulgence of a moment—the mute caresses of his dog, crouching beside him, and watching with an eye of almost human intelligence, the changes of his countenance, recalled him to recollection.

“Yes, my faithful Hector,” he said, patting the huge head of the animal, and speaking as if to a rational companion; “it is of that good old man, that true and kind friend, I think; and his voice would now be almost the only one to welcome us to the home we have left. But this is a fair and beautiful land, with its broad rivers, its mountains that pierce the heavens, and its boundless forests full of mysterious sounds, and peopled with strange and unknown forms. Let us make our home here—we will share it together, and as thou art to me the most faithful and constant of friends, so will I ever be to thee, the kindest and most indulgent of masters.”

The dog looked stedfastly, with his expressive eyes, into the young man's face, and when he had ceased speaking, leaped up to his neck, and thrust his shaggy head into his bosom, with a low and joyous bark, as though he understood, and wished to ratify the compact, into which they were entering. Reginald returned his mute caresses, and then springing to his feet, forcibly repressed the tide of thought that was again flowing in upon his mind. Once more he cast his eye around, with a resolution to enjoy the beauty of the scene. The sun was low in the horizon, lighting up the west with glory, and casting a thousand refulgent hues upon the broad bosom of the Delaware—the tops of the lofty forest trees were gently swayed by the evening breeze, that wafted from their green recesses the odours of innumerable unknown plants; and the songs of myriads of birds, that there dwelt unmolested, came forth in full chorus from their deep untrodden solitudes. Behind him, lay the infant city of Philadelphia, the blue smoke from its lowly dwellings curling upward in fantastic wreaths—and not far distant, seen through an opening vista of the forest, rose the tower of the little Swedish church at Wicocoo, a lovely object, which spoke of heaven and civilization, in the very presence of savage and untamed nature.

Reginald gazed for a few moments with a feeling somewhat akin to pleasure, upon the quiet scene, teeming with life and hope, and embracing, as he even then thought, the germ of a future empire. Suddenly, however, he was startled by the sound of voices, and an instant after, he discovered through

the trees, two figures slowly approaching. An involuntary impulse to escape the threatened intrusion possessed him, and he looked round to determine in what direction he had best make his retreat. Espying a small canoe fastened to a sapling, which shot forth at the foot of the bank, he sprang down and leaped into it, followed by Hector, who bounded in after him with such impetuosity, as nearly to submerge the frail and unsteady vessel. An Indian boy lay sleeping in it, whom he roused, and by the promise of reward, induced to take the paddles. Quickly were its moorings cut, and Reginald felt himself floating over the waters, and rapidly receding from the spot on which he had stood a minute before. It was now occupied by the two persons whom he had so eagerly sought to avoid, and when in one of them he recognized the familiar features of William Penn, he felt almost ashamed of his capricious conduct, towards one whose heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness, and whose demeanour towards himself had ever been that of a father and a friend. As Penn seemed intently observing his movements, he rose, and doffing his hat, waved it towards him with a courteous gesture, which was immediately acknowledged by a similar signal—soon after which a bend in the river hid him from the voyager's view.

Reginald experienced a sudden sensation of relief when he found himself actually beyond all danger of intrusion, and casting himself down upon the bottom of the canoe, he left it to the guidance of the Indian boy, who, as he plied the oars, sung in no unmusical tones, one of the wild and thrilling chants of his country. Thus, as he glided with noiseless speed over the smooth and glassy wave, his fevered brow cooled by a soft breeze that wafted to his senses, odours sweet as those which greet the mariner's approach to the spicy islands of the east, he watched the glowing tints of twilight fade to a saffron hue, and these again change to a tender violet, while the zenith deepened to a cerulean blue, on which the brilliant constellations of our hemisphere were beginning to appear, in all their glorious and effulgent beauty. Soothed by the unbroken solitude of nature, lulled by the monotonous chant of the boy, mingling as it did in sweet accordance with the ripple of the waves, Reginald lay gazing into the blue depths of ether, till sleep stole unawares upon him, and with her magic fetters chained him in profound repose.

How long he slept he knew not, but he was awakened by the deep and angry growl of Hector. He started up, and the growl changed to a loud fierce bark, while the dog, standing almost upon his hinder legs, strained his gaze after a small dark object in the water, that was rapidly receding from the boat towards, the wooded shore opposite. A new light burst in upon Reginald—the Indian boy was gone—he had seen a storm gathering, and with

the treachery of his race, had taken advantage of Reginald's unconscious state, to quit his post and escape to the hidden retreats of his native forests. In vain Reginald raised his voice, and entreated him to return—a wild laugh that mingled frightfully with the blasts of the rising tempest, alone answered his appeal, and finding that all aid from that quarter was hopeless, the young man seized the oars and endeavoured to steady the frail canoe against the fitful gusts that each moment increased in violence, and threatened to upset it. But the darkness, except when vivid flashes of lightning broke athwart the piled up masses of clouds, that blackened the heavens, was intense, and unacquainted with the course of the river, ignorant of its dangers, and fearing to approach the shore, he felt that his situation was indeed perilous, that he was at the mercy of the winds and waves, and bitterly did he regret the indulgence of that morbid and unhealthy feeling which had precipitated him into a situation so appalling. He had believed that the love of life was extinct in his heart, but with the consciousness of danger, it returned with all its native tenacity. He cast around an agonizing glance for aid, but none was near, and the frail bark, unmindful of his guidance, was driving like a withered leaf before the blast.

At that instant a tremendous crash seemed to rend the very heavens—the forked lightning darted from cloud to cloud, and then a sudden blaze lighted the dark shores, and threw a lurid glare over the tempestuous waters. The electric fluid had rent the trunk of a gigantic oak, and was consuming the moss-grown branches, and spreading far and wide its desolating flames among those mighty sons of the forest, which had defied the storms of a thousand years. In a situation of safety, Reginald would have enjoyed the spectacle around him, for it was one of unequalled grandeur and sublimity. The wild and unnatural aspect of the heavens, in the midst of which the moon appeared at intervals, like a pale vessel driven before the tempest, and struggling with the billowy clouds that obstructed her course—the sheeted lightning, one instant wrapping every object in apparent flame, the next, quivering in points of fire over the dense masses of forest, and in its fearful explosion, reverberating from unseen rocks and caves, with long and continuous peals—the appalling roar of the waters—the hollow moaning of the wind, driving before it uprooted trees, and fanning the devastating flames which were consuming the ancient forests, and rousing from their lair, with terrific roarings, the beasts of prey, and the birds that sheltered in their solitudes—formed a scene to shake the firmest heart, and daunt the courage of the boldest.

What then must have been the emotions of the lonely voyager, who, aware that he was environed by perils, yet remained in perfect ignorance of their

extent and magnitude, and hoping to escape them, vainly strove to steer his bark in safety to the distant and unknown shores. One slender oar, not formed to ply amid such stormy billows, had already snapped in his grasp, and with the other he endeavoured, to steady the course of the little vessel, whose buoyancy alone, had thus long saved it from destruction. Painfully alive to all the horrors that surrounded him, Reginald still remained calm and self-possessed, exerting himself to the utmost for his preservation, yet humbly resigned to his fate, leaving the event, whatever it might be, to the will of that over-ruling Providence in whom he placed his trust. Hector all this time lay motionless in the bottom of the boat—it seemed as if he was instinctively aware that any movement would peril their safety. Occasionally he uttered a low and piteous whine, or slightly wagged his tail, when once or twice addressed by his master in a tone of kindness or despair, but he evidently constrained himself to remain passive, though his ears laid back to listen, and his eyes strained to look forth into the darkness, shewed that every faculty was active and awake. The storm at length seemed to have spent its fury, it was one of those summer tempests frequent in our climate, short-lived, but tremendous in its violence, and as Reginald saw the clouds breaking into separate masses, and marked the intervals of calm become longer and more frequent, he pulled hard with the single paddle for the shore, whose wooded outline now became dimly visible through the decreasing darkness.

“But yet,” he thought, and a shudder ran through his veins as for a moment he suspended his exertions, “may not a fearful fate await me on that unknown shore, amid those pathless forests peopled by ruthless savages, thirsting for the white man's blood? 'Tis better to trust the mercy of these waves, than meet a death like that.” But scarcely had the thought passed through his mind, when the canoe suddenly rushed forward with accelerated speed, and struck with all the force so light a vessel might, upon a pointed rock, which caused the eddy that lured it to destruction. The slender keel was in an instant pierced, in rushed the boiling surge, the frail bark sank from beneath the hapless voyager, and he was floating helplessly amid the still angry billows. A loud cry from Hector aroused him to exertion, and though but an indifferent swimmer, he collected all the energies, which remained to him after the unceasing efforts of the past hour, to preserve his life from the waves, even if it must be periled by new dangers, on the shore which he was striving to gain.

The clouds, instead of dispersing as he had hoped, seemed to be collecting for another thunder-gust; but Reginald, with all the physical force of which he was master, resolutely buffeted the agitated waves, struggling almost hopelessly

against their might, while the faithful dog followed in his track, uttering now and then a shrill bark, but faintly heard amid the renewed uproar of the elements. Reginald felt that he should soon require his aid, and he strove to call him nearer to his side; but the winds mocked his agonized cry—they were tossing him to and fro like a reed—the strength with which he had at first resisted their might was fast failing him, his senses became confused, strange and unnatural sights swam before his closing eyes, the gurgling sound of waters filled his ears, and he felt himself sinking without the power, almost without the wish of resistance. But at that crisis a joyful bark, and then a sudden seizure by the arm momentarily aroused him. For an instant he was conscious of being borne with rapidity through the waves, the discords of the tempest seemed changed to ravishing music, the forms of those he had loved were with him, and thus, lost in dim but sweet imaginings, he sank into happy forgetfulness of life and its vicissitudes.

