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Drawn by E. E. Stephanoff.

THE RUSTIC TOILET.

# THE LITERARY GARLAND.

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## BORDER LEGENDS.

NO. VII.

### THE BATTE OF MELMERBY.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HALLS OF THE NORTH.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

There is not  
A valley of more quiet happiness,  
Hosom'd in greener trees, or with a river  
Clearer than thine—there are high hills,  
—————“Like barriers by thy side.

The bright river  
Bounds like an arrow by, buoyant as youth,  
Rejoicing in its strength—on the left side,  
Half hidden by the aged trees, that thine  
Has spared as honoring their sanctity;  
The old grey church: its mossy walls,  
And ivy-covered windows, tell how long  
It has been sacred—there is a lone path  
Winding beside yon hill: no neighbouring height  
Commands so wild a view; the ancient spire,  
The cottages, their gardens, and the heath,  
Spread far beyond, are in the prospect seen  
By glimpses, as the green-wood gives way.

L. E. L.

THE only mountains in England of any note are those which constitute the Border Territory or Neutral Ground, near the confines of Scotland, called the Fells. The stupendous and magnificent scenery in this wild district is every where interspersed with green valleys and placid lakes, and woods and rocks and waterfalls.

It has, however, for ages, been so generally resorted to by the lovers of all that is grand and picturesque in nature, and has been so often and so well described by abler pens than mine, that it is by no means now an unknown region.

To those, however, who are familiar with the stupendous scenery on the Continent of Europe all here would be tame and insignificant, were it not for the recollections with which those scenes are forever associated, and the supernatural beings

with which they are every where peopled. Every hill top has its airy sprite; every tarn or lake its fearful wraith; every woody sear its terrible and relentless barghaist; every stunted and hollow tree its bogle, while every cavern, dark and deep, retains certain indelible marks of the bloody revels of the giants, and is still haunted by some deformed hobgoblin, the shrieks of whose unavenged victims are sometimes even yet heard, with fearful distinctness, by the terrified shepherd, when overtaken by the night in his lonely wanderings in those haunted spots. In a word, there's poetry and romance in every thing connected with these Fells; even in the naming of their very names—the lofty Helvellyn!—the grey Strydeneged! In the fierce Helm-wind as it howls through the 'dun-coloured sky' across the vale of Eden, into every recess of which its thunders are echoed back from the black and craggy sides of the towering Skiddaw. In the heather, the broom and blue-berry which forever bloom, and adorn, with their odour and beauty, almost every scrap of popular mountain poetry, eye and prose too, if there be such a thing. What would the Ettrick Shepherd be, away from his native hills and the braces of the rapid Yarrow? What Wordsworth, away from his sylvan haunts on the green mountain side? or the Opium-Eater any where but on the very brink of some cavern "measureless to man?" Where else indeed could a toothless mastiff have howled a response to the castle bell as it toll'd, with its iron tongue, the midnight hour? What, in short, would our arch-enchanter be, take away his mountains with their concomitant rocks and woods

\*Melmerby or Melmorby. was the habitation of Melmor, a Dane, who first improved and cultivated the country, about the ninth or tenth century. It is a small manor and parish, bounded on the east by Cross-Fell, and on the other sides by the parishes of Gushy and Addingham. The church is dedicated to St. John, and is rectorial; valued in the king's books, at £12 11s. 5d., and was worth, a century ago, about £70 a year.

and waterfalls? But it is hard to say; he might have been all he is and more.\*

In the midst of this enchanted ground, or, to describe the locale of my little story more particularly, at the foot of Cross-Fell, stands the small village of Melmerby. It consists, to begin with its most prominent feature, of a church peeping from its "Ivy-green" and surrounded by about a score of white and glistening cottages, the clean windows of which, together with the neat little gardens around them, fenced in with a hawthorn hedge, cut with the nicest precision, tell, as plainly as such outward signs can speak, of quiet and domestic comfort and simple competency within their humble and unpretending walls. If anything should be thought wanting in the grandeur of the structures of those lowly dwellings, or in the architectural ornaments of their little church, an ample compensation is found in the majestic sycamores and the old elm trees which hide all but the beauties of both from the view. And if they did not, would they be any more than the ivy-mantled tower of the village church, without their long and living history? They have been peopled time out of mind with a countless multitude of rooks and daws and owls. And among them, throughout their generations, there have been wars and rumours of wars; besides petty incursions and forays from enemies with which they could not cope; still they gathered and grew, and extended their noisy colony and settled upon every new branch as it shot out from the parent stem. The rooks did, while the daws and owls remained the same. I do not know how they disposed of their surplus population. Perhaps they sent them off to some distant colony.

There is another feature in the landscape still more striking than any yet mentioned, and that is the river, the little river or "beck," one of the numerous tributaries of the beautiful Eden, which winds its devious way through woods and rocks around the outskirts of the hamlet, with a rich level Holme on one side, and the spur of Cross-Fell, on which the village stands, upon the other, forming a bend of an extensive radius till it gets fairly past the last of the straggling cottages, when it is suddenly turned to the westward by a huge fragment of a rock evidently rolled down from the mountain side into its otherwise quiet bed. This rock seems to have formed such an obstruction to its course as to have split off from it a small stream at a point where it is about to descend eight or ten feet into a long and narrow valley. On this little fall stands the village mill, and close by it the miller's house, not otherwise of any consequence than that in it lived the miller's daughter.

\* This was written long before the death of Sir Walter Scott.

who has something, although very little, to do with my story. It must not from this be inferred, however, that it did not constitute, with the little mill beside it, a very prominent and picturesque feature in the landscape.

The cottages composing this little hamlet were all of solid masonry, rubble built, with quoins and window and door-frames of cut stone, and covered like all the houses in that section of the country, with blue slate. They were all, with two exceptions, cottages, in the strictest acceptance of the term, and nothing more, being only of one story with attics lighted by dormant windows. I love to be particular. These two exceptions were called, *par excellence*, "The Houses," and were occupied by families of a class superior to the cottagers. Those being land-owners, while these were only tenants-at-will.

Just below the mill, the river in its wayward wanderings takes a turn off to the westward towards the Eden, away from the foot of the mountain to which it had clung so closely for miles, and leaves an extensive field of that rich debris soil, called in that district, "Holme-land." At the foot of this field, which constitutes the glebe, stands the village church, a large old gothic building, with a chancel almost as big as the body of the church. It is ornamented with a square battlemented tower, with heavy buttresses, and covered almost entirely with the "Ivy-green," which at a distance makes it look something like one of the huge sycamores that surround it. It was distant from the village about a quarter of a mile. The little enclosure around it constituted the last peaceful resting place of the villagers for many generations and there was no habitation of the living near it. It was indeed a lovely, a sequestered and romantic spot, apparently held sacred even by the noisy rooks, who had seized as their own every other tree in the vicinity.

The cottages, and "houses" in this little hamlet are occupied at this day, by the descendants of their tenants some centuries ago. And they have scarcely, in a single instance, changed either the names or the habits of their earliest ancestors. I allude, however, to a state of things at the commencement of the present century. Since that period wonderful changes have taken place in almost every hamlet in that part of the country, in consequence of the numberless emigrations to America.

When one of the inhabitants of this very village, about the period I have adverted to, had determined to seek a home and better his fortunes in this far-off land, he advertised his property for sale, and described it as a house, one of "the houses," and some five or six score acres of freehold land, with the appurtenances and pri-

vileges thereunto belonging; which consisted, among other things, of a common right on Cross-Fell, an immunity from all church cess or rates, from hearth-penny, peter-pence and tithes, as well as from all other dues and demands ecclesiastic whatsoever, together with certain undefined pew and chancel privileges, rights of sepulture, &c. &c.

These privileges and immunities were of so extraordinary a character as to induce me, on seeing the advertisement in a paper published at "Bonny Carlisle," to make some enquiry as to their meaning and origin. The following explanatory legend was the result of this enquiry:

On the beautiful but moonless night which closed the Eve of Christmas, in the year of grace—, when the minnners and morrice-dancers had completed their grotesque and merry gambols around the Yule-clog fire, in one of "the houses" I have mentioned, to the perfect satisfaction of a large party. All the most respectable inhabitants of that lovely valley had assembled there on this festive occasion. No! not all! there was one missing. One, whose absence was so remarkable that every body noticed it.

"What can be the reason why Edward Falcon is not here to-night?" was whispered in anxious enquiry by every one. Indeed, his absence was the more remarkable as it was at his own home—in his father's, or rather his mother's, house, that the party had assembled, and had been got up, doubtless, in a great measure for his especial benefit. The amusements of the evening (slugged for a while,—the mysterious absence of Edward Falcon was a damper upon them, for more reasons than one. He was indeed the very life and soul of every merry-making in all that country side. He was a fearless and a reckless youth, but haughty, as some thought, and proud withal, yet had he ever for the poorest of the parish, when he met them in the narrow footpath leading to the church, or in the deep indented lane, or on the village green, a cheering smile and a bly the good-day for each and all. And Edward Falcon was decidedly a universal favorite. There was another reason too, why he was missed so markedly on this great occasion. His kind and fond and dotting mother, noted his absence with many a sad and anxious and enquiring look, for he was her only child, her only hope, her stay, her solace and her sole dependance—in a word, he was the only son of his mother and she was a widow. The boisterous revelry of the assembled villagers soon however dissipated this feeling of disappointment, and all were blithe and gay, and Edward Falcon was, or seemed to be forgotten.

The hour was now approaching for their depar-

ture to the little lone church for the celebration of Midnight Mass.

Fresh fuel was heaped upon the red hearth to burn up against their return, for the night was bitter cold. Some one then more bold than the rest might be seen peering through the back door to see if any unearthly visiter, attracted by the noise of their merry-making, were loitering still within the sacred precincts of the court yard or the cottage garden.

After piously crossing themselves to guard against the attacks of such hidden and dangerous eaves-droppers, they sallied forth into the dim starlight, in silence and in fear.

Their way to the church led past a number of little cottages in which merry-makings like their own on a smaller scale had been carried on; and the cavalcade was increased, as it moved along, by several little groups of revelleis who were right glad of such protection.

On they went, and thus they gathered and grew as they passed along till the last cottage door had opened, to add its little quota to their number. The mill and miller's house was yet in their way. A little garth separated it from the well beaten footpath they were treading. Across it came, to join the throng, the miller's daughter with the young and stalwart heir of the other "house" in the village which I have mentioned. No notice was taken of this little accession to their number other than some titterings among the younger members of that procession.

Their way now led them down the steep descent into the little dell along the elm-fringed banks of the lovely little rivulet, or across some sudden bend in its meandering course, as it wound its devious way around that Holme of lovely green, which constituted at that period the best portion of the globe, if not the whole of it.

This lovely meadow was always adorned with a darker and a richer tint than could be found in any other green valley betwixt the sunny hills of that romantic district. It was given, or rather bequeathed, to this then poor benefice, by a lady—the last of the noble De Cliffords. She died under very extraordinary circumstances shortly after her mysterious nuptials, which were never consummated.\*

In a corner of the chancel the cemetery can yet be discerned. A mutilated and dingy figure of a female is rudely sculptured upon a marble slab, the only one perhaps that ever adorned this lone and sequestered church, pointing out, most

\* These extraordinary and mysterious circumstances have been minutely described and explained in a former number of the *Border Legends* published in the Garland, and entitled "The Three Gibbets."

probably, the very spot where the remains of this maiden bride have long since mingled with their native dust. But while it was fresh and fair, and spotless as the virgin purity of her whose lovely form lay mouldering beneath, strange sounds were heard to issue from that portion of the building, and dim lights were seen, even from the village, to flicker and dance in variegated hues, from the painted oriel, through some narrow vista which chance had formed in the wild and dark foliage of the majestic sycamores that surrounded it.

These sights and sounds, appalling as they were to the villagers generally, were treated by one of them with a reckless levity, bordering upon something little short of blasphemy. Such at least was the opinion of these simple worshippers in that holy temple. And they cared as little to meet this heedless and daring youth, for youth he was, in the dim twilight of the glimmering eve, as to pass, in the fearful hours of darkness, along the narrow winding footpath, which led to that haunted spot, if alone, even when the sun was up.

On the night we are particularly speaking of he was however rather courted than feared. He had spent his Christmas eve, with some distant relatives, in louder and more boisterous revelry than could have been witnessed in any other cottage in the village, although slighted, as he erroneously supposed himself to be, by his 'Ladye love,' the daughter of the most substantial yeoman in the place, the owner of one of 'the houses' before adverted to, who had consented to accompany his more successful rival to the Midnight Mass. But perhaps his merry-making was little in accordance with the real state of his over-wrought feelings. Be this as it may, the party to which he had attached himself continued their gambols, though his instrumentality, till sometime after every brightly illumined lattice had been darkened, and until the bell, which called to such late Vespers, had ceased to toll; and they were the last to bend their unwilling way, along the edge of that lovely and silent Holme, which extended, even at this season of the year, its soft verdure, like a rich carpet, far and wide around their venerated little church.

Late in starting, as they hurried along, apprehensive of pastoral rebuke, the distant sound of many voices burst upon their ears. At first they imagined it to be the full and swelling chorus of the pealing anthem, and were thereby only admonished to greater haste. But anon, the discordant scream of fear mingled with the shrieks of despair, broke, in dreadful distinctness upon their terror-stricken senses, and they began now

to be met by group after group of the villagers, who flew past them as on the wings of the wind.

Our hero, for he is the hero of my little tale, although deserted by his friends, who turned and fled with the flyers, nothing daunted, courageously pressed onward still, demanding, but in vain, of every one he met, the cause of their terror and their flight. In the runaways, he encountered his recerant rival, the last, and alone. But where was his companion? Was it—could it be that some sudden and dire misfortune had befallen his once loved Phoebe Morton? and all his former and kindlier feelings of affection towards her, returned at once, and with redoubled fervour, that he supposed her in some danger. At first, however, it must be owned, that he was influenced by far other feelings. This was fully evinced by the opprobrious epithets with which he accosted him, the mildest of which were—"dastard—coward—murderer."

"Stop, and tell me," he continued, "I adjure thee, as thy worthless life thou prizest—tell me where my Phoebe is, and why she's not with thee?"

But he heard him not, or if he did, the fearful adjuration only added wings if possible to his speed.

The noise and tumult all rolled by, and Edward stood there in some bewilderment as to the course he should pursue. After a moment's hesitation, he determined to push on; and, in silence and darkness, he approached the little wicket gate which opened into that lone church-yard. Ere he opened it, he paused a moment with his hand upon the latch; it was but an instant, and on he went.

The lights, which a few minutes before had gleamed so brightly through every dusky pane, were all extinguished, and a fluttering rustling noise was heard within the building. Edward stopped again, either to listen to the sounds he'd heard, or else he cared not to proceed. The tombs of the mouldering dead were dimly shadowed forth in the surrounding darkness, and assumed the semblance of almost every form, however fantastic and grotesque, and even horrible, with which a prolific imagination could invest them. A newly opened grave yawned at his feet into which he turned his eye, but it looked like a bottomless abyss.

Few brave spirits would blame the terror that he felt to thrill through every fibre of his frame at that moment, whether it owed its birth to fear or to cold. He must have been more than human, who, in those dark ages of superstition, could have made a firm and decided stand, unaided and alone, and in the dark too, against all that was

then the most dreaded, without some secret misgivings, some effort to rouse his sinking courage. With these qualifications there is no wonder if Edward Falcon paused to cross himself and to breathe a hasty Ave, and with somewhat more of earnestness and devotion than ever he felt before. In a moment, however, he was himself again, and again were his footsteps heard upon the smooth flag-stones with which the narrow path was covered, that led from that little wicket gate to the low gothic porch. Yes, they were heard, and known, and understood. A man's footstep, aye even that of his horse, has a voice in it, which to the ear of love is as distinct and as intelligible, as if it were sounded through a speaking trumpet, breathing the welcome words:

"I come!—I, the object of your affections, come!"\*

The well-known voice of his footsteps fell upon the ear of love, and he heard in answer to that voice his own name syllabled forth, in low and stifled accents, which he did not and could not recognise. And yet he heard it unappalled, although it came seemingly from the deep recesses of the hollow earth. He instantly responded to the mysterious speaker that addressed him, and paused in his onward course, and said:

"Be thou whate'er thou art, of heaven or earth, or worse, I charge thee, by every spell or charm, that clerks or bedesmen know, to redeem me, if thou canst, the fate of Phœbe Morton."

Ere he had finished his pious adjuration "Edward Falcon!" was again repeated in a louder, and a well-known voice, and in another moment, the frightened Phœbe Morton was rescued from a living grave, into which in her terror on the desertion of his rival she had fallen, and was clasped, trembling and fainting, in her lover's arms.

How she came there, as well as the cause of the terrible panic, at least as much of it as she knew, were soon explained.

At the very commencement of the solemn service, before half the people had got into the church, some extraordinary and mysterious sounds were heard to issue forth from out one of the farthest and most distant corners of the chancel, near where the tomb of the

maiden bride was situate, as if indeed they came from underneath it. These sounds were succeeded by the sudden appearance of some unearthly being, that glided through the lofty aisle down the whole length of that lonely church and back again even up to the very altar, the high altar, before which the priests and monks and choristers were officiating. And on its reckless path it dashed out every light, nor spared the tapers, on the holy altar, burning dimly in the clouds of incense thrown around them.

"And in an instant, all was dark."

The windows clattered—the doors creaked heavily on their rusty hinges, and the whole pile seemed shaken to its very foundations. The astounded congregation fled at once in terror and dismay, and Phœbe with the rest, who in her fright had fallen into the new-opened grave in which he found her. She did not say one single word concerning him who left her thus, for aught he knew, to perish.

On contrasting Edward Falcon's conduct with that of him who had so disgracefully deserted her in her hour of danger, she could not but feel grateful to him, and she did, as she clung so fearlessly to his arm on their return to her father's dwelling. Edward would fain have gone on unto the church to ascertain if possible the cause of the alarm, had she not urged him so imploringly not to do so. He did not indeed see how he could well have accomplished his design. He could not leave her where she was, amid the silent dwellings of the dead, and she was too much frightened to go with him.

On the morrow the voices of the choristers, in the early matin song were heard in faint and hollow echoes through the vaulted aisles of that almost empty church; for none save Edward Falcon and the officiating monks were present on the morning of that high and holy Festival. Consternation and dismay seemed to have thrown their mantle of confusion over that distracted village. Every hour as it passed away seemed to involve the matter in deeper and darker and more inextricable mystery. As the shades of night were closing round those quiet and simple people, the incidents, viewed as it were through such an exaggerating medium as the dim twilight, began to increase accordingly both in number and in magnitude. This went on to such an extent, that the frightful apparition, a supernatural one of course, which had so much alarmed them, began to be so accurately defined as to have enabled any one that dared to have assigned to it a "local habitation and a name," to say at once what it had been. But there is something so very fearful in the very naming of that name, that it passed

\* As a striking instance of the truth of this assertion I may here mention, that when my family have been waiting dinner for me, and my wife has been anxiously listening for my arrival, on hearing my horse's hoofs pattering upon a wooden bridge fully three hundred yards from the house, she has rung the bell and ordered old Mary, the cook, to send up the dinner. This was such a mystery to Mary, that she once exclaimed to her Mistress: "Lord mam! there's something no canny in yer kenning the sound of the Malster's horse's fit on that brig, when a hundred others are passin' ivery day, an' makin' just the same noise. The intelligent reader, however, need only revert to his own recollections for a full illustration of this fact.

not lips of mortal mould during the whole of that long, long day's discussion. Some protested and declared that in its distorted countenance, as well as in its burning and glaring eyes, they could see, swiftly as it glided past them, something of a likeness to the "human face divine." Others again protested that they saw something odd about one of its feet, while another, still more wise than his fellows, declared that it was web-winged, with a bright and burning talon at the terminus of each dividing fibre, just like the picture in the huge iron book fastened with a chain to the stand in the chancel.\*

The cause of this extraordinary apparition was however an enigma which they could not so easily solve. What horrid crime had been committed? What deed of blood had there been done?—for nothing less could well have brought down such a heavy judgment upon them. It might be, and doubtless was, well known in the confessional. But the dread secret was just as much hidden from the knowledge of those simple villagers as if it had never been divulged.

Edward Falcon!—yes, that's it!—the reckless Edward Falcon, began all at once to be associated with the mystery, but why, or how, or wherefore, none could tell.

The exorcisings of clerks and bedesmen; the watchings prolonged, day after day, by the best and bravest of those bold and hardy mountaineers, were equally unavailing; for still the same mysterious sounds were heard within the church; sometimes before those watchers had well closed the doors behind him. Thus days and weeks and months flew by, and whatever other change they brought along with them, produced none here—no elucidation. The mystery remained as dark and as impenetrable as ever.

