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(ORIGINAL.)

THE LOVERS OF VETTIE'S GIEL.

A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

BY E. L. C.

“None are all evil,—clinging round his heart,
 One softer feeling would not yet depart;
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
 And e'en in him it asks the name of love.”

BYRON.

WE hear much of the sublimity of Niagara, the grandeur of the Alps, and the perils of the Appenine Passes; but it has been asserted that all the natural curiosities and wonders of the world combined, offer not so much to astonish and overwhelm the mind, as is presented by one remarkable scene, in a remote Norwegian district, of which some of the philosophical journals of the age have given a minute and thrilling description.

Vettie's Giel, or glen, as the name signifies, is a very dangerous and singular pass in Norway, several miles in length, leading to a farm of the same name, and being, indeed, the only accessible way through which it may be approached. Through this narrow glen rushes the river Utedal, with almost inconceivable rapidity, its foaming stream overhung on either side by steep and frightful precipices, which, at all seasons, excepting during a few of the summer months, are covered with ice and snow, and along the summit of which winds the road leading to Vettie's isolated farm. And a fearful road it is—in some places so narrow that the feet cannot be placed beside each other upon it, and often overhanging the fathomless abyss, in a manner truly appalling.—Frequently there occur terrific gaps in the rocky path, across which is thrown a frail bridge, that trembles with the thundering roar of the cataracts beneath, and through the interstices of which is seen the fearful gulf, with its foaming waters leaping

madly up, like the hydra-headed monsters of antiquity, to drag the unwary traveller to destruction. Generation after generation passes away in the neighbourhood of this frightful glen, who never find courage to traverse it. Seldom, indeed, is there an individual in its immediate vicinity, who, without some powerful motive, has the hardihood to encounter its perils; but travellers from abroad are more adventurous, and there are regular guides, habituated from childhood to its dangers, ready to conduct the few that desire it, over the thread-like paths and trembling bridges, to the solitary farm that presents so grateful and beautiful a contrast to the rugged and dark features of the Giel.

It was on a warm morning during one of the brief summers of that northern climate, that two strangers, accompanied by their guides, and the pastor of a district bordering on the Giel, were returning from Vettie's farm, whither they had gone the preceding day, and now paused to rest at the foot of the green and wonderful valley of Afdal. A valley, it is termed, though it lies high up among the mountains of the Giel, its sloping fields stretching down over the dark precipices like the hanging gardens of Semiramis, and its one lone farm-house shaken by the thunder of the mighty cataracts that dash their foam over it, as they hurry on to the gulf below. At the foot of those green fields, that hung like a curtain above them, paused the weary travellers. Sitting

down upon the narrow brink of a precipice, they watched the labours of a man, who, with a kind of scythe that may be used with one hand, was busily mowing the tall grass of the steep field, while, with the other, he clung to some support, that he might not lose his foot-hold, and be precipitated into the abyss that seemed yawning for its prey.

The pastor, who had been long a dweller in those mountain regions, was pleased to impart to intelligent hearers the fruits of his own experience and observation, and as they sat and talked of the wonders and dangers around them, he related many anecdotes of the place, and of those who, from time to time, for such there were, had perished among the chasms of the Pass. There was still a legend, he said, connected with those scenes, and with the family of one who was long years since his predecessor in the pastoral office of Farnæs, which had ever, perhaps owing to that circumstance, possessed for him peculiar interest. He could not say how much of fiction, by its transmission through many generations from father to son, had become blended with the original facts; but that it had its foundation in truth, not an individual in the country doubted. It was still early, and if the strangers were inclined to listen, he would relate it, while they rested in the grateful shade beneath the overhanging fields of Afdal. The curiosity of the travellers was excited, and they eagerly urged him to proceed with his narration, when amidst the scenes where the events he detailed were said to have occurred, he related to his attentive auditors the outline of the following story:—

A fearful murder had been committed, or supposed to have been committed, in the pastoral district of Farnæs, which awakened horror and dismay among the unsophisticated inhabitants of that remote country. Men were seen speaking in subdued whispers to each other, and woman's cheek grew pale at the very thought of a deed so horrible. The person believed to have perpetrated a crime till now unheard of among the simple dwellers of those mountains, was a young man, who might have numbered some six-and-twenty summers, of reserved demeanour, but noble and singularly handsome person. Yet there was something forbidding in his haughty bearing, a sinister expression in his scornful and infrequent smile, and a hidden mystery in the deep and settled gloom that brooded on so youthful a brow. He came a stranger, and alone, among the people of Farnæs,—a truant, as he said, from the court of queen Christina, in search of that truth and simplicity which dwelt only with nature. But it was thought by those who marked his frequent starts, his changing colour, his contracted brow, if but a word jarred rudely on his ear, or a step sounded suddenly beside him, that he was rather a fugitive from the society he had outraged, and was enduring the inward penalty of some unavenged and fearful

crime. Still there was that about him which excited the interest of those among whom he had cast himself, and with the good and urbane pastor of Farnæs he found for the present a hospitable and quiet home.

The family of his host consisted of himself, his daughter, and an ancient female domestic,—and soon it became evident that the young Eurota was an object of deep and tender interest to the stranger guest. The watchful eye of the pastor remarked it, with a pang of the keenest regret—for he had already noted traits in the character of Rodolph Uzendal, which made him recoil from entrusting to his charge the fond and beautiful idol of his affections—she, who from the hour of her birth, till now that her sixteenth summer was attained, had been the joy and light of his home, and around whom every fibre of his desolate heart had entwined itself with such tenacity, that he felt as if life, without the charm of her presence, would be a burden scarcely endurable.—He had been widowed in heart, even before the grave took to its bosom the mother of his fair Eurota—the early object of his love—for insanity was the curse of her family, and for long years before her death she had been a hopeless maniac.

How had the anxious father prayed that this fatal malady might not be inherited by his child. Therefore, he had ever avoided all that might unduly excite or agitate her, he had forborne to oppose her inclinations, he had yielded himself to her slightest wish, and strove to surround her with an atmosphere of love, where all was pure and serene as her own gentle and unequalled beauty. But now that there was an exciting cause to awaken those deep emotions, which had long lain dormant in her soul, the pastor trembled for her safety. Since the arrival of the stranger, he had with pain remarked her altered air, and he saw in the frequent flushing of her cheek, in the restless glance of her eye, indications of a mental struggle, too mighty for her sensitive nature to endure unharmed. Day by day her customary avocations were neglected,—her dumb favourites forgotten,—her flowers languished,—and she loved only to sit in silence, listening untired to the voice of Uzendal, whose gentle accents

— “crept into the chambers of her soul,
Like the bee's liquid honey.”

And when the summer day drew to a close, she did not now, as she was wont, sit down at her father's feet, beside their shaded door, and sing in her low rich voice the songs that he loved; but she linked her arm in that of the stranger's, and wandered forth with him to drink in the tender tones that fell like music on her ear, and surrender her whole being to the delirious joy of the passion which he had awakened in her heart.

None can describe the pangs that wrung the dotting father's heart, as he witnessed in his child these

symptoms of devotion for one whom he knew unworthy of her love. For her sake he had striven to unravel the secret of Uzendal's history,—to induce him to speak of himself, and to disclose the circumstances which had led him, who was evidently bred in courtly circles, to take up his solitary abode among the rude dwellers of the Norwegian hills. But he met only cold and haughty answers, and was repulsed by an icy reserve, which wounded his sensitive and benevolent nature to the quick. To Eurota he then ventured to speak, with the gentlest and most cautious tenderness—and inadvertently, as it were, to give utterance to his fears that Uzendal was not all they could wish him to be. Eurota made no reply, but she cast herself upon her father's bosom, and wept with a violence that terrified him; he spoke to her soothingly, and bearing her to her couch, sat by her till she became calm. But when he stooped to kiss her tearful cheek, as he bade her good-night, he shuddered at the depth of her emotion, and at the dreadful certainty, that within her excitable and exquisitely sensitive mind, lay hidden the germs of her mother's fatal malady.

A week passed on, and, affected by her father's tender anxiety for her happiness, and warned by her own observation that she lavished her love upon one whose heart was furrowed by the lava streams of fierce and deadly passions, Eurota struggled to subdue her growing tenderness, and much as the effort cost her, she succeeded in obtaining an air of tranquillity, that brought peace and hope once more to the fond father's heart. But Uzendal was maddened by her altered manner, and when to his passionate entreaties, she replied only by her tears, he flew to the pastor, and with impetuous words poured forth the story of his love, and vehemently demanded the hand of Eurota. But deceived by the calmness which she had recently displayed, into a belief that she found it no difficult task to conquer her preference, the pastor mildly, yet firmly, refused it, and with his daughter's happiness in view, was rendered only the more fixed in his determination by the violence of Uzendal. "I would as soon give my gentle child to a madman," he thought, "as trust her to the uncertain love of one, whose unbridled passions might at any time destroy her reason and her life," and with this mental resolve he rose and moved towards the door, with the intention of retiring. But with a flushed face, and an air of haughty defiance, Uzendal intercepted his retreat.

"Am I to understand," he asked, "that I have received my final answer to this, my urgent suit?"

"You have," gently replied the pastor. "It is useless longer to discuss so painful a subject, for my decision must remain unaltered. I wish you every happiness, young man, and grieve sincerely that I am compelled to deny the boon you now crave—but be assured I do it from a conviction of duty, which a parent's heart would be culpable in disregarding."

"Of the prudence of your decision, the future must judge," returned Rodolph, with a flashing eye, and a lip pale and quivering with anger—"I am a desperate man, and if at Eurota's suggestion, you have heaped upon me this insult, both may live to repeat it. Marvel not at aught that may befall, for the pangs of slighted love are terrible instigators to revenge!"

And with these words, uttered in a tone and with looks at which the pastor actually trembled, the frantic lover rushed wildly from the house. A few moments the good man gazed after him in silent dismay, revolving the words which contained so dark and mysterious a threat, and which in after days, when he believed it accomplished, rung the dismal knell of his happiness and life. A low moan, and the sound as of some one falling in the next apartment startled him—he hastily entered it, and beheld Eurota lying senseless on the floor. There, shut up during the brief and stormy interview that had just terminated, she had been compelled to remain an unwilling listener to all that had passed.

The pastor raised her tenderly in his arms, and while he lamented the immediate effect produced, by grief and agitation, on her frame, he dreaded the more fatal and permanent consequences, which might result from them, to her sensitive and over-taxed mind. Long she remained unconscious, but when at last she revived, beneath the cares of her father and their faithful servant, she arose, pale and calm, and sad, and leaning on that paternal arm, which had so long been her support, went forth beneath the trees, and sat down silently in her accustomed seat. The name that was treasured in her heart escaped not her lips—she made no allusion to the past, and as day after day went by, she strove to occupy herself as she had been wont, and with an effort at cheerfulness, that melted her father's heart,—for he saw through the veil of filial affection and obedience,—that her own was breaking. A week passed on and still Uzendal returned not—nor were any tidings heard of him, and the effects of the fearful struggle that was rending the mind of the unhappy girl began to be visible to all. Her cheek grew paler, flowers no longer graced her bright hair, and her soft eyes were fixed in tearless silence upon the ground, or if raised for an instant, it was with a wild and startling glance, that made those who had known the mother, tremble for the reason of the child. And so it continued, till one morning about ten days after the departure of Uzendal, she was missing. Vain was all search, through that day and the next, not a trace of her could be discovered; but on the evening of the third, a peasant who had been over the mountains to the farm of Jelde, appeared before the distracted father, to state, that on the morning of the maiden's disappearance, he had seen the young stranger, who had been a sojourner at Farnes, bearing a female along the banks

of the Utledal—that her long hair had swept the ground, while she lay as one dead in his arms—but supposing from some cause she had fainted, he did not, as he had a long and weary way to traverse, turn from the path to follow them.

With agony unutterable the afflicted father listened to this statement, and then, accompanied by some friends, he followed the peasant to the place where he had seen and recognised Uzendal. It was a sequestered spot on the banks of the rushing Utledal, which the pastor had often frequented with his lost darling—for it had been one of her most favourite haunts. How his heart swelled as he looked round on every familiar object, so fondly associated with her,—but it became icy cold, chilled as with the touch of death, when, lying on the turf, he spied a ribbon that had bound the soft tresses of his beloved one—he raised it with a trembling hand—he gazed upon it with a fixed and glassy eye—for it was stained with blood! Those fearful words, uttered by the desperate Uzendal, and which since had so haunted his memory, seemed again to ring upon his ears—“the pangs of slighted love are terrible instigators to revenge!” “Aye, and he has quaffed the cup,” murmured the heart-stricken father; “and my child—my murdered child!”—it was a thought of overwhelming horror, nature could not support it, and sinking down in a death-like swoon, the venerable pastor was borne insensible to his desolate home.

On the morning of Eurota's disappearance, she had stolen, before the first faint streak of light, from her sleepless couch, and with the restlessness of an unquiet mind, wandered mechanically forth, straying she knew not, thought not, whither, till her step paused in the leafy dell, where she had so often met with Rodolph, and where she had first heard the dear avowal of his love. The incipient delirium of her mind, was on the point of breaking forth into decided insanity, for the deep and various emotions which had recently agitated it, had ripened prematurely the germs of that fearful malady which she inherited from her mother. The unwearying tenderness and care, which from infancy had sedulously sought to avert from her all causes of excitement, and to surround her with objects of gentleness and joy, had alone prevented its fatal symptoms from appearing sooner. But in this her soul's first deep and sore trial, she seemed conscious of her insidious foe's approach, and though she struggled for calmness, and prayed that reason might be spared her, yet in the midst of her struggles and her prayers, strange phantoms and fearful thoughts thronged in wild confusion through her brain.

It was with the feeling that she could flee from these haunting demons, that on this morning she had strayed away from her home, to wander among the scenes she loved; but even there they pursued her. It seemed to her that mocking sounds were in

the air, strange faces looked down upon her from the gorgeous clouds that followed the course of the rising sun, and busy hands beckoned to her from beneath the glassy waves, as they hurried on their course. She sat down on the root of an old tree that overhung the river, her disease each moment gaining strength, and idly plucking the violets which gemmed the turf, she cast them one by one upon the waves, laughing with wild glee when they floated safely on, but weeping with childish sorrow if perchance a treacherous eddy drew them beneath the surface, or some projecting object impeded their onward progress. Longer she might have remained, wiling away the morning with her delirious fancies, but suddenly a footstep sounded beside her—a voice softly pronounced her name, and Rodolph Uzendal knelt at her feet. He threw his arms passionately around her, but she struggled from them, and with a wild shriek arose and fled. Indignant and astonished, he forebore to follow her, till her foot striking against a pebble, she fell. In an instant he was by her side, and raising her in his arms, he bore her back to the spot where he had first surprised her. There was blood upon her temple, for in her fall she had slightly scratched it, and in alarm Rodolph tore the ribbon from her hair to staunch the wound. The delicate skin was scarcely raised, but a few crimson drops issued from it to dye the ribbon of a fearful hue, when it was thrown upon the turf, and there left forgotten, to give its fatal testimony against the banished Uzendal—false, as the circumstantial evidence that has doomed many an innocent head to an untimely grave.

She lay passive on his arm, while he smoothed back her clustering hair, and washed the stain from her forehead, in the river that flowed past their feet. When he had done, he would have drawn her gently to his bosom, but she resisted his purpose, and raising her head, gazed with an earnest, yet vacant eye, upon his face, uttering, in a whisper, “I am not mad—do not believe them if they tell you so—should I know you if I were? and are you not the spirit of Saxonstein?”—This was a young man who had hopelessly loved her, and who had perished a year before in his passage through the Giel. “You have come to show me the wonders of the Giel,” she continued in the same mysterious tone—“let us away then, and we will dive into its whirlpools together,” and casting her arms around him, she broke forth into the wild and thrilling laugh of insanity.

“Oh, my lost Eurota,” burst with passionate grief from the lips of Rodolph, to whom the mystery of her demeanour was now fearfully explained, and as the terrible conviction of her insanity forced itself upon him, the strong, proud man, was subdued to the weakness of a child, and, laying his head in her lap, he wept such tears as had never before flowed from those haughty eyes. She bent over him tenderly, as a mother above her sleeping infant, and

with her small white hand gently patted his cheek, while she murmured a low sweet song that had been the cradle lullaby of her happy infancy. He could not bear that voice, that touch, and know that those caresses were lavished unconsciously upon him—he could not endure that even in insanity she should cease to recognize him, and looking fondly up in her sweet face, he asked, in a tone which love teaches to the sternest and the coldest,

“Eurota, my beloved, dost thou not know thy Rodolph?”

“Rodolph! Rodolph!” she repeated, and looked around her with a troubled air—then turning towards him with an earnest gaze, she threw her arms around his neck, and drew his head lovingly to her lap—“Wilt thou go with me?” she said—“I will show thee where the eagle builds, and where the spirits of those who perish in the Giel hold their revels—down, down in the fathomless depths which no eye but mine can pierce—come let us begone, for the sun must give us his light when we encounter the perils of the Giel”—and she rose and moved on in the direction leading to the terrible pass.

A desire to witness the wonders and terrors of this place had always been singularly strong in the mind of Eurota. While she was still a child the pastor had once crossed it, to visit the farm of Vettie, and it was the only time, during a residence of more than twenty years in its near vicinity, that he had made the hazardous pilgrimage. He returned from it with his mind filled and awed by its wild and terrific scenery, and his descriptions of it, had even at that early age, so impressed the imagination of Eurota, that it had ever since been a cherished purpose of her heart, at some convenient time, to behold its wonders and conquer its dangers for herself. She had often roved with her father to the farm of Mœ, which lies under a high sand-hill, near the entrance to the Giel, surrounded by terrific natural objects, which betoken the vicinity of that tremendous pass. Here, while they partook the hospitality of the simple dwellers in this lonely spot, they would look forth upon the dark precipices of the Giel, and listen to the deep-toned voices of its hundred cataracts, and talk of its mysteries and dangers, till Eurota's excited mind would burst forth in a thousand eager inquiries, and she would entreat that they might press onward, and penetrate its depths together. But the pastor recoiled from such an enterprise for her young foot, light and bold, and accustomed as it was to thread the rugged paths of her northern mountains; and, for himself, he had no inclination again to peril his life amidst its crags. Yet still the desire to attempt the undertaking remained a ruling one in her mind—and now that in the wreck of reason every barrier of duty and affection was swept away, there was no restraint upon her wishes, and they led her instinctively towards

the spot, round which with deep mysterious interest, her imagination had hovered for years.

Rodolph eagerly grasped at her wild proposal,—he had motives stronger even than his love for the fair girl, whom, maniac as she was, he rejoiced to bear away from all who claimed her, for wishing to flee to the most isolated spot in the universe. The imputation of a fearful crime, that had awakened the wrath of his sovereign, was upon him. She had sworn to revenge it, and aware that Christina's vengeance was both summary and terrible, he fled, leaving behind some powerful friends, through whose influence he hoped to establish his pretended innocence, and be again restored to his country, and the royal favour. For many weary months he had wandered from province to province, and from realm to realm, changing his name with every change of residence, and shunning the glance of every eye that rested upon him with an inquiring look. There were mines in the neighbourhood of Farnæs, that often attracted visitors, and on the day succeeding that on which he had so abruptly quitted the pastor's dwelling, he was startled, as he lay listlessly on the turf beside the river, by the appearance of three strangers, who, on their way to these mines, were passing along the road. Their persons were familiar to him, and he shrunk closer to the ground as they rode slowly by, passing him so near that he could have touched their horses' hoofs; while the low accents of their voices, as they earnestly conversed, fell distinctly upon his ear. He scarcely breathed till they were lost to view, for he knew if he were seen and recognised, his fate was irrevocably sealed. As the last rider disappeared in the windings of the road, Uzendal leaped up and plunged into the woods, and there he had dwelt till now, except when the imperative calls of nature summoned him forth to satisfy its claims beneath some humble roof.

He would instantly have quitted the country, had not the sweet spell of an unchangeable love for the beautiful Eurota chained him to its soil—and now, day by day he watched to behold her, fondly hoping she would still frequent her favourite haunts on the romantic banks of the Utledal, and joyously his heart leaped when at last she came, though sadly were its glad emotions hushed at the discovery of her alienated reason. The causes that had produced so lamentable a result were too well known to him, and fondly hoping and believing that her malady would shortly yield to the tender soothing of affection, he abandoned himself to the joy of regaining the idol, whom he loved with an intensity, that was a mystery even to himself. In the remote and almost inaccessible retreat of Vettie's farm, could they attain it, he felt assured that for a time he might find a safe asylum, and Eurota a quiet haven, where her troubled spirit could repose in peace, till it had re-

gained its wonted serenity and health. Yet, alone, without guides, and on foot, how could they ever surmount the dangers of that fearful pass—how dare he expose a life still dearer than his own, to perils before which the stoutest hearts quailed with fear? But Eurota's wild vagaries had turned into that channel, and he could not restrain her eagerness to indulge them. She pressed on towards the entrance of the Giel, and fearing to oppose her, Rodolph walked slowly by her side, with one arm encircling and sustaining her delicate form, and striving, by his own laggard step to restrain the impatience of hers, irresolute and uncertain where their course might end.

As they proceeded onwards, the features of the landscape gradually changed, giving certain indications, at every step, that they were fast exchanging the smiles of nature for her most fearful and terrific frowns. Rodolph's heart sank within him, as he looked upon the frail being whom he was, perhaps, conducting to certain death, and drawing her aside from the rocky path, he sat down with her beneath the deep shelter of the trees. She raised her face enquiringly to his, and with a gladsome smile pronounced his name, but when he answered by pressing his lips to her's, she blushed with instinctive modesty, and shrinking away, hid her face in his bosom. He clasped her silently in his arms, and never before had his heart glowed with emotions so pure and deep as those which at that moment found birth within it, surrounded as he was with the most wild and wondrous scenery, and with that beautiful and helpless being lying with such trusting confidence upon his breast. It seemed to him that the Deity addressed him from the midst of his most marvellous works,—warning him to guard with holy faith the innocent creature thus thrown, in her unconsciousness, upon his protecting love. Solemnly he pledged himself to obey that low mysterious voice, and a prayer silently arose from the heart of the worldly man, the first it is feared, that ever ascended from that impure altar, for those blessed influences which could alone avail to purify and renovate his soul; and reared as he was in the crooked ways of the world—and stained, perchance, with crime—he felt, as he looked abroad upon the varied and glorious works of the Divine Architect, and then down on the lovely head of Eurota, the rich curls shading the transparent cheek, and the deep blue eye raised so lovingly to his, that if ever he learned to love virtue, and worship in sincerity the Father of his Spirit, it must be among such scenes, and in the companionship of that fair and gentle creature, who had first taught him to hate the errors of the past, and aspire after that purity and goodness, of which she seemed to him the very incarnation.

While he thus sat, now lost in thought, and now striving by tender word and tone, to calm the excitement of Eurota, which was continually bursting

forth in wild snatches of song, and wilder sayings, the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard along the rocky road, and in another instant two men appeared in view, mounted on the small light horses of the country, and preceded by a guide carrying an axe, for the purpose of cutting away the ice, should any obstruct their path. Uzendal immediately addressed them, and learned that they were the inhabitants of a distant province, and relatives of the family at the farm of Jelde, whom they were now on their way to visit. They readily agreed to relinquish one of their horses for Eurota's use, and promised to give up both, together with the guide, who was in truth an inhabitant of Vettie, in case they could there procure others for their return. These arrangements being completed, they resumed their progress, accompanied by the lovers. Rodolph placed Eurota on the back of one of the gentle little animals, and holding her bridle rein, proceeded with increased confidence over a road that was every instant becoming more toilsome and dangerous. For a time she seemed pleased with her new mode of conveyance, but suddenly, as if longing for change, she sprang from the saddle, and went gaily bounding along the uneven way. Rodolph, dismayed, caught her arm, but he could not prevail on her to remount. She appeared still to know him, and to derive happiness from his presence, and she hung upon him with a look so touching, so full of fond beseeching love, that even for her comfort, he could not force her from him—so making a signal to the man to resume his horse, he gently supported her steps, and they walked along together.

Narrow and narrower now became the dale, contracting itself almost to a ribbon's breadth, through which rushed the foaming Uledal, with a swiftness that astonished and dismayed, and higher and higher towered the black precipices on either side, over which their path led. As they climbed the steep granite hill of Jelde, its sides bending inward from the river, and its summit literally overhanging the fathomless abyss beneath, Rodolph began almost to repent his temerity in yielding to the wild fancy of Eurota. But she, radiant with delirious joy, laughed madly at his fears, and accustomed to thread the intricate glens, and traverse the mountain paths of her country, trod the narrow and perilous way, with as light and firm a step as though she were tripping over the smooth velvet of some sunny green-sward,—breaking out continually into wild songs, and pausing to hurl the gray lichens, that she plucked from the rocks, over the beetling brow of the steep and giddy precipice.