When Reginald again awoke to consciousness, he found himself stretched upon the smooth green sward beneath a group of forest trees which dipped their pendant boughs in the river, that now flowed on in gentle murmurs, its bright waters glancing in the sunlight, as joyously as though its bosom had never been ruffled by a storm. The dewy air of the morning came to his reviving senses, laden with the perfume of flowers, and vocal with the songs of birds, and as he raised his stiffened frame to look around him on the glad and peaceful face of nature, Hector bounded to his side, and testified by a thousand expressive gambols, his mute joy at his awakening. The sight of this faithful creature recalled to Reginald's bewildered mind all the fearful realities of the preceding night, and at once comprehending, that under Providence he owed to him his preservation from a watery grave, he warmly returned his caresses, and audibly poured forth the grateful feelings of his heart, as he would have done towards a human friend.

It was long before Hector's rapturous joy abated, and when at last he crouched in quiet happiness beside his master, Reginald made an effort to rise and explore the solitude in which he found himself. But in so doing he experienced much difficulty—his limbs were benumbed from remaining so long in his wet clothes; he was faint and exhausted from fasting and fatigue, his right arm had received some injury which rendered the use of it painful, and a severe contusion on his left side, made it at first almost impossible for him to move. He persevered, however, in his attempts, creeping slowly forwards to where some bushes laden with ripe raspberries hung forth their tempting fruit. Of these he ate freely and was refreshed, after which he knelt down with much pain, to quench his burning thirst with a draught from the pure wave that flowed beside him.

His morning repast thus ended, he prepared to climb the wooded bank that rose high, and somewhat abruptly, from the river, hoping from its summit to obtain a wider view of the *terra incognita*, upon which he was cast, and perhaps—yet this was a forlorn hope—to discover some friendly smoke, some trace of humanity in the vast solitude around him. In his weak and exhausted condition it was a slow and weary task to gain the top of the acclivity, but aware that life depended on his exertions, he persevered; and at last stood upon the smooth and level platform that crowned its summit. It was thickly grown with forest trees, but no entangling underbrush disfigured the green turf from which they sprang. "The hand of man has surely been here," thought Reginald, as he gazed with surprise around, and passing onward, the sight of a well trodden footpath ascending from the opposite side of the hill, confirmed his suspicions. Filled with curiosity, yet uncertain if it might not lead into the very strong hold of some savage foe, he followed its windings, safe as he thought in the protection of his faithful dog, and shortly found himself in an open space, of a semicircular form, near the centre of which rose two mounds of earth in the shape of human graves, denoting the spot to be a place consecrated to the dead. One of those elms, whose flexile branches droop like the pendant boughs of the willow, hung over them, and fragrant shrubs, now laden with bloom, were planted around the grassy beds; over them too, were strewn flowers, now withered, but which looked as if they had been freshly cast there on the preceding day, and as Reginald, from inability to stand, sat himself down upon the mounds, he, with some difficulty traced the single word "Adèle," wrought in different coloured mosses on the turf of one, but the inscription on the other, if any there had ever been, was evergrown by vegetation.

While he sat musing and wondering what history might be connected with this place of human burial, a strain of distant music stole soft and sweet upon his ear. Hector bounded forward at the sound, and again returned and fawned upon his master with a low and joyful whine. Reginald arose and moved forward, when the music swelled with more and more distinctness on the air. He listened breathlessly, and his heart thrilled with emotion, for he heard a chant of human voices, a hymn of Christian worship uttered in the language of a Christian land. It was not indeed his mother tongue, but it was one almost as familiar to his ear—it was the dialect of France. Forgetful of all weakness and exhaustion, he pressed eagerly onward towards the point whence the sounds proceeded, and shortly emerging from a belt of forest trees, found himself standing just below the edge of the acclivity which they fringed, and which formed part of a circle of hills, embracing a beautiful valley which lay cradled in their arms, and glow-

ing with the luxuriant vegetation of early summer. Some twenty or thirty dwellings, built in the style of the Indian wigwam, but with more regard to neatness and comfort, stood at unequal distances throughout the valley, each one shaded by trees, and exhibiting around it a cultivated spot, where the young and tender blade of the maize glistened in the morning sun, together with such hardy shrubs and esculent plants, as the Europeans at that early period had introduced into the country. A little apart from the rest, on the borders of a fairy lake that sparkled like a diamond in the centre of the emerald vale, stood a dwelling superior in size and architecture to those that surrounded it—like them, its construction was simple, but it was more spacious in its dimensions, and wore something of an air of European comfort which they did not possess. Its rude portico and vine-covered walls spoke of taste, and altogether, its air and situation, denoted the superior refinement of its occupants, to those among whom they dwelt. Groups of noble trees scattered throughout the valley, and fringing the borders of the lake, lent an indescribable charm to the picture presented by this little oasis of the desert.

Reginald gazed with wonder and delight upon the scene—but the inanimate objects of the landscape, exquisite as they were, touched not his heart with that deep and thrilling interest, which was awakened by the group of human figures, that clustered together on the green margin of the lake. Young and old of either sex, the sons of the forest, and the children of civilization, with costumes as various as their faces, stood around an aged man, whose black surplice bespoke the sacredness of his calling, and who, elevated on a grassy knoll, led the hymn of praise and thanksgiving, which had first attracted the ear of Reginald. Its last mellow cadences were now dying gently away, and when they ceased, and the distant echoes no longer responded to the sweet and simple melody, the little assembly fell upon their knees, while their reverend pastor with uplifted hands pronounced a benediction on his flock, when they arose and simultaneously dispersed. Group after group wound along the narrow footpaths that intersected the valley in every direction, now half lost amid the trees, and now visible upon some open space, their light elastic tread bespeaking health and happiness, and their cheerful voices ringing like a sweet chime of distant bells in the soft clear air of summer. Two figures still remained standing on the green knoll beside the aged pastor,—they were those of females, and presently they moved away with him towards the dwelling above described, and disappeared within its rustic portico.

Previously exhausted as he was, the excitement of his feelings had alone sustained Reginald, while full of wonder he gazed on the scene below him. As its last actors disappeared from view, he sank down upon the turf, still gazing through the broad

trunks of the trees that sheltered him, upon the low vine-covered dwelling of the pastor, and striving to rally his fleeting strength that he might be able to reach it, and ask of its master, shelter and refreshment. But in a few minutes his thoughts were again diverted from himself, by the reappearance of the females, who had accompanied the pastor to his home, and who now came forth, arm in arm, each bearing a light basket, which as they passed onward they filled with flowers from many a blooming plant and shrub that grew in their path. Reginald watched them with intense interest, while they followed a narrow footpath which wound along the borders of the lake, and up the hill, on the brow of which he lay reclined; and as they drew nearer, and two youthful and exquisitely lovely figures were revealed to his view, he remained lost in almost breathless astonishment. Both were beautiful, but yet so unlike in their beauty, that it would have been difficult to declare to which the golden apple of supremacy should be awarded. They presented, as Reginald thought, a fine personification of dawn and twilight, for one of them was fair as Aurora herself, sparkling with smiles, and full of witching grace,—while the complexion of the other, bespoke her the daughter of a darker race, but so faultless was her form, her face so lighted up with sweetness and intelligence, that had these expressive lines of Byron then been in existence, they would certainly have occurred to the mind of Reginald as he beheld her :

“She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that’s best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.”

The dress of the two maidens was similar, and fantastically blended the Indian and the European costumes. Their robes were confined at the waist by those brilliant girdles, common among the natives—wrought with the quills of the porcupine, intermingled with the vivid plumage of various birds. Sandals of deerskin, similarly embroidered, defended their delicate feet, whose fairy proportions indicated the symmetrical harmony of the frames which they supported. A tuft of scarlet berries, plucked *en passant* from the laden boughs of a mountain ash, glowed amid the raven tresses of the Indian girl,—for such in truth she was,—while a wild rose blushed amongst the soft brown curls of her fair companion, outvied in the brilliancy of its hue, by the living carnation of her lips and cheek.

As they slowly climbed the steep acclivity, busily conversing, their voices rang like fairy music in the ear of Reginald, and when they gained its summit and paused to rest near the spot, where unseen, he lay observing them, he for a few minutes played the part of an unwilling listener, rather than alarm them by his sudden appearance in a place so solitary.

"Yes, it is a sweet valley," said the dark haired girl, in reply to some previous observation of her companion,—“look at it now,—it is always so lovely, seen from this spot. It seems to me like a beautiful picture set in a costly frame, with its diamond lake, its scattered cottages, and the deep shadows of its stately trees lying unbroken on the turf.”

“Ah, it is a quiet little paradise,” returned the other, “it has sheltered us from our birth, my Mara, and can any other spot ever be so dear to us as this?”

“None, dear Adèle,” answered her companion, “and yet, you can calmly speak of quitting it—and I—I too must follow whither you and our father lead—I must quit the land of my people, and cross the broad waters to that country which drove your parents from its bosom, where my race is unknown, and where none dwell, in whose veins flows the blood of my kindred.”

“Dearest Mara, will not those you love best here, be with you also in that stranger land,” eagerly asked the fair girl, as she raised her tender glances to the tearful eyes of her companion. “We are sisters here, and can change of place weaken the bond that has united us almost from the moment of our birth. We were nourished at the same bosom, my Mara, cherished in the same fond arms, and our mothers’ spirits have doubtless witnessed with joy the mutual affection of their children.”

“Ah, yes,” said the Indian girl, in a melancholy tone; “amid these shades they hover over us, and witness all our thoughts—here too their ashes rest; it is mingled with this earth, and in quitting it, we forego the sad pleasure of daily visiting their graves and strewing on the turf fresh flowers, in token of our love.”