The short period above alluded to, was, however, the most eventful one in the whole of the little history of Edward Falcon's life. His fate seemed all at once connected some way or other with this frightful apparition. However strange that this should be the case, the fact was no less certain. True! he had laughed at their fens; and some said he had ridiculed, as idle mummeries, the solemn exorcisings performed, but in vain, by a bevy of the holiest friars of St. Austin, from

\* In many old churches in England, even to this very day, there is a little stand on each side of the Chancel, on which is placed, generally, as far as my own personal knowledge extends, a large bible and a folio edition of Fox's Book of Martyrs, in very heavy bindings, with plates of iron at the corners, and clasps of large size of the same metal, and hence called the iron books. These books at the Reformation displaced others of a similar shape and size, but of a very different character, containing pictures of a description similar to the one which, it will naturally occur to the mind of the reader, is referred to in the text.

the far off Abbey of Lanercost.\* Be this as it might, these surmises began, at this eventful period, as far as he was concerned, to assume rather a formidable character.

Edward was an orphan, though far from a friendless one. His lively and uncontrolled vivacity, flowing from the kindest temper and the most amiable and generous disposition, would have been more than sufficient to have saved him from those dark and undefined suspicions with which, on this public calamity befalling the parish, he was now assailed, had they not been countenanced and encouraged by the ecclesiastics in the neighbourhood, in return, most likely, for his laughing at them.

He had always been held in the highest estimation by the principal inhabitants of the village. Every old man was a father to him—every house his home. But he began now, all at once, to feel himself more like an outcast and a stranger than a friend; he met not with that free and hearty welcome which was wont to greet him. Now indeed the social glee of every little family circle, of which he was formerly the life and soul, was hushed and smothered wherever he went. And, that which he felt more bitterly still, Phoebe's father again interdicted him from all further communion and intercourse with his daughter. This was the more galling as their intimacy had, with his countenance and approbation, been renewed, since the eventful Christmas eve.

After this event Edward Falcon no longer doubted the general alienation, unaccountable as it seemed to him, of those kindest feelings of the public, which it had ever been his pride to feel, to cherish and reciprocate. The fairy vi-

\* The Abbey of Lanercost, or rather the Priory. It was nothing more, although it has conferred the name of Abbey Lanercost upon a neighbouring hamlet. It is situated on the river Irthing, another tributary of the Eden, some twenty miles or more away from Melmerby; yet there did exist an intimate connection between them, in consequence of the great titles of Lazonby, and of some other parishes abutting upon that of Melmerby, having been appropriated to the endowment of the Monastery.

This Priory was founded in the year 1163, by Robert de Vailibus, Lord of Gillsland, for the reception of a brotherhood of the Augustine Order, dedicated to Mary Magdalen, and by his charter he endowed it largely. This he did, as the Charter states, for the soul of King Henry the II. who granted and confirmed the same, and for the souls of his father Hubert and his mother Græwla, and all his ancestors and successors.

The splendid ruins of the Priory in their present state include the remains of the Conventual Chapel, the cloisters and part of the walls of the refectory and other buildings; the west end being still used as the Parish Church, is preserved from dilapidation. But the great Tower and the Cross aisles have long been roofless and beautifully covered with a profusion of ivy, and carry back the reflective mind to a period long gone by, when the heavy knell, and the choir's faint swell

Came slowly down the wind.  
The ruins and their scenic accompaniments are exceedingly picturesque and strikingly characteristic of papal grandeur.



sions he had conjured up in his imagination—the hopes he had so fondly cherished—all vanished and were dissipated at a single blow; and from the dream of bliss in which he had so long indulged, he awoke to the sad realities of life, a wiser and a better man. He had learnt a lesson from adversity, the sternest of all teachers, which all men, sooner or later, have to learn,—the virtue of submission, if not of resignation. At first his only feeling was annoyance and disgust at the fickleness of all earthly and mortal friendships, which he saw and felt were uncertain and ephemeral as the morning cloud or the early dew. Like both they pass away and are forgotten. He therefore determined to leave his native village and seek among strangers in some distant land the home that seemed to be denied him here, in which, whatever other distresses might be his lot, he would at least be free from the bitterness of unrequited affection. He meant to have carried this his resolution into effect without acquainting any one with his purpose. In this, however, he was accidentally thwarted.

On walking out one day along the narrow footpath which led down past the miller's house, into the holme, by the alder-fringed bank of the little rivulet, he chanced to meet the miller's daughter and her lover, who, all the little world around them knew, were shortly to be united in the holy bands of wedlock. He accosted them with a kind "good day," and passed them by, but they turned and asked him if he had seen his Phoebe pass that way. On making some reply, by which they saw he thought they were in jest, they told him seriously that they had met her but a few minutes before, in search of him. On this he hurried on, and soon perceived in the distance a female figure, which at once, from her air and gait, he knew could be no other than Phoebe Morton. They met, and as he thought, but to part forever. His resolution to communicate to no one his design of expatriating himself, was thrown to the winds, and he told her what his purpose was, and disclosed to her besides the heart-burnings which he felt, in consequence of the altered demeanor of the people towards him, without his being able to assign for it any other cause than the fickle faithlessness of those changelings he had called his friends.

Phoebe Morton, who always felt the most sincere regard and affection for him, and only countenanced his richer rival in the common civilities we have mentioned, in dutiful obedience to her father, had long wished for an opportunity to speak to him, and at length, seeing no other means of doing so, had sought this interview.

The step she took with great reluctance, I need not tell the gentle reader why. This, how-

ever, was overcome by her anxiety to avert the evils that she saw impending over her. She could not so far divest herself of all interest in his feelings as to be able to contemplate the misery which she saw was eating, like a canker, into his very soul, otherwise than as a heavy calamity in which she could not but deeply participate. She argued not, however, thus, nor tried to reconcile her conduct with the strictest rules of maiden modesty; she knew but little, and cared still less, about those nice conventional rules, enforced with so much rigour, that a good and lovely girl, and she was both, could even in her lowly station, unscathed, transgress. And yet she did. She soared above them. She followed but the dictates of her heart, which pointed out to her the course she should pursue, and she did pursue it. Without one thought, one fear, one solitary misgiving as to its propriety, she did pursue it, and she was right. She saw the fate impending over one with whom her own was linked by ties that nothing less than death could break; and she thought, she felt that if she could but see him; and speak to him once more, she might avert it.

They met,—in the lovely twilight of a summer eve, on the fairy banks of that river of paradise, as it meandered through that green "holme" leading to the lone and solitary church. They met, and she said to him, as they did so, in terms more endearing, as he thought, than had ever fallen from her lips before.

"Edward Falcon! where did'st thou learn those lessons thy recklessness so often taught me, which tended to cast a slight upon certain sacred mysteries of our holy faith?"

"From a holy friar, who was man enough to own them mockeries; but wherefore, ask?" was his short and snappish answer, for he was but ill prepared to enter upon a topic of conversation so trifling and so far removed, as he supposed, from the painful current of his thoughts.

"Heard'st thou those thunders and those voices, which, they say, the villagers have heard?" she continued, regardless of his reply, "or saw'st thou those lightnings issuing, no later than last night, from that helm of darkness, which rests so long upon yon mountain's brow?"

"Never! never!" was the still more hasty and irritable rejoinder.

Then as if for the first time catching a glimpse of his real feelings, or perhaps he thought it might be purely by accident that she touched the chord, stretched almost to breaking, as she abruptly asked him if he knew the cause of the estrangement of his friends:

"I wish I did," he said, "a knowledge of the disease is half the cure."

"I'll tell thee, then," Phœbe continued, with some degree of hesitation; "they all begin to think that thou hast held communion with something I may not name. Nay, frown not," she continued, as she saw a cloud come darkling o'er his brow, "I know thou'rt innocent of such a charge, but such is the general opinion and belief!"

"Well! and what help for it, Phœbe?" he asked, in a more kind and affectionate tone and manner.

"Know'st thou what this apparition is, which has so terrified the whole parish?"

"An owl, or daw, or bat perhaps, scared from its roost; I really think its nothing more,—but what of that?"

"A spirit, rather say, in such a guise; conjured up by wizard spells and sinful incantations, to answer some secret and selfish purpose of thine own."

"And this!" he said, as he turned, and stopped, and looked full in the face of her he loved so well; "and this from Phœbe Morton!"

"I only tell thee," she replied, in a deprecating tone and manner, "that such is the belief; I've said not, I believe it—and this is the cause," she continued, "of the violent prejudice against thee—a prejudice in which my father largely participates."

"Again I ask," he said, in some bewilderment, as he now began to see some secret and hidden motive for so close and catechetical an enquiry, "to what does all this tend?"

"To the removal of such prejudices," she frankly answered, "as well as to thy restoration to the public favour; and then—perhaps—" her blushes and confusion prevented her from saying more—more that was in her heart, and on her tongue. There was a pause—an embarrassing pause, at least to her; it was, however, but for a moment, when she recovered her composure, and continued, although with a stammering hesitation, yet in a still more affectionate tone and manner, as she appeared to cling more closely to him, "Could'st thou not?—or rather, I would say,—are there no means by which to free the parish from this frightful demon?"

"And if I could—and if there were,—what then?"

"Nay, ask thy heart, for mine I will not trust to answer such a question—fare-thee-well!"

And the maiden snatched her arm from under his, and was out of sight before he had recovered from the bewilderment into which her strange words had thrown him, sufficiently to notice her departure. And then, he thought, if she had known the full import of that last word of hers, it might have been pronounced less lightly.

This conversation with his once—his still loved Phœbe Morton, had led him back to scenes of former and happier times, which were never likely to return; and he dwelt upon them till he began to falter in his purpose of leaving his native land forever. But the absurd surmises, and the evil suspicions entertained against him by the ignorant and fanatical inhabitants of the village, which had just been communicated to him for a far other purpose, tended to confirm him in his resolution to carry his wild scheme into effect. And then again, the kind "farewell" of her he loved, could not and must not be the last. This reflection turned his thoughts upon the home of his infancy, the happy scenes of his youth, his native village; and a more calm and kindlier feeling was the consequence.

All his mental faculties had, before this interview, been quite absorbed in the contemplation of his own misfortunes. He loved to enjoy the "luxury of grief alone;" now he could sympathize with others' woes, and rouse up all his energies for one great effort to relieve them. He, however, in the present instance, thought no great effort necessary.

"To free them from this bugbear," he muttered to himself, as he retraced his lonely steps back towards the Mill, "and at Phœbe Morton's request too—why should I not? To watch a night or two while the fierce helm-wind is howling round you ivy-mantled tower, would however be rather a chill and tedious undertaking; and if I fail, a thankless one to boot—but if I should succeed—as doubtless I shall,—what then?"

He could not solve this knotty point,—he could not exactly see—he did not precisely understand the parting words of Phœbe Morton,—but as he thought upon them, the dark cloud which had so long hung over him, lifted a little, a very little, just sufficiently to give him one cheering glimpse into a brighter region beyond the darkling limits of its powerful and mysterious influence.

Lost in thought he stopped and turned to gaze, but with a vacant eye, upon the glittering moonbeams dancing on the rippling rivulet at his feet, when a clerk-like personage approached him without being perceived till close at hand. He was walking at a rapid pace, but whispered as he passed "Remember Christmas-Eve!"

Edward, startled by this sudden apparition, and the mysterious warning, paused a moment in astonishment, and then hurried on to overtake the stranger.

The monk, for monk he was, informed him that the apparition in the Church was indeed, in outward guise, a bird of evil omen, but in reality a fiend or evil spirit, permitted in the dark mysteries of a darker providence, thus to visit his

erring flock, for some crying and secret sins, which the Church could not absolve, as they had not been divulged in the confessional.

"But would not," Edward demanded, and with the utmost composure, although he considered this, after what he'd just heard from Phoebe Morton, as a venomous shaft aimed at himself: "would not the destruction of this bird, or whatever else it is, free you from this fearful judgment?"

"Most undoubtedly," was the instant reply.

"And he,"—again Edward asked,— "who shall do this deed of high emprise,—what shall be his meed?"

"Benedicite!" the monk exclaimed, and piously crossing himself, continued, "My son talks wildly; such fearful mysteries are not to be so lightly treated."

Edward was left alone to commune with his own thoughts. At first he was a little shaken in his purpose by the monk's rebuke. It was but for a moment, when he turned once more and resolutely bent his way towards that solemn and silent temple, where he was determined his watchings should be prolonged until he had accomplished his purpose.

In less than a month after this interview with the monk, a blithe and gay procession, consisting of all the young people in the village, of both sexes, together with a considerable admixture of those more advanced in years, was seen wending its way towards the mill, where a little accession to its numbers was expected, in the miller's daughter and her lover; the gay procession passed on, however, down into that green holme, without them; the fair damsel of the mill was not quite ready—there was some stray or rebellious lock of her hair to be adjusted—some bonnet string that would not be properly tied,—till the gay and merry villagers had all swept by. One happy swain was left to wait for her. Perhaps these untoward delays were not all purely accidental; but we do not wish to pry into such secrets, nor scrutinize too keenly the motives of men's actions, nor of women's either. Suffice it for a faithful chronicler, which we hold ourselves to be, to say that the miller's daughter and her lover, although the last, were not too late to hear at the altar of that little Church, the nuptial blessing pronounced upon Edward Falcon and his betrothed and faithful Phoebe Morton.

Gentle reader! my tale is done. I have only to add that one of the descendants of this happy couple, who had succeeded by right of primogeniture to their lands and tenements, some centuries afterwards, namely in the year of grace 1821, advertises them for sale, with certain immu-

nities and privileges ecclesiastic, granted to one of his ancestors: "for killing the Batte of the Church of St. John, at Melmerby."

## LINES

WRITTEN UPON THE PROSPECT OF A WAR WITH THE AMERICAN STATES; A RESULT WHICH IT IS TO BE DEVOUTLY HOPED, WILL ONLY EXIST IN THE DREAMS OF THE POET.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Canadians I start not, at the gathering cry,  
Of warring nations hurled across the deep;  
The British Lion, roused from peaceful sleep,  
With mane erect, and death-denouncing eye,  
Prepares once more to take a fatal leap,  
To crush the vaunting foe!  
Vain, vain Calumnia's hopes of victory,—  
He strikes no second blow.

Canadians! tremble not—while over-head,  
The gorgeous folds of Britain's standard float;  
While drum and trumpet tell in thrilling notes,  
That 'neath its shade your fathers fought and died—  
Behold it wanton in your fees fresh air,  
Soon shall it wave triumphant o'er the dead—  
Nor to the world with shrinking hearts declare  
The ancient spirit from the land is fled.

'Arise! in England's might, for England's right,  
And drive the invader from your happy land—  
With hearts united, and with fearless hand;  
Strong in a righteous cause, prepare to fight—  
Columbia's stars shall pale before the ray,  
The bright outgushing of the glorious sun—  
Her slavish stripes, may cowardly chase away,  
To the determined brave, the word is, "On!"

Columbia's hand the thunderbolt has hurl'd,  
To force an unjust war upon the brave,—  
Her own rash act unchains the soul-bound slave;  
Degraded Helot of the western world—  
The native chief awaits the unholy strife,  
With eager vengeance burning in his brain;  
He grasps the hatchet, whets the murder's knife,  
And the fierce war-whoop peals along the plain.

America, beware! Retreat in time—  
The stern decree, which dooms to sword and flame  
Thy prosperous cities, blots the proud free name;  
That erst thy children bore in every clime;  
Serenely great—lay down the sword, and find  
A mark more fitting than a parent's breast;  
Still be the friend and teacher of mankind,  
In moral excellence supremely blessed.  
Belleville, 1816.

## ROSALINDA.

To Rosalinda's eyes who not submit,  
Fall the proud victims of her conquering wit;  
And all, whose dullness dares her wit despise,  
Bow to the piercing influence of her eyes.  
Thou, then, who wishest not her slave to be,  
Become but deaf and blind, and thou art free.

# MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

No. II.

## THE MISS KINGS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

### CHAPTER I.

Die an old maid! The thing's impossible!  
Early suggested the ungenerous thought,  
And malice gave it utterance.

At what age do women generally relinquish the hope of getting married? Verily, this question might puzzle wiser and older heads than ours, although we may deem ourselves very wise,—and the thatch of our upper story may be growing white beneath the weight of years. We must answer this question in the best manner we can, by turning to the dictionary of experience, which, by the by, is the best teacher we ever met with, for expounding difficult problems.

A woman of real good sense and unaffected practical piety, who does not confine her hopes of happiness to this world,—and who does not seek a husband for the mere boast of being married, but who looks for a bosom friend and intellectual teacher, in the being connected with her in that most holy tie, relinquishes, with the charms of youth, the preposterous idea of winning hearts with those beauties of person which time has already faded. If she cannot unite to her own a kindred spirit, to love, honor and obey, she is contented to relinquish the hope so long and fondly cherished; to become in her own loneliness, a blessing to many, instead of the chosen partner of one. Her lot has its trials, but they are light when compared with the woes of a neglected wife, or the careful anxieties of a parent, who must work with unwearying diligence to supply the wants of a numerous family. This is a female philosopher. Fortunately for the world, there are many such.

Let us now turn to the vain, frivolous woman, who has been pretty in the outset of life, and who still considers herself a beauty to the close. Oh! what a host of these women are to be met with everywhere. Overrating their own personal advantages, they expect to make a great match, to sell bright eyes and paper skins to the highest bidders; rejecting several suitable offers, from men who were their equals in rank and for

tune; and who were willing to take at a fair valuation the good they possessed. These were universally rejected, and the opportunity was lost for ever. Not, however, in their own estimation, for these women never imagine that they can grow older,—that there is a possibility of their dying old maids. Fifty finds them still dressing, flirting, and courting admiration; and warmly cherishing a hope, which has become in the eyes of the world the most forlorn and contemptible. These women enjoy, in their own opinion, a perpetual youth; and when bright eyes grow dim, and dark locks turn grey, they have no idea that others perceive the change which they only half suspect; and believing themselves still young and lovely, they live on the pleasing memories of the past. I knew one of these everlasting flowers, who married a widower with a large family of children, when she had arrived at the juvenile age of fifty-two.

"I know," she exclaimed, with an air of triumph, to a maiden friend, on the morning of her marriage, "that I should marry. That it was impossible for me to die an old maid!"

"You will assuredly never die a young one," was the cold and sarcastic reply. "The old man wanted some careful person to take charge of his family—old men are sometimes wrong in their calculations. I do not think that you will exactly suit him."

Miss Primrose thought she was married for love, and she never spoke to her old friend again.

In women of a cold, phlegmatic temperament, a state of celibacy would always be preferable to this far-famed and much coveted matrimony; but men have unjustly attached such ridicule to the respectable name of "old maid," that even those who seem meant by nature to remain single, tremble at being branded with this opprobrious title. Thousands of plain, sensible women, who should rise superior to this feminine weakness, dress, flirt, and give themselves a thousand affected and unbecoming airs, in the hope of escaping this dreaded appellation; while, sadder still, young, beautiful, and accomplished girls, throw their

selves into the arms of age and ugliness to secure for themselves a home, and the mere title of Mistress So-and-so, while they remain in every other respect, but legal slaves. When will the female world grow wiser? When will its fair children dare to look its stern realities calmly in the face, and rise superior to the circumstances in which they may happen to be placed? Alas! 'tis vain to moralize; women, in all ages, love to have their own way, and will have it if they can get it. And this long homily has little to do with our story, which is a short, straight-forward tale, collected from facts, whilst journeying along the great thorough fare of life.

## CHAPTER 11.

Beauty! 'tis but skin deep. The slightest accident  
May mar the fairest cheek, and bend a form  
Moulded in heaven's own image.

SOME five or thirty years ago there resided in a small red brick house, at the entrance of the pleasant sea-port town of S—, on the eastern coast of England, two respectable single women, for ladies they could not be called, who were familiarly known as old Lydia and Polly King.

Gentle reader! you have heard and read of perfect beauty. Perhaps you have been blessed with the sight of one of these highly-gifted and rare creatures. The thing lives not in romance alone. We have seen faces so divinely fair that they more than realized the painter's or the poet's brightest dreams—faces, only seen for a few moments whilst hurrying along the crowded streets of the great metropolis, which have lived for years in our memory. Such visions of beauty and power—for when was beauty ever destitute of power—are perhaps granted us, in order to shew what the human countenance was, before sin and disease marred with their unholy seal the glorious image which bore, in the flesh, the likeness of its great original.

The Miss Kings did not belong to this class; their celebrity lay in the opposite extreme. If ever human beings could be accounted perfectly ugly, they truly deserved the unenvied distinction. They were, without exception, the plainest women we ever beheld. To compare either to a toad would have been a cruel libel upon that much abused reptile. The toad has a fine sparkling eye; these women had whitesquinting eyes, very red about the rims. The toad has greatly the advantage over them in this respect. Many plain persons have a charming, benevolent expression—something so winning in look and manner; that it claims our confidence and affection, and more than redeems from contempt the homely features; but these Miss Kings had not

one amiable quality to balance their amount of hideousness. They were deformed both in mind and person; but Providence, when it denies one blessing, generally renders to the sufferer an equivalent. These disgusting women were—immensely rich.

It was a comfort to Miss Liddy, who was the elder spinster of the twain, that she was not alone in her glory,—that Miss Polly shared her celebrity; that it would have required a person of very nice discrimination to determine which of the rival nymphs was the worst looking. We, like many others, have often speculated upon the subject, but were never able to arrive at a positive conclusion. We will endeavour to draw a faithful portrait of their persons, and leave our readers to settle in their minds the merits of their respective claims.