At the farm of Jelde, the two travellers bade them farewell, and Rodolph was half inclined to envy them, as they turned aside to the comfortable looking farm-house, that wore such an inviting air of quiet, in the midst of surrounding terrors, leaving him to traverse the unknown Giel with his solitary

guide, and the fitful girl, for whose life and safety, in that terrific place, he constantly trembled. But there were strong motives to prompt him to perseverance, and having persuaded Eurota to ride one of the horses, while he mounted the other, he again pressed forward, and shortly after, following the guide, they turned a little to the right, and entered the Giel itself, over a bridge formed of the trunks of trees, overlaid with birch bark, turf and gravel. But it seemed so frail a support that it trembled beneath their tread, and with the motion, the turf and gravel continually rattled through its crevices, and fell into the deep abyss over which it hung. Rodolph trembled for her he loved, and soon resigning his horse to their guide, he walked beside her, holding her rein, and carefully guarding her from too near an approach to the edge of the precipice. But shortly the road became so exceedingly narrow, that the little pony was compelled to traverse its way alone, and Uzendal actually turned pale as he watched the sagacious and docile animal bearing his precious burden along the dizzy height, from whence one false step would have hurled them both to destruction, and where the foot-hold seemed scarcely broad enough for the smallest child to walk in.

Yet still as they advanced, the terrors of the way increased. Sometimes huge masses of snow lay across their path, that had been dashed down from the higher precipices, and over which they were obliged to pass with the utmost caution, lest the slippery heap should slide off into the dark abyss, and bear them with it to a fearful death. Again, their progress would be impeded by a wall of solid ice, which threatened to forbid further advance, and would in fact have done so, had not their guide, with his axe, cut notches in the frozen barrier, by which they were enabled to surmount it. In short their whole progress through the Giel was one series of horrors,—overhanging precipices, that seemed ready to fall down and crush them, and hundreds of fathoms beneath their feet, a terrible abyss, on the very verge of which they were compelled to walk, and into which one unguarded step, or one moment of giddiness would have plunged them headlong.

Who can picture the mental sufferings of Rodolph Uzendal, as he watched the progress of her he loved through this tremendous pass? To himself, they seemed punishment sufficient for all the crimes and errors of his past eventful life—and never, could he have imagined half the dangers of the way, would he have periled his own life, and far less that of Eurota, by adventuring thus madly to defy its terrors. But she—how gaily she passed onward—her fair hair unbound, floating on the wind, her cheek glowing with excitement, and her rich voice ringing out like a sweet chime of silver bells, among the clear elastic air of the mountains. Not a sensation of fear chilled her heart, not a thought of danger restrained the airy grace of her motions; but alive

only to the presence of her lover, the very spirit of happiness seemed to animate her. She called often upon his name, and though her eye flashed with unnatural light, it softened when it encountered his, and beamed upon him with such tender joy that his heart thrilled beneath the look, and he felt it happiness far more than he deserved, to be recognised by her even amid the wildness of delirium—to know that when every other attachment was unheeded, every familiar object forgotten in the chaos of her mind, she still clung to him with a constancy and fervour, which not even the absence of reason could abate.

She was generally manageable, and tolerably calm, but occasionally when her spirits soared beyond the ordinary bounds of gaiety, she terrified her lover by the risks she dared. Once in particular, when they stood upon the most perilous spot, perhaps, that they had yet attained, so perilous, that Rodolph involuntarily paused, as though it were an act of desperation to proceed, Eurota, with a wild laugh, turned her horse's head towards the brow of the precipice, as if it were her purpose to leap into the yawning chasm below. With an exclamation of agony, Rodolph grasped the rein, and drew him back, then with an imploring look and voice, entreated her not again to terrify him by such presumption.

“What fearest thou?” she asked soothingly—
 “that it would harm me to leap over this rocky barrier? I, who can outstrip the wild bird in its flight?—aye, though thou believest it not?”—and with a voice so clear and powerful that its lowest notes were heard above the roar of the torrents that shook the solid mountain on which they stood, she burst forth into one of her wild and thrilling songs—

I soar where the wing of the young eagle droops,
 Far, far o'er proud Gulbrandsdal's breast,
 I rest not my foot on the pinnacle high
 Of Galetin's pine covered crest,—

But upwards I spring on the clear viewless air,
 To meet the first ray of the sun,
 And I follow his track through yon regions of
 light,
 Till the race of his coursers is done!

Then I rove with the stars thro' the bright fields of
 space,
 Or sport with the moon in her sphere,—
 I traverse the ocean, I ride on its foam,
 And ere morn, I am back again here!

For I love to look down in the foaming abyss,
 From the mountain cliff hanging above,
 I fear not the Giel!—its sounds are all sweet,
 They speak to my fond heart of love!

Soft eyes glimmer forth from the mountain's dark sides,

And dear voices are blent with the roar
Of the torrents loud rush, that forever repeat—
We have met, and shall never part more.

And on she pressed, singing the last stanza with an impassioned and thrilling accent. Uzendal was deeply moved, and terrified also, lest in this wild paroxysm of delirium she should commit some desperate and fatal act, and in a subdued yet earnest tone, he prayed her, for his sake, to be calm.

"Calm, my Rodolph!" she repeated, "joy is a stranger to serenity," and then she wildly warbled forth—

"We have met, and shall never part more!"

"Never, never, Rodolph,—and when we have reached the fair fields of Vettie, we will weave our bridal garland of the summer flowers that blossom there, and walk back hand in hand through this mountain pass, to be merrily wed after our pilgrimage;—shall it not be so, dearest? but look Rodolph, is not that a fearful sight?" and her flushed cheek grew pale, as she pointed towards some objects, which, by a sudden turn in the mountain path, were at that moment seen approaching.

Rodolph grasped the reign of Eurota's horse, and drew him closely up towards the overhanging wall, while two individuals came slowly along the rocky pass, bearing between them, by a handle of cord fastened at each end, a narrow plank, on which lay extended the body of a deceased child, covered with a linen cloth, and decked with garlands of flowers. Two men followed the bier, if such it could be called, and when they reached the spot where Rodolph stood, they paused, and the bearers placed their light burthen on the ground.

"It is the son of Civind, the worthy houseman,* from Vettie's farm, whom we bear to his early grave," said one of the men in answer to Uzendal's inquiring looks.

"Yes, God has sorely chastened me," said the bereaved father, who followed the coffin; "for of four fair olive plants that grew around my table, this was the fairest, and most cherished—but it was His will, and I murmur not," and a smile gilded the tear that fell upon his rough and toil-embrowned hand.

"Good friend, be comforted, this is a world of sorrow, and thy child is at rest," said Rodolph kindly.

Eurota spoke not; but in an instant she had slid from her saddle, and was kneeling by the side of the dead. Gently with her small and delicate fingers she withdrew the snowy linen that covered the face, and the features of an exquisitely fair and lovely

child, of some six or seven summers, were revealed to view. It almost seemed that life still lingered in the little frame, for the soft cheek yet wore a roseate hue, and the slightly parted lips, disclosing the small pearl-like teeth, looked like faded rosebuds. Ringlets of silken hair clustered around the marble brow, and the long dark fringes of the snowy lid, but half veiled the azure hue of the once bright eye, that was so early closed in the dreamless slumber of the grave. Eurota bent her sweet face down to that of the child, her fair hair mingling with his darker locks, and fastened her lips to his, till they seemed almost to warm into life the icy ones she pressed. Then she withdrew them, gazed long and earnestly upon the still, unconscious face, kissing again and again the lips, and brow, and cheek, then bursting into a passion of tears, sank weeping to the ground. Rodolph raised her tenderly in his arms, and while he hailed as a joyful omen those salutary tears, he strove by caresses and whispered words of love, to soothe and cheer her agitated spirits. Still silently she wept, while the little funeral train again took up their dead, and proceeded on the way. Fortunately, the path in the place where they encountered, was of sufficient width to allow them to pass, while Rodolph, with Eurota and their guide, drew closely up against the mountain side. As the mourners moved away, the guide, who was a kinsman of the family, burst into a kind of funeral hymn, that well accorded with the singularity of the place and scene,—and before it was concluded, the soft voice of Eurota joined in the simple melody with a pathos that heightened its touching effect. It ran thus,—though the spirit of the original is but faintly preserved in the translation:—

Brothers, pass on with your dead!

On, on to his last dreamless bed,

And lay him down peacefully there.

Earth claims him—she claims but her own,
Yet the seed that in sorrow is sown,

A harvest of glory shall bear.

Pass on through the Giel!

Tread fearless the precipice brink,
From the yawning abyss do not shrink,

Nor start at the cataract's roar;

For holy the trust that ye bear,
And spirits of earth, and of air,

Guard well the fair dust ye deplore.

Pass safe through the Giel!

Pass on e'er the shades of night steal
O'er the face of the terrible Giel,

And shroud your steep path way in gloom;
Speed on, friends, with Hope for your guide,
Deep trust, and tried Faith by your side,

And lay your loved dead in the tomb.

Pass on through the Giel!

* A sort of sub-tenant in Norway.

As the last sounds of the melody died away, the mourning train disappeared behind an angle of the mountain, and Rodolph, with Eurota, again moved forward, preceded by their guide. After this melancholy rencontre, the whole demeanor of the unhappy girl became changed. Her joyous spirits fled,—her cheek grew pale, and her rayless eye, as at times it met the anxious gaze of her lover's, gave no glad sign of recognition, in answer to his asking look; and once, when he saw tears upon her cheek, and soothingly inquired why she wept, she replied in sad and broken tones,—

"I mourn for the soul of my Rodolph, which has departed, and left me to wander here alone."

He gently strove to convince her that he was still guarding her steps, but she turned weeping from him.

"No, no," she said, "thou can'st not deceive me—did I not see them bear him away along the rocky path, and heard you not my voice chant the death song of the Giel?"

Sobs choked her utterance as she spoke, and a pang of bitter agony shot through the heart Uzendal, when persuaded that the object of his fondest idolatry had ceased to be conscious of his presence. He ardently longed to reach the termination of their toilsome way, relying on the rest and quiet which awaited her at the farm of Vettie, as certain restoratives to her shattered mind and exhausted frame. But the loss of that excitement which had so long sustained her, had left her powerless and inactive, till Uzendal, fearful she would fall from the saddle, lifted her from it, and springing upon the back of her pony, carried her in his arms, as he would have done an infant, at the same time guiding the docile animal safely over the rough road that he had been long accustomed to traverse. Gently she laid her head upon his breast, as though glad of its shelter and support, and unconscious of the dangers that surrounded her, closed her eyes and slept quietly upon that guilty bosom, whose only pure emotion, was the deep and true love it cherished towards her.

Thus passed they on—she, happy in her utter unconsciousness, and he, racked with busy thoughts, that brought neither peace nor healing on their wings, till gradually the road began to widen, and descending towards the river, left the high mountain wall, beside which they had hitherto travelled, far to the right. Rodolph now ventured to hope that they were nearing the haven of their rest; but he scarcely thought of so soon beholding it, when suddenly a lovely valley, crowned with trees, and smiling with verdure, opened before him, and his heart swelled with joy when the guide informed him that he now stood upon the romantic fields of Vettie's isolated farm. As if the very air of so lovely and luxuriant a spot, infused new vigour into the exhausted frame of Eurota, she raised her head, when

the pony had traversed but a short space of the smooth, grassy path, and looked around her with a faint, but happy smile.

"Are we not in Heaven—I and my Rodolph?" she softly asked—"ah, yes, I feel that we are—God has led us safely through the dark valley of shadows, into this beautiful and happy world, where we shall rest in joy!"

But she had scarcely uttered the words, when her eyes closed, and her head again sunk unconsciously upon the shoulder of Rodolph. Bitterly reproaching himself for the fatigues and dangers he had permitted her to encounter, he hastily dismounted, and wrapping his arms around her, bore her, as speedily as his strength would permit, up the long and high hill, on the summit of which stood the substantial dwelling of the Goodman Olé. It wore an air of cheerful welcome, as it stood in quiet beauty beneath the shade of its protecting trees,—environed by rich and fertile fields, smiling in bright luxuriance, and offering a lovely contrast to the tremendous scenes in the midst of which they lay, like a fair child in the arms of a fierce and angry nurse. On the threshold he was met by the mistress of the dwelling, who greeted him with kind and friendly warmth, and with the tenderness of a fond and anxious mother received the insensible Eurota from his arms. She herself had been the mother of a darling girl, who, two years before, she had seen borne on her narrow bier, over the fearful passes of the Giel, and as she now took the unconscious Eurota in her arms, her tears fell fast upon the deathlike features that so forcibly reminded her of the cherished idol she had lost. The Goodman too came forward with cordial greetings, and while he gazed with a pitying eye upon the fair and fragile girl, he could not refrain, with the frank and honest simplicity of his nature, from expressing surprise and curiosity at the motives which had induced so delicate a creature, to dare the dangers of the Giel. The questions why and wherefore, were not directly put, but Uzendal understood them, and after a moment's hesitation, he deemed it wisest and safer to preserve the truth inviolate,—and, therefore, briefly said, that he was the betrothed lover of the maiden, and that the opposition of her friends to their attachment, had so affected her mind, as to produce temporary insanity—that after several days' absence from her, he had again met her on the banks of the Ulledal, and with but a faint conception of its terrors, had yielded to her wish to penetrate the Giel, in company with a guide whom they accidentally encountered. The fear of heightening her malady by opposition, had alone prevented him from turning back, when the way was partly traversed, but now that they had safely accomplished the undertaking, he expressed his wish to remain in the family of the Goodman for a short space—trusting that the quiet which prevailed there, and the pure air of the lovely valley,

would shortly effect the entire restoration of the maiden to health and reason.

A cordial assent was rendered to this proposition by the host and hostess—and their interest in their guests, especially that of the matron, was powerfully deepened by the circumstances of their unhappy love. Eurota shortly revived, beneath the kind cares that were lavished upon her, sufficiently to partake some refreshment, and she passed a quiet night in the neat and comfortable apartment, where the good woman herself watched over her slumbers. Rodolph too, slept—notwithstanding the anxieties of the present, the uncertainties of the future, the deep regrets of, the relentless past, he sunk, overpowered by the anxious exertions of the day, into a sweet and dreamless sleep. He was awakened by rural sounds, and delicious airs that stole through the small vine-curtained window of his apartment, and he arose with only one image distinct upon his mind—that of his gentle Eurota, a maniac, and a wanderer with one, unworthy to guard her purity and youth. His brief toilet completed, he passed through his low door into a large outer apartment, the sitting-room of the family, where the breakfast table, loaded with rural dainties, and crowned with fresh flowers, awaited his appearance. At the head of the board sat the goodwife, and beside her Eurota, pale, but surpassingly lovely, though in her soft eye still gleamed the light of a wandering intellect. Rodolph gently approached her, and bending down, softly pronounced her name. For an instant, her eye rested with an earnest, yet vacant gaze upon his features, then, without any sign of recognition, she turned away, and began to re-arrange the bouquet of violets, which had been placed beside her cup. In vain the good matron urged her to partake their fare, she quaffed only a draught of the rich milk that was held to her lips, and replied by a silent gesture of the head, or the simple utterance of a monosyllable in the lowest possible tone, to whatever was addressed to her.

Uzandal was deeply affected by her condition—he had hoped much, too much for her, from a night of calm repose, and with the impatience natural to his character, he could not brook the thought that that she should still look upon him with an unconscious eye, still hear unheeded the passionate accents of his love. Strange as it may seem, none had ever like this beautiful and lowly maiden, entered with resistless witchery into the secret chambers of his soul, awakening all its deepest and purest emotions, and touching with a magic hand the finer chords of his proud and worldly heart, till it responded to one melody alone, and he forgot in the intense love she inspired, the dreams of his ambition, the cravings of his avarice, and the mad thirst for power and pleasure, which had hitherto marked his career, and been the engrossing and absorbing passions of his life,

During the progress of the meal, Eurota remained

busy with her violets, arranging them in knots and garlands, with intense and childish interest, till at last, weary with the occupation, she gathered them into one bouquet, and rising from the table, silently left the house. Rodolph followed, but forebore to address her, till he saw her quitting the smooth and shaded path of Vettie, and directing her steps along the course of the Utledal, and up the steep and perilous ascent by which they had left the Giel; anxious to prevent her purpose, he stepped hastily on, and gently pronounced her name. She turned quickly round with the look of a startled fawn, and a bright colour, like the sudden corruscation of the aurora, flushed her cheek—but it speedily faded again, and on she kept in spite of all his tender and earnest entreaties. There is a superstition common among the dwellers in those northern districts, that the spirits of all those who perish in the Giel, wander forever about the scenes where they have met their fate,—and Eurota, impressed with the idea that in Rodolph she beheld her lost lover Saxonstein, turned, when wearied by his importunity, and addressed him as such.

“Why dost thou haunt me, unquiet spirit?” she said—“thou knowest that in life I loved thee not, and thinkest thou I will prove unfaithful to him, to whom I plighted my maiden troth? No, it shall remain unbroken—so away, away! They have borne him from me, but I will follow till I find him—

I fear not the Giel!—its sounds are all sweet,
They speak to my fond heart of love!”

Uzandal was moved by the wild tones of her thrilling voice, yet still he besought her so earnestly to go with him, that she at length yielded to his entreaties, and tremblingly he drew her away from the edge of the precipice, which she had already attained. With a gentle hand he led her back to the smooth greensward, and along a sheltered pathway, to the side of a clear spring that welled forth from a little rocky basin in the centre of a group of forest trees. She sat quietly down upon its brink, and began to arrange her clustering hair in the natural mirror, and deck it with the flowers she still carried in her hand; while Rodolph, pleased that he had won her from her dangerous purpose, stood leaning against a tree, watching her harmless vagaries, till sad thoughts crowded painfully upon his heart, and bitter tears sprung unbidden to his eyes. He turned away to shake off his unquiet mood, and as he gazed around he gradually awoke to the beauties of the romantic scenery, which, preoccupied as his mind had been, he had scarcely noted till this moment. Nor could he withhold the tribute of his heart-felt admiration from the wonderful and exquisite landscape.

The farm of Vettie was a perfect gem, cased in a rude, but magnificent setting, Streamlet, and grove,

and sloping hill, tufted with groups of giant trees—the long irregular dwelling of the Goodman, with its steep pointed roof, designed to shed the heavy snows of a Norwegian winter, and the humbler habitation of the houseman,—the one crowning a verdant hill, the other peeping forth from a sheltered nook at its foot,—these were peaceful and lovely objects—while in contrast rose all around the lofty dark precipices of the Giel, and in the back ground the majestic fall of Markéfoss, pouring its world of waters hundreds of fathoms over the pointed rocks, and falling with such tremendous force, that the whole face of the precipice remained untouched by the mighty sheet of foam. Nature's smiles and frowns were indeed strangely blended in this singular scene, and for some time even Uzendal forgot his deep and various sources of disquiet in the contemplation of its wonders.

When again he turned towards Eurota, she had thrown herself back upon the turf, and like a child wearied with its sports, fallen asleep. One arm pillowed her head, and her soft hair, tricked with violets, fell in rich profusion over her face and neck,—veiling, but not shrouding, the perfect features, and the delicately rounded cheek, now tinged with a faint glow that deepened with her deepening sleep, till it flushed into the bright and healthful hue that Uzendal had seen it wear in the first happy days of their unclouded love. He cast himself down upon the turf beside her, and long and fixedly he gazed upon the gentle sleeper. Presently she awoke, and sitting upright, looked earnestly around her, then, with a perplexed air, turned inquiringly towards Rodolph, and softly murmured his name. His heart beat quick and joyously at this omen of awakening intelligence, yet he wisely forebore to agitate her by the expression of his feelings, but clasping her hand in his, uttered a few low words of endearment, and sat silently by her side. Suddenly a cuckoo commenced its monotonous song upon the nearest tree, and as though that sound touched some secret chord of memory, Eurota raised her face to his with a look of bright intelligence. As it continued to repeat its brief unvaried note, her cheek kindled into a beautiful glow, and starting to her feet, she looked around with an eager and inquiring glance.

"It is the sweet note of my own cuckoo," she at length exclaimed—"but where am I—my father—Rodolph—where are they?" and as she spoke her eye fell upon her lover, who with extended arms knelt at her feet,—too happy, too agitated to speak, but looking upward with a glance so eloquent of all he felt, that even she, upon whose darkened mind the light of reason was but dimly dawning, could not resist its mute appeal. For an instant she paused to read his passionate look, then bursting into tears, she fell into his arms and wept like an infant on his bosom. What bliss for Uzendal was comprised in those few brief minutes, while he held

his recovered treasure to his heart, and thanked God, as he had seldom done before, for restoring one so dear to reason, and to love. And how many fond thoughts, how many holy resolutions, how many bitter regrets, what dark remorse, what utter self-condemnation, by turns agitated his mind, during that short space of happy yet deep emotion.

The sound of approaching voices startled him—it was a strange thing for strange voices to be heard in that sequestered spot, and Uzendal raised his head with a feeling of uneasiness to gaze through the pendant branches upon those who were advancing. Eurota lay pale and exhausted in his arms, and placing her gently upon the turf, he remained near her, while the strangers stepped beneath the shelter of the trees, and stood right opposite to him, beside the bright waters of the spring. Olø, the goodman, who was acting as their guide, in pointing out the beauties of his romantic little dale, had led them to this spot, ignorant that it was already tenanted by his guests of the preceding day, and when he remarked the effect of the rencontre he had been the unintentional means of producing, he remained gazing from one to the other of the group, with looks of utter dismay and astonishment.

The strangers, and there were three of them, wore the travelling dresses peculiar to the period, and though neither of them was distinguished by any insignia denoting rank, except that a jewel of value looped the cap of the eldest, yet there was that in the air and bearing of each, which declared him high born and noble. At one glance, Uzendal recognised in them the travellers whom he had shunned on the banks of the Utledal—his own familiar friends, whom he had often pledged in the wine cup, and whose hands, in happier days, he had been wont to grasp in constant and intimate companionship. They had travelled over the mountains, from the copper mines of Aardal, and were on the following day to return to Farnæs, through the passage of the Giel. How mysterious that they should come to find him at Vettie—there, in that remote spot where he had thought himself secure from their intrusion, and where at such imminent risk to himself, he had fled to avoid them! But Providence, who spreads a net for the feet of the guilty, had conducted them hither, and now every drop of his coward blood retreated to the citadel of his heart, while with a blanched cheek, and a quailing eye, he met their scornful and astonished gaze. One minute passed ere the silence of surprise was broken, when "great God! is it possible!" burst with vehemence from the lips of the eldest traveller. The most overpowering emotion agitated him, his colour varied, and his voice trembled as he muttered,

"At length my search has ended,—my wanderings now may cease, for the hour of vengeance hath arrived!" then advancing towards the motionless Rodolph, he bent on him a fierce and terrible look,

and said in a tone which rung like a funeral knell upon his guilty heart,

"Well met, Count of Erzeburg! I have sought you long and vainly in all the kingdoms of Europe,—for I have a vow to fulfil, and I bless the wild glens of Norway, that they have at last yielded you up to my vengeance!"

Uzenda's eye flashed, and his lip quivered with rage as he replied,

"Thank God, Rodolph of Erzeburg is bound to render no account of word, or thought, or deed, to the Baron Darlinvach—and as for vengeance—let him not speak of that, or this hand may hurl it on his head, for wrongs that should long since have been atoned for in blood."

"Murderer!" shouted the enraged Baron in a terrible voice—"aye, tremble, and turn pale while I declare wherefore it is, I menace you with just and dreadful vengeance—for even here, in the presence of these witnesses, I charge you with the wanton murder of the Countess Aurelia of Erzeburg, your true and lawful wife—and in the name of our high and sovereign lady, Queen Christina, I here arraign you for so foul and base a deed, and summon you to appear before the tribunal of your country, to answer for your crime."

Strong and conflicting emotions betrayed themselves in the countenance of Erzeburg, as he may now be called; but he conquered them sufficiently to exclaim in a haughty, though unsteady tone—"Base calumniator, I defy you, and deny your charge—and farther still, I demand of you to answer me by what warrant you dare to trench upon the freedom of a peaceful individual, abiding on the soil of a foreign country—over such, neither you nor your sovereign can, or dare exert controul."