“But shall we not return again, my Mara,” asked the beautiful Adèle. “When we have crossed the mighty deep, have trod that land immortalized by glorious deeds, and gazed upon those wondrous works of art, of which we have so often heard, we shall come back again to this quiet haven of our rest, more worldly wise than we now are, and furnished with many a theme of wonder and delight for the ears of the simple dwellers in our valley.”

“Ah, Adèle, my heart misgives me about this voyage,” answered Mara, sadly. “Since it was first talked of, a cloud has seemed to come over the sunshine of my life, and I have gloomy forebodings that something evil is awaiting us.”

“I think you could not live without forebodings. Mara,” answered her companion with a playful smile; “it is a part of your nature to be superstitious. But do not chafe yourself about this project—we may not go—probably we shall not—the letters still remain unanswered, and as our father cherishes no dreams of ambition for his children, nor even forms a plan for their enjoyment, in which the wishes of their hearts are not consulted, it will still

b) left to our own choice to go or remain—and with you, my sister, shall the decision rest. So let us on to strew our flowers upon the graves, for see, the sun has drank the dew from their leaves, and they begin already to wither in the fierceness of his beams.”

The Indian girl replied only by a sunny smile that lighted up her face with seraphic expression, and the two maidens resuming their baskets, which they had placed for a few moments on the ground, turned and pursued their way to the place of burial.

Reginald had listened to this little dialogue, expressed in the most pure and elegant French, with emotions of the strongest interest and surprise. Once or twice was he on the point of coming forth from his concealment, and standing revealed before them. But the consciousness of his disordered looks, the awkwardness of appearing before these young fair creatures, a friendless petitioner for their sympathy and kindness, deterred him. Once or twice Hector’s impatient curiosity had like to have betrayed his near vicinity, but the perfect subjection of the noble creature to the slightest signal from his master, enabled Reginald to retain him in passive silence by his side. His resolution was however taken, on the instant, to repair to the pastor’s dwelling, and claim his hospitality till sufficiently restored, to return again to the infant city of William Penn. For this purpose, therefore, after watching the retreating forms of the maidens, till they were hidden by the frequent windings of the path, that ran through clusters of tall and stately trees, he rose and began slowly to descend the hill into the valley below. But not till that moment, so absorbed had been every thought and emotion of his heart, by the novelty and strangeness of the objects around, was he conscious of the progress which illness had made in his frame. His stiffened limbs well nigh refused their office, scarcely had he strength to stand, and his blood was coursing like a stream of fire, through his burning veins. Yet he felt the necessity of exertion, and with pain and difficulty crept on, till he reached the door of the pastor’s dwelling.

The venerable man sat reading in the shaded portico, and Reginald, breathless and exhausted, sank down almost speechless on the seat beside him. The pastor, startled by his abrupt entrance, arose, and hastily casting his book aside, approached the unknown intruder, his mild eye beaming with benevolent concern, while he inquired in a voice of kind anxiety, the cause of his sudden and disordered appearance. Reginald had only strength to ask for water, and the good pastor seeing his exhaustion, disappeared for an instant, and brought the desired draught, which the young man eagerly drank, and revived by its refreshing coolness, was able shortly to follow his host into the interior of his habitation. There, a female of middle age, and of staid and decent demeanour, was already spreading a simple repast

for the welcome and refreshment of the stranger. But Reginald had fasted too long, and was now suffering too much from physical pain, to feel any inclination for food, though through gratitude for the offered hospitality, he endeavoured to partake of the viands, giving at the same time a brief and hasty detail of the events which had befallen him since the preceding night, and led to his present situation and appearance. The good pastor devoutly thanked God for his preservation, and then with anxious solicitude entreated him to divest himself of his wet clothes, and retire to seek the rest he so much needed—a request with which Reginald gladly complied, for he felt too ill to converse, or even to sit up. The neat and quiet little apartment to which the pastor conducted him, looked like the very home of comfort, and when he was finally stretched upon a soft bed, between snow white sheets, as odoriferous as rose leaves could make them, the female servant, whom the pastor called Thérèse, and addressed in French, brought him a grateful composing draught, which she said her master had prescribed preparatory to his falling asleep. His mind too was made easy by the assurance of his host, that he would immediately send a messenger to Philadelphia, to inform his friends of his safety, and to bring from thence whatever clothing or other articles, he might deem necessary for his comfort in his present abode. “He trusted,” he said, “that his young friend would be in no haste to quit them, even if soon able to do so, as it was but seldom the sameness of their domestic circle was varied by the presence of any foreign guest.” A vision of the fair creatures he had that morning seen, passed before the mind of Reginald, as he gratefully expressed his heartfelt thanks for such unexpected kindness, and friendliness and a wanderer as he was, he gladly promised to prolong his stay, for some days at least. The pastor then left him, pleased and satisfied, and Reginald laid his weary head upon the pillow and soon forgot himself in sleep, while Hector, refreshed by a bountiful repast, kept watch beside him, apparently well contented with the comfort of his new quarters.

But Reginald’s sleep brought with it no refreshment to his exhausted frame. The unhealthy and depressed state in which his mind had long existed, previous to the night of his voyage down the Delaware, had produced so unhappy an influence upon his system, that it sank beneath the fatigue and exposure of his perilous adventure, and when after an absence of several hours, his host again visited his apartment, to inquire concerning his comfort, he found him extremely ill, suffering from bodily pain, and wholly unable to rise. Fortunately, the pastor was a skillful leech,—in early life the science of medicine had been with him a favourite study, and since he became a dweller in the wilds of America, he had reduced that study to constant practice. His experienced eye now saw at a glance that the

symptoms of his guest, were of a serious and alarming nature, and with prompt and devoted skill he strove to counteract the progress of the disease. He watched, himself, through the whole night, by the bedside of his patient, yet the morning brought with it only a change for the worse in his situation. He became delirious, and raved of persons and events unknown to those who attended him, while the few lucid intervals which he had, were passed in a state of such exhaustion, as to render any appeal to him dangerous. In this state he continued for more than a week, during which time the good pastor scarcely for a moment left his side, but assisted by Thérèse, watched over him with the tenderness and assiduity of a father. In moments of his utter insensibility, Mara or Adèle would sometimes take the place of the wearied servant, or relieve their father for a few moments from his fatiguing post, though it was but seldom that he left it,—and impressed with the belief that the young stranger had come to die beneath their roof, their joyous spirits were subdued, and even the bright Adèle wore a sad face, and moved noiselessly about in the performance of her daily duties.

And what, during this weary illness, were the thoughts of Reginald? Most of the time he was insensible to all about him, but if for a short interval reason resumed her sway, vague and undefined images filled his confused mind. The events of the past, were strangely blended with those of the present, and a faint idea of having seen some fair and beautiful beings kept strong possession of his memory. Once or twice he thought he beheld them again, and when his restless eye roved vainly round, seeking their forms, it met only the calm and mature faces of the pastor and his servant, and closed again in disappointed hope.

One day when his delirium had been of a more violent character than usual, and the pastor thought the crisis of his disease at hand, it gradually changed into a deathlike stupor, which after continuing for several hours terminated, to the satisfaction of his host in a deep and protracted sleep. Auguring the happiest results from this calm repose, and more wearied by his close confinement than he chose to confess, the pastor yielded to the entreaties of Adèle, and went forth with her to invigorate himself by a walk in the open air. Thérèse too, finding her services not at present required, left Mara sitting in the invalid’s apartment, who promised to call her if he awoke, while she went to busy herself about some household concerns that needed her attention.

Left thus alone, Mara sat down beside a little table, on which lay an open volume that the pastor had been perusing, but she sought not amusement from its pages; for, laying on the expanded leaves a bunch of freshly gathered flowers, she began to select and arrange them into a bouquet—yet often she paused from her employment to lean upon her hand

in sweet indulgence of her dreamy and imaginative nature,—and once or twice she glanced towards the curtained bed, though without a thought of its occupant's awaking to behold with conscious eyes, her who had usurped the place of nurse in his apartment. But he did awake, and not as heretofore in the wild and fevered ravings of delirium. Reason had returned, and with it came a faint remembrance of the past—dim and indistinct, but every moment gaining strength and clearness, as he gazed upon the lovely figure of the Indian girl. How beautiful she looked to his dim and wondering eye as she sat in the glow of a brilliant twilight, which stole through the small window, and shed over her motionless form and features a gush of rosy light, that lent life and animation to what might else have seemed a finely sculptured statue. As she sat with her soft cheek pillowed upon one hand, and her downcast eyes fixed intently upon a cluster of half opened rosebuds which she held in the other, the door softly opened, and in glided the sweet Adèle, brilliant as some creation of a poet's fancy,—her rich brown hair wreathed with wild flowers, and clustering in natural ringlets round a face of youthful and unequalled beauty. She paused as she entered and cast one inquiring glance towards the bed, but Reginald afraid of dissolving the vision, lay with half closed eyelids, motionless and observing. She thought him sleeping, and glided on tiptoe to the side of Mara. The next moment he heard her thrilling voice, as stooping to kiss her companion's cheek, she said, in low sweet tones.

"You look sad, my Mara; we have left you too long to watch alone beside our poor invalid. I thought Thérèse had been here—but go now and leave me in your place—go, dearest, and enjoy this fragrant twilight with our father. He sits beneath the old sycamore on the borders of the lake, and Kascarara lies on the turf at his feet, telling him wild legends, such as your fancy, my sister, delights to feed upon."

Mara looked up with that bright electric smile, which Reginald had once before seen light up her face with unutterable beauty and expression. It was like the sudden bursting forth of the meridian sun upon a vernal landscape, disclosing a thousand hidden charms, that had previously rested in shadow.

"No, dear Adèle, I am not weary," she replied, "you know I love a solitary hour sometimes, and as Thérèse was full of cares, and thought her nursing should not be left quite alone, I sat here to oblige her, knowing our father could better spare his wild flower from his side, than the sweet blossom that grew upon his own cherished tree."