At the time my history commences, Miss Lydia was fifty years of age, tall, flat and gaunt, with a long sharp face like a meat-axe. Her eyes of a pale grey, were small, deeply seated in her head, and embedded in scarlet. A villainous outward squint gave to these water-colored orbs a cruel, sinister expression, which their carrotty fringe and black heavy lids, did not tend to diminish. A hare lip, with yellow tusks protruding through the unnatural aperture, and a long curved chin, thickly studded with coarse sandy hair, and turning up to meet the downward drooping ridgy mass of purple hue, added a look of imbecility and habitual distrust, to the revolting lineaments of her disgusting physiognomy. No eye ever dwelt upon that face with pleasure. To examine it, as a matter of curiosity, would scarcely be undertaken without pain.

Miss Polly was ten years younger than her sister—but she had a premature appearance of age. Short, broad, bandy-legged, and hump-backed, she afforded a strange contrast to the elder, in figure; and no less strange in face. The one was sallow, freckled, and scarred with the small pox; the other, red, swarthy and bold-looking, with black, coarse hair, a low narrow forehead, thick bushy eyebrows, a large turned up nose, and a wide, thick mouth, full of pointed and discolored teeth. Her eyes large, glassy and protruding, with the same sinister cast which added so much to the deformity of her sister. Lydia had a timid expression—but Polly looked as if she could bid defiance to the whole world. Lydia fancied she was good looking. Polly, who was the stronger character of the two, must have had some misgiving as to her personal charms—by the slovenly and careless manner in which she arrayed her lovely person. But this consciousness had given a sullen moroseness to her look and manner. And her voice! Ye Gods! what a coar-

bination of all discordant sounds united in its unearthly tones. To describe it is impossible. It must have been heard to be understood. The squalling of the peacock, the croaking of the raven, the grunting of the pig, all united into one terrific note—and yet it was like none of these, but resembled more nearly the unnatural hoarse gurgling, uttered by persons suffering under the agonies inflicted by the night-mare. At the sound of that voice, the stranger gave an involuntary start to look upon the speaker, then turned away, with an expression of disgust and wonder depicted upon his countenance.

Polly King might consider herself a plain woman, for the fact was self-evident; but admitting that, she evidently concluded that seventy thousand pounds was enough to counterbalance every personal defect; but the consciousness of defects made her more intolerable than her vain weak sister; and added such a malignant expression to her natural deformities that she was allowed by common consent to be the most disagreeable and repulsive of the two. Though positively not uglier than Lydia, she was the more generally disliked; and the greatest insult which could be given to a plain woman in her neighborhood, was to say that she was as handsome as Polly King.

But these women were rich. Was not this circumstance enough to reconcile them to their kind, and gloss over all their imperfections? It might have done so in Canada, where women are seldom plain, and wealth is very scarce. But in rich, merry, aristocratic England, it formed no equivalent for ugliness, avarice, ill nature and vulgarity. So repulsive were its possessors that it awoke no feeling of envy in their poorer neighbors, nor claimed for them one atom of respect more than they deserved. Besides, they were low-born and had not always been the rich, miserly Miss Kings. Their father for many years carried on the trade of a shoemaker in their native town. He worked hard all his days, and in spite of his laudable efforts to obtain independence, died very poor. His family consisted of the worthies already described, and a son who was not a bit handsomer or more prepossessing than his sisters. Shunned like them, for his ill nature and ugliness, the boy eagerly applied to his book, and became the best scholar in the village school. The master, finding him apt and eager, offered to educate him for a teacher, provided that his father would secure to him his services for seven years, to assist in the school, and do any little odd jobs about the house. This proposal was thankfully accepted by the father and son; and after a lapse of years, Daniel

King filled his old master's place, and became the principal of the school.

His aged parents did not long survive this important event; and upon their death he took to his own home his two charming sisters, to superintend his household concerns, and render more miserable the six boarders whom he contrived to stow away into a dilapidated nut-shell of a house, which was dignified by the sounding title of "Academy for young gentlemen." Daniel King never married, for one good reason, that he was so ugly that he never could prevail upon any woman to accept the coarse, red, bony hand which he had to bestow. In despair, he asked his predecessor's maid of all work, to take him for better or for worse; and the impudent jade only laughed in his face, telling him, "that if she could not get a better it was impossible to find a worse." To plain, sensible, elderly females, he talked most eloquently of the beauties of the mind, but the unrefined misses of the town of S—, both old and young, all seemed to prefer the beauties of the person; and of these, poor Dan knew himself to be sadly minus; nay, he could not conceal from himself the mortifying fact that he was a perfect fright. Nor could he console himself, like Mr. B. of Norwich, who, when examining his plain phiz in the glass, exclaimed with a lively air of self-gratulation, "Not handsome, but perfectly genteel!" Our poor dominie was awkward and vulgar in the extreme. Longing for companionship, and a great admirer of the fair sex, Dan, in despair, turned preacher, as a sure way of obtaining the good he so much coveted, a wife. He was then called a dear good man, a pious, prayerful, pains-taking christian, who was fortunately placed beyond the temptations of the flesh, and set apart for a peculiar service. He was wedded to the church, for what woman could think of marrying such a homely man? Wishing to interest his sisters in his matrimonial speculations, he endeavoured to convert them to his new creed; but they were too intent upon saving the ends of candles and cribbing from the young lads committed to their charge, to shew the least concern for the salvation of their souls. Nay, Miss Polly went so far as to say, in her usual tone and manner, that as the blessings she received from Providence were very small, her prayers would be proportionably short,—that where little was given, less would be required. Miss Lydia, who could not believe that she inherited the family ugliness, always said, by way of reply to her brother's pious exhortations, "that she was too young to give up this world,—that she hoped to marry and enjoy some of its good things before she turned saint."

But time rolled on, and no wooers made their appearance, and Miss Lydia grew older and uglier every day. Still she could not relinquish the hope of getting married. Disappointment rendered her envious, discontented and scandalising; and she attributed her want of success to every cause but the right one.

"If I were but rich!" she would exclaim, when she heard of any pretty girls being united in the bands of marriage, "I too, might get a husband. If one were as beautiful as an angel, without money one must die an old maid."

"Lord, sister!" croaked forth Miss Polly, who loved to set her sister right in some particulars, "who the dickens would marry you?"

"Any person of taste," returned the grave, vain woman.

"Taste!—He must have a very bad one, who could dream of taking you for a wife. Did you ever look in the glass?" she added, in a hoarse, malicious whisper.

"You spiteful creature!" screamed the enraged Lydia; "do you think I am half as ugly as you?"

"People are apt to be prejudiced in their own favour," returned Polly, ironically; "but do I expect to get married?"

"I should hope not, for in that case you would be disappointed," returned the elder, with a revengeful chuckle.

"Oh! how blind we are to our own defects," sneered Polly; "when you get a husband, I will pay for the wedding feast, and present you with a white veil, to shade your delicate face."

"Ah! if I were but rich," sighed the desponding Lydia, "I should not be insulted by an envious hunchback like you."

How far this amiable dialogue might have carried the charming disputants is not known; for at that critical moment, when Polly sprang towards her sister with uplifted hands, ready to inflict upon her hideous face, a fac simile of her ten claws, the door suddenly opened, and the grave figure of Dan King bounded into the middle of the room. In one hand, he held aloft a letter, while with the other he kept up a perpetual snapping with the thumb and fore-finger, as he leaped and sprang about the room in a mad ecstasy of delight.

"Whow!" he cried, while his shabby black coat tails described a half circle round him at every spring. "Hollo there! I'm a rich man, a rich man!—I'll get a wife, and live in style like the best of them. I'll be——! if I go about preaching and praying any more. Money will do wonders. It will buy every thing; and I have got money at last. Ha! ha! girls, why do you stand staring at me,—why don't you laugh too? I have got money! yes, money enough to buy five thou-

sand carriages and horses, and clothes, and fine women to wait upon me. I shall no longer be despised and insulted, and pointed at, and called 'the devil's damning needle, ugly Dan King,' and all that. I shall be esteemed young and handsome, and clever, now. I am a new man—I tell you, a new man!"

He sank down exhausted into his old leathern arm chair, and gasped for breath. The man was fearfully excited. The sisters ran to him.

"What has happened?" they cried. "Tell us all,—what does this mean?"

"I don't know," he returned slowly. His cheeks grew deadly pale, then livid, a cold perspiration burst out upon his fore head, his teeth chattered, and his eyes grew glazed and fixed. "It is here! here! here!" he cried, as he grasped the letter convulsively. "I have it safe,—I am rich! rich! rich!" The voice became hoarse and choked; it suddenly ceased. The man was dead!

In the midst of their surprise and grief, the sisters did not forget to secure and read the important document which had been the cause of their brother's death. Their joy at its contents was scarcely less than his, but it was moderated by prudence. The letter was from an eminent lawyer in London, communicating the unexpected, unhopd for intelligence of a large fortune having been left to Daniel King by a great-uncle, of whose existence they had never before heard, who had amassed great wealth during a life-long residence in India. In case of the said Daniel dying without lawful heirs, the enormous sum, amounting to one hundred and forty thousand pounds, was to be equally divided between his surviving brothers and sisters.

This circumstance greatly softened their grief for their brother's untimely death. The sisters fondly imagined that they could now defy the ungenerous prejudices of the world, and purchase for themselves friends and admirers. Directly the funeral was over, they gave up the academy, and removed to the afore-mentioned red brick house, at the entrance of the town.

It was an ugly, disproportioned, old-maidish looking dwelling, with small narrow windows, and a large wide door. A high brick wall surrounded it on three sides, enclosing a large and productive fruit garden. Above this formidable fence, well guarded with broken glass bottles and spiko nails, luxuriant apple and pear trees waved their fruitful branches, defying the artful wiles of mischievous boys, who looked and longed in vain for the forbidden fruit. A light grass-green railing in front of the house and facing the street, afforded a glimpse of the paradise within—a perfect Eden of currant and gooseberry bushes, from the sale of whose wholesome berries, these

thrifty spinsters, derived a small addition to their enormous income.

Never did wealth fall into the hands of people less able or willing to turn it to a good account. To them indeed it was a dead letter—a talent buried in the dust—the consciousness of its possession being the only enjoyment which these two gorgons derived from it. They dressed as plainly, slept as hardly, ate as frugally, and toiled as assiduously as in the day of small things. The only additional luxury which found its way into their store-room was a smuggled cask of French brandy; and to this potent spirit it was reported that those ladies paid due homage. This might be a scandal, for they were too parsimonious to keep a servant, and how the public became acquainted with the fact is unknown. But as Miss Liddy's nose took a deeper dye, and Miss Polly's face grew redder and redder, it is more than probable that the report was true.

Miss Liddy for some months after she became rich, expected that all the ladies in the town would call upon her and pay their respects on account of her wealth, and that all the single men would be quarrelling for her hand. Weeks, months, years rolled away, and yet the ladies did not call, and the gentlemen took no further notice of her, beyond some passing remark upon her ugliness, which was gull and wormwood to her sensitive mind. The tradespeople, whom she scolded and beat down in the prices of their goods, detested her; and the poor whom she drove unceremoniously from her door, returned again to curse the niggardly spirit which denied them a trifle in charity. Miss Lydia discovered, too late in life to rectify the mistake, that virtuous poverty possesses more true dignity, and commands more respect even from the selfish, time-serving world, than wealth in such hands.

Hated and hated they shut themselves up in the deepest solitude; their ugliness and eccentricities forming a constant theme of merriment to all the juvenile idlers in the town. On them all practical jokes were fearlessly played; to them, the most sarcastic and uncomplimentary valentines were constantly sent, and when they refused to take them, out of the post office, they were thrust under the door-sill, or dexterously tied to a stone, and herded through the window. The very boys in the street, whose legs and feet had been torn by the glass bottles on the top of the wall, turned them into ridicule, and took every opportunity of insulting them. Too stingy to keep a horse, and perhaps too timid to drive one—for maiden ladies are seldom good whips—they daily took a constitutional drive in a donkey cart. Their Balaam was a lean, slow-footed, dogged-looking beast, who, to all Miss Polly's

voicerations and blows, only shook its long ears, or kicked up its legs in defiance of her threats, without jogging one step the faster, or condescending to go out of its own pace. A donkey, like a wilful woman, will have its own way. Miss Polly had a strong will, but the donkey had a stronger; and they concentrated all their energies in order to pull each in a contrary direction to the wishes of the other.

The moment Balaam left the door, and passed through the garden gate into the road, the equipage was greeted by a chorus of brays from the rude boys in the street who crowded round the gate to see the old maids start; and, "Go it, old Poll! Thrash him well. Its the only husband you'll ever drive. My eyes what a turn out! There go the finest hunter, and the two beautifulllest women in England." "I wish I had their chin, and the lovely dears in an oak case," screamed out another shrill voice. The wrath of Miss Polly became ungovernable, she slashed at her tormentors with the whip she held in her hand, but her threats of vengeance, and her impotent blows were only received with peals of laughter, by the ragged, mischief-loving crew, who followed them out of town, and over the bridge, hissing and braying, and making a thousand provoking and impertinent remarks.

It was during one of these airings that he happened to encounter the old maids, in their humble equipage, about two miles from the town.

The donkey and Miss Polly had had a great controversy; on her part carried on by violent blows, and abusive language; on his, with vicious kicks, accompanied by a downward direction of his head, and short, angry snorts. Determined to have her own way at any risk, Miss Polly rose up in the small vehicle, and stamped at the wicked brute with all her might, uttering hoarse yells, like the warning call of a peacock before rain. The donkey could not help hearing, for that voice would have made itself audible half a mile off, but with true republican independence, he refused to obey either master or mistress; and remained doggedly still without stirring a step. Thus matters stood for some minutes, until Miss Polly resumed her seat from sheer inability to exert her dulcet voice any longer. The day was intensely hot; and availing himself of this moment of rest, to slake his thirst, Balaam made a sudden rush towards a large shallow pond, dignified by the name of R—wash; which flanked the left hand side of the road, into the middle of which, before Miss Polly could circumvent his sudden movement, he succeeded in dragging the cart, and its precious burden.

"O Lord, sister! What is to be done?" cried the more timid Lydia. "We shall both be drowned."



"No fear of that. We shall only spoil our clothes," growled forth the charioteer sulkily; "I will soon make the brute know who is his master."

A punch in his lean sides, followed up by a blow across the loins with the buttend of the whip, which if anything could have convinced the brute of his error, ought to have brought him into a state of obedience, followed this threat, but down went the obstinate head between his fore legs; and up went the hinder ones, with a force and energy, which nearly succeeded in kicking to pieces the frail board in front of the vehicle. The donkey wanted to drink, and drink he would, in spite of Miss Polly and her man-like abuse of power. The situation of the ladies was truly critical. At this moment a loud burst of laughter, from the bank above the pond, drew the attention of the driver to a stout boy of twelve years who was sitting astride of the fence, and pointing with eyes brimful of mischief, to the group below.

"What are you laughing at, you fool!" cried the irritated Polly.

"At you," returned the imp very coolly. "If you don't get out of that soon, my sides will burst," and here another explosion followed, which made Balaam prick up his ears, and leave off drawing the water into his mouth. "Why, the donkey's going to laugh at you,—I'll be blown if he arn't."

"Boy!" roared forth Miss Lydia, who did not half relish her present quarters; "if you will make the brute go out of the pond, I will give you a penny."

"God bless you for your charity, old lady. A penny for getting my clothes wet! You must bid again."

"Twopence!" This was after much deliberation during which the spunky beast kicked so vigorously that he splashed the water into her face.

"Its no go," said the provoking creature, twisting the tattered remains of his straw hat together between his hands; for he perceived that he was on the right side of the hedge. "Its brave hot weather; you may as well make up your minds to stay there all night. That ere squinter to the right of you, looks in a terrible passion; the water, may be, will help to cool her."

"I wish you were within reach of my whip, you young rascal!" screamed Miss Polly, shaking the offensive weapon at him.

"Nay, missus, keep your blows for the jackass and take care of yourself; there are two that can play at that game."

The donkey having refreshed himself, shewed strong symptoms of wishing to lie down, and wash the dust from his coat, by a good roll in the water.

"My good lad!" shrieked forth Miss Lydia,

who was certainly the most feminine biped of the two, "if you will but get us out of this horrible situation, I will give you sixpence."

"Sixpence!" shouted forth Miss Polly. "Ar'n't you ashamed, sister, of offering that young ragamuffin such a large sum for doing what his own good feelings, if he had any, would prompt him to do unasked?"

"I can't stay here all night," said Miss Lydia in a deprecating voice.

"Nonsense! Here are people coming along the road; they will help us out for nothing."

Miss Lydia shrugged up her shoulders.

"Two young ladies in white frocks! How can they walk into the water to drive that obstinate brute out?"

The boy who was slowly watching all these movements began to fear that he was losing ground and called out sharply.

"You had better give me the sixpence, Ma'arm. The donkey is now a going to lie down in the water. My eyes! how wicked he do look; he will kick the bottom out of the old snay; and then you'll both be dish'd."

This was a convincing argument. Miss Lydia fumbled in her huge pocket and drew forth a crooked sixpence. Joy gleamed in the wild eyes of the Gibeonite. He sprang down from his elevated perch, to the step of the donkey cart, like a hawk upon its prey; receiving Miss Lydia's donation with a grin, which showed his white teeth to the uttermost, and a tug of the forelock of his sunburnt hair.

"Thankee, Ma'arm; I'll now see what I can do, but mind you don't die arter it."

Then regaining with a bound, his former position on the bank, he suddenly stooped down, and pulling up a root of the giant mullion, which lifted its tall head above the gay ragwort, and teard flax that crowned the ridge, he flung it with the huge clod of earth to which it still adhered, with all his strength at the donkey's head. Unaccustomed to such a novel mode of treatment, the startled beast gave a sudden leap to one side. The wheel of the cart came in contact with a large stone; and the amiable ladies were safely deposited in the water, while the terrified animal scampered of at full speed towards his own home.

The water fortunately was too shallow to do them any injury, but they got a good ducking, to the infinite delight of the imp who had caused the mischief, who instead of coming to their assistance, ran off at full speed, shouting at the very top of his voice—

"A little more water won't do you no harm!"

## CHAPTER III.

What!—twice a widower—and wilt thou thrust  
Thy neck, a third time in the marriage noose?  
Go to, and bless thyself, thou fortunate  
Who hast escaped such evils, and come safe.

## A GREAT poet has declared—

No goose so grey, but soon or late,  
Will find an honest gander for a mate.

It may be so. Our geese waited a long time before they found their ganders.

In the same town which had the honor of giving birth to these remarkable women, there lived a reckless, roistering, ne'er-do-well fellow, called John Andrews. He was certainly no way related to the immortal Pamela of Richardson, or to the no less celebrated Joseph, who figures as the hero of Smollett's humorous novel. Both of these worthies were the mirrors of propriety—the very pink of perfection. Our John was the most imprudent, thoughtless creature, in creation.

His father had followed the profession of a barber, in the town of S—, and John was early apprenticed to the same calling. Old John being a very good natured, obliging fellow, but pompous withal, was nicknamed by the gentlemen of the place "the Emperor of *Barbary*," while the ladies termed Young John "The hair apparent."

Having a natural liking to genteel society, John exclusively devoted himself to the fair sex, preferring soft flowing tresses to harsh stumpy beards. His handsome person, and frank agreeable manners, soon won for him golden opinions from his female customers. He had so much taste in curling and arranging their lovely locks, and was so patient and obliging that the prettiest heads in the town daily passed through his large, soft, white hands; and John so well improved these opportunities, that he persuaded Miss Lilaek, the pretty milliner, to take him for better or for worse. She ran off with her humble admirer, but not until he had solemnly promised to relinquish his vulgar calling.

With his dashing young wife, John recommenced the world as a corn-merchant; and was getting along tolerably well, when his wife died suddenly, and left him, with two young sons, to fight his way once more alone through the world. He had sincerely loved Mrs. Andrews, but it was impossible for him to fret long about anything; and feeling his fire-side very uncomfortable and lonely, John determined to take to himself another wife as soon as he could meet with one to his taste.

"Fortunes never come singly; and these

matrimonial speculations were sadly interrupted by the failure of the great house in London with which he transacted business, and to which he had just consigned a whole ship cargo of fine old wheat. John was a ruined man: and to console himself for this last calamity he spent the sole remaining shilling in his purse, in a tumbler of hot rum and water, in order to drive away care, and think what was to be done.

As he returned the empty glass to the table, his eye fell upon the mistress of the house, a lovely widow of thirty, and the question suddenly presented itself to his mind: "What, if she would have me? Hang me! I have a great mind to pop the question. I can but be refused."

The widow, in the meanwhile, had remarked that her customer was a very handsome man; her late husband had been old and ugly. The widow had a great admiration for handsome men; and she thought that it was pity that a young fellow with such a comely person, and with such prepossessing manners, should remain single, so she asked him, just by way of enquiry, as he stood lounging upon her bar, "Why he did not marry again?"

"Simply, because I can get no one to have me," said John, looking unutterably soft things at the widow.

"Nay," said she, laughing as if half in jest, but serious at heart all the while; "if no one will have compassion upon you, I am half inclined to take you myself."