"We both can and dare," fiercely returned the Baron; "and since you demand it, behold the instrument which empowers me to arraign you wherever you may be found, for the foul crime imputed to your charge," and as he spoke he drew forth a roll of parchment, bearing the royal seal and signature, and investing him with the authority he had claimed.

Rodolph's countenance changed as he glanced towards the missive, and the glow of anger which had flushed it, faded to an ashy paleness—"The crime should at least be proved," he said, "before I am publicly stigmatized by a name that I deserve not."

"It has been proved, by the confession of your own page," replied the Baron, "and also by your precipitate flight, which was a tacit avowal of your guilt."

"I fled that I might gain time to defeat your machinations, Baron Darlinvach; and to escape the unjust anger of the Queen, which you were basely exerting your power to inflame against me—and as for my page—if he has said aught to implicate my

innocence—he is a liar and a knave, for well he knew, the potion which the Countess Aurelia swallowed through mistake, was mixed for a dog, whom none of my attendants could be persuaded to destroy."

"I understand," said the Baron sneeringly—"the poison was to be tested on the canine wretch, that his master might better know how deadly a draught to mix, for the wife of whom he had grown weary. Deny this, Count of Erzeburg, if you dare, without pledging your soul anew to the father of lies, and I will tear this parchment to ribbons, and recant all I have said unworthy the fair fame of an honest and true-hearted man."

"I scorn to confess or deny aught to the slanderer who has stolen upon my privacy, and urged by secret hate, sought to entrap me to destruction. Baron Darlinvach, you dared to love the Countess Aurelia—and it is the remembrance of that unholy passion which prompts you to risk the ruin of him, who rivalled you in her affections."

"I *did* dare to love her, Count of Erzeburg, but with a passion ethereal as her beauty—pure as her own purity, which it would not, for worlds, have profaned by one unhallowed thought—therefore it is, in truth, that I have constituted myself her avenger, and therefore it is, that I cannot stoop to hold farther parley with him, on whom, till his innocence is fairly proved, rests, in my eyes, at least, the foul stain of her murder."

During this brief dialogue, Eurota had remained unnoticed, except by the two younger strangers, who, astonished at her beauty, fixed their regards upon her in silent and wondering admiration. At their first appearance, she had gradually raised herself from her recumbent posture, and sat gazing from one to the other, with a countenance full of perplexity, and in which the struggles of her mind, where reason was striving to shed its light over the chaotic images of delirium, was apparent, even to those unacquainted with her peculiar circumstances. Gradually her attention became rivetted upon the passionate words of the speakers, till at length the whole fearful truth burst in upon her understanding, when, with a shriek that paralyzed the very soul of her wretched lover, she leaped up, and, darting towards him, grasped his arm with frantic eagerness, and looked up in his face, with an expression of racking doubt, of intense agony, fearful beyond the power of language to describe.

"A murderer!" she whispered, in a tone that thrilled all who heard it. "A murderer!" she repeated. "Speak! speak! is there blood upon this hand, which mine has clasped so fondly!—guilt upon the soul, which I have thought so pure! Ah! my father! and for such an one I have left thee—broken sacred ties, and fled—I know not whither—aye, I have been mad—I remember even now the ravings of that fearful dream—but I awoke, and thou wast

by my side—where I knew not—know not now—yet it was enough for me that thou wert near—and now—and now—Rodolph, Rodolph, my brain is on fire—speak but one word—one word to tell me all is false—but one word—I ask no more!” and with a frantic gesture she pressed her hand upon her brow, and clung to Erzeburg, with an upturned look of wild and bitter agony.

Rodolph felt, that not to purchase an age of happiness, would he willingly endure another moment of suffering so intense, but, with the strength of deep despair, he quelled the outward symptoms of emotion, and, casting his arms around the sinking girl, he drew her fondly to his bosom, and, stooping down, whispered soothingly in her ear.

At that sight, the rage and scorn of the fierce Baron burst forth like a terrible volcano. From early youth he had been the devoted lover of the Countess Aurelia, and when another, who wooed her only for her broad lands, won the hand and heart which he had sought in vain, his chagrin and indignation knew no bounds. But these emotions were changed to horror, when in two years after her inauspicious nuptials, she met an untimely death by poison—administered, as it was said, and not without “damning proof,” by the hands of him who had vowed to cherish and protect her. Then, thirsting to avenge the fate of her whom he had loved with such hopeless constancy, he solemnly swore, that neither the joys of love nor friendship, the spells of home, nor the ties of country, should stay his wandering steps, till he had found and brought to punishment the wretched perpetrator of so base a crime. The unhappy Countess had been a friend and favorite of Queen Christina, whose hand had bestowed her upon Count Erzeburg. Filled with horror at the treachery and baseness of one whom she had distinguished by her royal favour—she had stimulated the Baron in his purpose, and empowered him, wherever he might find the offender, to conduct him to her presence, that he might receive the summary punishment his crime deserved, and which, in many cases of far less enormity, it was her sovereign pleasure to inflict.

Six months passed away, and the Baron Darlinvach had traversed Europe to find the object of his vengeance, and now when he had almost given up the search as hopeless, he unexpectedly discovered him in this remote corner of the world, and in the companionship of a young and beautiful creature, whom the Baron naturally viewed as another victim to his treachery and art. No wonder, that, as he beheld her frantic devotion to one so utterly unworthy, fuel was heaped upon his wrath, and full of deep pity for her delusion, and detesting, as he did, the villainy of Erzeburg, the natural vehemence of his character broke forth into the deepest expressions of abhorrence and reproach, regardless of

the effect they might produce on the tender and loving being, in whose presence they were uttered.

“Wretch!” he exclaimed, “how dare you swell the black catalogue of your crimes, by the sacrifice of another young and trusting creature to your baseness! Maiden, be warned by me—and if you love him, fly; he has daggers and poison for those of whom he wearies. I could tell you a tale of one, lovely even as yourself, who drank of his cup, and lay down in that bed, from which only the sound of the last trumpet shall awaken her.”

Eurota raised her head from her lover's shoulder, where, powerless to sustain herself, she had suffered it for an instant to remain, and looked with a wild and searching glance upon the face of the Baron, as he uttered these words. Lightnings darted from the eyes Erzeburg, and he ground his teeth in impotent rage, which only the presence of Eurota restrained from bursting into open violence. But such was the power she exerted over his reckless mind, that even in this moment of direst extremity, he found it possible to still the whirlwind of his soul, lest its fury, if indulged, should again extinguish the faint light of reason that as yet scarcely re-illuminated her wandering and darkened intellect. She marked his struggles, as turning her troubled eye from the features of the Baron, she fixed it with a penetrating gaze on his, and she averted her eyes from them; and when his eye, which had ever met hers with a calm and tender light, now sank beneath its intense scrutiny, and she saw a crimson glow diffuse itself even to his very temples, a fearful conviction of his guilt flashed instantly upon her—a wild laugh broke from her lips, and the struggling ray of reason flickered and expired. That fatal shock snapped asunder the delicate chords of the finely strung harp, and silenced forever the music of a mind that had been wont to utter exquisite and thrilling melodies. For an instant her gaze remained fixed, an expression of bitter scorn curled her beautiful lip, and then wringing her hands with frantic gestures, she broke from his arms, that vainly strove to detain her, and rushing madly away, fell senseless on the ground.

Deep horror chained the lips of the Baron Darlinvach, as he beheld this fatal consequence of his uncurbed and cruel vengeance, while his two companions, shocked beyond expression, stood transfixed in silent consternation. The wretched Erzeburg alone uttered a wild and passionate ejaculation, and rushing forward, cast himself upon the turf beside the senseless object of his love. Conscious guilt, shame, fear, and anger—every emotion, indeed, was lost in the overwhelming agony of seeing the only object on earth, whose love lent a charm to his dark and desolate existence, smitten to the ground by the terrible conviction of his guilt—his, whom her trusting heart had believed so pure from all stain, and on whom her fond affection had lavished all the

noblest and brightest attributes of humanity. Had the lightnings of Heaven blasted her, he could have borne to look upon her blackened corse—had she perished amid the yawning horrors of the Giel, he could even have lived on, in solitary, hopeless wretchedness. But that he should have cast the blight upon her loveliness—he, who would have died for her—that he, another Cain, an exile and a wanderer on the earth, should have torn her from her happy home, where fond hearts cherished her, to drag her down with him to misery, disgrace, and death—such thoughts were more, far more than even his reckless soul could endure, and as he now lay, in the utter abandonment of grief, beside the fair and lifeless maiden, there was not an eye present but gazed, through pitying tears, upon the sad spectacle of the lost and wretched lovers.

With low and passionate accents, Rodolph called upon her name—he raised her head upon his bosom, he sealed his burning lips upon her brow, and bathed her pale unconscious face with his warm and gushing tears. But all in vain—the soft hand returned not the convulsive pressure of his—the veiled eye gave not back his fond beseeching glance—no murmured sound broke the fearful silence of the pallid lips, and no eloquent blush flitted across the colourless cheek, to tell of the sweet emotions that were awake within. Still and motionless she lay, insensible to the voice she loved, and to the wild despair of those beaming eyes, whence she had drank in the delicious poison that destroyed her. A faint pulsation at her heart, alone gave evidence that life was not yet extinct, and, yielding to the entreaties of those around, Erzeburg, without a word, arose, and, lifting her in his arms, bore her gently up the long winding hill to the farm house.

The goodwife's sympathies were all awakened by the deathlike appearance of the fair young stranger, and she lost no time in the bestowal of those cares, which woman best knows how to give to the suffering. Accustomed in that remote spot, to rely in all cases of illness or accident, upon her own skill, she had learned to exercise it with promptness and confidence—but in the present instance it seemed of no avail, for neither balsam, nor cordial succeeded in restoring life, or consciousness to the apparently dying girl. There she lay, pale and motionless, extended like a beautiful corpse upon her couch—the fair rich ringlets of her hair, falling in wild disorder round her face, which untinged with any hue of life, showed through the transparent skin, every delicate vein that wandered in beauty over her cheek and brow. Erzeburg knelt by her side, clasping her hand, sometimes with the stony apathy of despair, and again with the strong outburst of passion pressing it to his lips and heart, and calling wildly on her name. All through that dreary night he remained beside this dear unconscious object of his love, and when worn out with

watching, after the toils of her busy day, the goodwife slept, and he thought no eye noted him, he crept still closer to the dear one, and raising the lovely head, he nestled it down into his bosom, and sat silently and calmly gazing upon it, by the light of the dim lamp, whose flame, like that of her brief sweet life, was just expiring in the socket.

Thus was he found, when the morning dawned, and when at last prevailed on to lay his precious burden from his arms, he was told, and he heard it with tearless despair, that she had ceased to breathe. But, even then, he refused to quit the lovely clay, and it was only while the good matron, with streaming eyes, was arraying it for the grave, that he could be prevailed on to leave the apartment for an instant. He returned to his wonted station when all was arranged, and as he approached the couch, on which lay the still remains of his loved, and lost Eurota, he started back, on beholding the white and ghastly ceremonies of the dead. He knew that it must be so, but he had not schooled his heart to meet the spectacle, and for an instant he pressed his hand upon his eyes, and moved shuddering away. But again he returned to gaze, and stooping down, impressed a long, long kiss upon the icy lips.

"These then are thy bridal robes, my beloved," he passionately exclaimed—"and this the cold greeting thou givest him, who would have sheltered thee in his bosom, and cast away his own life to preserve thee from ill!" and as the words passed his lips, a wild burst of sorrow shook his frame, and for a few minutes he yielded unresistingly to its violence. Then came calmer feelings, and quietly he stood and gazed upon the dead. The sweet face was composed into a placid smile, every trace of suffering and sorrow had fled, and as if the freed and happy spirit delighted to shed its own light over the beautiful tabernacle which had so long been its dwelling place, the whole expression of that lovely countenance was one of serenity and joy. Violets, emblems of her own sweetness and purity, were strewn upon her bosom,

"And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd,
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep."

But few more brief details are left to record.—The fair corpse of the ill-fated Eurota was on the following day borne back through the dangerous passes of the Giel, to the desolate home of her past happiness, accompanied by the strangers with their guides, and closely followed, in sad unbroken silence by the inconsolable lover. On arriving at the little church of Farnæs, they encountered a funeral train issuing from it—the destitute flock had been to lay their venerable pastor in his last resting place—the bereaved father was unable to survive the fearful certainty of his lost darling's fate, and

violent convulsions had terminated his life, on the day succeeding her disappearance. The father and the child were laid side by side in the same grave, and the intercourse which their pure and affectionate spirits had commenced on earth, was renewed and perfected in the regions of eternal joy.

Rodolph saw with a bursting heart the last rites rendered to the lost idol of his affections, and through the dark watches of that first desolate night, in which her cold remains slept in the bosom of their mother earth, he remained prostrate on her grassy grave. What, during those hours of solitary woe, were the thoughts and resolves of a heart that had so deeply sinned, and been so sorely stricken, none may venture to declare. One Omniscient eye, alone read its secrets, one pitying ear was open to the unuttered prayer, that struggled from its dark and troubled depths, for mercy and forgiveness, and when the morning dawned upon his sleepless eyes, he arose and went forth, in outward form, at least, a changed and altered man; sorrow, anticipating the work of time, had ploughed deep furrows in the smooth, high brow, and in the youthful cheek, and streaked the bright dark hair, with many a thread of silver, that years would long have spared. His first act was to surrender himself a voluntary prisoner to the Baron Darlinvach, avowing the crime which had banished him from his country, and signifying his desire to return, and receive the punishment it merited.

But the humbled Baron now shrank from the infliction of that vengeance, for which he had so long thirsted. His, was a nature sensitive, and generous, as it was impetuous, and since the sad event of Eurota's death, he had unceasingly reproached his own fierce and impatient spirit as its cause. Profiting by this fearful, and self-inflicted lesson, he mentally resolved, never again to give voluntary indulgence to any passion, that warred against the peace, even of his bitterest foe. Touched by the deep misery of Rodolph's aspect, he turned a moment from him to hide his unconquerable emotion, then in a voice that struggled for firmness,

"Go," he said, "Aurelia is already fearfully avenged—man may not interfere with the judgments of his Maker—and they, unhappy one, have crushed you terribly beneath their weight. Go, and with humble prayers for your wretched self, mingle one for my forgiveness—for I too have sinned, though not with wanton malice. Go, and may God in His mercy cancel the offences of both."

"Baron Darlinvach," replied Rodolph, in a low and broken tone; "life is the most terrible punishment man can inflict upon me. I owe you no thanks for the unwelcome boon, and if it is my doom to retain it, I must bear it as a burden, as a penance far more frightful than any that the Church of Rome ever decreed, even to its vilest criminals. Pray for

me—I need the prayers of all. Farewell, and may peace dwell, even, with you."

He turned and departed, and none ever more interchanged word or look with Rodolph of Erzeburg. It was not known whither he betook himself, and after a few weeks of wonder, his name, only as of one that had passed away forever, was spoken among the dwellers at Farnæs. But in the course of another spring, a rude hut was spied, by some travellers, whose curiosity had tempted them to brave the dangers of the Giel, hanging near the summit of one of the most frightful precipices of the pass. Seemed to them inaccessible, but presently a man was seen climbing the face of the rock towards it, and when he sat himself down upon the beetling cliff above, Olé, the good man of Vettie, who was conducting the party, recognized in the wild unshaven being, the wretched semblance of the once proud and handsome Count of Erzeburg. None could gain approach to him, none knew how he subsisted, but from time to time, he was observed by the few who traversed the Giel, roving among the precipices, or sitting perched upon some dizzy pinnacle, where scarcely the wild bird could have found a space to rest its wing. But in one of the terrible thunder gusts incident to that mountain region, the rude habitation, if such it might be called, was swept away, its occupant too perished, as was supposed, for he appeared no more. The wild torrent engulfed him, and the eternal roar of its waters, peeled solemn requiem above his mangled corpse. His spirit is still believed to rove among the mountains of the pass, and the peasants of Norway yet repeat the legend of the unhappy lovers of the Giel.

Montreal.

CASTLE-BUILDING, OR THE MODERN ALMASCHAR.

In that quarter of Clement's Inn, whose dingy chambers look out upon a court-yard, where stands the well-known statu of a blackamoor,* lodged Charles Meredith, a young man, about twentythree years of age, who had just been called to the bar, and was as much encumbered with briefs as such raw, inexperienced barristers usually are. Possessed of considerable literary attainments, which, both at school and at college, had gained him the reputation of a "promising youth," and endowed with a quick,

* This statue was once, if we may credit tradition, an actual living blackamoor, who was in the daily habit, for upwards of thirty years, of sweeping the court-yard of the inn, and running errands for its legal tenants. Having in consequence, managed to get an insight into the character of their professional mal-practices, he was, naturally enough, shocked into a petrifaction, and now sits—*sedet æternumque sedebit infelix Theseus*—a lasting monumental record of the effects produced on a susceptible mind, by the inevitable roguery of lawyers.

versatile, and even brilliant fancy, Charles was still more fortunate in being blessed with a sanguine temperament, which always inclined him to look on the sunny side of things. On quitting the university, where study and dissipation engrossed his mind by turns, he had hurried over to Paris, and there contrived, in one short year, to run through the best part of a small fortune, which had been left him by his father; and now, with but a few hundred pounds remaining in his exchequer, he was, for the first time in his life, awakened to the wholesome but unpalatable conviction, that, if he did not abandon pleasure, and apply himself with earnestness to the stern duties of existence, he must ere long sink into abject poverty. Accordingly, after duly reflecting on his position, young Meredith decided on becoming a lawyer, as being a vocation more congenial to his tastes than any other he could think of. But, unluckily, this did not supply him with an immediate competence, but only put him in the way of acquiring a remote one; so, in order to furnish himself with the means of subsistence until he should have gained sufficient practice as a parrister, he determined, like many a clever young lawyer before him, on turning his literary abilities to account; in other words, on trying his luck as an author.

Having once resolved on a particular line of action, Charles Meredith was not the man to halt or fall asleep. "En avant," was his motto, as it is of all the ambitious and the enterprising. After casting about for a subject calculated to call forth his utmost energies, he at length decided on the composition of a historical romance—a species of fiction which the *Waverley Novels*, then in the zenith of their celebrity, had rendered unusually popular. Being well acquainted with the period which he proposed to illustrate—the stirring times of Louis XIV., when the war-minister Louvois was in the height of his power—Charles, whose fancy was kindled by his theme, wrought it out in a spirited and graphic style. Half a year's zealous application sufficed to bring his *con amore* task to a conclusion, when, without a moment's delay, he dispatched the precious manuscript to an eminent publisher at the West End, offering him the copy-right for—what the sanguine author, no doubt thought was a most moderate price—three hundred pounds! As a matter of course, he calculated on a favourable reply within a week, or a fortnight at furthest; but two months had since elapsed, and he had received no communication, though he had called twice at the bibliopole's house of business, and each time left a card, by way of refresher to his memory.

At last, when he had almost despaired of success, and had come to the determination of peremptorily demanding back his manuscript, his fondest hopes were realized. One afternoon, on his return home from the law courts, just as he had entered his chambers, the postman's brisk rat-tat was heard at his

outer door; and presently his clerk made his appearance with a letter, dated—Street, in his hand. Eternal powers! what were the young man's transports on perusing the contents of this note! The communication was from the publisher to whom he had transmitted his romance; and, though penned in a dry, terse, and business-like style, yet in Charles's estimation, it teemed with the eloquence of o Burke; for it was to the effect that his tale had been read and approved; that the writer acceded to his terms; and that, if he would favour him with a visit at his earliest convenience, he would give him a cheque for the three hundred pounds, and, at the same time venture to suggest a few trifling alterations in the manuscript, which he thought would tend to increase its chances of popularity.

Charles read this touching billet at least twice over, to convince himself that he had not misapprehended its import; and then, hurrying out into the first cab he met, and—as might have been anticipated—was thrown out, just ten minutes afterwards, though fortunately his fall was attended with no worse consequences than developing on the back of his head that particular bump—namely conscientiousness—which, as phrenologists have justly observed, is so invariably found wanting in the skulls of politicians.

On getting on his legs again, young Meredith, made cautious by experience, continued his journey on foot, and on reaching the publisher's shop, and sending in his name, was at once ushered into the august presence. The interview, though short, was highly satisfactory. Charles received the bibliopole's compliments with becoming modesty, and his cheque with very visible delight; and, having listened to his suggestions, and promised to give them all due consideration, he took his leave, and posted off to a neighbouring banker's, where he presented his cheque, and received in return a handsome pile of Bank of England notes.

Just as he turned again into the street, he unexpectedly encountered an old college chum, to whom he imparted his good fortune in terms of such extravagant rapture, that his friend, a sedate mathematician, looked at him, not without a suspicion that his intellects were impaired. And let no one blame his transports, for an author's first work—especially if it be of an imaginative character, and he who penned it a green enthusiast—is always an affair of prodigious moment in his estimation! The lover who hears his mistress falter out "yes," when he feared she was going to say "no;" the father, who sees in his darling first-born the reflection of himself, even to the snub-nose and unquestionable squint; the hungry leader of opposition, who finds himself suddenly transported from the comfortless region on the wrong side of the speaker, to the Canaan of the Treasury Bench, flowing with milk and honey; the turtle-shaped alderman, who, on the glorious day of

his metamorphosis into a lord-mayor, hears his health drunk and his virtues lauded at his own table, by a real first minister of the crown; these, even in the height of their ecstasy, feel no more intense gratification than does the young unsophisticated author, on the success of his first literary enterprise. But how changed the scene, when, the gloss of novelty worn off, he takes to writing as a task! The instant composition becomes a matter of necessity, it ceases to be a pleasure. Fancy flags, and must be goaded onwards like an unwilling steed; invention, that once answered readily to one's bidding, stands coldly aloof; the fine edge of feeling grows dull; thought refuses longer to soar, but creeps tamely, instead, along the dead flats of commonplace; and the mere act of stringing sentences together comes to be the most thankless and irksome drudgery. Charles, however, had not yet reached this pass. At present he was in the honeymoon of authorship.

After strolling about some time with his Cambridge friend, Charles went back to his chambers, where he occupied himself till the dinner hour in perusing Scott's splendid romance of *Old Mortality*; and in the evening, which set in wet and stormy, he drew forth from its modest hiding-place, his last remaining bottle of wine, closed his shutters, wheeled his sofa round to the fire, which he coaxed and fed till it blazed like a furnace, and then, in the true spirit of that "luxurious idlesse" which Thomson has so well described, allowed his skittish fancy to run riot, and, rapt in delicious revery, began building castle after castle in the air, whose imposing splendour increased in exact proportions to his potations.

"Lucky fellow that I am," mentally exclaimed this sanguine daydreamer, as his eye fell on the heap of bank-notes which lay close beside him on the table, "here are the fruitful seeds from which I am destined soon to reap a rich harvest of wealth and fame! The sum now in my possession will afford me a moderate competence till I have brought my next literary production to a close, when of course, my means will be extended; for if I get three hundred pounds for my first work, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day that, for my second, which will be twice as good, and therefore twice as popular, I shall get twice, or perhaps thrice, the sum. Then, who so fairly on the road to fame as I? My second flight of fancy being successful, my third will still further increase my renown, when public curiosity will be strongly excited to know who and what I am. Mysterious surmises will be set afloat respecting my identity. The press will teem with 'authentic particulars' of my birth, parentage, and education; this journal asserting, 'on authority,' that I am Sir Morgan O'Doherty; another, that I am a young Irishman who withhold my name for the present, in consequence of having killed my uncle in a duel; and a third, that I am no less a personage than the President of the Noctes! At last the whole mighty truth

will be revealed, and an agitated world be calmed by the appearance of my name in the title-page of my fourth historical romance. From that eventful period I shall become the leading lion of the day. My best witticisms will be repeated at every table, and, under the head of 'Meredith's last,' circulated in every journal; my likeness, taken by an eminent artist, will be exhibited in my publisher's shop-window; great booksellers will contend for the honour of my patronage; invitations to dinners, balls, and conversations, will pour in hour by hour throughout the season; when I enter a drawing-room, a whisper will go round, especially among the ladies, of 'There he is!—What a dear creature!—how interesting he looks!—and at length the general enthusiasm will reach such a height, that, one night, as I am in the act of quitting a crowded conversazione, one of the most ardent of my male admirers, anxious to possess some memorial of me, will walk off with my best hat and cloak, just as a similar literary enthusiast absconded last autumn with Christopher North's celebrated sporting jacket.