"Yet wherefore seem you so sad tonight, my sister?" said Adèle. "We have not spoken of our voyage for many days; and yet I will wager my pet dove against that bunch of rose-buds, you have been dwelling upon the thought of it, for an hour past and more."

"Then you will wager your dove against a worthless and cankered thing," said Mara, a shade stealing over the brightness of her countenance, "for these buds, beautiful as they seem, conceal a worm in the heart of each, that is consuming their sweetness and their life together. They are the first blossoms I have plucked from the bush, that two years since, I planted on my mother's grave, and is it not an ill omen, Adèle, that in each I should find a green and poisonous worm?"

"It is indeed an omen that the bush is sickly and the buds unsound, my sister," said Adèle, in a tone of gaiety,—“but in any one more solemn than that, I promise you I have not one particle of faith.”

"You think me weakly superstitious, I doubt not," answered Mara; "but remember, Adèle, I am the daughter of a race that believe in those mysterious warnings which are revealed in dreams, indicated in the appearances of nature, and sometimes written in the starry heavens, that are spread out in glory above our heads.

"I know it well, my Mara," replied Adèle, with sweet seriousness; "but I remember also, that like them you have not been left in the darkness of unenlightened nature. Christianity has shed its holy radiance on your path, and science has revealed to you the harmonious laws of the natural world, and made you familiar with those operating causes, which the untutored Indian ascribes to the unseen agency of good or evil beings, who from motives as mixed and impure as those which govern himself, exert an irresistible influence over his destiny."

At this moment the pastor entered and prevented the reply of Mara. "I have waited long for you, my children," he said in a low voice, "and feared from your delay, that it went ill with my patient. But he still sleeps quietly I see, so go you forth,—the evening is too lovely to be wasted within doors, and Kaskarara has launched his skiff upon the lake and waits to row you to the Hunter's Isle. Hasten, my darlings, for the moon is young, and will not light you long—I will sit down beside my sick one, and watch his awaking—praise be to God, his brow is moist, and his breathing gentle and easy; and with His blessing we shall soon see him restored again to health?" and the good pastor took his wonted station beside the bed of the patient, while the maidens rose and left the apartment, followed by the gaze of Reginald, who, though to all appearance sleeping, watched them to the last from beneath his heavy half closed eyelids.

(To be continued.)

Nothing appears to be so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar is the moral hydrophobia of the day; our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.

CHARLEMAGNE, or Charles the Great, King of the Franks, and subsequently Emperor of the West, has been dead 1026 years. Charlemagne was born in 742. Although the wisest man of the age in which he lived, he could not write, and he was forty-five years of age before he began his studies. His favourite preceptor was Alcuinus, librarian to Egbert, Archbishop of York. On the 25th of December, 800, Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West; and, on the 1st of December, in the following year, Alcuinus presented him with a magnificent folio bible, bound in velvet, the leaves of vellum, the writing in double columns, and containing 449 leaves. Prefixed is a richly ornamented frontispiece in gold and colours. It was enriched with four large paintings, exhibiting the state of the art at this early period; there are moreover thirty-four large initial letters, painted in gold and colours, and exhibiting seals, historical allusions, and emblematical devices, besides some smaller painted capitals. This identical bible was sold by Mr. Evans, in London, on the 27th of April, 1836, for £1500. When Charlemagne issued the instrument by which the Roman Liturgy was ordained through France, he confirmed it by "making his mark." Mezerai, the French historian, observes that below the "mark" was commonly inserted, "I have signed it with the pommel of my sword, and I promise to maintain it with the point."

Charlemagne was interred at Aix-la-Chapelle. "His body was embalmed and deposited in a vault, where it was seated on a throne of gold, and clothed in imperial habits, over the sack-cloth which he usually wore. By his side hung a sword, of which the hilt, and the ornaments of the scabbard, were of gold, and a pilgrim's purse that he used to carry on his journeys to Rome. In his hands he held the Book of the Gospels, written in letters of gold; his head was ornamented with a chain of gold, in the form of a diadem, in which was enclosed a piece of the wood of the true cross; and his face was wound with a winding sheet. His sceptre and buckler, formed entirely of gold, and which had been consecrated by Pope Leo III. were suspended before him, and his sepulchre was closed and sealed after having been filled with various treasures and perfumes. A gilded arcade was erected over the place, with a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

"Beneath this tomb is placed the body of the orthodox Emperor Charles the Great, who variously extended the kingdom of the Franks and happily governed it 47 years. He died a Septuagenarian, January, 814."

It is further recorded, that "Pope Otho III. ordered the tomb to be opened, when the body was stripped of its royal ornaments, which had not been in the least injured by the hand of time. The Book of the Gospels continues to be kept at Aix-la-Cha-

pelle. With this volume the imperial sword and hunting-horn were also found. The copy of the Gospels interred with Charlemagne, appears to have been one of those executed by his order, and corrected according to the Greek and Syriac."

(ORIGINAL.)

DEAR ENGLAND,

A SONG

BY A STUDENT.

Dear England! thine are memories bright,
That weave a golden chain,
Whose fetters light we wear with pride,
And would for aye retain!
No stain have they for freeman's soul—
From fame's bright page the links unroll!
Ancestral glories shine!—
And roses wreath a garland there!
The great, the good, the brave, the fair
In olden time were thine!

The oak—the ancient oak—is thine!
Like thy children hale and strong!
Ours is the tall and stately pine,
And its trunk is gaunt and long!
It lives mid wintry blasts still green,
While oak leaves strewn around are seen,
With their summer beauties flown!
O! guard us with parental care!
Our youth shall keep thee ever fair,
When thine honours are full blown!

Dear England! fortune's favoured isle!
Mother of science proud!
Our love would fondly shelter thee,
Should storms thy prospects cloud!
We are thine own—thy latest born!
Others thy love have rudely torn,
And left thy breast!—but we will live
Proud of thine honours yet undimmed!
Thy lamp of glory aye is trimmed.
And freedom thou dost give!
Belleville.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY KNOWLES.

He that scans a fence,
Doth seldom make a clever leap of it:
Nine times in ten he balks his spring, and falls
In the ditch; while he who takes it at a glance,
Goes flying over. Women are shrewd imps!
Behoves a man he thinks not of their pockets,
When he is looking in their faces; for,
Wear he his eye ever so languishingly,
They'll find he's only working at a sum
In arithmetic.

(ORIGINAL.)

TRIFLES.—NO. V.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN OF CANADA.

PART III.

It is much to be regretted that Charlevoix, in his work, forgot the dignity of the historical writer, and descended to the flippant style of one who seeks to amuse rather than to instruct. The two first volumes of the quarto edition, it is true, savour less of this character, but his Letters to the Duchess de Lesdiguières, in which he gives an account of his voyage to Canada, and his travels thence to Mexico, are minute, egotistical, and tiresome, to the last degree. A vast fund of valuable information, regarding this country, is, however, to be found in his writings; but the singular and even childish language, of which he oftentimes makes use, detracts much from the idea of their merit, and leaves an impression on the mind of the reader, by no means favourable to the author's reputation—perhaps even less favourable than just. Certain however it is, that Charlevoix possessed indomitable perseverance, (the quality more of a Scotchman than a Frenchman,) a sharp intellect, a wonderful tact of turning everything to the best advantage, and perhaps his peculiar disposition and style, were calculated to convey more information than would have been derived from an author of brighter talents, or one more skilled *arte scribendi*. Like all writers on Canada, he has his theory of the origin of the North American Indians, and of the first peopling of the continent—but after quoting most of the many learned authors who have favoured the world with their surmises on that subject, he comes to a sorry conclusion.

“Many difficulties,” says he, “have been formed upon this subject, which have been deemed insolvable, but are far from being so. The inhabitants of both hemispheres are certainly the descendants of the same father. This common father of mankind received an express order from Heaven to peopple the whole world, and accordingly it has been peopled. To bring this about, it was necessary to overcome all difficulties in the way, and they have also been got over. Were those difficulties greater, with respect to peopling the extremities of Asia, Africa and Europe, and the transporting men into the islands which lie at a considerable distance from those Continents, than to pass over into America? Certainly not; navigation, which has arrived at so great perfection within these three or four centuries, might possibly have been still more perfect in those first days than at this day. At least, we cannot doubt but that it had then arrived at such a degree of perfection as was necessary for the design which God had formed of peopling the whole earth.”

Charlevoix seems here to have taken too general a view of this unsettled point, for none, we believe, doubt but that the aboriginal inhabitants of America, are directly the descendants of our common ancestor, for the establishment of which alone he seems to labour. Perhaps he contended for their

classification in the order *Bimana*, in opposition to an opinion which we have heard gravely advanced—namely, that the native lords of the American quadrants were but an intelligent race of the genus *Quadrumana*, or of the monkey tribe. This opinion cannot certainly be very flattering to those few of that ancient people who still exist, but we humbly conceive that without any extraordinary pretensions, they may claim admission into one of the three races of the human species, if not into the Caucasian, at least into the Mongolian race.

In another part he finds fault with the many disquisitions and conjectures which have been had on this subject, especially with the systems erected, and the various creeds founded on the personal appearance of the natives, and the similitude of certain names to those of some other nations. But while he complains of the illiberality of these philosophers, in each believing his own theory to be the only true one, he falls into the same exclusive system of fancied rectitude, and declares that the *only* means which remain of coming at the truth, are by comparing the languages. Some attempts of this nature have been made since the time that Charlevoix wrote, but notwithstanding his confident assertions of the light, which the prosecution of his plan would throw on the subject, they have proved as futile as their predecessors. In our notice of a subsequent work, we shall at greater length allude to the various theories on this matter, together with the authors who have written thereon.