"Will you?" cried John, flinging both his arms about her pretty white neck. "Then you are a dear lovely woman, for whom I have been dying for the last three months." John by the way, had never seen her before, for she had just come new to the place, but he thought it as well to improve his advantage with a white lie. "And now I shall be the happiest of men."

The widow took all this for gospel, so she invited her constant adorer to take a cup of tea with her, in her own little parlor, and before they parted that night she had promised to be a tender mother to his children. The life of a publican was the very sort that could have fallen to the lot of John Andrews. He was not a drunkard, but he was fond of gambling and dissipation; and spent all to-day, without making the least provision for the morrow. His wife was a kind easy soul, devoted to pleasure, and too proud of her fine young husband to think of troubling herself with looking after her pecuniary affairs. They had an excellent business, and she concluded that John was the most competent of the two to look after it. She had no idea that he spent at the gaming table, all the money that was made in the bar-room. He was generous and

indulgent to her ; and she was quite happy, and died in her confinement, in blessed ignorance of the ruin which was even then impending over them.

A few weeks after her death, the well-appointed home, which he had received from her a twelvemonth before, with all its effects, were brought to the hammer, and the amount of the sale was barely sufficient to satisfy the demands of his creditors. John was once more cast upon the world, to pick up a living for himself, and three young children.

It was the night after the sale. Poor John sat alone in the little back parlour, where he had spent many happy hours with his wife. The room was unfurnished; no cheerful fire shed a pleasant gleam from the cold black grate; no friendly face smiled lovingly upon him. The hungry children had retired with their aunt, a maiden sister of their mother, cold and cross to bed. They were to quit the house on the morrow; and John, who seldom troubled himself about the future, sat listlessly pondering over his unpleasant situation; and wondering what upon earth he should do.

"I have been devilish unlucky in wives," he said to himself. "I have lost two good ones in less time than most fellows are in finding one. If either of them had lived, I should not have been brought to this pass. Now the very best thing that I can do, is to marry again. I never did ask a woman to have me, and was refused. I wonder if I could get a wife. I was just as badly off, when Rachel took me. To marry a woman with a pocket, would be the easiest way for a lazy chap like me to get a living. Let me see! What likely people are there in the neighborhood? There is the Widow Jones; she has a little shop, and the premises and stock are her own. But then, she has five rude boys to maintain, and with my three, none of the quietest, or most orderly! No, no, let me have peace at home. That would never do! It would be hell upon earth. Then, there, is old Miss Watley, Farmer Watley's sister. She has three hundred pounds of her own. She would be deuced glad to take me; but then, she wants all the cash settled upon herself. No, John Andrews; the woman that will trust her person to your keeping must trust her money also. No separate interests for me, in the firm of matrimony! I must be the principal—not the mere sleeping partner."

"Have you forgotten the Miss Kings, man?" whispered a laughing voice near him. John sprang to his feet, as a tall, manly-looking fellow shook him heartily by the hand:

"Come, Andrews, don't sit moping here. Come over with me, and we will talk over your

affairs, with a good fire to cheer our eyes, and a glass of warm punch to warm our hearts. I have a famous plan in my head for you."

"Ben Boyce, you are a darling," cried Andrews, taking up his hat from the window-sill. "I feel confoundedly dull, to-night. Come, let us be going; I long to see your bright fire, and taste the warm punch."

"And to talk over the wedding—Ha, John!"

They crossed the street, and entered a neat little house, the mirror of cleanliness and comfort.

"Your wife keeps every thing brave and neat," said John, with a sigh.

"Yes, yes, a good useful woman; but rather old," he added, in a whisper. "I did not marry for love, you know; she had a little money, which I wanted badly enough—and she wanted a husband. A fair exchange, you know; and both are satisfied; she makes a good economical wife, and I try to be a kind husband; she never scolds me, unless I imprudently praise some pretty little girl, then her wrath bursts upon me like a hurricane. I endure the storm patiently, and we go on pretty well, until the next blunder. But, hush! man—here she comes."

Mrs. Ben Boyce, a thin, prim-looking, neat little woman, entered the room, and making a stiff courtesy, glanced to welcome a very different person. He arose, and very politely returned her salutation; to which she replied, in a sharp ungracious tone:

"It is late! is it not, Mr. Andrews—?"

"Just eight, by my watch, ma'am."

"Time for all honest family men, to be in their beds. We are very early risers, Mr. Andrews!"

"A good custom; a very good custom, ma'am," said John, who began to perceive the good lady's drift; and to wish himself anywhere but by her fire-side.

"Yes, one which ought not to be broken. And you know, Sir, we cannot rise early, if we go to bed late."

"I have business with Andrews to-night, wife," said the young husband, fidgetting uneasily upon his chair.

"So I perceive," returned Mrs. Boyce, glancing sarcastically at the hot punch. "I hope you will get through it before morning. As to me, Ben, I never can sleep, and that you well know, until you come to bed."

"I hope we shall not be deprived of the pleasure of your company, ma'am," said John, rising and addressing her with his blandest smile—"I have no secrets from the wife of my friend."

Greatly mollified by this speech, for John had an Irish turn for the blarney, Mrs. Boyce took

the chair which Andrews politely tendered her ; and the glass of hot punch, which he had first filled for himself.

"Well, Mr. Andrews," she said, smoothing down the folds of her black silk apron, "what were you remarking to Benjamin, when I came in?"

"I was admiring the beautiful order and neatness of your house, ma'am," said John, "and envying my friend Benjamin, when you came in."

"Ahem!" said Mrs. Boyce, glancing towards her husband, and complacently sipping her brandy punch.

"I wish you could bring Mr. Boyce to your way of thinking. But a prophet has no honor—still less a wife, Mr. Andrews—among her own people. But come, Sir, let us have the news. What is your business with my husband, to-night? No borrowing of money—no endorsing of bills, I hope."

Andrews expressed the most pious horror at such proceedings, and Mrs. Boyce, whose heart began to expand beneath the genial influence of the hot punch, grew more and more reconciled to his presence.

"You see, wife," commenced Ben Boyce, who was longing for an opportunity to introduce the plan he had formed to extricate his friend from his present forlorn circumstances, "Mr. Andrews has been very unfortunate, and the only way to help him out of his difficulties, is to assist him in getting a rich wife. You are a very clever, prudent woman, and we want your advice on this important subject."

"Why, surely, Mr. Andrews," cried the lady, turning rather fiercely upon her guest, "you are not so cruel as to think of marrying again. Your poor wife is scarcely cold in her grave. Oh! the hard-heartedness of men. I have no patience with such unfeeling conduct."

"Oh! my dear madam, be not too hard upon me," said the poor ex-publican, "I have been so comfortable in the married state, and feel so deeply the want of a lovely woman to order my house and soothe my cares, that it is perfectly natural that I should wish to marry again."

"Now, Janet, is not that a compliment to the whole sex," said Ben, soothingly, "and coming too, from a man, who has been twice married!"

"I should think it no compliment, Benjamin, your marrying again—a few weeks after I had been put in my coffin," said his better-half, sulkily.

"If I should be so unfortunate as to lose you, my dear, I should certainly pay that respect to your memory," returned Boyce, slyly winking to Andrews, "just to shew to the world my esteem for the married state."

"Then I will live as long as I can, in order to disappoint you," cried Mrs. Boyce, flouncing round in her chair, "and I think it perfectly indecent of Mr. Andrews, talking of marriage so soon after his wife's death."

"You forget, ma'am, that I have three little orphan children, one an infant, who stand greatly in need of a mother's care," said John.

"That forms but a poor excuse. You could hire a nurse—"

"But, my good lady, consider my circumstances."

"They are bad enough, Mr. Andrews; but if you could not afford to pay for a nurse; how could you support a wife?"

"Ah! my dear madam, you come now to the point. I want a wife to support me."

"Very reasonable that," said Mrs. Boyce; "and pray what have you to give in exchange for her money?"

"Is he not a devilish handsome fellow, wife?" said Ben. "Is there not plenty of women to take him at his own price. Did not you marry me, when I was as poor as John; and not comparable with him—?"

"Oh! I was a foolish young creature," whispered Mrs. Boyce; "I was afraid that you would die for love; and so took compassion upon you. I should be wiser now! But who is it that Mr. Andrews is thinking of?"

"One for whom he certainly could never die for love," cried Ben, giving full vent to the laugh which he with difficulty had suppressed during his wife's speech. "What think you, of one of our charming neighbours, the Miss Kings?"

"Good heavens! How can the man think of such a thing?" cried Mrs. Boyce, holding up her hands in horror. "The women are not women—they are monsters?"

"Not likely, Janet, to refuse a good offer!"

"The hideous wretches!"

"But they are rich!"

"Old! ugly! ill-natured! disgusting! How could the man ever get up his courage, or control his feelings sufficiently to make either of them an offer?"

"Ho must think of the seventy thousand pounds which each has at her own disposal, and they will appear charming in his eyes. Gad! if I was single, I would make one of them an offer to-morrow!"

"Are they so ugly?" said John. And a tender recollection of his two very pretty wives stole sadly into his breast. "I must confess I never looked at them very particularly. Their money is a great inducement; perhaps they might improve upon acquaintance."

"Well, man, you can take your choice," said Mrs. Boyce, laughing. "I am certain that you have only to ask to be accepted, for I suppose you are the only man who ever thought for a moment of making either of them a wife."

"Which of the two do you consider the most eligible, Janet?" asked her husband.

"If one can have a choice of evils, I must say that I should prefer Lydia," said Mrs. B. She is the most human animal of the two, and I would insist upon her settling all her money upon you, Mr. Andrews."

"She cannot do that," said Ben Boyce; "if she dies without children, and she must be long past that, all the money goes to Miss Polly."

"Then make a dash at Miss Polly, friend Andrews. A hundred and forty thousand pounds is not to be sneezed at. One year's income would make you a rich man."

"By Jove! it's worth the sacrifice," said Andrews, draining his glass, as glorious visions of wealth and importance floated vividly through his brain. "I can afford to keep a rare show enclosed in such a case."

"A female ourang-outang," observed Mrs. Boyce.

"Now, wife, do not be so hard upon the poor women. They did not make themselves. We would all be handsome if we could. But I forgot to tell you, John," he continued, turning to his friend, "they both drink like fishes."

"So much the better, I will indulge their spiritual tastes to the uttermost. I will keep a cask of brandy in my bed-chamber."

"Oh, no! Mr. Andrews; that would be the very way to cure them."

"How, so?"

"They would imagine you did it, in order to get rid of them, and they would grow sober out of sheer contradiction."

"Listen to my wife, John. She understands her own sort better than we do. But when will you make the offer?"

"Now, when the iron's hot. They live next door. I will take them by surprise. I will pop the question this very night."

"Take another glass before you go," said Ben, pouring out a bumper, "and mind and come back, Mr. Andrews, and tell us how you get on," cried Mrs. B. "I shall be dying with curiosity, until your return."

With a head none of the clearest, and his spirits excited to the most extravagant pitch, John Andrews sallied forth upon his matrimonial expedition.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE PHANTOM SHIP,

BY G. M.

What makes the lady's cheek so pale,  
Why droopeth now her head;  
Surely from one, so bright, so fair,  
Hope cannot all have fled?

But yet methinks upon her brow,  
Is sadness and despair;  
Sorrow and suffering, blighted hopes,  
All stamp their impress there!

For he, to whom her vows are given,  
Roams o'er the seas afar;  
And dread, and many are his risks,  
In strife, and storm, and war.

But what doth Roderic from the side  
Of one he loveth still;  
Of one, of whom his sear'd heart  
Ne'er thinks but with a thrill

Of feeling, pure and holy yet;  
Though changed in all beside,  
That heart's as true, to Isabel,  
As when he called her bride.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo! yonder ship, how gallantly  
She stems the ocean wave!  
She bears herself so gracefully,  
So beautiful! so brave!

How joyously her streamers dance,  
And flutter in the wind—  
Her path in the sparkling waves she leaves,  
Like wreaths of snow behind!

Where is the bound, that gallant ship?  
Whence speedeth she so fast?  
What means that pennant's death-like hue,  
That flutters from her mast?

Ah! that ship, so fair, so bright,  
Bears reckless souls within—  
Spirits of daring, whose delight  
Are deeds of blood and sin.

But who is he, that on the prow  
Unheeded, stands alone,  
While from his bosom bursts the low  
And half-suppressed groan?

'Tis Roderic! Yes, fair Isabel!  
Thy most lov'd one, is he  
Who now commands that pirate ship—  
The terror of the sea.

What vision comes across his brain?  
Doth that dark robber weep?  
Hath memory from her darken'd cave,  
At last burst from her sleep?

Is it the sun,—the ocean blue—  
Or the clear and cloudless sky—  
That strike at last, those hidden chords,  
That in his bosom lie?

Oh! yes—'tis Nature's loveliness  
And power, even o'er that heart—  
Recalling thoughts of by-gone years,  
As with magician's art.

He sees before him, as of yore,  
His ancient watch-tower stand—  
The last of all the castles bold  
His fathers did command.

He sees the day, when Isabel,  
With blushes, by his side,  
Before the altar stands, his own,  
His young and lovely bride.

The vision changes—see! his brow  
Grows dark with hate and rage;  
'Tis like the ocean's breast, when war  
The winds and waters wage.

He sees a tyrant fill the throne,  
Sees rude rebellions rise—  
Oppression's groans, and slavery's yells,  
Hears rushing to the skies.

Then comes his own dread, dark career,  
When forced by foes to flee—  
Madden'd by suffering, he became  
A robber on the sea.

And since that time, 'twere sad to tell  
His anguish and despair;  
And deeds of darkness, terrible  
As man could do, he'd dare.

But lo! he starts!—what sees he now  
What vision meets his eye?  
A distant sail—though far—as if  
It blended with the sky.

Up rose Rodrigo, "Hoist more sail!"  
"All hands on deck!" he cries—  
St. Jago! but you ship this night  
Is destined for our prize.

The sails are set—and cheerily  
The galley speeds along,  
Like a fair bird, with life and glee,  
Sporting the waves among.

They near the ship—how fair she is!  
What treasures she must hold—  
Her very sides seem from afar  
Like sheets of burnish'd gold.

And in the setting sun, her sails  
Glance like the silver bright,  
And all around that charmed bark  
There seems a shadowy light.

They hail her now—but voice nor sound  
Could from that ship be heard;  
All there was still and motionless,  
No living creature stirr'd!

Nor man, nor boy, they see in her,  
Though gallant her array—  
"Methinks she'll be an easy prize,  
"So, after her—away!"

But fast as flew Rodrigo's ship,  
No nearer did she gain,  
To that shadowy bark, as it darted on,  
Like light, across the main.

No sound is heard, save the noise of waves;  
And at times a murmuring note  
Of music, from that fearful ship,  
Did o'er the waters float.

The sound was not of earth—it seemed,  
Like angel whispers low;  
And sweetly did the cadence join  
The waters in their flow!

The sun hath sunk in ocean's breast,  
And gorgeously on high  
The moon is rising, calm and bright,  
In the blue depths of the sky.

Yet onwards, that mysterious bark  
Through the quivering waters steer'd;  
And swiftly following, Rodrigo's crew  
Nor death, nor danger fear'd.

Still onwards, when the sun arose  
In golden splendour bright:  
Still onwards, when he sunk to rest  
Bathed in a crimson light:

And on, and on, their course shall be,  
Till earth and seas have fled;  
Till moon and stars, and ocean's tide,  
And Time itself, is dead.

And long fair Isabel may wait  
Her love's return again—  
A heavy doom is his, to sail  
For ever on the main.

Eastern Townships, June 4, 1816.

## LINES

### ON THE DEATH OF MY FORMER PRECEPTOR.

BY P. J. ALLAN.

A useful, kind, and honest man is dead!  
In middle of his toilsome, brief career,  
When care's thick clouds hung darkling o'er his head,  
He hath been taken from this mournful sphere,  
Where words and deeds alike are insincere,  
Ah! none better knew this truth than he,  
Over whose grave I drop the grateful tear,  
For many a gentle, pious homily,  
Which, tho' full often heard, pass'd all unmark'd by me.

And is my old preceptor really gone?  
And shall I then behold him never more  
To the dull school-room pacing blythely on,  
Or hearing children on their lessons o'er,  
Monotonously slow, while he would pore  
Intently on the stain'd, moth-eaten page,  
Replete with many a gem of ancient love,  
And make through olden times a pilgrimage,  
'Till presently recall'd from speculafious age?

How dreary is the teacher's lot! To live  
Poor and unthought of! One by one behold  
The idle hopes, that to the wretched give  
Their only solace, ev'n as they unfold  
Their modest blossoms, perish 'neath the cold  
And biting breath of foul ingratitude,  
And, in the service of his race grown old  
Find, when the lamp of life lacks needful food,  
His spirit wasting fast thro' contact with the rude.

No more! Regret is unavailing now,  
He sleeps the happy slumber of the just;  
Still'd are the throbbings of that care-worn brow;  
The soul has now resign'd her sacred trust,  
And, while the shell is crumbling into dust,  
On airy wing has sought her native skies,  
Where no fierce robbers are, nor moth nor rust,  
But angels meet her, with joy-lighted eyes,  
And gently tull to rest in bow'rs of Paradise.

Fredericton, 5th June, 1816.

# GABRIELLE D'ESTRÈES.\*

BY C.

## CHAPTER XII.

GENTLE reader! we now pass an interval of some weeks, giving but a brief summary of the events therein transacted. The Marchioness' envoy, after an absence of nearly a week, returned without an answer. Fancying himself pursued by a party of Leaguers; knowing there was no possibility of his concealing the letter, ignorant of its contents, yet sure that whatever they might be, they were intended only to meet the eye of him to whom it was addressed, he had torn the letter to fragments and scattered it to the wind. His fear and cautiousness had, however, been too easily excited, for the party he thought in pursuit, soon turned off the road, and left him empty handed to return and inform the Marchioness how his errand had sped. His reception may be imagined. The same week, tidings reached them that the Royalist army were in hot pursuit of the Prince of Parma, who, disgusted with the Chiefs of the League, and tormented by a wound which he perceived to be incurable, was about returning to Flanders. The Marchioness breathed more freely on the arrival of the news, for she supposed it must for some time longer delay the coming of the Marquis and De Liancourt. Her joy was, however, short-lived; this event only hastened it, so that within a fortnight after the receipt of the Marquis' letter, he arrived, accompanied by De Liancourt, and, to the Marchioness' astonishment, bringing with him the royal assent. The preparations were already nearly completed, for the ill-omened nuptials, when, suddenly and unexpectedly, both De Liancourt and the Marquis were recalled to their respective posts. For the first time in his life, the old Marquis heard with coldness, even with vexation, the martial call, that was wont to kindle the fire of youth in his veins. There was, however, too much of the soldier about him to demur for an instant, in rendering obedience. The bridegroom elect bore the trial with much more philosophy, for, to tell truth, dolt though he might be, he could not but perceive the fair Gabrielle's coldness. It was therefore, with a feeling

of relief that he received the unexpected order to rejoin his regiment.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was midnight—in solemn warning notes, and with measured slowness, the castle clock proclaimed the solemn midnight hour! Through the still, heavy air, its tones pealed with a muffled and funereal sound; the slumbering echoes were wakened by that voice, and in hollow tones they repeated the warning. The old castle lay shrouded in darkness, without and within, save in one apartment, where a single lamp hanging from the lofty and fretted ceiling sent forth its feeble rays only, to render more apparent the surrounding gloom. The window was open, but not a breath entered to stir the dark, heavy tapestry, which hung stiff and motionless upon the wall. By the window, sat Gabrielle, so wan, so ghost-like in her snowy robe, that one might well believe it to be but the shade of some fair dame whose form had reposed for many a circling year in the bosom of earth. Her hand supported her head, as motionless, and with fixed intent glance, she gazed forth. Minutes passed, and still she thus gazed; then, through her brain there seemed to flash a thought which was as fire; the calm had passed, and now the pale cheek glowed; her lips, her whole frame quivered, till it seemed as though that fearful struggle were indeed the parting of soul and body.

Meantime the storm which that close heavy air foretold, had burst; momentarily now the forked and vivid lightning pierced the darkness, and the thunder rolled forth its awful, yet sublime notes. The wind in fitful gusts now swept through the forest, and rendered yet more gloomy that stately room, as its breath flickered the feeble light, and slowly swayed the dark heavy tapestry. But heedless sat Gabrielle; she scarce heard the thunder that crashed above her head, nor felt the ruin that beat upon her.

An hour might thus have passed, when the door gently opened, and a man clad in the coarse clumsy gear of a peasant entered. The loose hanging cap was so arranged as entirely to conceal the upper part of his face, but the lower part,

seen in that dim flickering light, seemed ghastly, pale, and haggard. He paused when he had advanced a few steps, as if to calm his agitation. Gradually his breathing, which at first was short and quick, as of one fearfully excited, became more quiet and regular. Unheeded, and unheard he approached, and baring his brow, as he knelt before the young girl, took her hand, and said in tones still tremulous from excitement—

"Gabrielle, I am here!"

With wild frenzied glance, she gazed for an instant on that pale haggard face, and then with a faint cry of joy fell upon his breast. It was indeed Henry, who, thus habited, had, despite the remonstrances, the prayers of his friends, passed all the enemies' guards, and traversed a hostile country. He who knelt before her, clasped her trembling hand in his, and pressed his lips upon her young brow. For a few minutes neither spoke. At length Henry broke silence—

"Calm thee, dear one, and let us speak together, for by minutes must I count my stay with thee. It is already late, and before the dawn breaks, I must be far hence."