"And what will be the result of all this enviable notoriety? Can I doubt?—No. The sunny future lies spread out before me like a map. A beautiful young girl of rank and fortune, fair as a water-lily, with a pale Grecian face, slender figure, remarkable for its symmetry, and foot so exquisitely and aristocratically small, as to be hardly visible, except through a microscope;—this refined, graceful, and sylph-like creature, attracted by the blaze of my reputation, will seize the favourable opportunity of my being invited to a ball at her father's house, to transfer her affections from the author to the man! The consequences may be anticipated. I shall reciprocate her feelings; sigh whenever she approaches, throwing a fine distraction into my eloquent dark eye; and, finally, one fine day, when there is no one in the drawing-room but herself, make a direct avowal of my love. Grateful creature! She just clasps her fairy hands—utters tremulously 'Oh goodness gracious!'—and then sinks into a consenting swoon on my bosom. But, alas! the course of true love never did run smooth. The lady's stony hearted parents insist on her marrying a squat viscount of sixty. She refuses: whereupon I press my suit, and driven to desperation, propose an instantaneous elopement. An elopement! Delicious sound in the ears of romantic youth and beauty! Can Leonora resist its magic? No!

"Accordingly, one morning in the appropriate month of May, when the streets are still and solitary, and the venerable parents of my idolized Leonora are comfortably snoring back to back in bed, I meet her by appointment at the corner of the square where she resides—pop her into a hackney-coach, rattle away to Highgate, and there transfer her to a post-chaise and four, which is in waiting to receive us on the great north road. Away, away we go, swift as the

wind—sixteen knots an hour to begin with. Scarcely is one mile-stone passed ere another pops in sight. Trees flit by us as if they were running for a wager. Towns appear and disappear like phantoms. A county is scampered across in an hour or so. Ah, there is another post-chariot dashing madly along in our rear! Go it, ye rascals, go it—or I'll transport ye both for aiding and abetting in abduction! Don't be nice about trifles. If you run over an old woman, fling her a shilling. If you find a turnpike-gate shut, charge like a Wellington, and break through it! If the fresh horses are sulky at starting, clap a lighted wisp of straw to their refractory tails! Bravo! Now we fly again! 'Don't be alarmed, Leonora; the little boy was not hurt; the hind-wheels just scrunched in one of his finger-nails—that's all, my life! What, still agitated?' 'Oh, Charles, we shall break both our necks—I'm sure we shall!' 'And if we're caught, my sweetest, we shall break both our hearts—a far more agonizing catastrophe.' Behold us now approaching the Border! another hour, and we are in Scotland. I know it by the farm-yard cocks who are one and all crowing in the Scotch accent. What village is that right ahead of us? Gretna, as I live! And yonder's the Blacksmith's! Then Heaven be praised, Leonora is mine! Hip, hip, hurrah! Nine times nine, and one cheer more!!

"The scene changes. Love's first delicious transports have subsided, and ambition resumes the ascendancy. A little love is sweet and palatable enough; too much makes one sick. It is like living on lump-sugar and treacle. Tired of my honey-suckle cottage, even though it be situated in a valley where the 'bulbul' sings all night, I bring my equally wearied bride with me to the metropolis. The news of the lion's return spreads far and wide. My late elopement has, if possible, increased my popularity,—especially as, during my rustication, the main incidents have been dramatized, and played with astounding effect at the Adelphi. Melted by such indisputable evidences of my sterling celebrity, my old father-in-law, who has been sulking ever since I evaporated with his pet child, sends for me with a view to reconciliation, and flinging his aged arms about my neck, formally acknowledges me as his heir; and, after introducing me to all his titled and influential acquaintance, dies, as if on purpose to give me another shove up ambition's ladder, and leaves me a tin-mine in Cornwall, shares in half-a-dozen London companies, and upwards of thirty thousand pounds in the *three per cents*. Excellent-hearted old gentleman! Here's his health!

"Adieu now to literature. My hopes expand with my circumstances. Who would creep when he could soar? or content himself with the idle flatteries of the drawing room, when he could electrify a senate, and help on the regeneration of an empire? My destiny henceforth is fixed. The spirit of a Demosthenes swells within me—I must become a member

of the imperial legislature. But how? There are no rotten boroughs now-a-days. True, but there are plenty quite fly-blow enough for my purpose—so hurrah for St. Stephen's! Armed with a weighty purse, and backed by a host of potential friends, whom my literary renown and handsome fortune have procured me, I announce myself as candidate for the borough of A—; make my appearance there in a style of befitting splendour, with ten pounds' worth or so of mob huzzaing at my heels; thunder forth patriotic claptraps on the hustings, with my hand pressed against my heart; shake hands with the electors, kiss all their wives and daughters—and, as a necessary consequence, am returned by a glorious majority to parliament.

"Now comes my crowning triumph. On the occasion of some discussion of all-absorbing interest, I enter the crowded house, and catching the speaker's eye, just as I am in the act of getting up on my 'eloquent legs'—as Counsellor Phillips would say—I prepare for a display that shall at once place me in the front rank of statesmen and orators. A prodigious sensation is caused by my assumption of the perpendicular. A buzz goes round the house that it is the celebrated author, Charles Meredith, who is about to speak. Peel rubs his eyes, which have been closed for the last half hour by the irresistible rhetoric of Hume—Sheil trembles for his tropes—and even O'Connell's evincing no common share of uneasiness. Meanwhile, I commence my oration. 'Unaccustomed, as I am, to public speaking,' is the modest and ingenious language in which I supplicate the forbearance of honourable members, who, with that generosity so characteristic of free-born Britons, reply to my novel appeal with reiterated cheers. Having thus secured their favourable opinion, I plunge unhesitatingly in *medias res*. I put the question in its broadest and clearest light; I philosophise upon it; am jocular upon it; embellish it by some apt Greek quotations, infinitely to the delight of Mr. Baines, who expresses his satisfaction at my being such a ready *Latin* scholar; and conclude with an impassioned and electrifying apostrophe to the genius of British freedom. Next day the papers are all full of my praises. Those which approve the principles of my speech, extol it as a miracle of reasoning; and even those which are adverse, yet frankly confess that, as a mere matter of eloquence, it has never been surpassed within the walls of St. Stephen's. A few nights afterwards I create a similar sensation, which is rendered still more memorable from the circumstance that a lady of rank and fashion, who happens to be listening to the debate in the small recess over the roof of the house, overbalances herself in the ardour of her feelings, and tumbles, head-foremost, through the sky-light into the speaker's lap!

"So passes the session. During the recess, the clubs are all busy in speculation as to my future

course of proceeding. Not a gossip at the Athenæum, the Carlton, or the Reform Clubs, but has an anecdote to relate about Charles Meredith. The foreign secretary was seen walking arm-in-arm with me one Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park; and the next day it was remarked that the chancellor of the exchequer kept me fast by the buttonhole for a whole hour in Palace Yard. Hence it is inferred that I shall ere long form one of the government. Even a peccage is talked of; but *that* I am doubtful whether to accept or not. Weeks, months, thus roll on, and about the period of the meeting of parliament, ministers, who are sadly in want of a ready, fluent speaker, begin to throw out hints of an intention to angle for me. These hints daily become more significant, and as I take not the slightest notice of them, it is concluded that silence gives consent, and that I have my price. Acting on this conviction, the ministerial whipper-in sounds me on the subject, and lured on by my seeming acquiescence, proceeds to open his battery upon me through the medium of divers epistles marked 'private and confidential,' in which, in the event of my supporting government, I am promised a snug berth in Downing Street, and at the end of the session, when certain troublesome questions are disposed of, a foreign embassy, with an earldom, and a pension. Ye, who are honest men—and here, thank God, I feel that I am appealing to a vast majority of Englishmen, and the entire population of Ireland—imagine the blush that paints my patriotic physiognomy on receiving these affronting proposals! I am bewildered—horror-struck—'teetocaciously exfunctioned'—(to use Jonathan's phrase); and when the whipper-in meets me by appointment to receive my final answer, I snatch up his insulting letters, which happen to be lying beside me on the table, and glaring on him, like a Numidian lion, while he, hypocrite as he is, puts his hands into his base breech-pockets, like Lord Castlereagh's crocodile, by way of showing his indifference, I exclaim, in the most withering tones of scorn, 'Sir, were I bound to ministers by as strong ties of affection as even those which bind a Burdett to an O'Connell, still I would disdain to join their party on terms such as you propose. If you have no conscience, sir, I have; know, therefore, that nothing under a dukedom and a pension for three lives will suit my disinterested views of the case!' So saying, I tear the letters into a thousand fragments, and fling them into the fire thus!—thus!—thus,—

"Heavens and earth, what—what have I done?" continued the excited castle-builder, his enthusiasm falling below zero in an instant. "Why, I have actually, in the order of revery, mistaken a pile of bank notes for ministerial communications, and consigned to the flames the entire sum I received but this morning from my publisher!" It was too true. Of the three hundred pounds, not one single vestige

remained. The "devouring element" had destroyed all.

So much for castle building!

Blackwood's Magazine.

IALOGUE BETWEEN THE SUN AND MOON.

MOON.

Oh, Sun! ere thou closest thy glorious career,
And brilliant thy wide course has been,
Delay and recount to my listening ear,
The things which on earth thou hast seen.

SUN.

I saw, as my daily course I ran,
The various labours of busy man;
Each project vain each emprise high
Lay open to my searching eye;
I entered the peasant's lowly door,
I shone on the student's narrow floor,
I gleamed on the sculptured statue pale,
And on the proud warrior's coat of mail,
I shed my rays in the house of prayer,
On the kneeling crowds assembled there,
In gilded hall and tapestried room,
And cheered the dark, cold dungeon's gloom,
With joy in happy eyes I shone,
And peace bestowed where joy was gone;
In tears upon the face of care,
In pearls that decked the maiden's hair,
I shone on all things sad and fair,
But few the eyes that turn to heaven,
In gratitude for blessings given;
As on the horizon's edge I hung,
No hymn or parting lay was sung.

MOON.

Thou risest in glory, my journey is o'er
Alternate our gifts we bestow,
Yet seldom behold we the hearts that adore
The source whence all benefits flow.

SUN.

Thou comest, O moon! with thy soft beaming
light
To shine where my presence has been,
Then tell me, I pray thee, thou fair xueen of
night
What thou in thy travels hast seen.

MOON.

I shone on many a pillowed head,
On green-sward rude and downy bed,
I watched the infant's downy sleep,
Composed to rest so calm and deep,
The murderer in his fearful dream,
Woke startling at my transient gleam
I saw across the midnight skies,

Red flame from burning cities rise,
 And where 'mid foaming billows roar,
 The vessel sank to rise no more,
 I heard the drowning sailor's cry
 For succour when no help was nigh;
 On mountain path and forest glade,
 The lurking robber's ambuscade—
 I shone and on the peaceful grave,
 Where sleep the noble and the brave,
 To each and all my light I gave,
 And as my feeble silver ray
 Vanished before the dawn of day,
 In vain I lent my willing ear,
 No word of gratitude to hear.

SUN.

We still travel onward our task to fulfil,
 Till time shall be reckoned no more,
 When all shall acknowledge the sovereign will
 That made them to love and adore.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

He turned him from the spot—his home no more,
 For without hearts there is no home;—and felt
 The solitude of passing his own door
 Without a welcome.—*Byron.*

NEW YORK, February 1, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR—You did me the honour to request some lines of mine for music; and, at the moment, being delighted with your fine voice and exquisite taste in singing, I said I would write you a song. Now, I think with the author of the Hunchback, that a promise given, when it can be kept, admits not of release, "save by consent or forfeiture of those who hold it," and I have been as good as my word, as you will perceive by the enclosure of "The Woodman." I hope it will answer your purpose. Let me tell you how I came to choose an old tree for my subject. Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight has recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale.

"Your object?" inquired I.

"Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's."

"The place is yours then?" said I.

"No, my poor mother sold it;" and I observed a light quiver of the lip, at the recollection of that circumstance. "Dear mother!" resumed my companion, "we passed many happy, happy days, in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now—father, mother, sisters, cottage—all, all, gone;" and a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and a moisture

came to his eyes as he spoke. But after a moment's pause, he added, "Don't think me foolish; I don't know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down his lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. I often listened to the good counsel of my parents there, and I have had such gambols with my sisters! Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to half its advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer; but I like it full as well in very winter time." These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, "There it is!" and he sprang from his saddle and ran towards it. I soon overtook him, wondering at his haste; but what met my sight, made it no wonder. Near the tree stood an old man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage.

"What are you doing?"

"What's that to you?" was the reply.

"A little matter, but not much—you're not going to cut that tree down surely?"

"Yes, but I am though," said the woodman.

"What for," inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion.

"What for? why, because I think proper to do so. What for? I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for; this tree makes my dwelling unhealthy; it stands too near the house; prevents the moisture from exhaling, and renders us liable to fever-and-ague."

"Who told you that?"

"Dr. Smith."

"Have you any other reason for wishing to cut it down?"

"Yes, I am getting old, the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn."

He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever-and-ague was a mere fiction, for there never had been a case of that disease in the neighbourhood; and then was asked what the tree was worth for firewood?

"Why, when it is down, about ten dollars."

"Suppose I should give you that sum, would you let it stand?"

"Yes."

"You are sure of that?"

"Positive."

"Then give me a bond to that effect."

I drew it up; it was witnessed by his daughter, the money was paid, and we left the place, with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We returned to the turnpike, and pursued our ride. These circumstances made a strong impression upon my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you. I hope you will like it, and pardon this long and

hurried letter. With sentiments of respect, I remain yours very cordially,

GEO. P. MORRIS.

Henry Russell, Esq.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
 Touch not a single bough !
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot ;
 There, woodman let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not !
 That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hack it down ?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
 Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies !
 When but an idle boy
 I sought its grateful shade ;
 In all their gushing joy,
 Here too my sisters played.
 My mother kiss'd me here ;
 My father pressed my hand—
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand !
 My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree ! the storm still brave !
 And, woodman, leave the spot ;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

(ORIGINAL.)

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

FRENCH POLITENESS AND SELF POSSESSION.

BY E.

THE old fashioned politeness of France, with its thousand fantastic accompaniments, is now rarely to be met with. It has been much modified by the events of the revolution and its subsequent periods. Among some classes, indeed, it has entirely disappeared, and been replaced by a ferocity and coarseness altogether revolting, because contrasted so vividly with what still remains of the amiable manners of other days.

Yet, on the whole, I think, that the French are still entitled to be called the most polite nation in the world. As this does not imply, by any means, that their manners are deprived from the possession of

superior qualities of the heart or head, most foreigners, content with the good qualities distinguishing their own countrymen, willingly, in this instance, concede the palm to France. The traveller must, however, be prepared to meet with many exceptions to this rule, which are chiefly to be found among the military, and that numerous class consisting chiefly of young men who profess republican notions. Such persons, influenced by their habits of life, their train of thinking and more still by that love of dramatic display, inherent in every Frenchman's breast, in the one case substitute insolence for military bluntness, and on the other, outrageous indecorum for republican simplicity. Setting aside these exceptions, and casting his vision over a larger sphere, he cannot fail to be struck with the general diffusion among all but the lowest classes, of not merely the elements of good breeding, but of that easy self-possession and facility of address, which in England and America is confined almost exclusively to the fashionable circles of society. It is not surprising, then, that their neighbours the English, now grown wiser by experience, should have been so often deceived by the admirably acted pretensions of French adventurers, whose manners and deportment, when judged by the usual standard, seemed to indicate a far more elevated station of life than that of a shopman or mere servant.

As a proof of the general good breeding pervading all ranks, I need hardly bring forward the imperturbable gravity with which they listen to the ridiculous blunders and absurdities committed by us in our first essays at speaking their language—instead of laughing in our faces, as we are apt to do under similar circumstances, they not merely suppress the inclination to do so, but kindly strive to relieve us from our embarrassment, by anticipating the meaning we are labouring to convey. But to fully comprehend the polite self denial exercised on such occasions, we should visit the theatres where Englishmen and their peculiarities are frequently caricatured. Here, the ludicrous *double entendres*, our mal-pronunciations and consequent distress, which perhaps during the intercourse of the day had tried the gravity of more than one of the audience, now elicit the most unbounded merriment, and the walls ring with shouts of laughter.

The national hatred borne towards England is of the most bitter and imperishable nature, and finds among themselves a constant vent in declamations against the rusticity, and what they are pleased to term barbarism, of its inhabitants. The extent to which this prejudice is carried is almost incredible. A friend of mine once overheard a Frenchman telling his companion, that the English always entered a ball-room with their hats on, and that they never took them off during the rest of the evening. To a man who regarded the precincts of a ball-room with much the same veneration, that we do the interior of a

church, such a piece of information did not fail to produce the greatest disgust and indignation. One day I took refuge from a shower in a splendid *café* on the Boulevards. The walls were lined with magnificent mirrors, and the presiding genius of the place, in the shape of a very pretty young lady, was seated with great dignity upon a beautiful gilt throne. As I sipped my coffee, it was my fate to listen to a conversation among a party of true Parisian Cockneys, which embraced a lovely picture of the English character, as viewed through the distorted medium of these prejudices. One of their members had just returned from a mercantile excursion to *Boulogne sur Mer*, and was describing his adventures with the gravity of a Humboldt, when he was suddenly interrupted by the exclamation of another of their party, in these words, "Il doit en avoir furieusement des Goddanes à Boulogne." "Yes," replied the other with the utmost scorn; "yes, there are so many, *sacré nom!* and they are such accursed gourmands, that not a fish can be had by a Frenchman for love or money." Now commenced a running fire of invectives, "England was a *pays triste*. The men were *barbares*, but terribly rich and such drunkards too! The women were beautiful, it is true, but then they were so stupid and so amazingly *sage* (virtuous). Thus they continued in this strain, until every term of abuse was exhausted.

The above is a faithful transcript of this memorable conversation, and the reader may rest assured that I had not hurt his delicacy with such a puerile exhibition of venom, did it not afford an excellent commentary upon what we are to expect from all in whose veins flows the blood of France. Such however is the self-possession of Frenchmen and the force of education, that they are enabled to conceal these bad sentiments with courtierlike ease, and in their intercourse with the objects of their dislike not merely satisfy them, but even fascinate them with their apparent *bonhomie* and inviolable politeness.

Whether it be from vanity, early education, from natural good sense, or from the effects of all three combined, it is certain, that in the *savoir vivre*, they are immeasurably superior to Englishmen and their descendants in America. Immoderate diffidence is the failing which mars the sterling and generous qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is this which throws its insurmountable, but imaginary obstacles in the way of every day intercourse, and which, from the painful reserve it creates, has obtained for them in France, the reputation of being a boorish and sullen race. The want of proper self-confidence is a moral affection totally unknown among the members of this gay and volatile people, a bashful Frenchman is indeed a *rara avis*.

"Few Frenchmen of this evil have complained,
It seems as if we Britons were ordinated,

By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside."

Cowper's Convers.

The best opportunity of comparing the general manners of the French and English of the middle classes, may be had at all times by repairing to the *Milles Colannes*, a restaurant in the Palais Royal, much frequented by individuals of both notions.

Enter John Bull—he boweth sideways to the lady at the counter. He stoppeth for an instant, and throweth around an uneasy glance, in search of the most retired corner in the saloon, and directeth his steps in a hurried manner through the labyrinth of tables to the desired spot—in so doing the chances are ten to one, if he doeth not draw the flaps of his coat over a plate of soup, and displace a half-a-dozen Frenchmen from their chairs. He arriveth at length at his table, in a state of profuse perspiration—nervous people have acute feelings and become exceeding warm, but even kind nature hath provided a refreshing antidote in the shape of a natural bath. The first thing, "*ce sacré gauche Jean Bull*," doeth is to drop his spoon on the floor, and immediately afterwards his fork—the next to spill the wine on the table cloth. Then he betrayeth extraordinary agitation, when he asketh the *garçon* for *rosbif* and *pommes de terre*. When he payeth for his dinner, he droppeth the five franc piece, which rolleth away in the coolest manner among the feet of a party dining next to him, who are obliged to make way for the *garçon* to display his suppleness under the table, which he doeth, by turning round and round with marvelous celerity, uttering at the same time a thousand smothered exclamations of "*peste*" "*diable*" &c. until he hath found it. Unhappy John closes the exhibition by turning the table away when he getteth up to depart, and doth not breathe freely until he be once more in the open air, where he soliloquizeth on the wonderful mobility of French gimcracks.

To the foregoing sketch I must add a couple of anecdotes of D——, the best of fellows but the most uncouth of mortals. This young gentleman was balancing himself on a chair at a *restaurant*, in a style that would not have disgraced Jonathan himself; immediately behind him was a glorious bouquet of artificial flowers, covered with a splendid glass vase—in the midst of a story, delivered with vast energy, and much action, he lost his balance, and falling backwards, smashed the vase to a thousand fragments, and scattered the flowers over the floor. Never did man cut a more absurd figure, or take the thing less coolly. The Frenchmen, of whom the room was full, stared at D—— as if he had been a Hottentot, but not one added to his distress by laughing or even smiling, at least so long as we remained there, which was a precious short time.

The same person, who had just purchased a huge stick, wherewith he intended to annihilate the French

nation, was describing to me the sword exercise. While giving the cut and thrust, he tore open the back of the coat of a spruce little Frenchman, who exactly at that moment, jumped out of a doorway, D— was petrified with astonishment, blushed, stammered forth an apology, and in fine was exceedingly miserable. Contrast this conduct with the inimitable coolness of the Frenchman, he first looked at the stick, then at D—, and then at his coat—and finding that the whole affair was accidental, he shrugged his shoulders, and immediately stepped back again into the house, without deigning to utter a single word.

Let us shift our quarters once more to the *Restaurant*. In trips a smart little man with about a dozen yards of gold chain disposed over his waistcoat. He carries a delicate cane of foreign wood, and making a magnificent salute to the *dame de comptoir*, we discover that he has just left the hands of the hair-dresser; his hair is as smooth and polished as a piece of jet, and is superbly arranged in front in the form of a cow's horn. He threads his way through the throng of tables and their occupants, says "pardon" to each group, and at length selects the most conspicuous situation he can find in the room. After hanging up his hat, and daintily placing his cane against the wall, he surveys himself before one of the mirrors, and admiring himself for a few moments, he seats himself at his little table. Instead of shouting out *garçon!* he attracts that personage towards him by a talismanic sign, and in three words expresses all his wants, while he disposes of the snow-white napkin neatly over his knees; he examines all in his immediate neighbourhood, and at length discovers some pretty damsel, of whom he expresses his admiration by a "werry pecooliar" glance, which is understood by none better than the lady herself—ah! how gratified the litt'e fellow is! such a smirk overspreads his queer little face, that it becomes a matter of astonishment to the beholder how he has prevented it from becoming an open grin. The gratified vanity of the fair one, without doubt, has been interpreted into a broken heart. Frenchmen are much in the habit of enumerating an interminable list of the sweet creatures who have perished from the effects of those killing and irresistible looks. *Monsieur's* naturally voracious appetite having been still more whetted by the occurrence alluded to above, he attacks his dinner with hearty good will, and manages to conceal a load of provisions, which would suffice for an English ploughman. Yet the effects are never visible. His face remains pale throughout, nor is a single hair on his well dressed pate deranged, although subjected to the combined action of a hot atmosphere and still hotter dinner—two things which usually prove fatal to the labours of the *artiste*. The meal being finished, *Monsieur* pulls out his purse under the table and slips a *sous* into the *garçon's* hand, who, with the politeness of his nation, affects to be overwhelmed by the magnifi-

cence of the donation. He never sits after dinner, from fear of incurring the imputation of having *trop mangé*.

Monsieur's self complaisance having attained its maximum, he rises from the table—once more admires himself in the mirror—resumes his hat and cane—another unparalleled bow to the *dame de comptoir*, and exit in all his glory, *Johanny Crapeau*.

These are extreme examples, I must confess, but still they are not exaggerated. To form a moderate estimate of the comparative every day politeness of the two nations, let us, gentle reader, split the difference. From the unsophisticated Englishman abstract a portion of his awkwardness, and from the *petit-maitre* a few of his fine airs and trinkets, and which of the two will appear to the greatest advantage in general society? I think the *petit-maitre*—if you should think otherwise, pray let your reasons appear in the *Garland*, for I am one of those facile and rare persons, "who are always open to conviction, and who are ever ready to obtain information wherever it may be found."

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ROYAL ANTHEM.

God save Victoria—long live Victoria—

God save the Queen!

Send her each heavenly grace,

Down from thy holy place,

Long may she reign in peace,

God save the Queen!

O, Lord our God arise,

Convert our enemies,

Raise them that fall.

Extend our politics,

Make us true Catholics,

On thee our hopes we fix,

O, save us all!