In a French review of Charlevoix's work, it is regretted *qu'il ait mêlé quelquefois des détails extrêmement minutieux*, amongst much interesting matter, and well may this be regretted, for the egotistical minutiae of his details, are sometimes sufficient to tire the most patient reader, however willing to be amused he may be. Witness the following extract from his first letter, in which, after detailing a narrow escape he had from drowning, he says:—

“The danger being now over, one of the company, who had been frequently on the point of stripping, in order to betake himself to swimming, took upon him to cry out with all his force, but with a tone which shewed there was still a palpitation at his heart, that I had been in a great fright. Perhaps he spoke truer than he thought of, but it was all guesswork, for in order to persuade the others there was no danger, I had ever preserved a good countenance. We frequently meet with those false braves, who to conceal their own apprehensions, endeavour to make a diversion, by rallying those who have much better courage than themselves.”

We hope his concluding reflection had its due weight with the Duchess, and that her Grace's opinion of our author's courage lost nothing from the meek generality of the language.

It would appear that Charlevoix's powers of description were not over brilliant, if we take as a sample the following extract from his account of Montreal:—

“The City of Montreal has a very pleasing aspect, and is besides conveniently situated; the streets well laid out, and the houses well built. The beauty of the country around it, and of its prospects, inspire a certain cheerfulness, of *which every body is perfectly sensible.*”

How far a sense of the beauty of the country and its prospects, and of the cheerfulness thereby inspired, are conveyed by these concluding words of the author, is a point for strangers alone to determine, and in which they alone are interested.

His account of the *Seal*, as conveyed in another of his letters to the Duchess, is amusing enough, and shews that the appetite for the marvellous was at least equally strong in Charlevoix, as in any other writer on Canada. He seems to have known the Seal, (if such indeed be the animal he means to describe) by the name of the *Sea Wolf*—distinguished also, as he says, by the appellation of *Grosse-Tête*. We suspect that in some things, Charlevoix had a natural affinity to the latter class, or if he had not, his dogged clinging to his own opinions, is any thing but creditable to him as an author in search of knowledge, respecting the land he undertook to explore. He tells a story of a sailor, who one day having surprised a large herd of seals on shore, drove them before him to his lodgings with a switch, as he would have done a flock of sheep, and that he with his comrades killed to the number of 900 of them—but he may well add *sit fides penes auctorem*.

We suspect Charlevoix was somewhat of a republican, if any inference may be drawn from his expressed admiration of the “free and equal” mode of action he found existing among the beavers of Canada. He says :

“They are among quadrupeds what bees are among winged insects. I have heard persons well informed on the subject say, that they have no king or queen, and it is not true that when they are at work in a body, there is a chief or leader who gives orders and punishes the slothful; but by virtue of that instinct which this animal has from him whose Providence governs them, every one knows his own proper office, and every thing is done without confusion, and in the most admirable order. Perhaps, after all, the reason why we are so struck with it is, for want of having recourse to that sovereign intelligence who makes use of creatures void of reason, the better to display His wisdom and power, and to make us sensible that our reason itself is almost always, through our presumption, the cause of our mistakes.”

It seems to us that the author has but clumsily manufactured the train of ideas, generated by observing the wonderful display of instinct among these animals. It is true, that we would be less struck with any thing extraordinary had we but recourse for the solution to the sovereign power whence every thing flows, but we cannot see how it follows that we are to be made sensible that our reason is *almost always, through our presumption, the cause of our mistakes*. Reason will never per-

vert itself and cannot consequently produce error. Its dictates may be overpowered by passion, prejudice and presumption, but to these qualities warring against the noblest attribute of man, are to be attributed his errors, his vices, and his sins. It is true that were we creatures of instinct alone, we should not err, for we would not have the power to do so, but it by no means follows, that because we have the power, *that power* is the cause of our error.

In his eighth letter he complains sadly of the Baron de la Hontan’s, “*Mémoires que contiennent la description du pays, et des habitans de l’Amérique Septentrionale,*” accusing him of a foul libel on the character of the Canadian fair. On the spirit which dictated the supposed *calumny*, he philosophizes as follows :

“La Hontan had a mind to render his account entertaining, for which reason every thing true or false was the same to him. One is always sure of pleasing some people of a certain cast, by observing no measure in the liberty one assumes of inventing, calumniating, and in our way of expressing ourselves on certain topics.”

The slander which so much excites the ire of our author is nothing more nor less than a jocular allusion by La Hontan to the chivalrous bearing of the Indians towards the Canadian belles, at the fairs which then took place at Montreal for the purchase and disposal of furs. We already alluded, in a former number, to the ill-will with which our author regarded La Hontan, and we certainly think that Charlevoix gains little credit from his unjustifiable attacks on the verity and accuracy of the narrations of the latter. He rarely lets slip an opportunity of endeavouring to detract from his merit, and is nothing loath to hazard any assertion whatsoever, which lessening his rival’s fame may proportionately augment his own. Upon the whole, however, we are not disposed to attribute to Charlevoix a general inclination to this unfair spirit of jealousy and envy, for we think his erroneous prejudices are almost ever the offspring of a hasty warmth of temper, and his faults will be greatly excused when we consider his anxiety for the proper discharge of the duties he had undertaken. But we must for the present dismiss his work with the intention of reverting to it as occasion may in future require.

There was published about this time at Paris, a Memoir, by Mr. Aubry, an advocate, which is said to contain many interesting details of the military operations of the French in Canada, particularly of those under Montcalm and Boishebert. All these however having been embodied by more recent writers, and probably with more accuracy of detail, we shall speak of them in due course.

Pierre du Calvet, a Protestant Frenchman, who remained in this colony after its reduction by Great Britain, published in the year 1784, a complaint against General Haldimand, which he sent to the ministry of England. It appears that Calvet, (a

man of considerable influence,) had been appointed a magistrate of the city of Montreal, but from some real, or supposed connexion with the American revolutionists, he was imprisoned in the citadel of Quebec for nearly three years. On his liberation, he addressed a letter to General Haldimand, and another to Lord Sydney, both of which are embodied in his work. Though chiefly connected with his own personal sufferings and wrongs, his book contains some valuable statements relating to the period which preceded the establishment of the representative system in Lower Canada. He appears to have regarded the Quebec Act with much the same horror that Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington did the Reform Bill, and used every exertion to oppose it. A considerable number of copies of his work may still be found in this country, as he took care to give publicity to his sentiments by a gratuitous circulation of it.

Among other travels in, and Histories of, Canada, published about this time, we observe that of Alexander Henry, who visited the Indian territories and Canada about the year 1762. His work contains nothing interesting, beyond the usual recital of such travellers, whose aim is more to amuse than edify.

A book of much interest and value was published at Paris in the year 1766 by the Académie des Sciences, under the title of "Observations Botanico-Météorologiques faites à Québec en Canada pendant les ans 1744 et 1745, communiquées à l'Académie des Sciences par M. Duhamel." We regret much that we have been unable to procure this work, and that our information regarding it, is confined to the general expression of praise, bestowed upon it by a French reviewer of the day.

We find a notice by M. De Fontette of a work published at Amsterdam in 1738 entitled "Aventures ou Voyages Curieux et Nouveaux parmi les Sauvages de l'Amérique Septentrionale dans lesquels on trouvera une Description du Canada, avec une relation très particulière des anciennes coutumes, moeurs et usages de vivre des barbares qui l'habitent et de la manière dont ils se comportent aujourd'hui, par C. Le Bouc." De Fontette says it is a pure romance, to which conclusion he comes from perusing the extraordinary narrations of the incidents which the author says befel him. Other writers however are of opinion that it is real, and no fiction, from the perspicuity and clearness of the author's style, and also from the intimate knowledge he displays of the different *locales*, and of the manners and customs of the Indians of Canada.

We now come to speak of *Maseres*, formerly an attorney general of this Province, whose loyalty during the American war was so remarkable. He was afterwards appointed to a government situation of considerable trust in England, and he is generally acknowledged to have been a man of talent, and sterling honour in his political transactions. The

chief of his works were written between the years 1771 and 1779. They consist of, first, a collection of papers relating to the Province of Quebec, and in a subsequent work he gives an account of the proceedings of the British inhabitants of this Province, to obtain a House of Assembly. His last work is written in novel style, and its title will best explain its nature.

"The Canadian Freeholder—in two dialogues between an Englishman and a Frenchman, settled in Canada, shewing the sentiments of the bulk of the freeholders of Canada, concerning the late Quebec Act, with some remarks on the Boston Charter Act; and an attempt to shew the great expediency of immediately repealing both those Acts of Parliament, and of making some other useful regulations and concessions to his majesty's subjects as a ground for a reconciliation with the United Colonies of America."

It is much to be regretted that his works are not to be obtained in this country, for if we may judge from the reputed talent of the author, they are of great importance, as tending to fill up the chasm which exists in our political history between the years 1749 and 1770. Maseres died in 1824 at the advanced age of 90 years.

The Quebec Act seems to have been a sad source of displeasure to the colonists. We find many pamphlets written about this time on the subject, among others a letter addressed to the Earl of Chatham by a Mr. Meredith. The question seems to have been treated in a masterly style in this little work, for it is highly lauded, and underwent five or six editions in England.

It must ever be a subject of deep regret, that the History of North America, begun by the learned Dr. W. Robertson, was not completed. Such a work from his pen would unquestionably have been the most valuable and interesting of any hitherto written, if we may judge either from the author's reputation, or from the merits of his History of South America, completed before his death. The fragment of the other which he had previously written, was afterwards published, but it is nothing more than a sketch of the plan the author meant to follow.