Then in whispered tones, they spoke; but gradually, even as the fair Gabrielle's words became more and more broken by sighs and sobs, the Count's sounded yet more thrilling, in their pleading earnestness.

"You say he may return this week, even tomorrow, and yet you pause. Speak not to me of ruin to myself, nor yet of angering my sovereign. Have I not told thee that it was to save thee that thy father and De Lincourt were recalled. Do I not tell thee, that soon the king will fear—that even now—he fears no League on earth! Nay, do not sigh, for ere autumn—perhaps before one month has passed, the father that it wounds thee to grieve, shall proudly greet thee by a name whose sound will be potent to banish anger. But—"

And his voice sunk to a whisper, as he uttered a few words, which, whatever their import, seemed powerful arguments with her to whom they were addressed; for though her head drooped yet lower upon her breast, while he spoke, the few words she murmured in reply lit up the Count's face with an expression of proud joy, as he exclaimed:

"Thou shalt never rue that vow—I swear by all that is most holy, thou shalt never rue it. Now that I have thy promise, fare thee well, for a little. Tomorrow—thou dost not falter already!" and he, as he bent anxiously over her trembling form.

"Nay! nay!" said Gabrielle, with a beaming smile, as she raised her head, and gazed full upon

his face. "Nay, I do not falter! I neither fear nor doubt, when my faith rests on thee!"

Henry turned from that pure glance; his lip quivered, and his face flushed with shame, as those words of trusting love fell upon his ear, and he felt that small hand placed confidingly in his.

"Falter not, fear not, trust always, and all will be well," he murmured, in tones scarce less trembling than Gabrielle's, and again he whispered a farewell.

"But how art thou going?" inquired Gabrielle. "Shall I serve thee as warder? there is none else, now at thy service."

"As I come, so I go. Henry d'Albret needs no warder," and pressing a farewell kiss upon her brow, he sprang through the window, and was soon lost to the watching eyes that strove to pierce the darkness and follow.

Again it was night, dark, lowering and tempestuous. In the Castle chapel, lights were burning, but cold and gloomy as a tomb looked that antique cell, as through the damp heavy atmosphere the lamps threw their feeble misty rays upon the dark velvet hangings and massive altar, half exploring some deep recess, or rendering yet more agonized the expression of the rude and time-stained pictures suspended from its walls. The door opened, and a man of middle age entered, clad in a priestly garb. His face was a blank,—he a tool,—waiting for a hand to wield. He was followed by the Marchioness, and one of her bribed obsequious train; then came the Count d'Albret and the fair Gabrielle. The Count's face, even his lips, turned pale as ashes as he entered. An omen of evil, a horrible vision of death and the grave flashed across his soul as he passed into that gloomy vault. Nor could Gabrielle, spite her trusting love, resist the influence of gloomy foreboding. At the same instant, a cold shudder ran through the veins of each. At the same instant they raised their eyes to gaze in each other's face, and as Gabrielle saw the Count's heavy eye and pale face, on which the cold sweat stood in drops—it was her voice that in that gloomy hour whispered of courage and of hope. They knelt at the altar. With faltering voice Henry uttered those false vows, and with trembling hand placed the bridal ring upon her finger. But Gabrielle's face, though pale, seemed almost angelic in its calmness—and her voice, though low, was clear and firm as she uttered the vows of changeless love.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

'Tis early autumn, the anniversary of the day on which our heroine was first introduced. But the scene has changed from the stern old castle of



Cœuvres to the royal halls of the castle d'Ermenonville. Lovingly, as though o'er a peaceful happy world, the sun looked down as he rolled beneath earth's blue and cloudless dome. Scarcely a breath stirred to move the foliage which hung glistening in the sunshine, while, with soft, low, dreamy sound, the waters murmured as they lingeringly glided between their flowery banks. Here in sportive mood they formed an isle—enchanted in its varied beauty—of miniature hill and vale, with streams that now slowly poured forth their liquid silver, and anon flashed on in sheets of snowy spray. The bright and ever-dewy turf was gaily enamelled with flowers that seemed, from their fantastic yet harmonious irregularity, to have been sown by nature's own hand, but in the fairy isle there blossomed plants from far-off lands, where the sun glows more fervently; hither even the "new world," had already sent her glowing treasures. Forms of rarest beauty, where the marble not only started into life, but where genius had awakened or created the divine, stood, fit guardians of this lovely scene. The aspens, which, in later times, have given their name to the isle, hung quivering even in that still air, and showering down their dewy tears, even as when they shuddered the last sleep of

"The apostle of affliction, he who threw  
Enchantment over passion, and from woe  
Wring; overwhelming eloquence; who knew  
How to make madness beautiful, and cast  
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue  
Of words ———"

To this fairy-like spot, had the Count borne his young bride, while he returned again to struggle with the Hydra of fiction. Nearly a month had passed since her coming thither, and, save a few stolen visits from the Count, she had been alone amid strange faces. Sad and weary were some of the hours she passed in her solitude, for notwithstanding her lover's oft-repeated assurances that all would soon be well, that her father would forgive and bless her, at times she could not but shudder as she thought of the past, and tremble as she strove to pierce the future. But to-day with light heart she sang gay songs of love and welcome, and ever and anon with a deepening glow in her cheek she would pause in her lay and bend forth in listening attitude, and then as she caught not the sound for which she watched, unconsciously a sigh would part her lips, and the notes move for a time in less blithesome measures.

Again she pauses and this time her heart did not deceive her. It is truly the trampling of hoofs, and none save her Henry came at that pace—

and even before the bright blush which sprang to her cheek at the sound had faded away, she was clasped in his arms.

"And how hath the time sped, my caged bird?" said Henry, as they stood gazing—not on the scene beneath; "not gaily, I fear, as it wont in the old woods of Cœuvres. Seat thee here and tell me."

"Ah! I do not speak of old Cœuvres; its name makes me sad even when with thee. Speak not of my old home, till thou hast won my father's pardon, and thy king's open assent."

"And, love," said Henry in low gentle tones, "would'st thou be sorely grieved if I told thee I knew not when I could gain thy father's pardon? Would'st thou be deeply angered, so deeply that in thy anger, thou would'st forget thy love, and repent thee of thy vows, if now I told thee that my love and despair had urged me to tell thee false tales, and that I knew not when I might openly call thee mine?"

"Say, say, thou dost but jest with my fears!" said Gabrielle in tremulous tones, and casting an imploring glance on her lover's face.

"Yes, yes," said he, in quick, though earnest tones; "I did but jest. Believe me, all will be as I have said. But what quaintly gilded book is this?" and he took up a volume which had fallen on the floor and glanced over its pages to conceal the agitation which the subject on which they had just been speaking could not fail to rouse. It was a book of ballads, lays of love and war, and Henry's brow grew dark as he read, for the tale at which he had by chance opened was of the fair Inez de Castro, whose tragic history is wedded to immortal verse in the *Lusiad* of Camoens. Forebodings, not false, of such a doom for the being who sat beside him, passed across his soul. He closed the volume and threw it from him, saying to Gabrielle, who sat wondering at his strange emotion:—

"I hope thou findest more heartsome companions here than yon dull whiner. But who cometh!" he continued, as heavy footsteps were heard approaching. "Methinks, that is not the tread of one of thy silken pages." There was a knock at the door.

"Retire, love. Ah! thou can'st not well seat thyself in the recess of this window, and let the curtain veil thee," and Henry, who seemed strangely apprehensive of his firm-treading visitor, drew the curtain, so as to entirely conceal her. There was another knock.

"Enter," said Henry.

The door opened, and revealed the person of the Baron de Rosny, known to history as the great Duke of Sully. A less welcome visitor could scarcely have appeared, for Sully, though a true,

\* J. J. Rousseau died here after having lived at the place only six weeks. His remains were entombed on the island of poplars, from whence, after a time, they were removed to the Pantheon.

was a most stern friend. The Baron's garb was travel-soiled and disordered, as of one who had ridden far and with hot speed. He bowed as he entered, and perceiving the frown that rested on Henry's face, said:

"Pardon, my lord, that I come unannounced. I have travelled in haste to bring thee tidings that will ensure my welcome. I bring thee papers which a lucky chance hath placed in my hands, which, Sire, reveal all the plots, of the enemies of our royaume, and of your royal person."

It was in vain that Henry held up a warning finger; the Baron heeded it not. As the last words fell from his lips, a low moan was heard, De Rosny started, gazed around, and seeing nothing, continued—

"Already, methinks, Sire"—

But Henry interrupted him, saying in a voice which vainly strove to seem calm:

"My lord, for the present retire. We will be with thee anon."

And then, as he perceived the Baron, heedless of all save the importance of his tidings, was about to continue his revelations, he added:

"Know you not, my lord, that it is ill-advised to intrude unannounced upon my hour of leisure, or to bring state secrets into every bower."

Rosny rose, his brow flushed, and contracted by a frown, and as he turned from the apartment, said in the tone, and with the manner of a Mentor:

"Sire! I crave that ye waste not long time ere ye give to this matter the consideration its importance demands!"

"Retire! No farther parley, I command," said Henry, in a tone hoarse from varied emotions.

The door closed; Henry sprang forward, and drew aside the curtain which concealed Gabrielle. When he first beheld her face, so fixed and marble-like in its paleness, so expressive of anguish was it, that he thought those cruel words that bade her fair world of faith and hope vanish, had "sufficed to kill."

"Pardon! pardon! my best, my only beloved!" he faltered, as he knelt by her side, and encircled her scarce breathing form in his arms—"Speak!" he passionately continued, as Gabrielle, frozen by her grief, remained motionless and speechless. "Break this fearful silence; speak, if it be but to curse me!"

While he spoke, her eyes grew dim with tears, and before the last word died from his lips, with a faint but piercing moan, she fell—aye, even upon his breast, and strove to speak. But the words died away in faint inarticulate murmurs.

Hours passed, during which Henry remained alone with the Lady Gabrielle. He told her the

history of his life, of his love for her, of first temptations conquered, of other and yet stronger ones over which he could not prevail. He begged and obtained forgiveness, for the wrong he had done her. Again he renewed the vow, by which, he had won himself to this deceit, swearing, that never would he sheath his sword, never consider himself fairly seated upon the throne, nor the crown fixed upon his brow, till he might share both with her.

In the midst of these passionate vows, there was a tap at the door. It was a messenger from the Duke of Sully, for by that name, as he is best known by it, we will call him, desiring audience of the king.

"Bear word to De Rosny, that his desires—tush!—say, that we will be with him anon!"

For Henry though sorely irritated by the Duke's ill-timed coming, knew the man's worth too well to juggle with him.

As for these papers, which Sully bore in such haste to the king, perhaps, as they greatly influenced Henry's future conduct and purposes it may not be ill-advised to present a brief summary of them.

Sully on his road to Paris, observed ten or twelve men travelling on foot, who the moment they perceived himself and suite, struck into the woods. This circumstance excited their suspicions; they followed and seized two of the party. These, however, were but peasants, but induced by a bribe, they informed them, that three of their party were domestics in the establishments of different nobles, whose names they gave; that they were carrying packages, whither they knew not, but that seeing themselves watched, they had secreted them in the hollow of an oak, which for farther recompense they offered to point out. Sully acceded to their terms, and was put in possession of the documents which he now brought to the king. They revealed the designs of the League, its strength, its relation with, and dependence on, foreign powers. Strange to say, among these papers, they also found full revelations of the plots of a third party, equally at enmity with League and king.

All this clearly displayed the perplexing situation in which the prince found himself; irreconcilable interests in the princes and nobility of the kingdom; their intrigues, their mutual animosity; their hatred to him, their treachery even among themselves—these were all displayed, and it was the view of this tangled mass, which induced Sully to proffer the advice to his king to remove all the obstacles that opposed his accession to the crown by turning Roman Catholic, which he believed to be the only means by which

he could restore tranquillity to France. This advice, we need not state, was ere long followed.

## CHAPTER XIV.

BETWEEN five or six years have passed, when we resume our narrative, which now hastens to its tragic close. Though long the interval, it had been consumed in struggling to subdue those factions which had for so long a time rioted in France; and which even yet were unextinguished.

The Marchioness de Sourdis, who died about three years after the consummation of her treachery, prophesied truly, when she said that Gabrielle would be loved, even as she yearned to be, and that her ambition might find no cribbed field. For notwithstanding the accusations, the falsehoods of her enemies, Henry still lavished upon her his purest affection, baring his heart before her to receive the balm of her sympathy. While for her ambition—if sharing in the councils, influencing the bestowal of the highest posts in the kingdom, and to her honour be it said, using her influence worthily, herself treated with all honour and consideration, queen in all but name,—if this could satisfy ambition, Gabrielle might rest content. Now turn we to the darker side of the picture, and behold her knowing that if Henry fulfilled his oft-repeated vow, he might, nay almost indubitably would, plunge the kingdom again into that state of anarchy and open rebellion from which it was yet scarce redeemed. If there were moments of proud triumph, to these ever succeeded hours of bitter crushing abasement, when the cruel taunts of her enemies met her ear, or when in silence and solitude she mused over the withered, the dead past, and despite of every palliating circumstance, felt herself a degraded being—felt that the gildings of rank and honour were to shame, bitterest mockery.

That Henry fully intended, and would have redeemed the promise given her, history corroborates. But the obstacles which retarded it were neither few nor unimportant. Setting aside the fears which, as a king and lover of his country, he could not but entertain relative to the succession, in case of his marriage with Gabrielle, or the Duchess of Beaufort, as she was now called, he also knew that by this step he would rouse the quick jealousy of the nobles, perhaps push them to rebellion; then he had, as the Marchioness de Sourdis foresaw, to contend with Margaret de Valois, who, though she never felt for him the slightest affection, did not testify the same indifference to the name and dignity of

Queen. At the thought that Gabrielle d'Estrées should succeed, or rather jostle her, the daughter of a race of kings, from her seat, her proud tyrannic spirit revolted. And though, as we have said, she never felt or pretended to any affection for Henry, yet her pride, her vain self-love was wounded, that he, for Henry had ever regarded her with corresponding indifference, should slight her peerless charms, yet proffer his homage, wish to share his throne with the comparatively humble Gabrielle d'Estrées. With Margaret, then, had he to contend,—with Margaret, the daughter of Catherine de Medicis, heiress to all that mother's cold, crafty and subtle intellect, vindictive, unsparring disposition, resoluteness of will, and stony heart,—that rejected not, no nor even paused, at any means that could forward the purposes of her ambition, or crush an enemy.

Before proceeding with our tale, we must briefly advert to the past history of Marguerite de Valois. Ever since the year 1585 she had resided in the Chateau d'Usson, virtually a prisoner. When in 1594 Henry entered Paris as conqueror, Margaret would have become queen, had it not been for the shame that her profligate conduct had brought upon her, which rendered it impossible that she should wear the double diadem of France and Navarre. Henry even refused to restore her to liberty, till she should renounce her title to the supreme rank, and consent to his divorce. But Margaret, notwithstanding the most urgent solicitations, threats and promises, still persisted in her refusal, preferring her miserable captivity to a concession that would most probably have advanced the hated Duchess to a rank and dignity of which she felt herself to be unworthy.

In one of the apartments of the Chateau d'Usson, which commanded an extensive view of the romantic, yet singularly gloomy country around, was seated Margaret de Valois. Time had dealt most partially with her, for though even past, what is called the prime of woman's life, she was still even dazzlingly beautiful. That unrivalled complexion, the theme of poets' songs, still retained its youthful freshness, the full dark eye rolled with its wonted fire, and though mid her raven tresses a few threads of silver might have been detected, the thick silky mass might even yet have excited the envy of many a younger dame. Despite the coming on of old age and the withering influence of evil passions, Margaret was still beautiful, in perfection of colouring, and the voluptuous symmetry of features and form which might have served a sculptor as the model for a Cyprian Venus, constitute beauty.

Silent and abstracted the Queen of Navarre,

(for of those around her she still rigorously exacted the title,) sat, save when at times her eye would flash forth angry fire, and she would mutter half aloud a few words. There was a light tap at the door; it was unheeded,—another, and after a moment's pause, a young girl entered, and approaching Margaret, said :

"Pardon ! but the messengers are about to return, and Monsieur the Marquis de la Varenne would know if he has your final answer. He would also——."

At these words, Margaret rose abruptly from her seat. For an instant, the blood rushed to her face; then as suddenly ebbed, leaving her countenance of a marble paleness, but her eye flashed bitter hate, as she answered :

"I have said it ! But since he wills it, he shall bear a longer message to his master. Let him—Fouquet, the ex-cook,—say to his master, that never will Margaret de Valois resign the throne that is by right her own, to the king's base minion, that recreant——."

"Enough ! enough ! sweet lady," said the girl, who from her manner was evidently a favorite; "let not your feelings transport you to an excess of which you may repent. I will bear your first answer."

"Dare you thus address me ?" exclaimed Margaret, in a voice tremulous with passion. But already the young favorite had left the apartment. For a moment, the queen stood as if irresolute, then turning, passed into a small ante-room and stationed herself at the window which commanded a view of the high-way. In a few moments she heard the opening and shutting of gates, the fall of the heavy draw-bridge, and then she saw issue a company of ten or twelve horsemen, clad in the king's livery,—at their head William Fouquet, now Marquis de la Varenne. For a few moments she remained gazing at the rapidly retreating forms of the cavaliers. It was a private deputation from Henry, urging consent to his prayer, so that he might not be forced to measures from which he shrank; offering as the price of her compliance, immediate release and a more than royal pension. We have heard the infuriate Margaret's answer. After the lapse of a few minutes she returned to the apartment in which she had before been seated, which, as we have said, commanded an extensive but singularly gloomy view.

"For twenty years," muttered she, as she gazed out, "have I been mewed within these walls." For twenty years, "and her face became livid with passion, "a prisoner and treated with every indignity. It shall not last much longer !"

The door opened, and the girl who a short

time before had left the apartment, now re-entered; her mistress did not appear to notice her, and she glided on to a recess in the room, and seating herself, took up her embroidery frame. But soon the young girl, whose expressive, but restless black eyes, dark glowing complexion, and lithe form, proclaimed her southern birth, and betrayed her ardent temperament, tired of her employment, and taking up a lute which lay beside her, after a brief prelude, commenced a sweet gay air. At the first notes, Margaret started as though an arrow had pierced her heart.

"Silence, silence I command," cried she, and she advanced, snatched the instrument from the girl's hands, snapped its strings, then threw it from her, while she continued in fierce threatening tones. "Dare you thus mock me, minion ?"

"Mock you !" exclaimed the girl in a tone of surprise, but without the slightest appearance of fear. "And is not that one of your favorite airs? Mock you ! no. Marking your highness' mood I thought it might soothe you."

"Soothe me ! thou too art traitor. Dost thou pretend that thou knowest not when those notes were first struck? Soothe me !"

"In truth ! dear lady ? thou art oblivious. Have I not often struck those notes at thy command ? Why should I think that that which pleased thee yesterday should anger thee to-day ?"

"In truth," said Margaret, somewhat recalled to herself, "my anger was too quick. But those notes, girl, have roused a demon within me, aye the demon of revenge. Thou sayest thou knowest not when those notes were first struck. Listen and I will tell thee," she continued while in her cheeks, before deadly pale, a small spot now burned like fire; her eyes were fixed and fierce, her white lips, though sternly compressed, quivered, and her breath came in gasps. Passion had transformed her,—the roused demon was incarnate in that form. "Thou hast heard tales of how Catherine de Medicis crushed by one strong blow all her enemies. They have given her triumph a name," she said in a terrific whisper, "they have called the slaying of the accused heretics, the Massacre of St. Bartholemew. Well, but before the blow descended she set a bait to call them all together. I too played my part in the drama; I too was one of the victims. It was my marriage with the young Huguenot prince, whom they could not quell and dared not openly destroy—that served as an opiate to their fears, a bait to draw them into the snare. For days and weeks before the hour of vengeance came Paris was a scene of continuous gniety. This was the prologue,—there was a tragic epilogue ! Four days before the blow fell, the queen mother gave an entertain-

ment.\* Yes it was an entertainment! Both guests and hosts were amused,—the hosts, which you know is rare, very much, for to them it was typical.—But to the song!—it was for this ballet, that Etienne le Roi composed, then that he sang it. Now you know why it is an insult to remind me now of that day, and how being reminded of it has roused the demon of revenge. Yes! I will have revenge—and a revenge worthy, even, the daughter of Catherine de Medicis.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

\* It was at the Tuilleries four days before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, that the queen mother gave this entertainment, which is mentioned by nearly all the historians, but so briefly as only to excite, instead of satisfying, the curiosity of the reader. In a work entitled "Memoires de l'etat de France sous Charles IX." there is however, the following detailed and interesting account:

"On the right of the hall was Paradise, the entrance to which was defended by three knights, completely armed; these were Charles IX., and his two brothers. On the left was Hell, in which appeared a great number of devils and *diabolotaux*, playing tricks, and making a noise with a large wheel, covered with bells, which they turned round. Paradise was separated from Hell by a river, on which was a bark, conducted by Charon the Styxian ferryman. At one end of the Hell, behind Paradise, were the Elysian fields, formed like a garden, covered with verdure and enamelled with flowers. Beyond these were the empyreal regions, represented by a large wheel, with the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the seven Planets, and an infinite number of small Stars, which, being peired through, emitted a brilliant light, communicated by lamps and flambeaux, artfully concealed behind them. This wheel constantly turned round, and communicated its motion to the garden, in which were twelve nymphs very richly dressed. In the hall appeared several troops of Knights in complete armour, and different liveries, and led on by their princes, the King of Navarre, and the Prince of Conde; these, in trying to enter the garden in which were the nymphs, were prevented by the three Knights, who guarded it and who, after each had broken a lance with the assailants, and given them a stroke with their entlass, drove them back towards Hell, into which they were dragged by the devils and *diabolotaux*. This sort of combat lasted till the Knights, overcome one by one, were dragged into hell, which was then closed up. Mercury and Cupid immediately descended from Heaven, riding on a Cork. Mercury was represented by Etienne le Roi, the famous singer, who, having reached the earth, presented himself to the three Knights, sang a melodious song, delivered an harangue, and then ascended to Heaven, still singing, as he mounted. The three Knights then rose from their seats, went into the Elysian fields, and brought the twelve nymphs to the middle of the hall, with whom, they performed a diversified ballet which lasted an hour. When the ballet was over, the Knights of Tartarus were let out of Hell, and began to fight and break lances with each other. This combat being at an end, they set fire to trains of gunpowder round a fountain constructed in the middle of the hall, which was immediately deserted, so great were the noise and smoke.—Such," continues our historian, "was the diversion of this day, from which it may easily be conjectured, among these fictions, what were the real thoughts of the King and the Secret Council."