Father, whose awful sway,

Even kings must obey,

Thy will be done.

Son of that Father's love,

Whose cross and passion strove,

Man's rebel heart to move,

Thy Kingdom come!

Spirit Omnipotent,

By divine mercy sent,

Man to reclaim.

Dove-like ascend and show

Heaven on earth below,

Thy saving health bestow,

In Jesus' name!

Lord of the universe,

Deign to watch over us,

Keep us from sin.

Guard our beloved isle,
And, with thy gracious smile,
Cheering all hearts the while,
Prosper the Queen!

May she delight to share
Thy providential care,
By whom kings reign.

Oh, may it be her choice,
Thy people to rejoice,
Who sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

H. W. II.—M. A.

(ORIGINAL.)

ENVY AND DEFAMATION.

"Speaking is acting both in philosophical strictness, and as to all moral purposes: for, if the mischief and motive of our conduct be the same, the means which we use, make no difference."

Paley's Moral Philosophy.

WITH truth it may be said, that it is a natural disposition of the human mind, to depress and vilify the characters and reputation of those who, either by their mental endowments, their superior acquirements, or their laudable actions, distinguish themselves from their competitors, and are rising in the esteem of mankind. The "golden age" of the fabling poets is now no more; and

"The distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness."

Man has become a cold and an envious being, jealous of fame, and eager to ensnare the track of those who travel in the pursuit of glory.

Envy is a great and a heinous sin, hateful to the Almighty, and emphatically denounced by the Saviour; and it may be said to be the mother of many vices. It was the envy of the accursed enemy of our race that moved our first parents to fall off from their creator, and transgress His will. The envy of Satan it was that introduced sin, and woe, and misery into the world:

"Th' infernal serpent; he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind;"

and it was envy that instigated the first murderer, Cain, to the destruction of his brother. Envy raises a secret tumult in the soul—it inflames the mind, and makes a man restless and uneasy under it. A tendency to defame, which is ever linked with, and always attendant on, envy, is the all-certain evidence of a jealous and perverse temper; it is the attribute of a weak mind; it is opposed to every dictate of religion, and deserves the reprehension of all good men.

The secret springs of envy and defamation are various in their movements, in relation to the objects of their malignancy, and in accordance to the motives that influence their actions. The man of exalted abilities, and actuated by a laudable ambition, incurs the envy of the narrow and obscure mind, which is little fired with a desire of fame, and which is too apt to regard the applause bestowed on the actions of another as a reflection on its inferiority.

"Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

A like consideration will often provoke the envy of many who consider the renown of one who was at one period looked on as their equal or inferior, as a detraction from their merit; and they enjoy ineffable satisfaction, when they think they have discovered any little spot or sully, prejudicial to his reputation; for, erroneously do they believe that the derogation of his good name will tend to the promotion of their own. There are others, again, who delight in opposing the common reports of fame, and in proclaiming the defects of an eminent character. What is admired by the generality of mankind, they censure, and applaud the singularity of their judgment, which detects blemishes that escaped the ken of others. In fine, the more brilliant the lustre reflected by the actions of one elevated by a lofty reputation above the common order of men, and the more they acquire the commendations of the public, the more intense will be the acerbity with which his advancement will be viewed by the envious disposition.

Thus we perceive how many malicious motives there are to detraction, envy and defamation; and it may be remarked that they reign most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. Humanity, good nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with this passion. It is a nauseous weed that soon chokes all the generous sentiments and feelings that adorn our nature; it renders the man who is overrun with it an unsociable and unfeeling companion, and a mistrustful friend. A great mind abhors it, and holds no kind of communion with the spirit of envy. "The greatest wits that ever were produced in our age," remarks an eminent writer, and the observation is entitled to consideration, "lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity that each of them receives an additional lustre from his cotemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. Neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed, all the great writers of that age, for whom, singly, we have so great an esteem, stand up together, as vouchers for one ano-

ther's reputation Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Parus, Tucca, and Ovid." Nor does the Augustan age alone afford evidence of a magnanimous and generous feeling existing between cotemporaries of brilliant talents and unblemished reputation. Modern times have exhibited numberless like instances. Dryden sought not to tarnish the deathless fame of the more powerful Milton. Pope lived on terms of intimacy and friendship with most of his cotemporaries. Johnson and Goldsmith, Reynolds and Burke, were the encomiasts of each other; and Byron bore testimony of his admiration of Scott.

The first steps to vice ought most studiously to be guarded against, for men insensibly go on when they are once entered, and do not maintain an energetic aversion to the least unworthiness. The first impressions are always the most indelible; and it is alone by a proper seasoning of morality, if the expression may be allowed, that every latent virtue and perfection of the mind is enabled to exhibit itself. Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are rectified and swayed by reason; and therefore ought punctilious attention and care to be given to the early instillation of those principles of education which tend to dissipate, or, at least, to curb, the ills incident to human nature. The force of education on the human soul has been, not inapily, illustrated by the same instance which Aristotle has adduced to prove his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the mind. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it; and by the benign influence of education it is, that man is enabled, in the language of the sublime Akenside,

"To chase each meaner purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense;
And through the pelting storms of chance and pain,
To hold straight on with constant heart and eye,
Still fixed upon his everlasting palm,
The approving smile of heaven."

The fathers of antiquity were alive to the importance of an early inculcation of the principles which, in their time, were deemed essential to the welfare of society. The lives and actions of such men as were famous in their generation, were portrayed in the most vivid colours, and an imitation of their examples, impressed on the youth with religious strictness. The Athenians, the most remarkable of the Greeks, and whose days of glory have left an unextinguished blaze of radiance behind them were in the early stage of their history particularly circumspect in their behaviour. The court of Arespagus pun-

ished idleness and exerted a right of examining every citizen in what manner he spent his time; and it was a decree of Solon that no one was to revile another in public. The Persian schools of equity are sufficiently famous. Xenophon tells us that the children went to school and employed their time in learning the principles of justice and sobriety: their teachers spent the greater part of the day in hearing their mutual accusations, one against the other, whether for violence, cheating, slander or ingratitude; and instructed them how to give judgment against those who were found to be guilty of these crimes. "*Scientia quæ est remota à justitia, calliditas potius quam sapientia est appellenda,*" are the words of an ancient writer of celebrity; and it may be truly observed that the gifts of nature, and accomplishments of art are only to be estimated as they are exerted in the cause of virtue. It is not sufficient that the mind be stored with the elements of a liberal education; but it must be taught to form a proper judgment of things, to know what is really virtue, and to discountenance vice.

(ORIGINAL.)

EXTRACT FROM "SCRIBBLES OF A WANDERER,"

PICKED UP IN ——— BARRACKS—BY I. D. A.

"Good bye—but not for ever."

WHEN "good bye" is not for evermore, though there be a pain, still there is a tenderness in its hurried and gentle accents, which has its peculiar—scarcely charm—but something almost allied to it. It appears, in giving it utterance, as if our nature becomes softer, our sympathies more knit, our kinder feelings more developed, and as if the souls of those that love are drawn more closely to each other.

It has been my lot,—whether for the better or worse—to have known partings under all circumstances—from the careless nod and unmeaning smirk of the practised flirt, to the flowing tears, the convulsed frame, and the hysterical sobbing of the distracted and almost broken-hearted. I have seen too—once too often—the loving and beloved one—though feeling deeply and in truth, in sincerity and in devotion—so mask and conceal every burning and bursting thought, that not a quiver of the lip, not a moisture of the eye, not an *untimed breathing*, was there to indicate aught save the most regulated friendship, or most placid resignation, as that last and tenderest word broke on the silence of the parting scene.

The march! the march! After all, there is a pleasure,—something of a roving, gipsy, Arab-like pleasure in the march! It has an excitement, too, which draws a curtain over the past, and but too often weans the mind from accustomed associations, in anticipation of novel enjoyment.

At early dawn the bugles sound, and soon, with the regularity of discipline, the troops are under arms, and knapsacked for the road. Observe the column in its progress. The veteran marches steadily on in silence, with his pipe and his thoughts—it would be difficult to tell what those thoughts are; while the young recruit chatters to his comrade, and laughs with the light laugh of one without a care. The world is before him, and his whole worldly property is on his shoulders. He is among strange scenes, and at every step new sights open to his view. Few are his regrets for what he has left behind, and those few have but fleeting continuance. He “wonders” what the next halting place may be like, and as he wonders, is indifferent to the answer. He is probably ignorant of his destination, and has no great desire to replace his ignorance by knowledge.

With the officers there is some difference, occasioned by more enlarged understanding, and intellect of higher culture; but with them, too, as with their subordinates, there is a carelessness,—an unconcerned air,—which speaketh certainly not of pain.

Perhaps, indeed, with a few—alas! in general a very few, and among the younger portion—the recollection of some pleasure past—of some pursuit abandoned—of some friend parted—haply, of the light and flitting form of some young and bright-eyed girl—of those eyes, perchance, shining through a tear—of some soft and cherished parting word, spoken in sorrow and in entreaty, as with clasped and trembling hands she breathed adieu!—Yes, some such recollection may perhaps intrude, and cast a cloud over the spirits for a time.

And, under the gloomy influence, the imagination may suffer itself to be reconducted to the sad parting scene of the previous evening, and may find utterance, and embody itself in words like these:—

THE WANDERER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell, in deepest sorrow

I say farewell to thee;

Alas! 'tis all too true—the morrow

Bids me flee.

Yet why, ah! why part thus in weeping?

We've wept sad tears of pain;

Those tears, our burning eye-lids steeping,

Gushed in vain!

We've wept, and anguished words of madness

Flowed forth as ne'er before—

We've mourned, and each bright smile of gladness

Darkened o'er.

Days were when every joy around us

Like summer sunbeams shone;

Each ray which did in light surround us

Now has gone.

Still hope is ours, sweet love, and fleeting

The space accorded pain;

We'll meet once more, and, blest in meeting,
Smile again!

In sorrowful mood passes the march that day, for him whose temper of the spirit is such as thus to express its feelings; but sorrow, other than of a transient nature, is seldom for the young! When life is new and the feelings elastic, sorrow passes away quickly as the dew-drop from the rose-leaf in the first warm flush of the morning's sun!

It is evening; the march is ended for the day; the troops are billeted and at rest. But, hark! from yonder brick house with green window blinds, and a painted sign-board over the door, proceeds a buzz of many voices with much laughter; and after a little space, a loud shout of merriment rises on the still air. The officers carouse within. The hilarity seems catholic with the revellers; all equally participate in its glee,—the young and the old,—the many who in the morning were careless and blithe, and the few whose spirits suffered under a cloud. Ah! well I know that cloud—that fleeting cloud—hath been dissipated in the bowl!

(ORIGINAL.)

FORGET, FORGET THE LOVE I VOWED!

“I, of force, must needs forsake,
My faith so fondly set;
And from henceforth must undertake
Such folly to forget.”

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Forget, forget the love I vowed!

Take back this pledge of thine;

Long on my heart the jewel slept,

And found a faithful shrine;

Could it but whisper unto thee

The love once cherished there—

Love!—Oh! what love is thine Adèle!—

“A trifle light as air.”

Whilst my sad heart was burning on

With love's impatient fever,

Even as the Gheber's altar flame,

Fed by its priests for ever;

Thy brow was wreathed for festal hours,

Thy bosom owned no sigh,

And thou had'st vowed a perfect love,

A love that might not die.

Oh! how I shudder when I think

How that high vow was kept!

What was thy heart when, given again,

Its secret voices slept?

And wilt thou tell him what has passed—

Give him the gem I wore?

'Twould be a welcome gift I ween—

Farewell—we meet no more.

VENILLARIUS.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FIRST BELOVED.

BY E. M. M.

It was at a late hour of a delightful day in the month of June, that a plain travelling carriage was seen winding its way down a steep hill, leading to the town of ———, distant about ten miles. The country through which it pursued its way was picturesque and beautiful, rich corn fields, and meadow lands, diversified by deep vallies, whereon stood the neat trim cottages, of an apparently thriving peasantry; the spire of the village church, rising above all in graceful majesty, with the moon beams gleaming on its white fane. The hedge rows redolent with the sweet briar and wild rose, and the soft plaintive notes of philomel, lent an additional charm to its rural character. Two ladies were within the carriage, one evidently delicate and much fatigued, reposing back upon a cushion, while her youthful companion leant from the window, admiring all that met her view, and from time to time uttering exclamations of delight. Suddenly these were checked by the carriage coming in contact with some unseen impediment in the road, and turning over on the opposite bank, both ladies screamed, and the elder of the two, already much exhausted, was lifted out in a state of insensibility. Prompt assistance was afforded by the country people, who were returning to their homes. On raising the carriage it was found to have sustained an injury which it would require many hours to repair.

“Whither can my dear mamma be conveyed in the mean time?” enquired, in sweet and melodious accents, the younger traveller. “She cannot walk any distance. Alas! what an untoward accident,” and she hung over her parent, who had been placed on the road side, in anxious alarm. A stranger at this moment rode up to the group, and surveyed them with interest; his appearance proclaimed him a farmer of some substance, judging from his attire and his round florid face, which beamed with good humour and benevolence. On learning, in answer to his enquiry, the nature of the accident, he approached the ladies, saying as he doffed his hat respectfully: “Mayhap you will please to come home with me; my dame will make you kindly welcome—Sunny Hill farm is only a quarter of a mile off the road.” These were glad sounds to the faint and weary, and another half hour found the travellers under the hospitable roof tree of Farmer Appleby—

his good dame officiating at the tea table, with old fashioned hospitality pressingly recommending her hot cakes, her butter, her cream, as the finest in the country; the elder lady looked around her on the neat though humble furniture of the apartment and then turning to her daughter, said,

“Alice love, how earnestly I wish this peaceful spot were destined to be our abode awhile—what a haven it would prove to us. I suppose you never let any of your apartments,” she added to the dame.

“Very seldom, ma’am,” was the reply, but we have lately been prevailed on to give up our best parlour and bedroom, to a gentleman who would take no denial—he however gives us little trouble, having brought his own servant, and he pays us most liberally, though he is frequently absent for days together.”

“And have you no other vacant rooms?” inquired the lady; “you cannot conceive what a favour you would confer on us, by allowing us to occupy them until I feel more equal to continue our journey.” The dame hesitated, but on looking in the pale and deeply interesting face of the stranger, and the beautiful and eager countenance of Alice, she said she would refer it to her goodman, by whose decision she must abide, as their present guest had made it a particular request that none but himself might be received during his sojourn at Sunny Hill. After much private conversation between the worthy couple, they agreed to install the lady and her daughter with a small but exquisitely neat sitting-room, opening into a sleeping apartment.”

“I am sorry they are not as good as I could wish, for ladies like you,” said Dame Appleby, as she gave directions to her daughter, a laughter loving lass, to prepare them for the immediate reception of the strangers; “but they are clean, that I will say of them.”

“They are charming,” exclaimed Alice joyfully, “Oh, how kind in you to let us have them; I should like to stay in this sweet place for ever.” The dame gazed kindly on the lovely girl, to whom the thoughts of being transported from a dusky town, where for months she had been living, to all the delights—the freedom of the country, was perfect enchantment. Her mother, Mrs. Graham, was the wife of an officer, at present abroad with his regiment; devotedly

attached to him, the separation had weighed heavily on her spirits, and affected her health, yet the trial had been blessed to her, since it had proved the means of leading her in fervent prayer to God, and to teaching her the blessings and happiness to be derived from a clearer knowledge of religion. Alice was her only child, a beautiful creature, whose light graceful figure, seemed formed to bound in fairy-like glee over hill and dale, while her soft blue eyes, her rich golden hair, her exquisitely fair complexion realized that beautiful conception of Shakspeare's Prospero's Ariel. From her childhood she had never been separated one day from her mother; it may therefore be conceived how tenderly they were attached—the mutual confidence existing between them was delightful, and seemed to ripen with their years—not a thought, not a feeling, but what was laid open to each other, and while Mrs. Graham, amidst her anxieties, received hope and comfort from the cheerful bright view taken of all things by the youthful Alice, she gained wisdom and knowledge from the gentle admonitions, the councils and conversation of her excellent mother.

After having assisted her wearied parent to seek the repose she so much needed, and beheld her, with a feeling of thankfulness, in a calm sound slumber, Alice re-entered the sitting room, and drew her chair by the open casement. It was a lovely night, the heavens appearing one resplendent sheet of light. She watched the stars, as they trembled and sparkled in gorgeous display, with all that enthusiastic admiration so natural at her age. Her pleasing reflections were suddenly interrupted by the sound of voices on the stairs—one apparently in displeasure, from these words which reached her; "So I find, Mrs. Appleby, that after all your promises, you have admitted strangers to your house, is this quite fair to me?"

"Indeed, sir, it was impossible to refuse," replied the dame; "the lady looked so ill and alarmed after her accident, that it would have been unkind—"

"It is well. I came for the sake of privacy, but since I may no longer enjoy it, I must seek for it elsewhere."

"Nay, Mr. Douglas, I am sure the ladies will not disturb you; and if you were only to see the youngest, your heart would be melted at once."

A most impatient "Pshaw!" and the quick closing of a door, followed this remark.

"What a disagreeable man!" thought Alice; "I hope I shall never encounter him."

The dame now entered, and Alice could not forbear observing to her, "You appear to have a very cross inmate, Mrs. Appleby."

"Ah! you heard him—I am sorry for that," returned Dame Appleby; "he is a strange gentleman, but I do not think him cross: he loves to be alone, is constantly reading or writing, and will wander for hours in the most retired spots."

"He is an author, perhaps."

"I do not know what he is, miss, but he is very kind to the poor, and when our little Charley met with an accident, a week ago, he was so concerned that he rode for the doctor all the way to the town himself."

"That bespeaks a warm heart, certainly," replied Alice; "it is wrong to form hasty judgments of any one. I hope we may not prove the means of your losing such a friend. I will endeavour to keep out of his sight," and she smiled.

"Bless your sweet face! one would think he ought to be glad to look on it. But I came to see if you wished for any thing."

"Nothing more tonight, I am very much obliged to you," said Alice. "Mamma is sleeping most soundly, and I have great hopes that the air of this sweet place may soon quite restore her."

"Heaven grant it," re-echoed the good dame, who, after a little further conversation, retired.

Alice then sat down by the table, and commenced reading her accustomed portion from the sacred volume, before she retired to rest. She rose from this pleasing duty, a holy calm irradiating her lovely face, and would have entered the sleeping room, when her attention was arrested by the sound of a guitar, touched by a masterly hand, and accompanied by a rich mellow voice. She started, and stood with surprise to listen. She approached the door, and gently unclosing it, remained entranced, while the air "*A te a Caro*" was sung with a taste and feeling she had never before heard. "He cannot be the disagreeable being I imagined," she said mentally, as, fearful of lingering, she retreated from the door; "I should like to see him after all." She amused herself by fancying what he must be like, till, half ashamed at indulging in such useless thoughts, she hastened to her mother's room, and in another hour was reposing by her side.

Alice awoke at an early hour, yet were the sunbeams dancing merrily into the room. She stole from her mother's pillow, and hastened to attire herself; after which she arranged the few books she had brought with her, and her materials for drawing, of which she was very fond. The moment Mrs. Graham was ready for her, she flew to her assistance, and was rejoiced to find her looking much recruited, after the first good night's rest she had enjoyed for many preceding ones.

"And I may compliment you also, dear Alice, on your blooming cheek this morning," said her mother, gazing in affectionate pride on her lovely child; "this fine country air will do us both good, I trust."

"Only look forth from the lattice, mamma, and see how fresh and beautiful the rich waving corn appears, and what charming perfumes pervade the air from the flowers. Surely it is wasting life to spend it in town during the summer months."

"I agree with you, my Alice, and never would

have remained so long at ——— had I not felt that I was more in the way of gaining foreign news, at this time so deeply interesting to me; but when I found my health suffering from the confinement, and received so pressing an invitation to visit my aunt Mactavish at Ravenscourt, I gladly availed myself of it to leave our gloomy abode in Brooke Street. I am half inclined to rejoice in our accident of last evening, which was the means of bringing us hither, as I am thankful for the rest it affords me on our way."

Mary Appleby now entered to spread the breakfast table, and with all that genuine politeness which springs from a good heart, expressed a hope that the ladies had rested well. She then asked Alice if she would like to accompany her to the hay-field in the morning. Alice delightedly assented, and the hour was fixed, when Mary promised to come for her.

With almost childish glee, Alice tied on her neat straw bonnet, and sallied forth with her new friend, who was punctual to a moment. The elasticity of mind and body she experienced while wandering through the fields, produced a cheerfulness which announced itself in her laughing blue eyes and sweet smiles. Alice was, indeed, all sunshine, and to her mother had proved a dear treasure. The first tears of real sorrow she had ever shed were on the departure of her father, which she keenly felt; but now she began to look only for his return, and would playfully chide her mother when she beheld her more than usually depressed. Wherever she appeared, she was sure to make friends by her dutiful and affectionate attentions to this dear parent, and her amiable interesting manners.

She found the good farmer immersed in the momentous task of carrying his hay, assisted by his son Stephen and all his people; even little Charley, his youngest child, affected to help, but he was more frequently engaged in romping with a remarkably fine Newfoundland dog, which would throw him over, quite regardless of his remonstrances.

Alice sat down on the sweet hay, and gazed around her. "O! Mary," she exclaimed, "what a glorious scene is here presented to me—all life—all cheerfulness. None can estimate its blessings more sensibly than I, who have been for months excluded from the country."

"And yet they say, miss, that the town is a fine place. Such beautiful shops! Mother has often tried to prevail on father to take us there to see them, but he is always so snappish about it, and says we only want to spend his money on ribbons and finery, to make fools of ourselves."

"And yet he appears a good and kind father, Mary."

"O yes, that he certainly is, and he never thinks of closing his purse to the poor and needy."

Alice now turning round, perceived, for the first

time, reclining under the shadow of a fine old oak tree, a young man, who from his dress seemed superior to those by whom he was surrounded. The neat white trowser, the blue jacket, and straw hat, announced to Alice that she beheld Mr. Douglas, which was confirmed by Mary. He seemed intently engaged in reading from the pages of a large volume that lay before him; but he was at too great a distance for Alice to discern his features, which a slight curiosity made her wish, as she remembered the melody of his voice the preceding night. It was fated, however, that they should be drawn nearer to each other, for suddenly there appeared a very dark threatening cloud above them. Farmer Appleby looked on it with dismay.

"Drabbit it, Stennie, my lad," he said, "hasten to get the cart in, if the rain comes down, we are ruined."

"I think it is only the tail of a shower," replied Stennie, looking up, "it will soon pass over."

"It is the tail of a fiend," said the farmer very impetuously.

"For shame, father, God sends the rain."

"You are right, my boy," returned the rebuked parent; "I spoke in haste, praised be His name for all His mercies, but it is an anxious time for farmer just now."

"And yet, father, that beautiful chapter you read to us last Sunday evening," continued Stephen, "exhorted us to take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of it, self—sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"Right again, my boy, and I am glad to find you remember so well what you hear; but see the rain is coming in earnest, with a murrain to its tail; hasten lad to the rick-yard, and we will follow thee anon."

The farmer then drew near to Alice and Mary, advising them to run for shelter to the oak tree, which they immediately did, accompanied by little Charley, and his shaggy companion. Mr. Douglas rose on their approach, but he made no attempt to address them. The dog continued his gambols, and became rather troublesome in shaking his wet coat over Alice, who gently tried to put him away several times. At length Mr. Douglas said to him angrily, "down Rudolph, sir, cannot you see how unwelcome you are."

"He is a beautiful creature," returned Alice, stroking the head of the noble animal, "and if he would only spare my dress, would be most welcome."

"You are lately from school, I presume?"

"I never was at school."

"So much the better," was murmured by Mr. Douglas, still without looking at her.

"What a strange man," thought Alice.

After a pause, some ridiculous frolic between Charley and the dog made Alice laugh, and involuntarily turn towards him. He was evidently

struck by the beauty and innocence of her countenance, now suffused with blushes. As his gaze became rivetted, "were you ever in Scotland?" he asked.

"Surely, yes—my dear native country—my father is a Graham."

"I thought so—I have met you before, though very long ago. Did you not come from Scotland in the *Hecate* steamer, with your parents, about eight years since, when it caught fire?"

"Oh, yes; I perfectly remember," replied Alice with animation—I was then nine years old. Could it have been you who were so very kind to me?" For Alice traced in the expressive dark eyes and fine face of Douglas, a strong resemblance to the handsome boy who had held her in his arms through the whole trying scene he alluded to, until the danger had passed.