The work of L'Abbé Raynal is one of much interest, as well in a historical, as in a philosophical point of view. That part of it which relates to Canada, and to the early settlements of the French Colonists in the different parts of the newly-discovered hemisphere is particularly worthy of the attention of every reader. His remarks on the Indians, are perhaps more valuable for their generality, and the imaginative style in which they are written; at least they are more interesting, and more likely to awaken the speculations which the character of the savage is calculated to inspire. Raynal looks with the eye of a philosopher on every thing, and his reflective mind tends much to benefit the reader, even beyond what his words express. Speaking of the Indian languages, he says :

“Three original languages were spoken in Canada, the Algonquin, the Sioux, and the Huron; they were considered as primitive languages, because each of them contained many of those imitative words which convey an idea of things by the sound. The dialects derived from them were nearly as many as their towns. No abstract terms were found in these languages, because the infant mind of the savage seldom extends its view beyond the present object and the present time; and as they have but few ideas, they seldom want to represent several under one and the same sign. Besides the language of these people, almost always animated by a quick, simple and strong sensation, excited by the great scenes of nature, contracted a lively and poetical cast from their strong and active imagination. The astonishment and admiration which proceeded from their ignorance, gave them a strong propensity to exaggeration. They expressed what they said, their language painted as it were natural objects in strong colouring, and their discourses were quite picturesque. For want of terms agreed upon to denote certain compound or complex ideas, they made use of figurative expressions. What was still wanting in speech, they supplied by their gestures, their attitudes, and their bodily motions, and the modulations of the voice. The boldest metaphors were more familiar to them in common conversation than they are even in epic poetry in the European languages. Their speeches in public assemblies particularly, were full of imagery, energy, and pathos. No Greek or Roman orator ever spoke, perhaps, with more strength and sublimity than one of their chiefs, when he was advised to remove with his tribe to a distance from his native soil. ‘We were born,’ said he, ‘on this spot:—our fathers lie buried in it. Shall we say to the bones of our fathers—‘Arise and come with us into a foreign land?’”

How forcibly do the latter words display the Creator's beneficence, in the universal endowment of his creatures with those affections which shine, and are not extinguished amid the utter desolation of every earthly hope! We see here amid every external appearance of barbarism, and want of refinement, the same yearning of heart, the same warmth of love, the same burst of passionate tenderness, that dwells alike with the lowly and with the great, and the same quality which has in all ages, in all climes, and under all circumstances, been the purest fount of bliss to mankind. In this expression of the untutored savage, we recognise that divine feeling that binds man to man, and that spirit of holy affection which thrills every heart with emotion.

The remarks of the Abbé on the nature of the government, found to exist among the Indians, form a beautiful picture of what the world ought to be in a social as well as in a political condition:—

“They were divided,” says he, “into several small nations, whose form of government was nearly similar. Some had hereditary chiefs; others elected them:—the greater part were only directed by their old men. They were mere associations, formed by chance and always free; though united they were bound by no tie. The will of individuals was not even over-ruled by the general one. All decisions were considered only as a matter of advice, which was not binding or enforced by any penalty. If, in one of these singular republics, a man was con-

demned to death, it was rather a kind of war against a common enemy than an act of justice exercised against a subject. Instead of coercive power, good manners, example, education, a respect for old men, and parental affection, maintained peace in these societies, where there was neither law nor property. Reason, which had not been misled by prejudice, or corrupted by passion, as it is with us, served them instead of moral precepts and regulations of police. Harmony and security were maintained without the interposition of government. Authority never encroached upon that powerful instinct of nature, the love of independence; which enlightened by reason, produces in us the love of equality.”

What a striking contrast to what is termed the wise and enlightened legislation of our day! Alas! the advancement and welfare of empires are now but vehicles of selfish ambition, and personal aggrandisement. How few instances of disinterested exertion do we now behold amid the councils of the mighty? how rarely do we find public affairs managed without the actuation of some sinister motive, and where will we seek a minister willing to merge his private interest in the public weal?

We have often heard it declared, and many writers have likewise asserted, that the virtue of benevolence existed not to any great extent among the Indians; but we certainly think the imputation unfounded, and dictated more by prejudice against them on account of their open aversion to Europeans, and the contempt which they so avowedly express, for our society and manners. It is well known that they have naturally a loathing at those marks of enlightenment and civilization which we most esteem:—for instance, they cannot see how one man should degrade himself so far as to be dependent on the will and caprice of another, nor can they understand why the will of one individual member of the community should be curbed for the benefit of the whole. There is no want of benevolence and kindness in their intercourse with each other, and we have many practical proofs of their warmth of heart and genuine goodness towards Europeans. It is no wonder though their frank honesty be at times roused to indignation by the cunning artifices, they see practiced by the Europeans in their intercourse as well with them, as with each other; theirs is not a nature to disguise resentment or dislike under the garb of cordiality, and the consequence is, their manly candour is imputed as a fault. Many other motives, founded perhaps on principles of reason and rectitude, have contributed to nourish this feeling of dislike, and hence arises the imputation, which, not our reason but our prejudices, have bestowed upon them. The following anecdote related by Raynal, would hardly lead us to attribute to them the unfeeling disposition with which some writers charge them. At the beginning of winter many years ago, a French vessel was wrecked upon the rocks of Anticosti. The sailors who had escaped the rigour of the season and the

dangers of famine on that island, built a bark from the remains of their ship, which in the following spring conveyed them to the continent. After wandering about for some time, they arrived, in a languid and exhausted state, at the wigwam of an Indian,—the only resident for many leagues around. "Brethren," said the chief of this lonely family, addressing himself affectionately to them; "*the wretched are entitled to our pity and assistance. We are men, and the misfortunes incident to any of the human race affect us in the same manner as if they were our own.*" These humane expressions were accompanied with every token of friendship which these generous savages had in their power to show. The benevolent qualities of the Indians do not display themselves, it is true, in the same way as those of Europeans: they do not rob one man to bestow in their own name his goods on another, nor do they seek the reputation of generosity and benevolence, otherwise than by the exercise of these virtues.

But we shall reserve any further remarks on the Indian character, until we come to notice a work which is exclusively devoted to that subject. It is injustice, however, to pass over in this cursory manner such a writer as L'Abbé Raynal, but having other avocations than those of authorcraft, our confession must be our excuse. Moreover, it is impossible to enter at length, in the pages of a monthly magazine, on half the subjects which are brought under the notice of the reader, who seeks information respecting the natural and moral condition of this great country and its inhabitants: it would require an able pen to make the subject acceptable to the generality of readers, and we sadly fear that we have already shewn our inability to do justice to the part we have undertaken. We look forward with delight to the day when we shall see the many important features of this country, meet the notice they deserve, and when the pursuits of literature shall withdraw men in some degree from the every day occupations, and employments of life. We may then exclaim, in the words of the poet:

Tum mex (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars! et O Sol
Pulcher! O laudande! canam, recepto
Cæsare felix!

JONATHAN GRUB.

Montreal, 28th March, 1840.

(To be continued.)

MARY STUART.

But malice, envy, cruelty, and spleen,
To death doom'd Scotia's dear, devoted Queen.

The interest excited by the production of the new tragedy of *Mary Queen of Scots* has induced me to advert to the subject, which, although by no means new, may prove interesting to some of your numerous readers. I intend, therefore, to give a brief sketch of the principal incidents in the chequer-

ed life of the most unfortunate princess of the most unfortunate family that ever swayed a sceptre.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction," and the saying is fully verified in the eventful career of Mary of Scotland. Her whole life is a romance. What a theme has it afforded for minstrels, poets, and romance-writers, and in what a variety of ways has it been treated; each period from her departure from her beloved France to her execution at Fothingay, having afforded abundant matter for serious opera, melodrama, romance, and tragedy.

It is not my intention in the present hasty sketch to be a partizan of Buchanan, Robertson, Hume, Tytler, or others, who have treated on the subject, leaving the views of sober-minded historians to be discussed as your readers may think most proper.

The daughter of James V. and Mary of Guise was born a few days before the death of her father, and at the age of six years was conveyed to France, whither she was sent for her education, by the same fleet that had brought over the French auxiliaries under Monsieur Desse. This exercised a powerful influence over her future destiny, and was the cause of all her misfortunes. Educated in France, and brought up at the most polished Court in Europe, she insensibly acquired those manners which disqualified her from reigning over her ancient subjects, the Scots, among whom the government of a Queen was unknown, and of too feeble a character to rule over a rude and semi-barbarous people, torn by intestine commotions, and struggling for the maintenance of the reformed religion. She was married, April 24, 1558, at a very early age, to Francis, the Dauphin of France, afterwards Francis II. a prince of a feeble constitution and a weak understanding, who dying, left her a widow at the age of nineteen. After a short time, Mary, with a sad heart, took leave of that kingdom, the brief, but only scene of her life in which fortune had smiled upon her. As long as her eyes could distinguish the coast she continued to feed her melancholy with the prospect, and to utter, "Farewell, France; farewell, beloved country, which I shall never more behold!"

"To Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tip'd the feathery surge with light;
But now the moon with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade;
All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,
And, lo! what busy tribes were instant on the wing!"

After an absence of nearly thirteen years, she landed safely in her native kingdom. At this period commenced her trials and misfortunes, all following each other in quick succession; and whatever might have been her faults, bitter and grievous was the expiation.

We are informed by Dufresnoy, who came over to Scotland in her suite, that she lodged on the night of her arrival in the "Abbaye of Holyrood," which,

says he, "is really a fine building." He proceeds:—"We landed in Leith, and went from thence to Edinburgh, which is but a short league distant. The Queen went there on horseback, and the lords and ladies, who accompanied her upon the little wretched hackneys of the country, as wretchedly caparisoned, at sight of which the Queen began to weep, and to compare them with the pomp and superb palfreys of France; but there was no remedy but patience. What was worst of all, being arrived at Edinburgh, and restored to rest in the Abbaye, there came under her window, in the court, a crew of five hundred or six hundred scoundrels from the city, who gave her a serenade with wretched violins and little rebecks, of which there are enough in that country, and began to sing psalms, &c. so miserably mistimed and mistuned, that nothing could be worse. Alas! what music, and what a night's rest!" On this celebrated serenade, that true son of genius, the Ettrick Shepherd, founded his beautiful legend, 'The Queen's Wake,' from which I beg leave to quote the following lines:—

"Queen Mary lighted in the court,
Queen Mary joined the evening sport;
Yet though at table all were seen
To wonder at her air and mien,
Though courtiers fawned and ladies sung,
Still on her ears the accents rung,
'Watch thy young bosom and maiden eye,
For the shower must fall, and the flower must die;'
And much she wished to prove ere long
The wondrous powers of Scottish song."