## VARIETY OF NATURE.

THE variety which appears on the face of Nature, not only enlarges our conceptions of infinite wisdom, but is also the foundation of all our discriminations and judgments as rational beings, and is of the most essential utility in the affairs of human society. Such is the variety of which the features of the human countenance are susceptible, that it is probable that no two individuals, of all the millions of the race of Adam, that have existed since the beginning of time, would be found precisely to resemble each other. We know no two human beings presently existing, however similar to each other, but may be distinguished either by their stature, their forms, or the features of their faces; and on the ground of this dissimilarity, the various wheels of the machine of society move onward without clashing or confusion. Had it been otherwise—had the faces of men and their organs of speech been cast exactly in the same mould, as would have been the case had the world been framed according to the Epicurean system, by blind chance directing a concourse of atoms, it might have been as difficult to distinguish one human countenance from another, as to distinguish the eggs laid by the same hen, or the drops of water which trickle from the same orifice; and, consequently, society would have been thrown into universal anarchy and confusion. Friends would not have been distinguished from enemies, villains and rogues from the good and honest, fathers from sons, the culprit from the innocent person, nor the branches of the same family from one another. And what a scene of perpetual confusion and disturbance would thus have been created! Frauds, thefts, robberies, murders, assassinations, forgeries, and injustice of all kinds, might have been daily committed, without the least possibility of detection. Nay, were even the *variety of tones* in the human voice, peculiar to each person, to cease, and the *hand-writing* of all men to become perfectly uniform, a multitude of distressing deceptions and perplexities would be produced in the domestic, civil, and commercial transactions of mankind. But the All-wise and Beneficent Creator has prevented all such evils and inconveniences, by the character of *variety* which he has impressed on the human species and on all his works. By the peculiar features of his countenance every man may be distinguished in the light; by the tones of his voice he may be recognized in the dark, or when he is separated from his fellows by an impenetrable partition; and his hand-writing can attest his existence and individuality, when continents and oceans interpose between him and his relations, and be a witness of his sentiments and purposes to future generations.

## THE CHRISTIAN AND THE MOOR.

A LEGEND OF GRANADA.

BY P. J. ALLAN.

[The reader of the following Ballad will find its story beautifully told by Washington Irving, in his *Conquest of Granada*, a work which will equally repay the attention of the lover of fiction, or of history. Throughout its pages, amidst descriptions of war, which few can read without tears of pity—will be found occasionally, a dry lurking humour which reminds one of Rip Van Winkle, or Sleepy Hollow.]

DEPOSE Granada's fated walls the Christian Legions stand,  
A numerous and a valiant—but why a sullen band?  
The wise politic Ferdinand's injunctions they obey,  
No battle with the Paynim Host to wage on all that day.  
And vainly ride the haughty Moors and dare them to the fight,  
With many a bitter taunting jest, and many a jereed's flight;  
The hardy warriors of Castile more dread those mocking glances,  
Than all the men of Heathendom and all their sharpest lances.  
Thus to be ranged in war-array—with swords upon their thighs,  
Compell'd to keep them in the sheaths—the foe before their eyes;  
The eager veterans chafe and fume impatient of delay,  
Yet will not, e'en for combat's sake, their sov'reign disobey.  
And ever on their Arab steeds, the Infidels sweep by,  
Now, darting on—now wheeling swift—like swallows in the sky,  
They call on many a gallant Don by title and by name,  
To break a single spear with them—for love of knightly fame.  
Now sudden from Granada's gates, there roll'd a rihald crowd,  
Around a single horseman huge, with acclamations loud,  
And as the charger nearer came—its rider well they knew,  
'Twas Tarfe, as brave a Moorish Knight as fateful ever drew.  
The Giant Heathen was encased in mail from head to heel,  
Of sable hue. His scimitar of true Damascus steel  
Was in a silken baldric hung; his spear was in the rest,  
And on before the Spanish lines—his steed he dauntless press'd.  
A sudden execration flies at once along the van,  
A cry of horror and of rage, sent forth from man to man;  
For fasten'd to his courser's tail, a crumpled scroll was seen,  
Inscrib'd with Holy Mary's name, Heaven's chaste and honour'd Queen.  
Each Christian Warrior's heart is full of deep and deadly ire,  
The hand that grasps the dagger's hilt, proclaims the soul's desire  
To grapple with the impious wretch, who Heaven dares defy,—  
Revenge that bitter blasphemy—or in the effort die.  
The youthful Garcilazzo has sought the Sovereign's tent,  
And for a boon, before the throne, an humble suppliant bent;

"Grant, Sir," he said—"thy royal leave, this Tarfe my blade shall feel,  
Once ere he die, before the cross, the boustful Moor shall kneel."

King Ferdinand has answer made, "Go forth my gallant knight,  
And may the Holy Mother still protect thee in the fight;  
Our fervent prayers shall be put up to heaven's throne for thee;  
Go forth, and may the Lord of Hosts vouchsafe thy shield to be."

And now he mounts his gallant steed, a Flemish buckler wears,  
And chooses from a shining pile the toughest of the spears;  
A cross is on his breast-plate traced in lines of bloody hue—  
That sign full well becomes a breast, so faithful and so true.

So forth he spurs against the foe: the Moor beholds him nigh,  
And couching firm his fatal lance, and shouting loud the cry:

"Allah il Allah!"—on he comes; so sweeps the poisonous breath,

Over the desert's barren sands, the Simoom's blast of death.

They meet—the spears are splinter'd both to shivers with the shock,

As waves that burst in froth and foam upon some rugged rock;

At once their glittering blades flash forth like meteors of the night,

And hand to hand with mighty blows they urge the fatal fight.

Stroke upon stroke each stoutly dealt, and blood began to flow,

When Tarfe at Garcilazzo aimed a fierce and deadly blow;

He saw and swiftly shrank aside, the steel descending cleav'd

His courser's head, and unto earth the horse and rider heav'd.

Tarfe saw his Christian foe lie stretch'd, the slaughter'd steed beside,

And now to give the fatal thrust, he swift dismounting hied;

His arm is rais'd dire death to deal, when thus he mocking cries,

Behold, Sir Knight! your holy cross beneath the crescent lies

The words recalled his fleeting breath, and nerved his arm anew,

With sudden spring he from his breast the vaunting Heathen threw;

His ponant flashes to the skies, and now—how dark its dye!

And Heav'n to the Christian Knight has given the victory.

The sun-burnt foreheads of Castile with joy exulting glow,

And the dark brows of many a Moor grow darker still with woe;

Alluma mourns her fearless Tarfe, forever smother'd away,

Whilst Christendom the victory hails with many a joyous lay.

Frederickton, 1816.

## A STORY WITH A MORAL; OR, THE TWO MOTTOS.

Two young men were standing in the booking-office of the Cernay diligences, having taken places in one that was about to start for Kayzersberg. They were apparently of the same age--perhaps four-and-twenty; but there was a striking difference in their persons, and in the expression of their countenances. The shorter of the two was slightly made, pale, and dark, betraying his southern origin at a glance, by his quick movements and impatient gestures. His companion, tall, fair, and blooming, was a good specimen of that race of Alsace, in which the vivacity of the French is tempered by the equanimity and good-humour of the Germans. At their feet were two small portmanteaus, to which the addresses were affixed by sealing-wax. On one might be read, Henri Fortin, of Marseilles, and on the other the words "My right!" On the other was written, Joseph Mulzen, of Strasburg; and the motto on the seals was "Charity!" The clerk had inscribed their names on his list, and was adding the quantity of luggage belonging to each, when Henri asked to have it weighed. The man replied that it would be done at Kayzersberg; but the Marseillais objected, alleging the inconvenience of such a formality amid all the bustle of arriving, and insisted upon its being done at once, saying he had a right to require it. The office-keeper, with equal obstinacy, refused to comply, and a warm and angry discussion ensued. Joseph tried to put an end to it by observing that they had barely time to dine before the diligence had started; but Henri, who prided himself upon acting up to his motto, never would yield when he thought himself in the right; and unfortunately he seldom thought otherwise. At length, the man, tired of the debate, quitted the office, and as his assistant spoke nothing but German, Henri decided upon following his cousin, on whom he vented his ill-humour.

"You would make a saint swear at your indifference," cried he, as soon as they were alone. "Not even to support me against that obstinate fellow."

"I thought he needed support more than you," said Joseph, laughing; "for you piled up argu-

ments against him, as though your fortune or your honour depended on the result."

"Then you think it would be better not to assert one's rights?"

"When those rights are not worth asserting."

"That is like you, interrupted Henri with warmth; "you are always willing to give up to every one: you would be trampled on before you would dream of defending yourself. Instead of looking on the world as a field of battle, you seem to consider it as a drawing-room, where civilities are exchanged."

"Not so," said Joseph; but as a ship full of passengers, who ought to show mutual kindness and forbearance. Every man is my friend until he declares himself my enemy."

"And I think every man my enemy until he has declared himself my friend. I have always found this sort of prudence the most successful; and I would advise you to adopt the same when we arrive at Kayzersberg. We shall meet there with the other heirs to our uncle's fortune, and depend upon it they will do all in their power to secure the best share; for my part, I am resolved not to make the slightest concession."

The young travellers had now reached the inn where they intended dining. On entering, they found the public room empty; but at the farther end was a table laid for three persons. Henri desired the landlady to bring plates for Joseph and himself.

"Excuse me, Sir," said the woman, "but you cannot be served here."

"Why not?" asked the young man.

"Because the persons for whom the table is laid have requested to dine alone."

"Then let them stay in their own room," returned Henri, sharply; "this is the public room and the public table, and surely every traveller has an equal right to enter and to be served here?"

"What does it signify whether we dine here or in another room?" asked Joseph.

"And what is it to those persons if we choose to remain here?"

"They came before you, Sir," remonstrated the landlady.

"Then is it the first come who give the law in your house?"

"They are known to us besides."

"Their money is not better than ours, is it?"

"It is our interest to oblige our customers."

"And all other travellers must obey their caprices."

"You can be waited on in another apartment."

"With the remnants of the table of your privileged guests, I suppose."

The landlady seemed hurt, and said, "If Monsieur thinks he cannot have a good dinner at the White Horse, there are other inns in Cerisy."

"Very true," replied Henri, taking his hat and walking out, regardless of his cousin's attempts to detain him.

Mulzen knew by experience that the best way to act with his cousin was to leave him to himself until the fit was over, for every attempt at reasoning only added fuel to the fire. He decided, therefore, upon remaining where he was, and requested to have dinner served immediately in another room. He was about to go thither, when the persons who were expected made their appearance; they were an old lady with her niece, and an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be their protector. The landlady was giving them an account of what had passed, but perceiving Joseph, she left off abruptly. The latter bowed, and was leaving the room, when the old gentleman stopped him.

"I am very sorry," said he, in a friendly tone, "for the dispute that has taken place. We had requested to dine alone, to avoid the company of certain individuals whose free manners and conversation might be disagreeable to these ladies, but not to drive other travellers away, as your friend seems to have supposed; and as a proof of it, I hope you will oblige me by sitting down to table with us?"

Joseph thanked him, and endeavoured to excuse himself, saying that far from being offended at their desire to be alone, he thought it a very natural and proper precaution; but M. Rosman, which was the name given by the ladies to their protector, insisted in so frank and good humoured a manner, that Joseph thought it best to comply. The old lady, who seemed little used to travelling, sat down opposite to him with her niece, and gave utterance to a deep groan.

"Are you very tired, Charlotte?" asked M. Rosman.

"Am I tired!" repeated the old woman; "is that a question, after being shaken all day in that swinging diligence, eating out of my regular hours, running all manner of risks? for I am sure it is

a wonder we were not upset fifty times; the diligence was always leaning to one side. I would give a good year of my life for this journey to be at an end."

"Happily for us, dear aunt, you cannot make such a bargain," said the young lady, smiling affectionately at her.

"Yes, yes, you may laugh," returned Madame Charlotte, trying to look displeased; "young girls are afraid of nothing now a-days! They travel by railway, by steamboat—they would go by balloon if they could! It is the revolution that has made them so bold. Before the revolution, the most courageous were content to travel in a cart or on a donkey—and then not unless it was absolutely necessary. I have often heard my dear departed mother say that she had never travelled otherwise than on foot."

"But then she never went further than the chief town of the department," observed M. Rosman.

"She was not the less a worthy and a happy woman," replied Madame Charlotte: "when a bird has built its nest, it remains in it. The present fashion of being always on the move, diminishes the love of fireside enjoyments; people get so used to be away from their homes, that they cease to care for them, and find a home everywhere: It may be more advantageous to society, but it makes individuals less happy and contented."

"Come, come, Charlotte—you have quite a spite against travelling, because of the jolts," said M. Rosman, smiling. "I hope this soup will dispel some of your prejudices; it could not be better even at Fontaines. I appeal to your impartiality."

The conversation was continued in the same unembarrassed and cheerful manner, and Mulzen, who at first had discreetly kept silent, soon felt quite at home. M. Rosman frequently addressed himself to him; and they were talking like old friends, when it was announced that the diligence would start in a few minutes. They quickly settled with the landlady, and hastened to the office.

As Joseph arrived, he saw his cousin hurrying towards the same place. Whilst he had partaken of an excellent dinner, Henri had been running from one inn to another, without finding anything prepared; and as the time was gone, he had been forced to purchase a small loaf and some fruit to appease his hunger. This anchorite's repast had by no means improved his temper; which Joseph perceiving, forbore to make any remark; nor had he time, for the other passengers had already taken their places. As the cousins were preparing to follow, they were stopped by the offic-



keeper, who said he had made a mistake in looking them, for the diligence was already full.

"Full!" cried Henri; "but you have taken our fare?"

"I am going to return it to you, Sir?"

"Not at all!" said the Marseillais; "when you took my money, you engaged to convey me to Kayzersberg. I have a right to go, and go I will." And thus saying, he took hold of the leathern strap, and mounting to the top of the diligence, took possession of the only seat that was not yet occupied. The person to whom it belonged requested him to give it up; but Henri refused decidedly, saying that no one had a right to make him come down, and that if force were attempted, he also would use force. In vain did Joseph remonstrate, and urge him to give up the contested place—the contradiction he had met with, added to his frugal meal, had completely soured him, and he persisted in his refusal.

"Let each have his right!" cried he: "that is my motto—yours is Charity. Be as charitable as you like; for my part I only pretend to be just. I have paid for this place; I have a right to it; and I mean to keep it."

The dispossessed traveller urged priority of possession; but Henri, who was a lawyer, answered him with scraps of law; and thus they continued exchanging angry explanations, recriminations, and menaces. Madame Charlotte, who heard all from the coupée, groaned audibly, and began to exclaim against travelling in general, and public conveyances in particular. At length Joseph, seeing the disputants becoming more violent, proposed to the office-keeper to hire a cabriolet, in which he and the ejected traveller might follow the diligence. The expedient was adopted, and they all set off.

It was November; the air already cold and damp when they quitted Cernay, became freezing at the approach of night. In vain Henri, accustomed to the sun of Provence, buttoned his coat up to his chin: he trembled from head to foot in the chilling night fog. His face became almost blue; his teeth clattered; and to add to his discomfort a small drizzling rain began to beat in his face, and soon penetrated his garments. His next neighbour who was well sheltered under an ample and warmly lined cloak, might have given him a share of it without inconvenience to himself, but he was a stout elderly shopkeeper, very careful of himself, and very indifferent about others. When Henri had taken such forcible possession of another's place, he applauded him, saying that each travelled for himself. The young man then thought this maxim perfectly just—now he had a practical illustration of it. Once during the journey his corpulent companion turned to

look at him, and observing his miserable condition, said, "You look as if you were cold, sir?"

"I am wet to the very bones," replied Henri, scarcely able to speak.

The shopkeeper drew his warm cloak more tightly round him, as if he enjoyed it the more for the contrast, and remarked philosophically, "It is very injurious to get wet; when you travel again I would advise you to get a coat like mine: it is warm and not dear;" and having delivered himself of this sage advice, he again buried his chin in the warm folds of his cravat, and resumed his comfortable dose.

It had long been dark when they arrived at Kayzersberg. Henri, half dead with cold, hastened to the kitchen of the inn, where a fire was blazing brightly. Among the travellers who surrounded it, he perceived Joseph Mulzen and the stranger whose place he had taken: the cabriolet had brought them a nearer way across the country, and they had arrived a full hour before the diligence. Joseph seeing the state his cousin was in, gave him his place near the fire; but as for his companion, he could not refrain from laughing heartily. "Upon my word," said he, "I ought to be very much obliged to the gentleman. Without his usurpation, I should have been frozen like him, instead of being here warm and comfortable." The Marseillais, too much out of temper to make any reply, sat down and warmed himself as well as he was able. As soon as he had in some measure recovered himself, he asked for a room and a bed; but there had been a fair at Kayzersberg, and the inn was full of persons who intended leaving town on the following day. Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived earlier, had only found one very indifferent bed, which the former with his usual good nature had given up to the stranger. After a great deal of bustling and searching, however, it was found that there was one bed disengaged; but it was in a room already occupied by four pedlars, who declared they would not admit any one else.

"Have they engaged the room for themselves alone?" asked Henri.

"No," said the innkeeper; "each pays for his bed."

"Then what reason do they give for refusing to admit another?"

"None at all; but they seem to be quarrelsome fellows; no one wishes to interfere with them."

"For my part," said Henri, "I shall not sit here all night because those insolent fellows choose to monopolise more beds than they can use. Shew me to their room, and let them oppose me if they dare."

"Take care, Henri," said Mulzen; "they are low, vicious men, and will probably insult you."

"And is it because of their vices I must lose my rest?" he asked angrily. "Not I, faith! I shall go to bed in defiance of them." And taking his travelling cap, he was leaving the room, when M. Rosman, who had come to look after his luggage, and had heard the words exchanged between the cousins, accosted them in his usual pleasant and friendly manner.

"You are at a loss for beds, I perceive, gentlemen?" he said.

"I shall not be so long," replied Henri, going towards the door.

"Stop a moment," said M. Rosman; "these men may handle you more roughly than you would like; you will find it difficult to convince them that you have an equal right with them. If you will accept a bed at my house it is at your service. I reside only a few doors from here, and shall feel pleasure in accommodating you."

The young men bowed, and thanked him; but there was a marked difference in their manner of doing so. Joseph looked pleased and grateful; whilst Henri, who had not forgotten that M. Rosman was the cause of his having lost his dinner at Cernay, was constrained, though polite.

"You are very obliging, sir," said he, softening his tone; "but I should be sorry to put you to any inconvenience; besides, I think it will not be amiss to give those fellows a lesson, and teach them to respect the rights of other travellers." And bidding them good night he left the room.

Joseph, fearing the consequences, followed his cousin, but whether they were drowsy, or that the resolute air of the Marseillais deterred them, the pedlars only muttered a title, and Henry took undisturbed possession of his bed. Seeing there was nothing to fear, Joseph returned to the kitchen, where M. Rosman was waiting for him.

On reaching the house of the latter, they found Madame Charlotte and Louise preparing tea before a bright fire of pine cones. M. Rosman said a few words in a whisper to the ladies, who received Joseph with courtesy, and made him sit down to table with them. Louise poured out the tea, and Madame Charlotte, seating herself in her easy chair, complained that she felt the motion of the diligence, and that the bubbling of the kettle reminded her of the noise of the wheels. She asked Joseph what had become of the young man who had taken an outside place by assault, and M. Rosman answered by relating what had passed at the inn.