Douglas smiled, "You have not forgotten the young hero, I find. I am sadly bronzed since that period, and changed," he added in a saddened tone. His thoughts then seemed to wander in another channel, for he remained silent several minutes. Then starting he said, "the rain is over—may I conduct you to the house?"

Alice accepted the arm he offered, and the little party left the shadow of the friendly tree. The sun had again burst forth in resplendent brightness, and the merry notes of the birds, as they soared over their heads, harmonised delightfully with the feelings of Alice. Douglas slightly pressed her hand on gaining the door of Mrs. Graham's apartment, saying, that he should have the honor of calling on her to renew their acquaintance. He then retreated to his own.

Alice, with a glowing cheek, narrated the encounter to her mother, who listened with much interest. She had frequently wished to meet again the noble boy, who, at sixteen years of age, had evinced a presence of mind and heroism in a scene when older and wiser ones had entirely lost theirs. "I remember your dear father used to say that he hoped he should see the boy one day with a sword girded on his thigh. What can induce a young man like him to sojourn in a seclusion like this?—he must have some powerful motive."

"He seems very studious," returned Alice, "and perhaps wishes to pursue some favourite study unmolested."

"Not unlikely," said Mrs. Graham, taking up a book, and in a few minutes her mind became so engrossed by its contents that Douglas was forgotten. Not so by Alice; she sat down at the window, to her drawing, and as she lightly traced the flowers from which she was copying, the handsome form of her new acquaintance constantly rose up before her—his large melancholy dark eyes floating in her imagination until she almost blushed at bestowing so much thought upon a stranger; but

there was a mystery attached to him, which connected with their early meeting, threw around him an interest that could never have been so soon excited had she met him casually in society.

In the course of the day he called, as he had promised, on Mrs. Graham, and if Alice had been pleased with him during their brief conversation in the morning, how was she charmed by his cultivated mind and elevated sentiments, laid open to her during his discourse with her mother. He expressed a great wish to be useful to Mrs. Graham, whose delicate state of health he perceived, and made many kind enquiries for Major Graham, of whose absence he seemed aware. There was an evident depression on his spirits, and a sadness expressed on his noble countenance, which told of some mental sorrow. He admired the drawings of Alice, and begged permission to supply her with flowers and books. When he rose to take leave, he certainly carried with him the regard and admiration of both mother and daughter.

A few days only, spent in the invigorating air of Sunny Hill, produced a favourable change in the health of Mrs. Graham. It was with infinite happiness that Alice perceived her improving strength. They would now stroll together on the grass plot before the door, which was pleasantly shaded by trees, or sit in a rustic bower, formed of the woodbine and jasmine, where Mrs. Graham would pursue her work, while Alice would read aloud to her. Douglas they very seldom encountered. He was frequently absent, and indeed possessed that innate high breeding which made him dislike to appear intrusive. He, however, forgot not the promise he had made to send the most beautiful flowers to Alice, and to supply Mrs. Graham with books from his well selected library. The good dame and her family also seemed to vie with each other in rendering every attention to their interesting guests, who in this calm retreat found much to make them happy.

On the first Sabbath day after their arrival, Dame Appleby entered Mrs. Graham's apartment, to know if they would like to walk to church over the fields, or have the little chaise to drive them there. They preferred the walk, as it was near. "I wish I had a better dress to accompany you in," said the dame; "but my good man has a great objection to silks and finery, though he sees Mrs. Mullins turn up her nose at my cotton gown every Sunday, as she rustles past me, in her grass green lutestring."

"My dear Mrs. Appleby, your dress is very neat and appropriate," replied Mrs. Graham, smiling, "and other thoughts than these should be ours when we go to render God thanks for all his mercies, in his own temple. You remember St. Peter's admonitions about the adorning of our persons?"

The dame owned that her good man repeated them to her every Sunday morning regularly.

Their walk through the fields proved delightful

and, with feelings of grateful love, Mrs. Graham and her daughter entered the humble village church, with the farmer's family. They perceived Douglas, sitting at some distance; and it was with sincere pleasure that Mrs. Graham observed the deep attention he gave to the service, which was beautifully performed by Mr. Carter, the curate, who proved a very excellent expounder of the Gospel of Christ.

Douglas did not join them on leaving the church, but, bowing as they passed him, he proceeded another way. In the same moment, the portentous rustling of the grass green lutestring drawing near, made Dame Appleby hasten forward, much to the amusement of Alice.

During the week, Mrs. Graham and her daughter had been busily engaged in working for the baby of a very poor woman, who Mary Appleby had mentioned to them as a deserving object, in great distress; and this evening it was proposed, that the two girls should carry her the produce of their industry. The cottage, or hut where the poor woman dwelt, was not more than half a mile from the farm, but to reach it they had to proceed down a lane. They arrived in a few minutes, and the young heart of Alice bounded with pleasure, as she presented her offering, which was received with every demonstration of gratitude. They lingered not, as the long shadows were quickly departing with the setting sun; and they had just gained the centre of the lane, when a man of rude appearance, and possessing a countenance of ferocity, suddenly rushed from the hedge. He glared on the terrified girls, with eyes red from intoxication, while a coarse laugh burst from his lips, as he grasped the arm of Alice, who screamed in agony. In the next instant, the light form of Douglas bounded over a gate, and, seizing the wretch by the collar, he hurled him to the earth, and then rolled him into the ditch. On turning to Alice, he perceived she had fainted. He immediately raised her in his arms, and ran with her towards the house, followed by the weeping Mary. Fearful of alarming Mrs. Graham, he entered at another door, into the dame's room. Great was her consternation on beholding the insensible girl. She flew for restoratives, while Douglas applied cold water to her temples, as he supported her. At length her eyes slowly unclosed, and rested on his anxious countenance.

"Oh, is he gone, that dreadful object?" she murmured, shuddering at the recollection.

"Yes, he is gone, and shall disturb you no more," replied Douglas; "but are you not a very naughty girl, to be wandering in green lanes after dusk?" he continued smiling: "nay, do not weep, you will not do it again, I think."

"Oh, no, no! how can I thank you for your great kindness?" and she raised her head, which had rested on his arm, and looked earnestly in his face. His only answer was to stroke her fair cheek gently.

"Now, let us go to mamma," she quickly added, as she strove to withdraw from his support; but, on attempting to stand, she found herself powerless. A few of Dame Appleby's infallible remedies, however, soon quite restored her, when Douglas conducted her to her mother.

The truth could not be concealed from Mrs. Graham, who started on beholding her death-like cheek. "My darling Alice!" she exclaimed, rushing forward, "what has happened?"

She received her from the arms of Douglas, who briefly mentioned the alarm she had experienced. Mrs. Graham was much agitated, and expressed her thanks for the good service he had rendered her child, with the grateful feelings of an affectionate mother. He then retired.

From this day, Douglas threw off the reserve he had exhibited towards them, and would occasionally join them in their walks, which they now extended to the hay-field. Little Charles and Rudolph, the favourite dog of Douglas, had become great friends with Alice and many a race would they run together, while he and Mrs. Graham conversed as they strolled along. She seemed to gain upon his confidence, while her excellent sense and deep piety excited his highest respect. In him she discovered a most gifted being; and as she listened to the confessions of his heart, which, by degrees, he laid open to her, she began to tremble for the happiness of her child, who, thus accidentally thrown into the constant society of one like him, could not fail to experience a growing interest, which he could not return. "I must remove my Alice, ere too late for her peace," said the anxious mother. "I have been wrong in considering my own health so much by lingering here; for I can see, whenever he addresses her, the heightened colour—the emotion she displays—the interest she takes in copying his flowers—in reading his books—and in listening to his voice. Would that I had known his story earlier! What a mind he possesses. May Heaven afford him strength to conquer his present feelings: he is too good to suffer them to long enslave him."

The following day, Farmer Appleby announced to Mrs. Graham, who was sitting with Alice in their pleasant arbour, that the carrying the hay would be completed that evening; when it was the custom for the village lads and lasses to meet, and dance upon the green; after which his dame would give them a treat of silabub, and he begged to know, with a low bow, if she would permit the young lady to go and see them.

"Most certainly," replied Mrs. Graham; "it will delight Alice; and if you will allow me to accompany her, I shall be very happy?"

The farmer expressed the pride he should feel in her presence, while Alice, clasping her hands, exclaimed: "Dear mamma, what a joyous place is this! The sun shines more brightly than in any

other I have beheld—the flowers are more fragrant—the notes of the birds far more sweet. Can you account for it?"

Mrs. Graham could too well account for it; and, as she gazed on the lovely animated countenance of her child, she sighed; but to her she said: "Our thoughts are usually more tranquil, and our feelings more serenely cheerful in the country than in large and populous cities, where the constant noise and bustle must prove inimical to reflection: In a scene like this, our hearts are drawn out more warmly in adoration to our Heavenly Father, surrounded as we are, by so much loveliness, and beholding Him in all that our eyes rest upon—every flower in our path bears the impress of His divine hand; the hills, the dales, the murmuring brooks, all have a voice which addresses itself powerfully to our feelings, and therefore are our spirits light and happy. Whatever brings us nearer to God, my Alice, will produce the same effect; but should we suffer our thoughts to wander from him, and our prayers to become listless and cold, rest assured, (let the object which has drawn us aside from our duty be ever so attractive, so alluring) it will never repay us; care and disappointment will become our deserved portion, and all things assume a dark and gloomy aspect around us, since it is only the light of God's approving countenance which can gladden and cheer the pilgrim on his earthly way." Alice listened attentively to her mother, and her sweet face became thoughtful and pensive, but she replied not; she only pressed her lips on those of her gentle guide, in token of her grateful love.

The hay-field presented a gay scene in the evening. The young people of the village, dressed in their holiday attire, were attended by many of the elders, while a few rustic minstrels added to its hilarity. Dame Appleby appeared deeply engaged in the mysteries of her syllabub, looking as important and happy as possible, the appearance of Mrs. Graham and Alice attracted universal attention, as the farmer conducted them to the seats he had prepared for them. Douglas was alone absent, and the spirits of Alice gradually became less buoyant. At length, at a later hour he was seen slowly approaching, when the colour rushed to her cheek, and her soft blue eyes expressed the pleasure she felt; "you appear amused by this scene," he said on drawing near, while no corresponding smile met hers.

"I am so," she returned; "it is surely cheering to see others happy."

"I have occasionally felt it otherwise, when the very sound of mirth has maddened me." Alice gazed timidly in his face, while he uttered this—she perceived that he looked unusually grave; at this moment, a party of young people, accompanied by Mary Appleby and her brother Stephen, came to present a beautiful coronet of flowers, which it was their unanimous wish to place on the head of Alice, as the

chosen queen of their revels. She strove to wave the honour, but it was pressed upon her, and Douglas they requested to perform the ceremony. It was soon completed, and Alice looked so lovely thus decorated, that his countenance changed, and half inclining towards her, as he raised her from the kneeling position she had been required to take, he observed with a smile: "Is there not some privilege attached to the duty I have performed?"

"None, whatever," quickly rejoined Mrs. Graham, clasping Alice to her maternal bosom, at the same time casting on him a reproachful look. "Away, my child; with your young friends, for I see they wish to exhibit their queen," and the laughing happy girl, was then placed in a chair adorned with garlands; and carried off in triumph.

"Are we not strange selfish beings?" asked Douglas; "can you pardon my thoughtless folly? but in truth your Alice is a most winning creature; the first smile she beamed upon me, seemed like that of an angel; tell me is it for weal or woe, that we have met thus strangely?"

"Heaven only knows, Mr. Douglas," returned Mrs. Graham with gravity; "at present it is a subject of regret to me that we ever disturbed your solitude."

"It would not long have been mine; the term of my self-inflicted banishment is closing. I go away tomorrow for a time." This was spoken in sadness, united perhaps with a slight bitterness of tone.

The young party soon returned, and from their merriment, as they approached, it seemed evident that something amusing had occurred—the thrilling laugh of Alice was distinct in its melody from the others. She sprang lightly from her gay car, and ran towards her mother.

"Why Alice, what has moved you to this mirth?" enquired Mrs. Graham, smiling upon her."

"Oh, mamma, I am laughing at mischief; it is wrong, but I cannot help it—poor Mrs. Mullins. Dame Appleby has thrown her bowl of silabub over her grass-green lutestring, and the dismay, the anger, the regrets are truly ludicrous; a quiet smile lurks on the lips of the good dame, even while she is profusely expressing her apologies."

"And for this you laugh; fain would I chide you, Alice, but I cannot," said Mrs. Graham as she gazed fondly on her young and light hearted child, who again placed herself by her side—while Rudolph who had been laying at his master's feet, evinced his pleasure at her return by resting his large shaggy head upon her knee. "You appear such friends with Rudolph" said Douglas, "that I think I must leave him in your charge during my absence; will you accept it?"

"Are you going away?" asked Alice, with a slight involuntary start.

"Yes, fair lady, early tomorrow morning; have you any commands for town?" She did not im-

mediately answer—but raising the crown of flowers from her head she threw it on the ground.

“Is that the way, you cast away your honours?” inquired Douglas, raising it. As she turned towards him, he perceived that her eyes were filled with tears. He looked surprised and distressed, but he dared not notice them. He selected one or two of the flowers from the wreath, and put them into his bosom, then attempted to replace it on her head, but she resisted with an air of impatience. “Alice, love,” said Mrs. Graham, you are fatigued; shall we return to the house?” Alice readily acquiesced. The villagers were all forming into groups for dancing; as she passed them, she gently sighed. A few minutes previous, her spirits had been light as theirs, what had cast them down? she could not tell. Douglas walked with them to the house, and on taking leave of them at their own door, he expressed himself with much feeling. He begged Miss Graham to select books from his collection whenever she wished, and pressing her hand between both his, his murmured “God bless you,” rung in her ears for hours after, from the tone in which he had uttered it. Early on the following morning she found a choice collection of all her favourite flowers placed on her drawing table. Douglas, she heard, had already departed. Mrs. Graham watched her beloved Alice throughout this day, with all a mother’s anxiety; she observed that she was abstracted and listless, taking no interest in her usual avocations. “What ails my Alice?” at length said the fond parent; “I fear you are not well.”

“Oh, yes, dear mamma,” replied Alice; “but there is a depression in the air of today. Nothing appears to wear the cheerful aspect of Sunny Hill.”

“Why not, my child? we have performed our morning duties to our Heavenly Father, and implored His blessing; if our hearts are right in his sight, and disposed to prayer, we cannot fail to feel tranquil and happy.”

“Mamma! do your thoughts *never* wander when you pray?”

“I endeavour, my child, to correct an evil which might deprive me of the blessing for which I ask, knowing that it is accounted a great sin in the sight of God; but we are poor erring creatures, and it is sad to think what trifles will sometimes obtrude themselves at forbidden periods; yet if we strive to rein our imagination within due bounds; at ALL seasons, we shall find less difficulty in uniting our thoughts and hearts when we pray. Your dearest father engrosses very much of my mind, at this time, and I earnestly beseech the Almighty to enable me so to place my trust in Him, that I may not yield to undue anxiety or unfaithful fears, which would indispose me for my other duties.”

“Dearest mamma, I wish that I were more like you; I prayed earnestly last night, and I strove to read my Bible, but I grieve to say I was thinking of

another, too often during the time,” and the cheek of Alice crimsoned, as she laid it on the bosom of her mother, from whom not a thought, not a feeling were ever withheld.

“My loved Alice, who could have caused you to err thus, and rob you of a treasure which it could never replace?”

“One who is gone today. Oh, mamma, since his absence this place has lost every charm.”

“Alas! my unhappy child, is this possible? And yet I feared it,” said Mrs. Graham; “Alice, you must combat such feelings, you must rise above them, for the heart of Malcolm Douglas is not free. Nay, start not, my precious child, be calm, if you will listen to me, I will relate to you his story.”

“One thing answer me,” returned the agitated girl, as she clasped her mother’s hands, and gazed beseechingly in her face, “is he married?”

“No, dear Alice, nor likely to marry.”

“Thank Heaven!” murmured Alice; “then I can hear all you may have to reveal; pray proceed.”

“About one year ago,” commenced Mrs. Graham, “Douglas, in company with his friend, Lord Ellerton, proceeded on a tour to the continent, travelling through France, Switzerland and Italy. At that period, Douglas was a gay, thoughtless young man, who felt that with the world before him, its pleasures were at his command; his great personal attractions of which he could not help being aware, his acquirements and his winning manners, gained him friends wherever he appeared. The rank of Lord Ellerton was courted and coveted, but Douglas was admired and beloved. While at Rome they became acquainted with an English family, with whom they were soon on terms of intimacy. Mr. and Mrs. Chantray were very wealthy persons, with an only child. Beatrice Chantray had received a first rate education, which she fully repaid, by shining in all the accomplishments her fond parents had lavished upon her; she was a beautiful creature, tall, very graceful, with raven tresses, and eyes whose light seemed to penetrate those on whom they gazed; her complexion was the olive, and frequently was she supposed an Italian, by strangers. It required but a few weeks constant intercourse with so fascinating a being to rivet the affections of the susceptible and ardent Douglas; and he revealed to her, in one of their moon-light rambles, among the ruins of the eternal city, the state of his affections. She listened to him with evident pleasure, and owned, with tears, how deeply interesting he had become to her. This was a moment so replete with happiness to him that he almost feared he should awake and find it but a vision of the night. He now devoted his whole time to Beatrice, while Lord Ellerton was pursuing a succession of gay pleasures.—Douglas became her willing captive—she the idol at whose shrine he knelt.

After visiting all that was interesting in the

vicinity of Rome, our English party removed to Genoa, where Mr. Chantray took a magnificent residence for a few months, while Douglas and his friend adjourned to an hotel. It was during their sojourn here, that Douglas first noticed the attentions of Lord Ellerton to Miss Chantray. He laughed at them, for he triumphed in the unbounded ascendancy which he well knew he had gained over her affections, and felt proudly conscious of his own superiority. But his pride, doomed to be humbled, ere long received a shock from which it has never recovered. He was walking late one night in the romantic gardens of Mr. Chantray's villa; he supposed that the family must have retired to rest; and with all that enthusiasm so visible in his character, he was watching the windows of those apartments which he knew were appropriated to his beloved Beatrice. Lights still gleamed within them, and occasionally he would behold a figure flit past them, which his fancy conjured up as the being of his idolatry. Presently two females appeared on the balcony, and descended by the steps to the terrace beneath. His first impulse was to spring towards them, but instant reflection made him feel that it would be an impropriety to obtrude on their privacy at such an hour, and he withdrew within the shadow of an orange plantation; as they drew near, he discovered in them Mrs. Chantray and her daughter. They appeared to be engaged in earnest conversation; in those soft accents he had so often listened to with delight, he heard Beatrice say, "Poor Douglas, my heart bleeds for what I know, he will suffer."

"My dear girl, let not that distress you," replied her mother; "man soon recovers from such misfortunes. Would it not have been the height of madness to cast away the coronet of Lord Ellerton, and sacrifice the place and station which a union with him will give you in society, for a silly romantic attachment. You are formed to move in the courts of princes, my Beatrice, and had I not felt assured of your good sense, Douglas never would have been received on the intimate footing he has acquired; but I encouraged him as a lure to bring Lord Ellerton. What say you to my manoeuvring?"

"I know not what to think," returned Beatrice—"Douglas, I love deeply—fervently;—to Lord Ellerton, I feel indifferent. Am I then justified in bestowing on him my hand?"

"Perfectly so, in dutiful submission to the wishes of your parents. Rest assured, were you to marry Douglas, you would bitterly rue your folly in a few years."

"But, mamma, surely an attachment like ours would continue unabated for long years?"

"Never, my child; such things are only imagined by silly and romantic girls. Look at your father; would you suppose he had ever knelt at my feet, and made speeches the most touching and beautiful. Aye, you laugh—he is a worthy man, but alas!

where is his romance—his poetry—his adoration—the only way to enchant him now, is by giving him a good dinner. No, no, Beatrice, take the coronet and the wealth of Lord Ellerton, who is really a nice young man, and leave Douglas to meditate on the beauties of the moon and stars alone."

"Mamma, I will be guided by your advice—depending entirely on your experience," replied Beatrice, after a pause, during which there was an evident internal struggle; "but you must prepare Douglas for the change in my sentiments—for I never could have the courage."

Mrs. Chantray's answer was spoken in so low a tone that it was lost, as they passed on towards a summer-house.

Who could describe the agonized feelings with which Douglas had heard their discourse. Frequently he felt inclined to rush from his covert and upbraid his mistress for her infidelity—then to seek out Lord Ellerton, and demand satisfaction for his base conduct; but, happily, better thoughts were permitted to enter into his heart, and calm the tempest raging there. He retired to his hotel, and securing his door, he threw himself on his couch, and wept tears of the bitterest anguish. These relieved him, when for the first time since his childhood, he knelt in prayer to Almighty God, pouring out his whole soul in supplications for help and forgiveness, for having suffered any child of earth to estrange him so entirely from his higher duties. His contrition was accepted—his prayer heard, and Douglas rose from his knees an altered man. From that hour a deep sense of religion, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, took possession of his heart, and he became a Christian in its practical sense. The rest of that sad night he employed in writing to Beatrice, and arranging his affairs.

At early dawn he departed from Genoa, attended by his attached servant Ludovic, and returned to England—he flew for consolation to a favourite married sister, Lady Sandford; but he found her house filled with gay company, from whose affinity he shrunk. He sought out some retirement, where he could indulge his thoughts unmolested, and at length, by accident, discovered all he for the time-being wished, in this sequestered humble farm-house, where he has remained ever since.

He read the marriage of Lord Ellerton to the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. Chantray, in the paper, two months ago, which ceremony took place at her father's mansion in London, with great pomp. His wounds were opened afresh by this confirmation of her heartlessness, and explains the cause of that deep depression we remarked in him on our first acquaintance.

"He is now gone up to town, on the plea of business, but I fear," continued Mrs. Graham; "that there is a latent lurking desire to behold Lady Ellerton, which he dares scarcely own to himself;

for his deep and fervent piety will never suffer him to indulge feelings which—now that she is the wife of another—would be sinful. May he yet be happy, as he deserves, for he is indeed a noble creature.”

Alice listened to this recital with considerable emotion, and many tears. The sorrows of Douglas increased the interest she felt for him, even while it cast a blight over all her young and happy thoughts. His kindness to herself, and many little slight circumstances, had made an impression on her heart such as she had never before experienced, while the remembrance of their early meeting in the burning vessel, seemed a link to rivet her affection. “Will Douglas remain long absent, mamma?” she enquired, after a thoughtful pause.

“About a month, I believe, my child,” replied Mrs. Graham; “but this matters not to us, as he will not remain here after his return. I think his intention is to go to Scotland. Now, my Alice, I have to propose to you, that we leave Sunny Hill ere he comes, which I conceive would be delicate and proper. I am anxious to go to my aunt, who has written to urge our proceeding to Ravenscourt, without more delay, and I fear to offend the old lady.”

“Then we can never hope to see Douglas again,” replied Alice mournfully.

“My beloved child,” said her mother, folding her tenderly in her arms, “if Douglas has any wish to cultivate our friendship and regard, he will not lose sight of us—if he is indifferent to them, I am sure the woman’s pride and dignity of my Alice would never permit her to court his notice.”

“O, never! never! How right you are in all your ideas, my own loved mamma,” cried the affectionate girl, clasping her round the neck, “and how grateful I ought to feel that God has blessed me by such a parent. May I strive to prove deserving.”

Alice had never seen her grand-aunt, Lady Mactavish, since her childhood, but from what she could remember of her, she recurred to her memory as a very formal, prim old lady, inhabiting a house famed for its precision and order, and where, if she dared to touch or remove from its place one of the old-fashioned ornaments, she would receive a severe reprimand. These recollections were not promising, but happily Alice possessed that sweet disposition which would have made her contented even in a wilderness, and knowing that her mother was attached to her aunt, she felt assured that she must be possessed of some kindly qualities.

Dame Appleby and her daughter Mary expressed much regret, when Mrs. Graham announced to them her intention of leaving Sunny Hill. They had become attached to Alice, and Mary could not forbear shedding tears at the thoughts of losing her dear young lady. Mutual words of kindness and cordial thanks were interchanged, and a few appropriate presents made by Alice to Mary. Mrs. Graham left

her card of address with the dame, accompanied by a request that all letters should be forwarded to her immediately. Alice employed this day in wandering over the fields for the last time, and caressed the faithful Rudolph, who she had carefully tended since the departure of his master. With a heavy heart, on the morrow, she followed Mrs. Graham into the carriage, and beheld the dear farm house fade in the distance.