Passing over her ill-assorted marriage with the imbecile Darnley, which was celebrated with all due pomp and festivity, I come to that dreadful tragedy—that frightful episode in Scottish history—the murder of David Rizzio, which Mr. Haines has selected as the subject of his new historical tragedy. What heart is there that does not throb at the mention of the name of this celebrated Italian musician, coupled with that of Mary Queen of Scots? The names are inseparable. Whatever may have been Mary's culpability in this unhappy partiality and undue preference of Rizzio, it is now almost universally admitted that there was no criminality existing, although appearances seemed to favour such a supposition; certain it is that he was admitted into her confidence, and grew not only to be considered as a favourite, but as a minister. Hence the jealousy with which Darnley was inspired. Some writers represent Rizzio as servile, haughty, arrogant, and insolent; others, that he was shrewd and sensible, with an education above his rank. But he was a foreigner, and his destruction was therefore resolved on by Darnley, Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, and Maitland, in a manner no wise suitable to justice, to humanity, or to their own dignity. Accordingly, a plan was concerted between the above-mentioned nobles, and

the place chosen was the Queen's bedchamber; and on the 9th of March, 1566, Morton entered the court of the palace with 160 men, and seized the gates without resistance.

The Queen was at supper with the Countess of Argyle, Rizzio, and a few domestics, in the closet of a bedchamber, about twelve feet square, the present north-west tower of Holyrood palace, when Darnley suddenly entered her apartment by a private passage. Behind him was Ruthven, clad in complete armour, with three or four of his most trusty accomplices. Such an unusual appearance alarmed those who were present, and Rizzio, apprehending that he was the intended victim, instantly retired behind the Queen. Numbers of armed men now rushed into the chamber. Mary in vain employed tears, threats, and entreaties to save her favourite, but it was all in vain: he was torn from her by violence, dragged out of the closet, through the bedchamber into the chamber of presence, and dispatched with fifty-six wounds.

"In clattering hauberk clad, through night's still gloom,
Stern Ruthven fiercely stalks with haggard mien
With thundering tone proclaims the victim's doom,
And tears her minion from a doating Queen:
Through the arch'd courts and storied chambers high
Loud shrieks of terror ring, and death's expiring cry!"

Towards the outer door of the apartment, on the floor of a passage which was formerly part of the room, there are large dusky spots, said to have been occasioned by Rizzio's blood staining the floor, which no washing of the boards has been able to efface. The armour of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and of James VI., is shown in the room from which Rizzio was dragged out to be murdered. The Queen's dressing-box is also shown; the roof of the Queen's bed-room is divided into compartments, charged with the armorial device of some one of the blood royal of Scotland, and the walls are hung round tapestry, and ornamented with subjects taken from "Ovid's Metamorphoses." To conclude this tragical event, I beg to observe, that in the middle of the passage leading to the interior of the abbey is shown a flat square stone, under which the unfortunate Rizzio is said to have been buried, "in order that the Queen might regularly be indulged with the sight of the tomb of her lamented favourite, as she passed to and from her private devotions." This conveys a bitter sarcasm, and speaks volumes. It is however, merely conjectural, as no historian has pointed out the precise spot where this Italian musician is entombed—at least, so far as I am aware of.

I find, sir, that I have occupied more space than I originally intended, and must for the present con-

clude with her second truly unfortunate marriage with one whose plausible manners and graceful person were his only accomplishments; so that Mary, whose levity of manners contributed so little to alienate his affections, soon became disgusted with this painted sepulchre! These circumstances, joined to her partiality for the Italian minstrel, were the forerunners of all her woes. I will, with your permission, send you another sketch, concluding with her death at Fotheringay, and a slight glance at the fortunes and misfortunes of the Stuart family.

SKETCH OF POCAHONTAS.

Of the Indian posterity of Powhattan, not a trace remains; but his daughter, Pocahontas, the amiable, courageous, and noble child of nature, mingled her blood with that of a European, and her posterity still live to boast of, and glory in, the virtues of her whose story, it is feared, will be regarded as a romance. Its incidents are deeply interesting, and serve to exhibit her noble and extraordinary character.

To see one brought up among a fierce, warlike, and cruel race, herself the daughter of an emperor, and still almost in her infancy, voluntarily rushing forward, and encountering difficulties, dangers, and fatigue, to save a total stranger from death, who was thought to be the deadly enemy of her race, and fearlessly and generously persisting in extending relief and assistance to him, and rescuing from famine and death his destitute companions, who had invaded the land of her birth and the country of her fathers, and from whom she could expect nothing in return for her kindness, cannot but excite the highest admiration, as furnishing evidences of noble and disinterested benevolence that have scarcely any parallel in the whole range of history.

There is a beautiful symmetry in her character which could only be found in woman. Every part of her short but glorious history, is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honour on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded:

“After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity—two great stones were brought in before Powhattan, and Smith was dragged before them, and his head laid upon them, as a preparation for beating out his brains with clubs. The fatal weapons were already raised, and the savage multitude stood silently waiting the prisoner’s last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of Powhattan, rushed forward, and earnestly entreated, with tears, that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her request, and the executioners stood ready for the signal of death. She knelt down, put her

arms about Smith, and laid her head over his, declaring she would perish with him or save him. The decree was reversed, and the prisoner was spared.”

But whether her regard for him ever reached the feeling of love, is not known. She was, at the time this deed was performed, about thirteen years of age; but after Smith’s departure to England, one Rolfe became passionately enamoured of her, and the passion, it is said, was reciprocated, and they were married.

This extraordinary woman, who had one son, born in England, died at Gravesend in the twenty-second year of her age. Her unwearied kindness to the colonists was entirely disinterested. She knew that it must be so, when she encountered dangers, and weariness, and every kind of opposition and difficulty, to hasten it seasonably on the object of her noble benevolence. No favour was expected in return for it. “She asked nothing of Captain Smith,” (in an interview which she afterwards had with him in England) “in recompense for whatever she had done, but the boon of being looked upon as his child.”

Her son, young Rolfe came to Virginia, attained to eminence, and left an only daughter, who was afterwards married to Robert Bolling.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, was a lineal descendant of this noble woman, in the sixth degree, and was wont to pride himself upon the honour of his descent.

The preservation of Captain Smith has been attempted to be perpetuated by the genius of the sculptor in a group in *basso relievo*, occupying one of the stone panels over the western door of the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. The artist, Cappilano, a pupil of Canova, has, however, in pursuit of the antique, failed to give the features and costume of the Indian, and made a figure which resembles more a Grecian Venus than an Indian princess.

THE world is a theatre—mankind the performers; chance disposes the play, fortune distributes the parts, fools move the machinery, and philosophers are the spectators. The boxes are for the rich; the pit for the powerful; and the gallery for the people: beauty bears about the refreshments; tyrants sit at the pay places; folly makes the concert; those who are abandoned by fortune snuff the candles; time draws the curtain; and the drama is called “the perpetual sameness!”

A POET.

A POET often does more and better than he is aware of at the time, and seems at last to know as little, about his power as a silkworm knows about the fineness and beauty of the thread.

THE ARDOSSAN MARCH,

COMPOSED FOR THE LATE EARL OF EGLINGTON, AND PERFORMED BY HIS BAND AT THE
LAYING OF THE FIRST STONE OF THE HARBOUR OF ARDOSSAN.

BY MR. W. H. WARREN.

for

ffmo

for

pia

D.C. §

THE ARDROSSAN MARCH.

QUICK STEP.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in 6/8 time. The music features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the melody from the first system. It includes a treble staff and a bass staff with various musical notations such as beams, slurs, and rests.

The third system of musical notation shows further development of the piece. It features a treble staff and a bass staff with dynamic markings like 'f' and 'p'.

The fourth system includes a treble staff and a bass staff. A fermata is present over a note in the bass staff, and there are dotted lines indicating a continuation of the bass line.

The fifth and final system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a treble staff and a bass staff with a final cadence and a fermata over the last note in the bass staff.

OUR TABLE.

A DIARY IN AMERICA—PART II.—BY CAPTAIN MARRYATT, C. B.

WE have not yet received a copy of this portion of Captain Marryatt's Diary, but we have seen copious reviews in the English magazines and journals, in all of which it is spoken of in terms of commendation, though the extracts furnished lead us to infer that it is little different from the former series, being a dissertation upon the American moral and social character, instead of being, as the author promised, reflections upon the working of the Institutions of America.