"He seems to have determined to have wars and contentions wherever he goes," observed the old lady; "if he continue, he will be feared by everybody."

"A better heart than his could scarcely be met with," said Joseph; "but, unfortunately, he is

determined to act up to his favorite motto—'Let each have his right.'"

"Whilst yours is—Charity," said the old woman, smiling; "we heard it all at Cernay."

"Do you travel together?" asked M. Rosman.

"We are cousins," replied Joseph, and have come to Kaisersberg to be present at the opening of a will, which takes place to-morrow morning."

"A will!" repeated Madame Charlotte, in surprise.

"That of our late uncle, Dr. Harver."

The two ladies and M. Rosman exchanged looks.

"So you are the Doctor's relatives?" said the latter; "well, chance could not have directed you better. I have long been your uncle's most intimate friend."

This species of recognition served as an introduction to speak of the departed. Mulzen had never seen his uncle, but he had felt for him that respectful affection that nature seldom fails to establish between distant members of the same family. He listened with deep interest and emotion to the details of his life, and the particulars of his last moments; and after one of those long, unreserved conversations, from which all restraint is banished, and in which hearts are laid open without disguise, Joseph retired to his chamber, delighted with his new friends, who on their part were equally pleased with the young man.

It was late when he rose the next morning, the fatigue of the previous day having made him oversleep himself. He dressed in haste, intending to call on his cousin, that they might go together to their uncle's lawyer; but on descending to the parlour, he found the latter there, together with Henri, who had been sent for, and M. Rosman. Madame Charlotte and Louise soon joined them; and, when all were assembled, M. Rosman, addressing himself to the young men, said—"No one here is ignorant of what brings you to Kaisersberg, gentlemen, for my sister-in-law, Madame Charlotte Revel, and her niece, Louise Armand, whose guardian I am, are also come to be present at the opening of the will of their brother and uncle, Dr. Harver.

The young men bowed to Madame Charlotte and Louise, who returned their salute.

"I thought," continued M. Rosman, "that as chance had brought hither the parties interested, the Doctor's last directions might be read at my house."

Henri bowed his assent; they all sat down; and the notary was about to break the seal, when he stopped and said—"This will is already of an old date, and during the last few months of Dr. Harver's life, he frequently expressed his inten-

tion of destroying it, so as to leave to each of his heirs the share assigned them by law. I can only attribute his not having done so to the suddenness of his removal. I thought it my duty to declare this, and now I ask all the parties interested, who are here present, if they are willing, with one accord, to destroy this will, without knowing which of them is enriched or set aside by it?"

This unexpected proposal was followed by a pause. Mulzen was the first to break silence.

"For my part," said he, modestly, "having no special claim to my uncle's regard, I cannot think it any sacrifice to accept of an equal share, and I willingly agree to the proposal."

"As far as I am concerned," said Madame Charlotte, "I have not the slightest objection."

"And I consent to it in my ward's name," added M. Rosman.

"There remains only this gentleman, then," said the notary, turning to Henri, who seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Like my cousin," said he, "I have no reason to expect a decision in my favour, but on that very account I withhold my consent. Whatever may have been my uncle's intentions, his will should be regarded as sacred. To alter it would neither be just to the testator nor to the unknown legatee."

"In that case, let us say no more about it," said the notary; "unanimity alone could legitimise such a proceeding. Let each have his right, as the gentleman requires, and be so good as to listen:"

"Of the four individuals who have any claim to my fortune, I am only acquainted with two—my sister Charlotte Revel, and my niece, Louise Armand; but as these two have long had but one interest and one heart, and in reality form but one person, there is only Louise Armand to inherit on that side. It was my first intention to leave all that I possessed to her; but of my two unknown nephews one may be equally worthy of my regard—the difficulty is to distinguish between them. Not being able to do it myself, and knowing the tact and intelligence of my niece Louise, I leave it to her judgment, and declare my sole heir whichever of the cousins she chooses for her husband."

A long pause succeeded the reading of this singular will. The young men seemed embarrassed, and Louise's eyes were fixed on the ground.

"The Doctor has given my niece a difficult task," said Madame Charlotte at length.

"Not so difficult as you may imagine, my sister," said M. Rosman, smiling. "I have long known the contents of Harver's will; and the inquiries I made in consequence, have satisfied

me that, however she may choose, she has nothing to fear.

"Then let the young lady decide," said the notary, laughing; "since it is in all safety, it can only be a matter of inspiration."

"You must decide for me, aunt," said Louise, in a low tone, hiding her face in Madame Charlotte's bosom,

"My dear child," said the latter; "it is very embarrassing. I really do not know——"

Pronouncing these words with a look of uncertainty she glanced at Mulzen. Henri perceived it, and exclaimed:

"I see your choice is made, Madame; and though I must regret it, I cannot but approve of it. Mademoiselle," he added, taking Joseph's hand, and leading him to the young lady, "your aunt has seen and judged aright; my cousin is more worthy than I."

"What you say proves the contrary," said Madame Charlotte with emotion; "but we already knew Mr. Mulzen; and—you deserve that I should be candid with you——"

"Say on," interrupted Henri.

"Well, then, his motto gives me confidence,—yours makes me fear; he promises indulgence—and you justice. Alas! my dear Sir, justice may suffice for the angels, but we, poor mortals, need charity."

"Perhaps you are right, Madame," said Henri, pensively; "since yesterday, it seems as if everything had conspired to teach me this lesson. My determination to defend my rights has, in every instance, turned against me, whilst my cousin's generous behaviour has always been to his advantage. Yes, Joseph is right; his motto is better than mine, for it is nearer to the divine precept. Christ did not say, let each have his right; but 'Love your neighbour as yourself.'"

## LINES

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF A COUNTRY CHURCH.

BY CHARLES GREATHEX.

It is a simple, but a solemn spot,  
And oft, when evening tints its walls of gray,  
In the lone ruined aisle, the world forgot,  
I sit and muse the pensive hours away.

Here no intrusive step, no curious eye,  
Breaks the repose to meditation dear,  
The owl, on noiseless pinion sitting by,  
And bat alone, have made their dwelling here.

Save when the robin darts along the gloom,  
The dew-drop gleaming on his golden breast,  
And, lightly perching on some good man's tomb,  
Pours a sweet dirge o'er the departed blest.

Through all the pile, what sacred stillness reigns,  
The dead beneath me, and the dead around;  
The lowly peasant's rude undeck'd remains,  
And proud, imperious noble, marble-bound.

The same unerring shaft that levelled one  
Snoted down the other, nor delayed to strike;  
And the soft radiance of the setting sun,  
Warm from the west, gilds either grave alike.

Earth claims her own—stretched on their clay cold bier,  
One doom awaits the monarch and the slave;  
Pride, pomp, ambition, power, are nothing here,  
For there is no distinction in the grave.

Unseen, the clammy finger of decay,  
Pursues on each alike its loathsome task,  
Steals, one by one, the flowing locks away,  
And from the grim skull strips its fleshy mask.

Near yonder mouldering form, with upraised hands  
Chasped in the silent eloquence of prayer,  
While Death, hard by, with dart uplifted stands,  
Sleeps a fond mother's hope, young, brave, and fair.

Time healed the anguish of her bleeding breast,  
Time saw the glistening eye forget to weep;  
Time laid the mother gently, too, to rest,  
And side by side together, now they sleep.

In yonder niche, a hero's ashes lie,  
His name and deeds fled from the faithless stone;  
Death tamed the terrors of his vengeful eye,  
And bared a blade more dreadful than his own.

Serenely here a youthful poet slumbers,  
Love framed his harp, but Virtue tuned the strings;  
His heart was warm and gentle, and his numbers,  
Such as the joyous lark at sunrise sings;

Lake, valley, greenwood, were his Paradise;  
He smiled, loved, wept, like all, but felt as few;  
He never lent a traitor charms to vice,  
And never painted woman's heart untrue.

Beneath this unadorned and simple tomb,  
Consumption's victim peacefully reposes,  
He gazed upon her soft cheek's vernal bloom,  
Touched it with ice, and withered all its roses.

What pallid figure sweeps the dim aisle through,  
Points to the dead, and glides like Hope away?—  
"Prepare to die!" it whispered, "for thou, too,  
Shalt soon lie motionless and mute as they."

Prepare to die! yet, yet one little hour  
To yield with decency this borrowed breath;  
Are none exempted from the tyrant's power,  
And is there, then, no antidote for death?

Look up! and as the glazing eye grows dim,  
And haggard Death completes what Shu began,  
Fix the calm, soaring gaze on him  
Who bled and died to save rebellious man!

## ELOQUENCE.

BY E. L. C.

ELOQUENCE—true eloquence is one of God's rarest and most brilliant gifts to man, yet in every land, whether civilized or barbaric, there exist individuals, endowed with power to enchain the listening throng by their mellifluous speech, to sway, as by secret magic, the souls of men, and to influence the decisions of grave and wise senates by their resistless rhetoric.

In what this power consists, it would be difficult to define; but there are few who have not felt its presence, as they listened to the thrilling intonations of some melodious voice, pouring forth "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," from lips which seemed touched with a living coal from the high altar of genius.

Every country boasts its own distinctive style of eloquence, whose features derive their stamp from the peculiarities of the national character. Thus that of Ireland is warm, lively and impassioned, such as one might expect from a people alike capable of daring enterprise, and of gentle emotion, possessed of the most exquisite sensibility, and keenly alive to a chivalrous love of glory.

The most entrancing eloquence which ever charmed our ears, fell from a tongue on whose speech lingered the accents of Hibernia; but such a bold and fearless use of language, such intensity of feeling, such richness of fancy, such grandeur of theory, and freedom of speculation, it was never our lot to listen to before. Yet with the display of all these characteristics, the orator of whom we speak, combined sound reasoning and correct sentiment, with unrivalled brilliancy of colouring, and an originality unequalled and delightful.

He was the disciple of no particular school, and yet belonged by right, to that founded by the transcendent genius of his great countryman, Burke,—of him, who raised that lofty standard of excellence, towards which so many of his admiring followers have since aspired. He was wont to call Burke the "prince of Irish orators," and ever to speak of him with an enthusiasm, which one of kindred genius alone could feel and understand. The eloquence of this great man was the favorite theme of his discourse, and many of his remarks, treasured at the time, have been since forgotten, till recalled by a brief notice of the illustrious statesman, which has recently come within the range of our reading.

Nature has seldom endowed man with a mind so singularly energetic and comprehensive, as that possessed by Burke. His reasoning powers, also, were of a high order, yet he loved to riot,

in the play of an imagination, rich and varied almost beyond conception. He entered upon every subject to instruct, to delight, to persuade, and he knew how to clothe the most dry and forbidding topics of discussion, in the rich and gorgeous tissues of his own luxuriant fancy.

His was the power to hurl with surpassing skill and grace, the diamond arrows of wit and repartee, or, if the occasion demanded, or clothe his brow with the majesty of wisdom, and adhere, with the rigour of a logician, to the point at issue, between himself and his opponent. The grandeur of his genius was equalled only by its versatility, while the gigantic strength of his conceptions, and the force of his reasoning was softened by a gentle play of wit, a delicacy of sentiment, and a tenderness of feeling, which spread a holy charm over the proudest efforts of his commanding rhetoric.

Such powers, exhibited at a momentous era in the intellectual and moral history of the world, could scarcely fail in giving a new character to the eloquence of the whole British empire. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say, that all the sententious eloquence of the English language has felt the influence of Burke's transcendent genius. Before his time, one may search the records of oratory in vain, for that rich imagery, that profound philosophical speculation, and all that various literary excellence, which distinguished his speeches, and which, since then, have invested with life and beauty the dry debates of deliberative assemblies.

There were in Burke's style peculiarities, which belong, as we think, to the national character of Ireland, and which have been retained, except in individual instances, chiefly by his own countrymen. We have only to point to the vehemence of feeling, brilliancy of fancy, and singular boldness and felicity in the use of language, which characterized three of the most remarkable among them,—Grattan, Sheridan and Curran, men of world-wide fame,—to confirm the truth of our position. Yet Curran, we regret to say, was too often guilty of extravagancies, in an unsuccessful attempt to transfuse the striking and original style of his great model into his own, while he in his turn has been exceeded in his worst faults by his humbler imitator, Phillips.

Still, though changed since the age of Burke, the most prominent features of Irish eloquence remain the same. It is poetic and impassioned, kindling the imagination with its luminous flashes, and swaying the heart by its direct and forcible appeals to the higher principles of man's nature. And not to the lips of statesmen alone is its language limited, since it flows spontaneously from the tongue of the humble emigrant,

who has quitted for ever the sunny fields of his emerald island, to seek for brighter fortunes in the rude settlements of Canada; and when in return for some trilling word or act of kindness, he overwhelms you with a flood of glowing words, praying, "that the angels may make your bed in heaven!" you recall the memory of his country's orators, and feel that a spark of that fire which kindled the eloquence of Burke and of Grattan, burns even in the breast of the disregarded exile who solicits your sympathy and aid.

## CHESS.

By the unanimous consent of almost all nations, Chess holds the first place among social amusements. The history of this game has exercised many able pens. According to Sir William Jones, it is decidedly of Hindoo invention. He says, he in a learned memoir on this subject "evidence were required to prove this fact, we may be satisfied with the testimony of the Persians, who unanimously agree that the game was imported from the west of India, in the sixteenth century of our era." It seems to have been immemorially known in Hindoostan, by the name of *Chaturanga*—the four *angas*, or members of an army, which are elephants, horses, chariots, and foot soldiers; and in this sense the word is frequently used by epic poets in their description of real armies.—Thus a very significant word in Sanscrit, the sacred language of the brahmins, has been transformed into *czeknax*, *schutechi*, *echees*, chess, and given birth to the English word *check*, and even a name to the *Exchequer* of Great Britain. According to one account the occasion of this invention was as follows: Behub, a young and dissolute Indian prince, oppressed his people in the most cruel manner. A Brahmin undertook to recall the tyrant to reason. With this view he invented a game, in which the king, impotent by himself, is protected only by his subjects, even of the lowest class, and frequently ruined by the loss of a single individual. The fame of this invention reached the throne, and the king summoned the Brahmin to teach him the game, as a new amusement. The virtuous Brahmin availed himself of this opportunity to instil into the mind of the young tyrant the principles of good government, and to awaken him to a sense of his duties. Struck by the truths which he inculcated, the prince conceived an esteem for the inventor of the new game, and assured him of his willingness to confer a liberal remuneration, if he would mention his own terms. Nassir, the Brahmin, demanded as many grains of wheat as would arise from allowing one for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, and so on

doubling for each square of the sixty-four on the chess-board. The king, piqued at the apparently trivial nature of the demand, desired him, somewhat angrily, to ask a gift more worthy of a monarch to bestow. When, however, Nassir adhered to his first request, he ordered the required quantity of corn to be delivered to him. On calculating its amount, the superintendents of the public granaries, to their utter astonishment, found the demand to be so enormous, that, not Behub's kingdom only, nor even all Hindoostan, would have been adequate to the discharge of it. The king now admired the Brahmin still more for the ingenuity of his request than for the invention, appointed him his prime minister, and his kingdom was thenceforward prosperous and happy.

## LINES TO A WIDOW WEeping.

BY A. J.

Weep, weep no longer widow, broken-hearted,  
Sad, sad and dreary though thy portion be—  
Sighs cannot now restore the loved departed,  
Tears cannot bring thy lost one back to thee!

Look on thy fair labes, pledges of affection,  
Dry thy soft eyes, and calm thy troubled breast,  
Kiss the pale cheeks now drooping with dejection,  
For upon thee, and thee alone, they rest!

Kind, kind to them, the father who hath left them,—  
Oh! with what love he ever dwelt on thee!  
Little they know of what death hath bereft them,  
Widow—let this thy consolation be.

Oft by the bed of sorrow and of sadness—  
Where the frail spirit strove for its release,  
Mourners with joy have heard his words of gladness,  
And e'en in death the parting soul had peace!

Simple in life, no earthly cares beset him,  
Blameless, as mortals here may hope to be—  
Kind and sincere, we shall not soon forget him,  
Loving and loved, he knew no enemy!

He who hath called him, will not now forsake thee,  
But to thy children will a father be!—  
Let not the anguish of thy spirit shake thee;  
He will console, support and comfort thee!

Sad is thy loss—yet cease thy troubled weeping,  
Why should we grieve above his lonely bed?  
May we not hope, that in his Saviour sleeping,  
Sorrow and sighing have forever fled!

Weep then no longer, widow broken-hearted,  
But to thy God for consolation flee!  
Sighs cannot now restore the loved departed!  
Tears cannot bring thy lost one back to thee!

## SLANDER

Who has not at some epoch of his life, been the subject of slander—vile slander? And by whom has his character been sullied? By whom has his hitherto fair fame been vilified? By a *Friend*!—a *Friend*, who stabs in the dark.

As our pious and worthy minister said, in an excellent discourse, on the subject of calumny, a few Sabbaths since, "A nod of the head, a wink of the eye, is sufficient to create in the minds of the listeners a doubt as to the reality of what is advanced."

But the calumniator's frequent, and often only, motive, for slandering his neighbour, is that of envy or revenge, for some fancied slight, or pique, at some unintentional neglect of courtesy or respect. And the innocent and unconscious victim is made the subject of the blackest calumny, and perhaps of the most bitter persecution. However, "envy will punish itself," and the *very tales* that have been breathed against the unoffending person, are frequently published, to the discredit of the unhallowed, author of malevolent and vindictive calumny.

M. H. N.

Beauharnois, June, 1846.

## REMINISCENCES.

A FRAGMENT.

SWEET Katherine C—, I think I see thee in the calm twilight of a balmy summer's evening seated in the recess of thy humble cottage window, thy fair cheek resting on the pale wasted hand, while the dark blue eye was fixed on the clear placid lake, which glides on in quietness, before the door of thy simple dwelling. And thy thoughts, meek being, were as pure, as unsullied as the water on which thy heavenly mind and lustrous eye were dwelling—no unholy passion, no ambitious thoughts, mingled with the feelings which filled thy maiden breast at this delicious hour. Every turbulent emotion was quenched within that halloved virgin breast.

I think I see thee in all thy maiden loveliness, thy hair parted "à la Madonna," over thy polished brow, while a straw hat of the coarsest material shaded the rich cheek, and thy delicate form was robed in a dress of dark green plaid, over which in graceful plaits fell a short apron of black silk, while on the round and well-turned arm, hung a wicker-basket of tiny dimensions, intended as a deposit for any stray flower or plant, which might meet thy gentle eye, amid thy melancholy musings.

M. H. N.

Maple Grove, Beauharnois, June, 1846.

# THE TREES OF CANADA.

## THE WHITE PINE.

BY G.

As the White Pine of the Canadian Forest is a tree of vast importance to this Province, an inquiry into its nature may not be deemed an useless waste of labour. This may be of the more consequence, as the people of Canada seem in a great hurry to cut down their Pine forests, while the British Government shows a great disposition to discourage the trade in this timber.

Callous is the heart which warms not, and the eye which does not brighten, when it looks upon the White Pine, the most majestic of all the trees of the forest. The dullest among men who traverses our woods, is filled with wonder and admiration, when he looks on this giant of the vegetable kingdom, whose top is in the clear blue ether of the heavens, and whose roots are sunk firmly in the earth. When the Pine waves and stoops, when the fierce winds roar through its dark, conical top, it is then an object which fills the mind with awe. When it falls before the hurricane, its roots tear up the ground to a great distance, while its top and trunk crush every thing to the earth which dare oppose an obstacle to its downward career. When the woodman attacks it, it endures hundreds, aye thousands of blows, before it yields; and when it falls, its fall is as the fall of kings and heroes. Even those who have wrought its ruin fly from it, when they see it nodding to its fall, or stand spell-bound at the sight of the havoc. When the sound of its fall resounds through the forest, the sleeping deer starts to his feet, the snly bear looks growling round his den, the birds fly screaming far away, while a host of little children, playing round a shanty in a neighbouring clearance, shout, with happy faces,—“Daddy has got down another!” The student of nature may then reflect on the uncertainty of all earthly greatness and grandeur, when even the mighty, majestic Pine, which has stood in all its beauty and pride before the winds of heaven, for five hundred years, falls beneath the blows of an obscure back-woodsman, never more to be seen in its place.

The uses of the Pine are very many and varied. The physician finds a very valuable drug in its resinous juice, and to the carpenter, joiner and cabinet maker, its timber is invaluable. The pre-

paring and carrying of Pine timber, in the British Provinces, gives employment to an immense number of men; and the number of ships which annually resort to the Port of Quebec, to be loaded with this timber for the British isles, is astonishing, but well calculated to give a vast idea of the trade of our Fatherland, when such an immense number of ships are required for this trade alone.

Consider the innumerable uses to which Pine timber is applied; calculate the wants of twenty-five millions of people, every one of whom requires the constant use of this timber, as it is universally used in building their houses, from the humble cot of the peasant, to the lofty palace of the peer. It enters into the composition of household furniture; it is found in the royal grand piano-forte of the princely drawing room, and in the blind man's siddle; it is indispensable, for masts and maces; it forms packing boxes for British goods, and the British people are buried in it. It often ruins the thoughtless lumberman, and enriches the calculating merchant; it swells the British revenue, and clothes the Canadian people. It employs the Canadian *habitan*, and the British mechanic and artizan. In short, its uses are universal, and the effects of it are found in every corner of Britain, and on every river of British North America. We may well enquire into the nature of a tree so very important as this, and to supply the place of which, were it exhausted, you might in vain search the world.