Ravenscourt, the residence of Lady Mactavish, was distant about twenty miles from Sunny Hill. It stood alone, surrounded by trees, so closely planted as to render it almost impervious to the rays of the sun. There appeared nothing of interest in the building, which was a plain fabric, entirely covered with ivy, from whence the owls sent forth their melancholy screams, and the bats flew in myriads. It was evening when Mrs. Graham and her daughter arrived; and the gloom of the place struck a chill on both their hearts, as they looked on each other in reciprocity of feeling. No cheerful smiles greeted them; for the few domestics retained by Lady Mactavish were old, evidently spoiled, and self-willed.

They were ushered into the drawing-room, where sat their worthy relative, who rose to receive them, and embracing them both, said in a strong northern dialect, “Ye are welcome to Ravenscourt, though it was na weel that ye disappointed me sae lang.”

“I can assure you it was unavoidable, my dear aunt,” replied Mrs. Graham; “my health would not suffer me to proceed at the time I promised; and when I found the air of Sunny Hill so beneficial, I was induced to remain.”

“An’ where are your servants?—are they cared for?” inquired the lady.

“I have brought none with me,” returned Mrs. Graham, smiling; “on giving up my house in Brooke Street, I found it convenient to break up my establishment.”

Lady Mactavish held up her hands and eyes. “Just like ye,” she said,—“without one spark o’ family pride to kindle another.”

“I have learnt, my dear aunt,” returned Mrs. Graham meekly, “to submit cheerfully to my circumstances, which, in the absence of my husband, are rather limited. This never gives me a moment’s uneasiness, since what my Heavenly Father conceives sufficient, I ought to think so. But tell me,” she continued, wishing to turn from an unpleasant subject, “do you not think my Alice much grown?”

The old lady put on her spectacles, and drawing the blushing girl towards her, gazed on her long and earnestly. “Eh! but she is a bonny lassie enou,” at length she said, “and vary like your ain mither’s sister, wha married the Laird o’ Liddisdale;—aye, an’ you might ha’ been a rich leddy too, had ye no

been a wilfu' simpleton, in choosing that lang-legged Highlander, Alexander Graham."

"And never have I once repented my choice," replied Mrs. Graham, while tears of affection filled her eyes. "I am more proud to be the wife of my noble Graham than I should have been, had I wedded the highest peer in the realm."

"An' nae doubt ye ha' instilled the same wise principles into your pretty daughter's mind."

"My Alice will, I am convinced, always be guided by the advice of her mother," said Mrs. Graham in reply; "she knows my opinion of those marriages contracted by thoughtless young people, who without sufficient means, can have no prospect of happiness, and which usually terminate in re- crimination, disunion, and estrangement. Mine may not be compared with these," she continued, a little proudly,— "I was not a portionless maiden, and Alexander Graham, allied to an excellent family, has always possessed the power to advance himself in the army."

"Weel, weel, I am glad to ha' roused a wee portion o' the family pride at last," returned Lady Mac- tavish,—her rigid features relaxing into a smile; "but what may be yer plans when ye leave Ravens- court, niece?"

"Why, I have determined to return to Scotland," replied Mrs. Graham, "and there to remain until it pleases God to restore my beloved husband."

"Then ye'll just do nae such thing," said her aunt hastily; "ye must e'en bide contented here to await your gude mon."

"My dear aunt, I could not think of trespassing on your hospitality so long."

"Hoot, toot! woman, I maun be obeyed in my ain house, surely," returned the old lady; "Alice, my dear, will ye stay, an' cheer the solitude o' yer auld aunt, and sing her all her favourite Scotch ditties. Eh! but I canna hear them sung as ance I did, by her now gane to the land o' the lea;," and she sighed heavily as she spoke.

Alice knew that she alluded to an only child who she had lost when about her own age; and she flew to her side, saying, "I will do all I can to please you, dear aunt—sing for you, assist you in your worsted work, of which I see you are fond, and gather flowers for your rooms."

"Nae, nae, child," interrupted the lady, "ye mauna gather the flowers, else auld Davy, the gar- dener, will rate ye soundly."

"O! I will win over old Davy," replied Alice, laughing; and as she spoke, she looked so lovely that Lady Mactavish was constrained to say, as she passed her on the head, "Ye are a winsome child, there is nae doubt o' that."

A few days sojourn at Ravenscourt quite recon- ciled Mrs. Graham and her daughter to its gloom. Notwithstanding her eccentricities, Lady Mactavish was a kind hearted woman, and sincerely at-

tached to her amiable niece, who knowing her character, made every allowance for them. Family pride was her weakness, and most amusing it was to witness her efforts at display, when she conceived it necessary, and her extreme parsimony within the circle of her own household. Alice found it a more difficult task to win over old Davy than she expected. There was an excellent garden, stored with fruit and flowers; but if she attempted to gather them, Davy would hobble after her with a severe reprimand, while she would laugh, and run away with her prize. At length, finding her incorrigible, his severity softened by degrees, and he would even smile as he beheld her light fairy form amongst his favourite carnations and roses, saying, as he shook his head, "aweel, there is nae help for it—she must e'en gang her ain gait. I never saw ain sa fair that was na' wilfu'."

But there were days during this period when the light spirits of Alice would fail her, and her lovely countenance become overshadowed. At such times she would seek the most retired spots, where she would indulge in meditation, and recal each word—each look of the deeply interesting Douglas, for whose welfare and happiness she constantly offered up her petitions. The painful thought that they might never meet again, called forth tears of sorrow, till hope, like a ray of sunshine, would whisper that she was not so entirely indifferent to him—but some effort would be made to see her ere he left the country. "And yet, why should I wish it," she mentally exclaimed, "when it would only strengthen feelings, which for my own peace must be conquered."

Her mother was her wise counsellor, and the confidant of her every thought, at this period, and in the retirement of their own apartment at night, she would gently lead her from such reflections to those of a holier, higher nature, and from the pages of the sacred volume, teach her where the only true and lasting happiness was to be found.

Where was Douglas—and how engaged—while so unknown to him he engrossed the heart and thoughts of the guileless Alice? He had completed the business which called him to town, and still he lingered—the attraction was a ball, to which he had been invited, and where he knew that he would meet one who he felt a yearning desire to behold once again. It was not a wise wish, and of this he was aware; but we are sometimes suffered to follow the bent of our own inclinations, trusting in our strength, that we may learn the salutary lesson—how completely we depend on God for the power to act aright—how prone we are to evil, and how sad would be the consequences were He to withdraw his divine guidance from us.

Douglas entered the splendid suite of rooms thrown open in the mansion of the Marchioness of A—, at a late hour. Months had elapsed since he had mixed in such a scene, and he gazed around

him to seek for familiar faces, which were soon recognised, while his presence was hailed with evident pleasure by many, but all became indifferent to him, when at the extremity of the brilliant dancing room, an object burst upon his vision, which at once engrossed his whole attention, and called forth the most powerful emotions in his agitated frame. This could be none other than the beautiful Lady Ellerton, superbly dressed in her bridal robes, while amongst her raven tresses sparkled diamonds of the richest lustre. She was surrounded by admirers, on whom her smiles were lavished, until suddenly she looked up and beheld the dark melancholy eyes of Douglas fixed upon her. She started and turned pale as death itself,—he approached her, and taking her hand, enquired in a faltering voice, whose deep tones seemed to vibrate in agony on her heart, if she “were well, as when they last met in Genoa.”

She could not answer him—she retained his hand while she continued gazing on his eloquent, noble countenance, till hers expressed intense suffering. She endeavoured to utter a few words, but they were inaudible, while a forced smile parted her lips. The feelings of Douglas were much affected. At this moment she was urged to dance, when her manner underwent an immediate change,—her assumed gaiety and light answer veiled her thoughts as she joined the gay group, and Douglas in the next instant beheld her elegant figure amidst the waltzers—her laughing eye—her glowing cheek—with pained astonishment.

“Beautiful child of art,” he murmured, gazing upon her, “how I pity you,—born for a brighter world—yet dazzled by the worthless glare of this, you have sacrificed your honest affections. Alas! for what? Since you are not happy, I must away—would that I had resisted the temptation to enter where you were present. Well, am I punished for my folly.”

Early on the following morning, a small note was placed in his hands, on the seal of which appeared the name of “Beatrice”; he knew it instantly, as one that he had given to her, and he opened it with a trembling touch. It merely contained a card of invitation to a fancy ball. He threw it down indignantly. “Never,” he cried, “never will I enter house of hers. Heaven knows I forgive her all the suffering she has heaped upon me; but from this hour we meet only as strangers.” He wrote a hurried reply, that he was leaving town; and in a few subsequent hours was far from its dull and heavy atmosphere, attended by Ludovic, who knew from his master’s excited manner, that he had been unusually moved. He was much attached to him, and strove, by every means, to anticipate his desires, in order that his mind might recover its serenity.

They reached Sunny Hill farm towards the close of the second day. Douglas had been anticipating much comfort from the mild and sensible Mrs.

Graham, while the lovely, innocent Alice seemed to flit before his fancy like a bright sunbeam. His disappointment, therefore, was extreme, on hearing, as he alighted, that they were gone. “Gone!” he repeated, “whither—how long since?”

“About a fortnight, sir,” replied Dame Appleby.

“And did they leave no message—no note?”

“None for you, sir. Mrs. Graham gave me this card, in case any letters should arrive for her, I was to forward them to her address. One came today, and I was just going to send it to the post.”

The moment Douglas read the card, he smiled. “This is singular,” he murmured; “only five miles from Oakley Abbey. You say there is a letter for Mrs. Graham?” he continued aloud. “I shall pass Ravenscourt tomorrow, and will take charge of it, if you please.”

“O! dear, Mr. Douglas, are you too going to leave us?” returned the dame sorrowfully. “I declare we shall be quite lonesome; poor Mary says the place has not seemed like the same since you were all away.”

Mary’s cheek became suffused with blushes, as her mother uttered this. She ventured to steal a look towards Ludovic, who was playing carelessly with his riding whip on his boot. Douglas in an instant penetrated the secret cause of the confusion he perceived, and said with a smile—“I have no doubt we shall all meet again, my good dame. You have made us too happy under your hospitable roof not to give us the desire to revisit you. Ludovic,” he continued, “let my books be put into their cases tonight, ready to be forwarded when I require them; and have the horses at the door by ten o’clock tomorrow morning.”

Ludovic bowed, as his master then passed him to enter the house. “I vow, one is bandied about just like a shuttlecock,” said Ludovic, in a tone of impatience. “What new freak is this? only arrived tonight—off again tomorrow. I see how it is—the blue eyes have conquered the black, and we shall have another love story. A pretty life I led during the last—for ever on the trot with *billet doux*—hurried from one place to another—sent miles under a burning sun, with a bouquet of flowers. Heaven defend me from the service of a young master—better live with an old one, who will sit contented, month after month, in his easy chair, reading the newspaper and killing flies. The only love he indulges in, is for his dinner. Aye, but then he gets the gout, becomes cross and peevish as the deuce. All situations have their evils, it appears; so patience, my friend, Ludovic, he must get settled at last, and right glad shall I be when the parson puts an extinguisher on his love and his liberty together, by casting about his neck the chain of matrimony. A precious heavy one it is they say—no donkey going the length of his tether after a thistle

can find it more irksome. Ah! my little Mary, are you there? I did not see you."

"Will you not come in, and take some refreshment, after your journey, Mr. Ludovic?" enquired Mary.

"No, Mary dear, I am too sorrowful—I cannot eat—to gaze upon your bright eyes is a far greater happiness."

"Ah! Mr. Ludovic you will forget Sunny Hill when you return to the grand places you have told me about."

"Never, Mary," and he pressed her hand; "I do not possess one of the best memories in the world; but I should be worse than a savage to forget you, and all your tender attentions—the cold meat pies, the creams and rich syllabubs."

Mary was affected by the feeling he displayed. "I have got a beautiful pigeon pie ready for you now," she said, in a faltering tone; "do try and taste it."

"Have you really, my dear? Well, I must not prove ungrateful," returned the innamorato; "I will endeavour to take a morsel, if it were only to sustain life—Heaven knows I have some need of comfort;" and the faithful lover withdrew with the damsel, to the substantial consolation of cold paste and a cup of home-brewed ale.

Douglas remained sitting up until a late hour. His reflections, at first, were confused and perplexed: the brilliant scene, where he had lately borne a part, would haunt his imagination, while the magnificent form of Lady Ellerton stood before him; he recalled her every word—her every look; he felt that he was not forgotten, and he mourned for her. So young—so lovely! and sacrificed to the ambition of her vain weak mother. "But, with my present sentiments," he said mentally, "how unsuited such a creature would have been to me. Devoted as she is to the gay world—which, God be praised, I no longer make my idol—we should have been miserable together. Have I not, then, deep cause for gratitude in being spared the fate which, in my blindness, I conceived was to consummate my happiness? When I reflect how exclusively I suffered her to usurp my heart and thoughts—how completely I was drawn aside from my sacred duties—how unwillingly I ever attended even to their outward forms—and what turbulent passions raged within me—I am astonished at the change in myself. None but a Divine Power could have effected it." While thus he reasoned, the gentle, pious Alice, would appear to his mental vision, in all her innocence and beauty. He had been much struck by the sorrow she displayed on hearing of his intended departure. "But who has she seen?" he again murmured. "Might not the fashionable world transform her also into a heartless coquette? God forbid! At present there is something angelic in her—unlike all I have met before. We must become better known to each other."

On the following morning, at the hour he had named, Douglas commenced his journey. The letter for Mrs. Graham bore a foreign post mark, and he pleased himself with the idea that he was the messenger of glad tidings from her husband. He reached the gloomy precincts of Ravenscourt at noon, and turned down the avenue leading to the house. As he gazed around him, wondering how the gay and light-hearted Alice could endure such a solitude, he perceived a slight youthful figure, in white, glide from amongst the trees, and pursue her way slowly in the direction with himself. He knew her at once; but fearful of alarming her, he reined in his steed. The caution was needless; for the moment Rudolph, the dog, beheld her, he rushed forward, testifying his joy, by various means. Alice almost screamed as she started round. Douglas then sprang from his horse, and giving the reins to Ludovic, approached her, holding out both his hands. She seemed much agitated—her cheek blanched—while tears started into her eyes. "Are you not happy to see me, Miss Graham?" asked Douglas. "We have frightened you, I fear."

"O! no, no—only surprised me," faltered Alice; "I never thought to behold you here."

"You could not suppose me so insensible as to neglect your claims upon my friendship," he returned; "added to which, I am charged with a despatch, which I hope may afford gratification. Is this Major Graham's writing?"

"Yes, yes, indeed, it is," cried Alice, joyfully pressing it to her bosom. "All my happiness comes in one hour;" and she clasped her hands fervently together, as she bowed her sweet face over them.

Douglas was touched by the emotion she so naturally displayed, and on looking more earnestly upon her, he perceived that she was much paler than usual.

"I am afraid this solitude suits you not so well as Sunny Hill," he remarked; "it has robbed you of your roses."

"It is a gloomy spot," replied Alice; "but with dear mamma, I cannot feel unhappy any where; yet I think I have known more sorrowful moments here than I ever experienced before."

"Is that, indeed, the case, my sweet young friend?" replied Douglas, pressing her hand; "this must not be. I have a sister, Lady Sandford, living about five miles from Ravenscourt. I am now on my way to her residence, where I shall stay some time. You must become acquainted with her. She is very lively, and has several young companions who would soon restore your gaiety. Tell me, would you like this?"

"O! very, very much, indeed," and Alice smiled through her tears, as her eyes met his, now beaming on her with an expression the most kind and full of interest. On entering the house, Alice ushered him into the drawing-room, and then sought her

mother, who welcomed him with increased cordiality when she learnt that he was the bearer of so welcome a letter to herself. She opened it with trembling impatience. Who can describe her joy, her gratitude at its contents, which informed her that she might expect the return of her beloved husband towards the autumn? Many a pious ejaculation was mentally breathed, as she perused it.

"I am sure you have happy news, dearest mamma," exclaimed Alice; "I can read it in your countenance."

Mrs. Graham could only reply by clasping her fondly in her arms, and then murmuring, "He comes in October. May the Almighty God be eternally praised for his goodness!"

Douglas was not an unmoved spectator of this scene, and feeling that his presence might be a restraint, he soon rose to depart, and as he cordially congratulated them, he repeated his wish, that they should become acquainted with his sister, Lady Sandford, who, he said, would call at Ravenscourt on the morrow.

What a change came over the spirits of Alice this day—she laughed—she danced—and incurred the severe displeasure of old Davy, by gathering all the flowers in bloom to decorate the rooms in honour of her expected visitors. The happiness of Mrs. Graham, more chastened, expressed itself in earnest prayer, that she might prove deserving of her blessings, though she fully sympathised in the innocent gaiety of her beautiful child.

When Lady Mactavish heard who had been at Ravenscourt, and the welcome news he had conveyed, she remarked that "the Douglas was of a good old family"—and she traced a relationship as far back as two generations. "His sister, Lady Sandford," she continued, "had married an English baronet, with more money than brains, devoted to hunting and racing. He is one o' those ne'er do weels who think naething o' scampering o'er your grounds, breaking down your fences, never stopping to doff his bonnet or say 'by your leave.'" And the old lady reddened with indignation at the recollection of such a heinous insult to her dignity.

Alice watched at the windows for hours, as the time drew near on the ensuing day when she thought she might expect Douglas and his sister. At length a phaeton was seen driving rapidly down the avenue, and in a few minutes afterwards Lady Sandford and Mr. Douglas were announced. Alice looked with interest upon her; she appeared a few years older than her brother—less handsome, though very like him, her manners possessed all his suavity and kindness; after conversing some time she said to Mrs. Graham that she had come with a hope that she would intrust her daughter to her care for a week or ten days. "We have some friends staying with us," she added, "to whom I shall be proud to introduce Miss Graham, and my young people in

the nursery will be charmed at the addition of such a companion; now pray do not refuse me."

"You are very kind, and I fully appreciate your attention," replied Mrs. Graham, "but my Alice has been so unused to gaiety that I confess I am unwilling to launch her into it?"

"Now this is want of confidence," said Douglas, a little reproachfully, "I can assure you that with Clara she will be as safely watched over as here. You cannot think I would say so if I did not know it?"

The feelings of Alice were divided—she had never been separated from her mother even for one night, yet the invitation was a tempting one and her varied countenance betrayed her thoughts; at this moment Lady Mactavish entered. She had been deeply engaged in the mysteries of preserve making all the morning, but on hearing the names of the visitors she had laid aside her gude housewives' attire for one more suited to her rank. Her curtsies, on being introduced, were profound and low, yet with an air of dignified pride which told that they were meant but in courtesy. Lady Sandford repeated to her the request she had been making to Mrs. Graham. "We will now refer it to you, my dear madam, and you shall decide for us," she continued with a pleasant smile, "you will spare Miss Graham to us for a few days, will you not?"

"Deed and I will and gladly too," replied the old lady, "for I hear naething but complaints daily frae auld Davy that she strips a' the flower beds, an' he canna keep her wilfu' steps frae the fruit trees."

"This is a serious charge indeed," said Douglas, laughing, as he turned to the blushing girl; "can you defend yourself?"

"I fear not," returned Mrs. Graham smiling; "so we must even banish her. Lady Sandford, as you so kindly urge it, I will consign this mischievous young lady to your charge, but only for a few days—she is so dear a treasure," and she encircled the sweet girl with her arm as she spoke.

"I accept it with sincere pleasure," returned Lady Sandford, with warmth; "and rest assured she shall be to me as one of my own; I will call for her tomorrow at this hour, if you please."

"An', my Leddy," said Lady Mactavish, as she was leaving the room with Douglas, "will you be so gude as to mention to Sir Robert, with my compliments, that when next he tries to leap ane o' my gates, an' knocks it down, he will just ha' the politeness to send some o' his people to repair it."

"I will, I will!" replied Lady Sandford, much amused at the eccentricities of the old lady; "shame on him for not clearing it."

This night, Alice received many gentle admonitions from her amiable mother, that when surrounded by a far more gay society than she had ever yet mixed in, she would not suffer her thoughts to be led from her higher duties. "Neglect not to read

your bible daily, my child, she said, and beware of a wandering heart, else God will not listen to your prayers."

Alice affectionately promised to attend to her advice, and as she laid her head on her pillow, she offered up a fervent thanksgiving for the blessing she possessed in such a parent. Soon after which the sound slumber of innocence closed her eyes, when all was for the time being forgotten.

(To be concluded in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

DAY - DAWN.

Who hath not seen, when some one, high in power,
Is landing on a foreign coast, how long
The people stand before the appointed hour,
And wait his coming? Then, at last, the throng,
Filling the streets, and strewn o'er house and tower,
Is shaken with a murmur deep and strong
Of "lo! he cometh;" and the myriads shower
One mighty welcome as he rides along.
Such is the earnest waiting, when the sky
Proclaims the sun is coming. Fog and mist
Are rent asunder, and the world's great eye
Opens and smiles, by trembling Phosphor kissed.
He comes at last! With burst of glorious light,
He comes: and yet how meekly in his might!

NOON.

How wearisome is sunshine to the sad—
I have seen those who turned away from all
The gorgeous show of noon, as if it had
No power to make the human spirit glad.
To them the broad bright earth, the rise and fall
Of many wood-crowned hills, all richly clad
In one unwavering splendour, was as gall,
Or, at the best, but coldly natural.
God! what a high invaluable gift
Is a new heart! Grown old in sin, we weep
To find that nothing more, nor flowers, nor sun,
Nor open sky, nor shady mountain rift,
Can warm us as of old:—that life is done,
And all its dreams have faded into sleep.

NIGHT.

A windy midnight! Heavy clouds are swinging
High up in air, and feverishly flinging
Along the dusky earth a duskier shade.
And see! Through yon deep rent the moon is wing-
ing
Her hurried way, all wild and tempest-frayed;
Now, like a lone and banished seraph, clinging
To some dark cloud-edge, there a moment stayed,—
Then drifting downwards without hope or aid.
How dim and awful! Was it so of old,
Before the world was made, when nothing lived
Save God alone, and seeds of beauty rived
The dark at random, like yon orbs of gold?—

But lo! a glorious change. The clouds are gone;
And all the land with holy light is strewn.

Quebec, Sept. 15, 1839.

E. T. F.

(ORIGINAL.)

TRUTH.

Of all the qualities that adorn the human mind—
The varied gifts conferred by heaven on man,
This shines refulgent over all; not all combined
Can make the wearer perfect, nor the soul refine;
Simple, and yet surpassing rich a priceless gem,
Worn on the brows of virtues sons, and by them
alone;
Riches and rank, and pomp, true souls contemn,
As worthless dross, without this heavenly boon,
She, unadorned, yet arrayed in angel grace
Stamps her pure impress on each humble heart;
Lives and reigns in all, through every place,
Illuminates and purifies each latent part;
Oh! truth! thou choicest gift from heaven's hand!
Possess my soul, shine forth in every act,
Of mine through life—in every conflict stand,
My guardian! my every thought with the connect.
Quebec. R. J. C.

(ORIGINAL.)

PLUCK NOT FOR ME.

Persicos odi, quer, apparatus, &c &c.

Pluck not for me the forest's blushing flower,
To weave a garland for the festal hour,
Nor seek thou, boy, the sunny spot where glows,
Unrifed yet, the summer's latest rose;
Strip not the cool-leaved linden's bark for me,
Nor tear the ivy from its guardian tree:
I am not feasting in a wanton hall,
The simple myrtle be our coronal:
A simple task, young Ganymede, is thine,
To wait on me beneath the trelliced vine,
To weave the myrtle wreaths, to pour the generous
wine.

Let wanton Persians sybaritic wear,
Bright with rare flowers and gems, their flowing hair,
Twine me a wreath like those the Priestess twins,
To Venus sacred, in Cytheras' shrines:
With love, with wine, I'll revel fancy free,
Through all the glorious wilds of poesy.
Then care avant! and from the grateful spring
Gently, good page, the sparkling treasure bring:
O, sweet the evening hour, beneath the vine,
Singing my love, and quaffing generous wine.

VENILLARIUS.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

FALSEHOOD flies swift as the wind, and Truth creeps
behind her at a snail's pace. But Falsehood makes
so many twistings, that Truth, keeping steadily on,
looking neither to the right nor the left, overtakes
her before long.

THE LIKENESS.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife,
'Twas drawn by some enchanted wand,
It seemed so much like life.
He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the picture still;
And was delighted and amazed
To view the painter's skill.

"This picture is just like thee, Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true,
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kissed thee back, my dear?"
"Ah! no my love," said he,
"Then William it is very clear
It's not at all like ME."

A fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?"—"I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre." "In what shape did it appear?" asked the priest. "It appeared in the shape of a great ass." "Go home, and hold your tongue about it," said the pastor; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened at your own shadow."

BEER.

It was told Jekyl that one of his friends, a brewer, had been drowned in his own vat. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "floating on his watery bier."

GRETNA GREEN.

Your satirical wittlings of metaphor fond,
Say, in England, the Priest *ties* the conjugal bond.
But our fugitive pairs, who for Scotland clope,
Seem resolved to improve on that whimsical trope;
When a Blacksmith stands Parson, for want of a better.
We may justly affirm, that he *rivets* the fetter.

JUDICIAL JOKE.

It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the Judge's dinners during the Assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the Church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the very Rev. guest, "I always think, my Lord, that a certain quantity of wine does no harm after a good dinner!" "Oh, no, Sir! by no means," replied the Chief Baron, "it is the *uncertain* quantity that does all the mischief!"

BOOKS OF TRAVELS.

ALL they got to do is, to up Hudson like a shot, into the lakes full split, off to Mississippi and down to New Orleans full chisel, back to New York and up Killock and home in a liner, and write a book. They have a whole stock of notes. Spittin',—gougin',—lynchin'—burnin' alive,—steamboats blown up,—snags,—slavery,—stealin'—Texas,—state prisons,—men talk slow,—women talk loud,—both walk fast,—chat in steamboats and stage coaches,—anecdotes,—and so on. Then out comes a book.—*Sam Slick*.

HARSH JUDGMENTS.

If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, not of others; and, in general begin by attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep up his own walk, we should have very clean streets.

METAPHYSICIANS.

THE speculations of some of our metaphysical writers are as fine and delicate as spiders' webs; like them, too, unfortunately, they catch nothing but flies.

EXPERIENCE.

EXPERIENCE is the most eloquent of preachers, but she never has a large congregation.

ADVERSITY.

WE never read of any saint in heaven, who did not have to endure sorrow and suffering in this life.

SILENCE.

A fool that holds his tongue is almost a wise man.

FOOTE's favourite butt was Garrick. David would make an attack on some person's character, by an intimation, that perhaps it would be better that he should pull the *beam* out of his own eye. "Aye, and so would you," said Foote, "if you could sell the *timber*!"

SELF-PRAISE.

When you hear any one making a noise about himself, his merits and his good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of a wagon always creaks the loudest—

GENERAL POPULARITY.

Never aim at universal popularity, for know, that fools, like nobody but a fool, like themselves.

INTRODUCTION.

BY MR. W. H. WARREN.

1 3

Con Brio
ff^{mo} *ff*

MP *8va*

fr fr *A Tempo* *Andantino*

tr *>>>*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It features a melodic line with various ornaments, including mordents and grace notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff has a fermata (fr) over a note. The lower staff includes dynamic markings: *RH* (Right Hand) and *LH* (Left Hand) are placed above the staff, and another *LH* is placed below the staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

A POPULAR ITALIAN AIR.

The third system begins with a tempo marking of **LIVELY.** in the lower left. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one sharp. It contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one sharp, featuring a bass line with chords and a repeat sign.

The fourth system continues the lively piece. The upper staff has a *ten* (tenu) marking above a note. The lower staff has a *fr* (fermata) marking above a note. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fifth system is the final system on the page. The upper staff starts with a *fr* (fermata) marking above a note. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines, ending with a double bar line.

OUR TABLE.

DIARY IN AMERICA, BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

THE facility of intercourse between England and America has, of late years, deluged these countries with rival tourists, whose delight it seems to have been, to pass over all that was in fact worthy of remark, that they might gloat upon the insignificant nothings which so well suited with their own insignificant criticism. Talent, and a species of flippant wit, unfortunately, have sometimes assisted in giving a rather keener edge to their satire than it merited; and these ridiculous tirades have succeeded in keeping alive feelings of irritation between certain classes in the two countries, which it were well to bury among the forgotten relics of the past.

The ungentlemanly and ungenerous meanness which has taken advantage of the confiding hospitality, extended to respectable strangers, both in England and America, has, in many instances, been productive of formality and distrust, frequently neutralizing all attempts at familiar intercourse with those who visit either country, on tours of pleasure, and for the purpose of personally seeing the countries, only. This was to have been expected. They who have had their most domestic scenes laid bare to the hungry gaze of the world, will scarcely be prevailed upon again to admit into the sanctuary of their homes, strangers of the same country, by whom they are in danger of being treated in the same manner. This is a greater evil than at a first glance it seems. America and England are, though separate and distinct in political relationship, bound to each other by ties stronger than those which link together many states which own the same government. Their interests are identified, and thousands in either country are dependent upon the other, not only for the luxuries which they respectively furnish, but for the very means of existence,—their trade furnishing daily sustenance to no (comparatively) mean proportion of their inhabitants. True, England has the power of rendering herself independent of America; and America, when she wills it, may become independent of Britain; but distress and ruin would dog thousands to the grave ere this could be accomplished; and when achieved, neither would, in any respect, be better for the change, whilst new causes begetting new effects, would again render innovation necessary. Besides, there are myriads in America whose most enduring affections are with those they have left behind them in Britain; and there are many in the far-off isles, whose friends and brothers—those with whom they are linked by the endearing recollections of early association—now inhabit the new world. It is unwise to do that which will wrench these links asunder, or fan into life and action the latent seeds of jealousy and distrust which circumstances have left in the breasts of many of the inhabitants of the two countries.

Feeling thus, then, we find it a grateful task to free the gallant author of the work before us from any share of the foible-hunting mania which has recently gone abroad among tourists in general. Not that we feared that Captain Marryat would descend to anything so unlike the gentlemanly character which he bears, but because there are writers in the Union who do not scruple to class him with the Trollopes and Butlers, whose pens have searched out the smallest specks upon the American social character. He has indulged, indeed, occasionally, in a jest; but the subject is generally such that a liberal American can afford to laugh with him—never upon any question involving serious discussion, and seldom having any reference beyond the individual character of some of the more eccentric personages with whom, in the course of his wanderings, the author came into temporary contact.

We rejoice that the gallant author of these excellent volumes has scarcely alluded to any of those traits in the character of our neighbours, of which, nationally, as well as in respect to these Colonies alone, we have lately had so much reason to complain; and this, although, for the bare expression of his praiseworthy British feeling, he drew upon himself no small modicum of abuse. We have said we rejoice at this; for notwithstanding all the melancholy incidents of the last two years, we would not willingly quarrel with our excitable contemporaries; and being politically in amity with them, it should be the aim of all whose opinions may carry weight, to cultivate such a feeling of reciprocal esteem as is best calculated to advance the prosperity of either country, which, united as they are by the commercial character of the people, can scarcely fail, in a corresponding degree, to be shared by the other.

Captain Marryat has divided his work into two parts, the major of which is devoted to his Diary,—the "balance," under the title of Remarks, taking an enlightened view of those subjects which are supposed most generally to occupy the attention of the English reader. The comparisons with England have been made in a spirit of candour which has hitherto been too much neglected; nor do we feel any envious emotions at finding that, young as she is, America is treading fast upon her parent's heels,—in those matters which in the present matter-of-fact age are deemed the essentials of modern greatness,—it will necessarily require many a century to gather round the American continent the glorious memories which haunt the ocean isles—the pride, pomp, and circumstance which have been woven round them by the undying deeds of the mighty and unforgetten dead.

Having no intention of attempting an elaborate criticism of this interesting work, which, we doubt not, will find its way into such general perusal that almost every reader will form his own opinion upon its merits, we will proceed at once to the furnishing

of a few random extracts, as specimens of the spirit in which the Diary is written.

In his introduction, Captain Marryat observes that it is a difficult task to escape misrepresentation, the Americans having become extremely cautious in imparting information respecting themselves—nay, many of them taking delight in hoaxing any individual suspected of an intention to write concerning them. The gallant author learned this trait in their character at an early stage of his travels, and determined to investigate carefully whatever he heard, comparing notes throughout the Union, and judging, in every case, personally, of their correctness. Through this cautious process he has endeavoured to arrive at his conclusions; and though he does not pretend to have been in every case successful, he has been particularly studious to sift the truth of whatever statements appear in his book. The following extract from the introduction will form a clue to his plan:—

“On my first arrival, I perceived little difference between the city of New York and one of our principal provincial towns; and, for its people, not half so much as between the people of Devonshire or Cornwall and these of Middlesex. I had been two or three weeks in that city, and I said there is certainly not much to write about, nor much more than what has already been so continually repeated. No wonder that those who preceded me have indulged in puerilities to swell out their books. But in a short time I altered my opinion: even at New York, the English appearance of the people gradually wore away; my perception of character became more keen; my observance consequently more nice and close, and I found that there was a great deal to reflect upon and investigate, and that America and the American people were indeed an enigma; and I was no longer surprised at the incongruities which were to be detected in those works which had attempted to describe the country. I do not assert that I shall myself succeed, when so many have failed, but, at any rate, this I am certain of, my remarks will be based upon a more sure foundation.—an analysis of human nature.

Passing over New York and the intermediate portions of the Union, which are graphically and humourously described, we give a brief sketch of the capital of Massachusetts, as being more peculiarly English in its characteristics.

“Massachusetts is certainly very English in its scenery, and Boston essentially English as a city. The Bostonians assert that they are more English than we are, that is, that they have strictly adhered to the old English customs and manners, as handed down to them previous to the revolution. That of sitting a very long while at their wine after dinner, is one which they certainly adhere to, and which I think, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance; but their hospitality is unbounded, and you do, as an Englishman, feel at home with them. I agree with the Bostonians so far, that they certainly appear to have made no change in their manners and customs for these last hundred years. You meet here with frequent specimens of the old English gentleman, descendants of the best old English families, who settled here long before the revo-

lution, and are now living on their incomes, with a town house, and a country seat to retire to during the summer season. The society of Boston is very delightful; it wins upon you every day, and that is the greatest compliment that can be paid to it.

“Perhaps of all the Americans, the Bostonians are the most sensitive to any illiberal remarks made upon the country, for they consider themselves, and pride themselves, as being peculiarly English; while, on the contrary, the majority of the Americans deny that they are English. There certainly is less intermixture of foreign blood in this city than in any other in America. It will appear strange, but so wedded are they to old customs, even to John Bullism, that it is not more than seven or eight years that French wines have been put on the Boston tables, and become in general use in this city.”

Captain Marryat seems to have been much pleased with the society of Washington; but expresses disappointment with the “collective wisdom” of the nation. On this head his observations are interesting.

“The Chamber of the House of Representatives is a fine room, and taking the average of the orations delivered there, it possesses this one great merit—you cannot hear in it. Were I to make a comparison between the members of our House of Commons and those of the House of Representatives, I should say that the latter have certainly great advantages. In the first place, the members of the American Senate and House of Representatives are paid, not only their travelling expenses to and fro, but eight dollars a-day during the sitting of the Congress. Out of these allowances many save money, and those who do not, are, at all events, enabled to bring their families up to Washington for a little amusement. In the next place, they are so comfortably accommodated in the house, every man having his own well-stuffed arm-chair, and before him his desk, with his papers and notes! Then they are supplied with everything, even to penknives with their names engraven on them—each knife having two pen-blades, one whittling blade, and a fourth to clean their nails with, showing, on the part of the government, a paternal regard for their cleanliness as well as convenience. Moreover, they never work at night, and do very little during the day.

“It is astonishing how little work they get through in a session at Washington: this is owing to every member thinking himself obliged to make two or three speeches, not for the good of the nation, but for the benefit of his constituents. These speeches are printed and sent to them, to prove that their member makes some noise in the house. The subject upon which he speaks is of little consequence, compared to the sentiments expressed. It must be full of eagles, star-spangled banners, sovereign people, clap-trap, flattery and humbug. I have said that very little business is done in these houses; but this is caused not only by their long-winded speeches about nothing but by the fact that both parties (in this respect laudably following the example of the old country) are chiefly occupied, the one with the paramount and vital consideration of keeping in, and the other with that of getting in—thus allowing the business of the nation (which, after all, is not very important, unless such a trump as the Treasury Bill turns up,) to become a very secondary consideration.

“And yet there are principle and patriotism among the members of the legislature, and the more to be appreciated from their rarity. Like the seeds of beautiful flowers, which, when cast upon a manure-heap,

spring up in greater luxuriance and beauty, and yield a sweeter perfume from the rankness which surrounds them, so do these virtues show with more grace and attractiveness from the hot-bed of corruption in which they have been engendered. But there has been a sad falling off in America since the last war, which brought in the democratic party with General Jackson. America, if she would wish her present institutions to continue, must avoid war; the best security for her present form of government existing another half century, is a state of tranquillity and peace; but of that hereafter. As for the party at present in power, all I can say in its favour is, that there are three clever gentlemen in it—Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Poinsett, and Mr. Forsyth. There may be more, but I know so little of them, that I must be excused if I do not name them, which otherwise I should have great pleasure in doing.”

The following is worthy of perusal, as presenting an enlightened view of the evils naturally flowing from the universal struggle for political advancement, which is a necessary concomitant of democratic institutions:—

“Although in a democracy the highest stations and preferments are open to all, more directly than they may be under any other form of government, still these prizes are but few and insufficient, compared with the number of total blanks which must be drawn by the ambitious multitude. It is, indeed, a stimulous to ambition (and a matter of justice, when all men are pronounced equal,) that they all should have an equal chance of raising themselves by their talents and perseverance; but when so many competitors are permitted to enter the field, few can arrive at the goal, and the mass are doomed to disappointment. However fair, therefore, it may be to admit all to the competition, certain it is that the competition cannot add to the happiness of a people, when we consider the feelings of bitterness and ill-will naturally engendered among the disappointed multitude.

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Wealth can give some importance, but wealth in a democracy gives an importance which is so common to many that it loses much of its value; and when it has been acquired, it is not sufficient for the restless ambition of the American temperament, which will always spurn wealth for power. The effects therefore of a democracy are, first to raise an inordinate ambition among the people, and then to cramp the very ambition which it has raised; and as I may comment upon hereafter, it appears as if this ambition of the people, *individually* checked by the nature of their institutions, becomes, as it were, concentrated and collected into a focus in upholding and contemplating the success and increase of power in Federal Government. Thus, has been produced a species of demoralizing reaction; the disappointed *units* to a certain degree satisfying themselves with any advance in the power and importance of the whole Union, wholly regardless of the means by which such increase may have been obtained.”

The following compliment to American enterprise is deserving of record:—

“The American government have paid every attention to their inland waters. The harbors, light-houses, piers, &c., have all been built at the expense of government, and every precaution has been taken to make the navigation of the Lakes as safe as possible.

“In speaking of the new towns rising so fast in

America, I wish the reader to understand that, if he compares them with the country towns of the same population in England, he will not do them justice. In the smaller towns in England you can procure but little, and you have to send to London for any thing good: in the larger towns, such as Norwich, &c., you may procure most things; but, still, luxuries must usually be obtained from the metropolis. But in such places as Buffalo and Cleveland, every thing is to be had that you can procure at New York or Boston. In those two towns on Lake Erie are stores better furnished, and handsomer, than any shops at Norwich, in England; and you will find in either of them, articles for which, at Norwich, you would be obliged to send to London. It is the same thing at almost every town in America, with which communication is easy. Would you furnish a house in one of them, you will find every article of furniture—carpets, stoves, grates, marble chimney pieces, pier-glasses, pianos, lamps, candelabras, glass, china, &c., in twice the quantity, and in greater variety, than at any provincial town in England.”

The gallant tourist confesses himself, to have been much pleased with Upper Canada, considering it, “on the whole, the finest portion of America.” As we cannot, however, follow him wherever fancy led him, we will pass over his visit to the sister Province, and rest a moment beside the cataracts Niagara, whose mighty waters appear to have awakened graver thoughts than usual with Captain Marryat:

I had intended to have passed the whole day at the Falls: but an old gentleman whose acquaintance I had made in the steam-boat on Lake Ontario, asked me to go to church; and as I felt he would be annoyed if I did not, I accompanied him to a Presbyterian meeting not far from the Falls, which sounded like distant thunder. The sermon was upon temperance—a favourite topic in America; and the minister rather quaintly observed, that “alcohol was not sealed by the hand of God.” It was astonishing to me that he did not allude to the Falls, pointing out that the seal of God was there, and show how feeble was the voice of man when compared to the thunder of Almighty so close at hand. But the fact was, he had been accustomed to preach every Sunday with the Falls roaring in his ear, and (when the wind was in a certain quarter), with the spray damping the leaves of his sermon; he, therefore, did not feel as we did, and, no doubt, thought his sermon better than that from the God of the elements.

Yes, it is through the elements that the Almighty has ever deigned to commune with man, or to execute his supreme will, whether it has been by the wild waters to destroy an impious race—by the fire hurried upon the doomed cities—by seas divided, that the chosen might pass through them—by the thunders on Sinai’s Mount when His laws were given to man—by the pillar of fire or the gushing rock, or by the rushing of mighty winds. And it is still through the elements that the Almighty speaks to man, to warn, to terrify, to chasten; to raise him up to wonder, to praise, and adore. The forked and blinding lightning which, with the rapidity of thought, dissolves the union between the body and the soul; the pealing thunder, announcing that the bolt has sped; the fierce tornado, sweeping away everything in its career, like a besom of wrath; the howling storm; the mountain waves; the earth quaking, and yawning wide, in a second overthrowing the work and pride of centuries, and burying

thousands in a living tomb; the fierce vomiting of the crater, pouring out its flames of liquid fire, and changing fertility to the arid rock: it is through these that the Deity skill speaks to man; yet what can inspire more awe of him, more reverence, and more love, than the contemplation of thy falling waters, great Niagara!

The remarks which form the concluding portion of the work are every way worthy alike of the head and heart of the gallant author. The subjects are Language, Religion, Law, the Army, Navy, Slavery and Education; the whole of which he has treated with candour and impartiality. To the navy he has been peculiarly attentive, and expresses himself much pleased with the gentlemanly bearing of the officers in that favourite service, as well as with the build and model of the ships which came under his observation. In speaking of their actual strength, however, he has merely mentioned the fact, that American vessels uniformly carry a much greater force than British ships of a corresponding nominal character, without alluding to the obvious deduction, that to this may be attributed the combats so apparently equal, between American and British frigates, the equality of which disappear when it is understood that an American frigate generally bears as many and as heavy guns as an English man of war, ranking as a 74 gun ship of the line. From an amusing article in the May numbers of *Blackwood*, under the title of a "Prospectus of the History of our Family," (the Humbugs,) we make a short extract upon this subject:—

"Our trusty and well-beloved brethren, the Yankees, have a very pleasant mode of winning a name for their infant navy. They send out a seventy gun ship and call her a *frigate*; she meets with a little vessel similarly named, with probably but forty guns; as a British flag is flying at her mast-head, they attack her most manfully, and by weight of metal and superior numbers of men, the Union Jack is lowered to the Stars and Stripes. Then the whole of the United States sing laud and glory to themselves for their prowess, in having taken such a ship in such a contest. The real case is wisely kept back—it is trumpeted over the whole world that an American frigate has taken an English frigate—the immaterial circumstance of difference in size, weight, men, &c, are forgotten in the bulletin, and all who are not in the secret, believe the British power is declining on her own element.

We will not enter further at present into the consideration of Captain Marryatt's Diary—the author closing his volumes with the announcement of his intention of following up his remarks with a more comprehensive view of the general working of the institutions of the American republic. Upon the appearance of this sequel to the present work, we will revert to the subject.

BEAUTIES OF THE COUNTRY—BY T. MILLER.

We have derived much gratification from a perusal of these pleasant sketches, in which the different aspects of nature, as exhibited in the seasons, have been pictured with simplicity and beauty. The au-

thor is one of the favoured children of genius, and has, by the force of intellect, risen from among the humblest, to the prominent position he now holds among the intelligent of the land. This is the third work the "basket-maker" has given to the world, and will reflect additional lustre alike upon his heart and head. We have made a short extract from the article upon the month of October, as a fair specimen of the book:—

"Although autumn is beautiful to look upon, still it is a melancholy sight to witness the falling leaves—to see all that rendered summer so green and lovely, unhooused, turned out from their shady dwelling-places, dividing even themselves, and each carrying away a portion of its home, and wandering on to destruction over the earth, which they above all other things had adorned. Who can walk abroad at such a season, without thinking of that change which must ere long take place—without turning a thought towards those who are gone—those whom we loved and conversed with, and with whom we have often wandered in spring, in the leafy bloom of summer, or in the solemn silence of autumn? What pleasant companions have we parted with—what valued friends have been called away! Some of them, too, were young and beautiful, with rosy health enthroned in their cheeks, and delight brightening in their eyes. How short a time it seems since we went with them to gather violets! Who could have deemed that so soon the voice which gave utterance to all those pleasing thoughts—that poured forth words rapidly as a bird utters its own music—should become mute? And could all these young hopes die? Could those ideas perish which grew daily in their own strength, apparently independent of the body, gathering power from things unseen, saving to the mind's eye, and visiting remote worlds, which fancy peopled—even such as they dreamed the soul would inhabit? But they are gone! The tender spray, dotted with ten thousand hopes, realized the expectations of Spring, and flushed broadly into Summer's green lap their full tribute of leaves; and Autumn came, with such stealthy steps, that his march was unperceived, and brought such a beauty in his decay, that we saw not the havoc he had made, until Winter showed his bleak forehead in the naked distance, and gazed in proud triumph on the desolating marauders he had let loose.

"This is the state of man! To-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hope; tomorrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honours thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost; And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root, And then he falls."

THE POETS OF AMERICA—ILLUSTRATED BY ONE OF HER PAINTER EDITED BY JOHN TEESE.

In this volume, we have a garland, woven from the choicest flowers of American poesy, gathered together by a hand cunning in the mystery of the "scissors." It is a rare combination of the lighter gems of literature the pieces being selected with discrimination and care, from the published works of the most eminent authors of the Union. Many of these are replete with poetical beauty and simplicity, and are such as to do much honour to a country so young in literary exis-

tence as our enterprising neighbours. Some of the sweetest pieces in the volume are from the graceful pen of Mrs. Sigourney, who has been called the "Hemans of America," a distinction to which she is well entitled; for through the whole of her poems, the same breathing piety, the same simplicity and ease of composition are apparent. The following may be taken as a specimen.

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of Thunder power to speak of him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and around thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Ah! who can dare

To lift the insect-trump of earthy hope,
Or love or sorrow, 'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn! Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood; and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent labourer—and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou
Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth
Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thine unending volume.

Every leaf

That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo!—yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wings
Amid the mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapour-wreath;
For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
Or listen at the echoing gate of Heaven,
Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul

A wondering witness of thy majesty;
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee!

The volume is elegantly "got up," and is in upwards appearance, a casket well deserving of the gems it contains. It is embellished with numerous engravings—some of them highly imaginative in design—the typography is excellent, and although wanting the exquisite finish apparent in English works of similar character, it is altogether an excellent specimen of art, and one which ought to be liberally encouraged.

HITS AT THE TIMES BY G. P. MORRIS.

This is a very neat American volume, and comprises a number of amusing tales and sketches, the leading one of which, "the little Frenchman and his water-lots," "is a very clever "hit" at the land speculating mania recently so rife in the neighbouring States. In a previous page we have copied the very popular song, "Woodman, spare that tree," sung by Mr. Russell, with Mr. Morris' letter, accompanying its presentation to the vocalist, as published in the volume to which we have referred.

We have, since the publication of the September GARLAND, received so great a variety of original contributions, that we have experienced some difficulty in selecting from them. The most prominent among those which have been inserted are, the tales by E. L. C. and E. M. M., the productions of whose pens have heretofore been received with so great a share of public favor.

Being under the necessity of closing all "continued" articles in our next number, we are compelled to postpone the publication of several short papers, which were intended for the October GARLAND, in order to make way for the commencement of "The First Beloved," (with which we were favoured towards the close of the month,) the concluding portion of which will be published in November.

Our readers will be gratified with the continuation of "Sketches of Paris," by E., and the short articles under the heads of "Envy and Defamation" and "Scribbles of a Wanderer."

The poetry of our present number will, we doubt not, be read with pleasure. Several pieces which we have necessarily postponed, will appear in our next.

R. J. C. is informed that we have no objection to an article upon the subject to which he alludes, and shall be glad to be put in possession of the paper referred to.

We beg leave to tender our best thanks to our numerous correspondents, whose spirited exertions have established a literary character for the GARLAND, which we confidently trust may be preserved through the same gratifying means.