There seems, however, to be in the volumes some valuable statistics, in reference to the United States, and a great variety of amusing descriptions—the whole forming a book of no common interest. The first volume is devoted wholly to travelling, presenting a fearful picture of the heedlessness of the Americans with regard to human life, if a journey, at any risk, can be accomplished with speed. By a comparison of the casualties in England and America, it is shewn that while in the former only sixty-three deaths have occurred during ten years, by the bursting of boilers, or the wreck of steamboats, in the latter, no fewer than ten hundred and eighty have been swept into eternity in one year! and that out of thirteen hundred boats that have been built, two hundred and sixty have been totally lost, by accidents that the commonest foresight might have prevented. Of some of these, Captain Marryatt gives the details, which are full of interest. We quote the following, descriptive of the Mississippi, the correctness of which will be perceived by any one who has seen that terrible river:—

Never, perhaps, in the records of nations, was there an instance of such unvarying and unmitigated crime as is to be collected from the history of the turbulent and blood-stained Mississippi. The stream itself appears as if appropriate for the deeds which have been committed. It is not, like most rivers, beautiful to the sight, bestowing fertility in its course; not one that the eye loves to dwell upon as it sweeps along, nor can you wander on its banks, or trust yourself, without danger, to its stream. It is a furious, rapid, desolating torrent, loaded with alluvial soil; and few of those who are received into its waters ever rise again, or can support themselves long on its surface, without assistance from some friendly log. It contains the coarsest and most uneatable of fish, such as the cat-fish, and such genus; and as you descend it, its banks are occupied by the fetid alligator, while the panther basks at its edge in the cane brakes, almost impervious to man. Pouring its impetuous waters through wild tracks, covered with trees of little value, except for firewood, it sweeps down whole forests in its course, which disappear in tumultuous confusion, whirled away by the stream, now loaded with the masses of soil which nourished their roots, often blocking up and changing for a time the channels of the river, which, as if in anger at its being opposed, inundates and devastates the whole country round; and as soon as it forces its way through its former channel, plants in every direction the uprooted monarchs of the forest (upon whose branches the bird will never again perch, or the racoon, the opossum, or the squirrel climb), as traps for the adventurous navigators of its waters by steam, who, borne down upon these concealed dangers, which pierce through the planks very often, have not time to steer for and gain the shore, before they sink to the bottom. There are no pleasing associations connected with this great common sewer of the western America, which pours out its mud into the Mexican Gulf, polluting the clear blue sea for many miles beyond its mouth. It is a river of desolation, and, instead of reminding you, like some beautiful rivers, of an angel which has descended for the benefit of man, you imagine it a devil, whose energies have been overcome only by the wonderful power of steam.

The love of military titles, which is a ruling characteristic of the Americans, is well hit off in the following extract:—

It is singular to observe human nature peeping out in the Americans, and how tacitly they acknowledge by their conduct how uncomfortable a feeling there is in perfect equality. The respect they pay to a title is much greater than that which is paid to it in England, and naturally so: we set a higher value upon that which we cannot obtain. I have been often amused at the variance on this point between their words and their feelings, which is shewn in their eagerness for rank of some sort amongst themselves. Every man who has served in the militia carries his title until the day of his death. There is no end to generals, and colonels, and judges; they keep taverns and grog shops, especially in the Western States. Indeed, there are very few who have not brevet rank of some kind; and I, being only a captain, was looked upon as a very small personage as far as rank went. An Englishman who was living in the state of New York, had sent to have the chimney of his house raised. The morning afterwards he saw a labourer mixing mortar before the door. "Well," said the Englishman, "when is the chimney to be finished?" "I m

sure I don't know ; you had better ask the colonel." "The colonel ! what colonel ?" "Why I reckon that's the colonel upon the top of the house, working away at the chimney."

The Captain, we should imagine, has not been an especial favourite with "the fair" in the Republic, or he would not have ventured to make such ungallant remarks as are to be found in the following :—

That the American women have their peculiarities, and in some respects, they might be improved, is certain. The principal fault in society is that they do not sufficiently modulate their voices. Those faults, arising from association, and to which both sexes are equally prone, are a total indifference to, or rather a love of change, "shifting right away," without the least regret from one portion of the Union to another ; a remarkable apathy as to the sufferings of others, an indifference to loss of life, and lastly, a passion for dress carried to too great an extent ; but this latter is easily accounted for, and is inseparable from a society where all would be equal. Miss Martineau's remark upon the Washington belles, I am afraid, is too true, as I have already pointed out, that indifference to human life in America extends to the softer sex, and I perfectly well remember upon my coming into a room at New York, with the first intelligence of the wreck of the "Home" and the dreadful loss of life attending it, that my news was received with a "dear me!" from two or three of the ladies, and there the matter dropped. A Washington belle related to me the sad story of the death of a young man who fell from a small boat into the Potomac, in the night, it is supposed in his sleep. She told me where and how his body was found ; and what relations he had left, and finished with "he will be much missed at parties."

We cannot enter as fully as we could wish into the merits of this work, which, in spite of occasional ill-humour, must be very amusing and useful ; but when we have perused it entire, we shall probably recur to it again.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, SINCE THE NORMAN CONQUEST—BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

AMONG the notices of new works, which we find in the English journals, we observe that Miss Strickland has one in press under the above title. It is to be dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty, and from the well known talent of its author, and the excellence of the subject, we may expect a work of a pre-eminent character. Miss Strickland, is, we believe, a sister of one of our favourite contributors, Mrs. Moodie, whose pen has so often adorned the pages of the *Garland*.

THE PATH FINDER, OR THE INLAND SEA—A ROMANCE—BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

WE are glad to find Cooper once more in his own element—for whether in the prairie, or the wild, or upon the "glorious sea," he is alike at home, and few there are who can compete with him, in touching the hidden springs of sympathy which exist in the human heart.

This work is one that may take its place beside the best hitherto produced by its author. The story is of the simplest character, and the personages introduced are moving in the humblest grades, bearing the interest of the reader along with them, from the moral force with which they are endowed by the author. The scene is among the grandest of the new world, and its hero, the *Path-finder*, who has been born and nursed amid the giant trees of the Indian forests, is a splendid creation—simple, generous, honourable and brave. The interest of the tale is principally hinged upon his love for *Mabel*, the daughter of an old friend, to whom he is betrothed. But afterwards distrusting her affection, though she has given her consent to become his bride, he resigns her to a younger lover, for whom she has long cherished a secret passion. In the words of an English reviewer we may add, that "all this is related with pastoral truth—there is no attempt at elevating the interest above the circle in which it moves ; while the views of Indian habits, the adventures, and descriptions, that are scattered throughout, confer a vivid and life-like charm upon the plot. We cordially commend the romance as one of the purest of its class we have ever read."

A great number of works are announced as in press, by the English publishers. Among them, some by authors with whom the world is well acquainted. Of the following list, several are already published, the greater number, however, were announced "in press," at the latest dates from London :—

Lady Jane Grey, an historical romance, by the author of "Royston Gower ;" Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes, by Mrs. S. C. Hall ; The Spitfire, by Capt. Chamier ; The Diary of a Nun ; The

Romance of Private Life, by Miss Burney; Peddlington and the Peddlingtonians, by John Poole; Viola, the Affianced; Temptation, or a Wife's Perils; Prince Albert and the House of Saxony, by F. Shobet; The Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing, by the Hon. G. W. Osborne; A Winter in Scotland and Lapland, by the Hon. A. Dillon; A Pilgrimage to Palestine, by Baron Geramb; Madame Malibrand's Memoirs and Letters; Mr. Bremner's Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, with Anecdotes of their Courts; Mr. Bremner's Russia; The Duchess of St. Alban's Memoirs; Literary remains of the late Sir Philip Francis; Oliver Cromwell, by Horace Smith; Ceylon, by Major Forbes; The Hope of the World, a poem, by Charles Mackay; Cousin Geoffrey, by Theodore Hook; The Saucy Jack, by Lieut. Peake.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

THIS is one of the most amusing stories which it has lately been our lot to peruse. It contains many scenes of inimitable drollery, while the splendidly conceived illustrations, by Cruikshank, accompanying the different numbers, render them yet more irresistibly ludicrous. It is impossible at present to secure copies of it, with the plates, but the story is published entire, in one of the newspapers of the city, and has afforded an inexhaustible fund of amusement during the dreary days of winter.

HAMILTON AND OTHER POEMS—BY W. W. A. STEPHENS.

THIS little volume, which we some time since noticed as forthcoming, has at length reached us, and is a very creditable production. The author says that the Poems have been principally composed during the intervals of labour, which we are gratified in being able to mention, has not marred their excellence. There are many passages which would do honour to any of our Canadian bards, and if the author is sometimes too learned for his subject, it is the fault of a beginner, which the circumstances will cause every reader to overlook. We had marked for insertion several of the passages that most pleased us on perusal, but the want of space has, for the present, compelled us to defer them. It shall, however, be our duty, to recur to the volume at no very distant day.

We observed some discussion recently in an English magazine, on the natural history of the Canadian humming-bird, in which it was contended, that in addition to "sipping the honey from the opening bud," the miniature bird was in the habit of feeding upon insects. The writer was taken severely to task in a cotemporary print, for venturing an assertion at variance with all the received opinions respecting the humming-bird. The following, should it come under the notice of the controversialists, may serve to decide the question. The writer, a resident in Upper Canada, is unacquainted with the discussion, who is ever searching into nature of birds and flowers, and made the discovery, as he believed, for the first time, having mentioned it incidentally when writing to a friend in this city. Its accuracy may be fully relied upon:—

The humming-bird has generally been thought to feed entirely on the honey contained in the nectaria of flowers; I have, however, on several occasions, seen it feed on insects, and particularly in the month of July, 1833, when, passing near a small dead tree, called a "swamp beech," I observed a red throated humming-bird darting in among the leafless twigs, then back from the tree about a yard, coming and going many times. I went near enough to see that there were many small spiders, resting on their webs, suspended among the branches. These spiders were of the size of the heads of common pins, and as often as the humming-bird flew into the tree, he seized and devoured one of the spiders. I am sorry that this beautiful bird should be insectivorous, after having been so long believed to feed only on nectar, but the above is a fact. I saw one similarly engaged during the autumn of last year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A great number of favours are on hand, for which we have been unable to find room, owing to pre-engagement of our pages before their arrival. We would feel obliged by correspondents uniformly furnishing their real signatures, so that they could be answered by letter, which in some cases might be more agreeable than a public notice. The article from our correspondent in Augusta, is postponed, as well as that entitled the "Three Gibberts," intended for the present number.—"A Sexagenarian," and several pieces of poetry, are also deferred.