The White Pine, Mast Pine or Five-leaved Pine, for it is known by all these names, is a native of North America, and is found in the Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

### HABITS OF THE WHITE PINE.

*Soil.*—The soil proper for raising young White Pines is a light sandy soil, and it is nothing the worse for being rocky, but it must at all events be moist, not absolutely as wet as a swamp, but a soil partaking of the nature of a swamp. But as a sandy soil best suits the nature of the Pine, it is necessary that it lie over a subsoil of strong clay, unry clay, hard till or smooth limestone rock, either of which will prevent the water re-

ceived from being absorbed too deeply into the earth, but will keep it on or near the surface of the earth, where the roots of the Pine are spread. By this disposition of the different strata of the earths a sufficient quantity of water is retained in the sandy soil to maintain the young Pine in full health and vigor. The superficial stratum of sand in which the Pine delights to stand, may be from two to three feet in thickness, and of a fine grain and reddish colour; sufficiently loose to allow the roots to spread freely far from the radix, and sufficiently firm to support the tree when it is shaken by the stormy winds, which frequently threaten destruction to the beautiful trees which constitute the glory of our immense forests.

As the Pine is most frequently seen growing on high ridges, it might be supposed that a dry soil would be the best to plant young pines in; this however is by no means the case, but a wet soil, such as that already mentioned, should be chosen. All trees, as they increase in size, have a tendency to dry the land in which they grow. The roots of the trees, as they grow and accumulate in the ground, will raise it up, and as the neighbouring rivulets are continually though slowly deepening their channels, which are the drains ordained by nature to dry the land through which they run, the land will thus be run dry, slowly it is true, but surely; and as a Pine is some hundreds years in growing to its full size and best perfection, and as it requires a rather moist soil when young, we may be satisfied that the slow method of draining adopted by nature is exactly suited to the nature of the tree. Hence it is as rare to find an aged Pine in a wet soil, as it is to find a young one on a dry ridge.

*Situation.*—The situation proper for the seeds of the White Pine to be sown on, in order to raise a thrifty grove of Pine timber, is an open field with no trees to shelter the young Pines from the free air and light. It matters not whether the spot be high or low, if the soil suits its nature.

*Form.*—That part of the Pine placed in the earth called the root, is composed of an immense number of parts. The *radix*, or lower end of the trunk, is first divided into three or more parts, which compose the main root. These are in general only partially covered with the earth; the parts of them next the stump, being above ground, are exposed to the air. These large roots send out leaders, which proceed to a distance of thirty or forty feet from the centre. These leaders continue very near the surface of the ground, seldom penetrating more than eight or ten inches deep. From the leading roots on every side proceed the radical roots. These dip into the earth as deep as the subsoil, which, resisting their further descent, forces them to run along its surface,

where they divide into innumerable small roots which twist about in every direction, until the whole of the circle marked out by the leading roots is firmly bound together, and formed into one mass of earth and roots, of such great weight and solidity, that the tree cannot be overturned except by the strongest blast of the storm. The roots of the Pine are so completely saturated with resin that they will remain in a sound state in the earth long after the tree has been cut down. This durability of the roots of the Pine, causes the tree to be dreaded by such persons as wish to settle on the land on which they grow, as there is no hope of seeing them removed by rotting away, and their great size and weight makes it very expensive to remove them by digging out.

From the root proceeds the trunk, which rises perpendicularly to the height of from sixty to one hundred feet, or more, forming a smooth dark column of timber, free from branches. This is the part of the tree used as timber, and is the only part cared for by the lumberman. This column, to be fit to make timber of, must be free from decayed parts, as a very small rotten spot would cause the log to be culled, which when done at Quebec after he has been at the expense of carrying it perhaps five or six hundred miles, is a heavy loss to the lumberman. Over the shaft or column is placed the top, from which spread the branches. The length of the top is from fifty to one hundred feet, so that the whole height of the tree is often near two hundred feet. The top of the Pine is conical, the longest branches generally pointing eastward.

*Food.*—The Pine is placed in the earth for support, as it could not have grown in a perpendicular direction unless it were firmly fixed in the earth. Its radial roots serve the double purpose of fixing it in the ground and of drawing the necessary supply of nourishment from the earth. The Pine lives principally on water and gasses; there is nothing earthy in its composition, nor has it much necessity to be planted in the earth, but that it may be supported in an upright position, and that it may receive a regular supply of water, which it has no means of obtaining otherwise than by its roots. There is no tree so nice in its food as the Pine: it may be said to live on air—but then the air must be pure and untainted by any tree of another species. Plant a Pine under the shadow of another tree, even under the shadow of its own kind; it will live perhaps a few years, but it will be a poor, weakly, consumptive thing, which will never attain to any eminence, but die for want of nourishment, even in the morning of its days; although the trees around it may be revelling in all the luxuries of vegetable high life. Even a branch of the Pine, if shaded



by the foliage of another tree, will not endure to breathe the air which comes to it thus contaminated. The Pine, accordingly, raises its head far above all other trees, so that its whole dark conical head is above all the trees of the hardwood kinds; and this great elevation of the Pine seems contrived for no other reason whatever than to enable it to live in the midst of trees of the hardwood kinds. Plant a Pine by itself in an open field and it will not assume any greater eminence than other trees; but plant it along with others, and it will shoot above them or pine away. If it succeed in getting above the other trees of the hardwood kinds, it will still keep above them, but every branch of it left in the shade of the hardwoods will die, although the tree itself may live and thrive. From this we might almost be led to believe that each branch of the Pine lives independent of all the others. We see, by this dying of the shaded branches of the Pine, that the gasses inhaled by the leaves of one branch afford little or nothing as food to the other branches, but are almost wholly retained by that one whose leaves took them from the air. When we examine the manner in which the branch of a Pine joins the trunk of the tree, we will see that the food received by one branch could hardly be circulated to another, as the branch of the Pine is inserted into the parent stem, rather as a stake is inserted into the ground than as an actual part of the tree, so that a Pine tree is rather a community of small trees growing out of, or rather stuck into, a common trunk, than one tree whose parts depend upon each other. It is fortunate, however, that this is the case—that the branch of the Pine will not live in the shade of other trees—as it is to this deficiency of constitution that we owe the form of the Pine. Could the branch of the Pine have lived in the shade, then a Pine tree would only have presented a great dark cone of branches and foliage, but it would have been of no use as a timber tree; it might have done very well to decorate a park or pleasure-ground, or avenue, but not a ship would ever have been chartered on its account. We see, then, to what a nice circumstance we owe our trade in Pine timber—to this, namely, that no Pine, or branch of a Pine, can breathe the air which has been deteriorated by the breathing of other trees, and live.

As the Pine has assumed its present form, and consequently its commercial importance, from the circumstance that its branches cannot live under the shadow of another tree, so this circumstance will also sooner or later put an end to the trade, for it will work the ruin of the Pine as an article of commerce, and indeed will go far to exterminate the whole species, unless the art of man

should come to its aid to prevent its total extinction. It is a fact, known to all who have traversed our Pine forests, that not a single young Pine is to be found, where old Pines, or full grown hardwood is to be seen growing. There is not a young Pine in any of our forests, where the forest is in a natural state; and for this simple reason, no Pine, young or old, will grow and thrive under the shadow of any tree whatever, for there the air is not pure, and the want of pure air inevitably kills the Pine. This is not the case with other trees; the Maple, the Beech, the Elm, the Birch, and other hardwood trees, will grow and thrive under the shadow of the Pine, or any other tree, nearly as well as in the open field, but then these trees obtain the greater part of their food from the earth, and they gratefully return every year a supply of nourishment to the earth. Not so the Pine. It indeed annually throws down its leaves, but these having little that is earthy in their composition, resolve themselves almost wholly into gas, and are absorbed by the air from whence they came. In all our Pine woods we every where see abundant crops of young hardwood springing up; this is the case on all land where hardwood will grow, and we very seldom see a grove of young Pines, even in wet lands, for the same reason that we do not see them on dry or moist land, to wit, the ground is already occupied by trees of another kind, under whose branches the Pine will not, cannot, live. Were a large tract of our country to have all the wood growing thereon cut down and destroyed by some means, natural or artificial, and then left to be planted by nature, the Pine would immediately take possession of all the moist part of the land, and the hardwoods of the dry portion; if the soil were of a certain quality, that is light, sandy soil, not wet, nor very dry, but partaking of the nature of both, then there would be a mixture of Pine, Hemlock, Spruce and hard woods. Even on the driest of land, the seeds of the Pine will germinate, but although they may grow for a few years, yet it will not be a healthy grove, and every tree will show, by the time it is twenty years old, that it is destined to die in its youth. The cause of this is that the Pine, when it has arrived at a certain size, cannot obtain a sufficient supply of water from a dry soil, to support it; although this might not affect it when it was very young and small, and when its bark was thin and tender, when it might have absorbed moisture through its bark from the atmosphere, which it cannot do when it has grown older, and its bark has become rough and hard; and as its wants have enlarged with its growth, without the supply having been increased in the least, it must of necessity die from the mere want

of water. Thus, in consequence of the want of sufficient water, a young growing Pine, when its bark begins to get rough, gets rickety or scrubby, as it is commonly called; it becomes crooked, and mis-shapen; and looks as if it had arrived at old age before its time. It may continue to live for a few years, but will assuredly die of disease, brought on by the want of the proper nourishment required to give health and vigor to the young tree. An old Pine will however live many years, perhaps hundreds, after the ground it grows on has become, by the natural draining, too dry for a young growing Pine to thrive on; and the reason is obvious, as trees, like animals, come to maturity in a certain term of years, and when they have attained their growth, they can live in a different soil from that which they required when young. When they have ceased to make timber, or at most to make but very little, a small quantity of nourishment suffices to keep them alive; for an aged tree merely exists,—it cannot be said to grow.

As the White Pine cannot live and thrive under the shadow of other trees, and consequently there are no young Pines growing up to supply the place of those daily cut down, as well as those which die of disease or old age, it follows that the Pine will soon become scarce in Canada, and cease to exist as a commercial commodity. Our domestic consumption is on the increase, and the external demand also appears, from the Custom House returns, to be enlarged, and as our people, either thoughtlessly, or from necessity, or from some other cause, seem to take no thought about preserving the Pine, it is to be feared that it will become scarce, long before we are prepared for its disappearance from our country.

The last crop of White Pine which will ever grow in Canada for commercial purposes is now past its maturity. In the best grove of White Pine now to be found, scarcely half of the trees are fit to be made into timber for the foreign market, and in many stately groves, not a tenth are useful to the lumberman. The Pine, as we see it now, is generally in a state of decay, either from disease or old age; there are therefore now only a certain number of good Pines in the country, and every day they are becoming fewer; it would however, be of little use to stay the lumber trade in the hope of preserving the Pine for domestic use, for as no future supply is preparing, and as the present is past maturity and consequently in a state of decay, which every year will be accelerated by natural causes, they may as well be cut down and sold, for otherwise they would be altogether lost, as they must, like every other organic body, perish, and that before we could use

them for our domestic purposes. Already has the lumberman penetrated far into the interior of the country in search of Pine; already has he advanced some hundreds of miles up the Ottawa and its tributaries, in quest of this valuable timber, and he has not ascended that noble river in vain; but the great distance which he has gone to find a profitable grove, may well admonish the friends of the lumber trade, that that trade is doomed to cease, from the circumstance that no young Pines are growing in our forests, nor ever can grow, so long as the land is covered by other trees, whose shadow is fatal to the prosperity of young Pine timber.

Superficial observers may very easily be led to believe, from a cursory glance at the forests of Canada, that our Pine timber is inexhaustible, as the Pine is so very common over all the vale of Lake Ontario and the course of the Ottawa and its tributaries; but when it is observed that the Pines seen are all aged, (for the young trees are so few that they do not merit nor attract attention,) and when it is farther observed that by far the greatest majority are in a state of decay, then the illusion will cease, and the observer will readily acknowledge that the Pine will soon be no more seen in its place.

The question may be asked, would it not be well, in order to preserve the Pine timber trade, to plant it largely over the country? The Pine Timber trade cannot be preserved by planting it now. Twenty years after this, Pine timber will be found only in places too far distant from Quebec to afford any profit, from the business, to the lumberman, and before the present century shall become a period that was, a bowsprit for a first rate line-of-battle ship will not be found within five hundred miles of Montreal. Now, if we were even to commence planting during the present year, the two-and-twentieth century would have arrived before the Pines now planted would be fit to be made into timber for a foreign trade, although for domestic purposes they would indeed be useful long before that period. Now if our present supply is to be exhausted before the end of this century, it is very clear that we may as well not waste our energies in planting Pine, in the vain hope of preserving a trade which is doomed to become extinct, for the want of a supply of trees advancing to maturity.

As Pines may and ought to be planted, to meet our domestic demand, the following plan may be adopted:

A piece of land may be selected which is too wet and rough to be useful for raising grain, and where draining would be too expensive to allow a profit on the outlay for that improvement; from such a piece of land let all the growing tim-

bre be removed, or if that be deemed too expensive, then kill all the trees thereon by girdling or any other expedient. The land may then be planted with young Pine trees, to the amount of about forty to the acre, and the spaces between the Pines may be planted with such hardwoods as will grow on the soil, such as elm, birch, ash, soft maple, &c.; these hardwood trees growing up, will compel the Pines to exert themselves to attain a tall and straight growth, that they may not be left to perish under the shadow of the trees among which they stand; and there need be no fear of the result, for the Pine will rise above the hardwood kinds, and assume all the stateliness so natural to it, when placed among other trees of its own age. If planted among dead and leafless trees the Pine will thrive as well as if the land were cleared entirely, for dead trees do not respire, and of course do not deteriorate the atmosphere around them, and as the shadow of leafless trees is not intense, the slight obstruction to the sun's rays would cause little injury to the young Pine trees. By following this method of preparing the ground for the young plantation, no great expense would be incurred, and as the ground recommended as the scene of the planter's operations is of little value otherwise, there is little doubt that in the course of fifty years a very comfortable return would be received for the capital employed, and the interest thereon.

The form of the Pine is not only very beautiful, but it is sublime: it is always a striking and very important object in every landscape where it is seen. The great height of the Pine is itself very wonderful, as it often rises to near two hundred feet from the ground, with a clean stem of one hundred feet, over which the dark green conical top waves in the clear and pure atmosphere. In its boughs, the eagle, the falcon, and the crow cradle their young; and from its top the crane surveys the neighboring lakes and rivers, secure from molestation by his terrestrial enemies. In the decayed parts of its trunk, the woodpecker, the hawk, and the owl have their nests, and the squirrel his hoard of nuts. Its cones afford the crossbill an agreeable and wholesome repast, and its rough bark gives shelter to myriads of insects;—so very useful is the Pine to the animal creation.

But while we admire the Pine for its grand and majestic bearing, we may remember the Creator, who has displayed so much providence and prescience in its formation. The form of the Pine is so important to its existence, that if it had been formed otherwise than conical it could not have lived to see a second generation. The Pine can only live while it enjoys the light of the sun and the pure air, and each of its

branches lives only while it enjoys the same indispensable necessities; and as the conical form is the only one which allows every branch to participate of the light and air, so it was wisely given to the Pine. As, however, only a few of the branches nearest the top produce seed, we may see the greater advantages of their situation, as doubtless the fruitfulness of these branches is owing to their entire freedom from any obstruction of the sun's rays, and to the complete purity of the air. The lower branches, being subject to some interruption of the light, and perhaps to a less pure air, never produce seed.

The leaves of the Pine are long and very narrow, being about four inches in length and the twenty-fourth of an inch in breadth. They have very much the appearance of hair, and they are placed all around the young shoots. This form of the leaves seems designed by nature to secure the tree against being blown down in storms—an admirable arrangement; for when they are blown upon by the wind, they readily turn their points away from it, and then their small size presents nothing more than mere points to the action of the breeze, so that it cannot take sufficient hold of the leaves either to blow them off, or to break the branches upon which they grow. Thus the safety of the tree is secured, which could not have been done had large broad leaves been given to the Pine; for, as the great height of the Pine places its top in the most dangerous situation when the hurricane passes over the land, so large leaves would have presented a great surface for the wind to act upon, and the consequence would have been that in every storm the tree would be in imminent danger either of being blown down or of having all its leaves stripped off, which would have undoubtedly killed it. But by clothing it in long narrow leaves, which readily yield to even a gentle wind, the tree is emboldened to lift its head above all others, and to offer its branches to the wind without greater danger than falls to the lot of its more humble neighbors, which surround its majestic column.

The form of the leaves of the Pine is triangular, and two of its angles are finely serrated along its whole length, like the edges of a duck's bill, for the purpose of minutely dividing the air when it passes through the leaves of the pine points, another reason why it has such long and slender leaves. The hard-wood trees have not in general more than one or two leaves on each three inches of their twigs. On the same length of twig the pine will have one hundred and twenty, and the serrated angles of each leaf presents four hundred and fifty points to the action of the air; every one of these points may be a feeler, so that every one inch of the twig of a pine will

have eighteen thousand points by which it receives nourishment. It is very wonderful that so large a body as the pine should obtain all its nourishment through tubes so very fine as to be scarcely perceptible to the human touch, or to the sight of the naked eye, but such is the case. If the Pine had no greater number of leaves than the hardwood trees it is evident that it would perish from the want of the means of taking its food, for the large leaves of the maple, beech, and others, do not admit of any thing near the number of leaves being placed upon the tree which the fine hair-like form of the pine leaves admit of; nor could they offer the same advantages in searching the air which the fine leaves of the Pine give.

From the fact that the Pine cannot live without freely enjoying the air and light, we perceive the necessity of its branches assuming the conical form, as that is the arrangement which admits every branch to a participation of blessings so indispensable to the well being of this tree; and in this disposition of the head of the Pine, we see another marked instance of the wisdom and universal providence extended by the Creator to all his works.

When the Pine is cut off below its leafy branches, it never springs young shoots from the root or from the stump, as hardwood trees do. The cause of the Pine never growing after its leaves have been all removed, is to be found in the fact that its principal nourishment is extracted from the air, and as it cannot obtain food from the air when deprived of its natural feeders, the leaves, it necessarily dies. As the hardwood kinds draw their principal food from the earth by their roots, they may, and often do live after all their leaves have been removed by violence; as the Pine draws its principle food from the air, it becomes necessary that it preserve its leaves during the winter, that they may be ready to feed the tree in the spring, by which the tree is set a-growing again; and as the old leaves are of no use after a sufficient number of new leaves have been produced, they fall off and leave the young and active leaves to do their duty, which they could not so well do, were they partly shaded by their predecessors.

The White Pine and the Red Man came into Canada at the same time; they will leave it together; the White Pine dies under the shadow of the hardwood, the Red Man cannot dwell and thrive where the white man builds his house and ploughs the field.

## THE COUNTRY OF THE SIKHS.

In our June number, we gave some extracts descriptive of the "Country of the Sikhs," a people of whom little had been heard, until the recent events which have taken place in India called them into notice, but respecting whom, since then, considerable curiosity has been expressed. In this number, we give a few additional extracts, which we think will not be deficient in interest:—

### THE PUNJAB.

The animal kingdom is abundant in the Punjab—game of various kinds is common, but the tigers and other beasts of prey are now rare. Herds of cattle are numerous, but the breed is often small and bad, whilst flocks of sheep are unknown. More attention has been paid of late to the raising of horses, the best variety being the *Dunni horse*, bred in the *duab* between the *Jilum* and *Indus*. They are, however, small, compared to the large horses of Britain; and when *Barnes* took some English dray horses to *Ranjee Singh*, as a present, the people compared them to elephants, and affirmed that, "on beholding their shoes, the new moon turned pale with envy, and nearly disappeared from the sky." The horses, however, serve to mount the cavalry of the Sikhs. The mules common on the *Jilum* are very strong, and carry heavy loads; whilst, in the extreme south, the camel is more frequently employed for transporting goods.

The Punjab is not deficient in wealth from the mineral kingdom. Gold has been procured from the sands of the *Indus* and *Chenab*, where they leave the mountains. Coal has also been dug in the hills near *Mundl*; and near it are mines of iron, from which enough of that metal has been procured to supply the armourers and gunsmiths, who, under the direction of French officers, manufacture weapons for the Sikhs. Between the *Jilum* and *Indus* is the range of salt mountains, running parallel to the *Himalayn*, and about 2,000 feet high. They consist of sandstone, in highly inclined beds; and hence the declivities are steep, often almost precipitous, bare, and destitute of all vegetation, contrasting singularly with the rich plains at their base. In this chain hot springs often burst out, and alum, sulphur, and antimony are found. Many of the valleys and hollows are full of red earth, considered as a sign of the occurrence of the rock salt. At *Kalabagh*, where the chain crosses the *Indus*, curious looking masses, a hundred feet high, of reddish crystalline salt, rise above the river. The town is built on rocks of this substance, and roads are cut into it, by which huge

blocks of salt are conveyed to the boats, in which it is shipped to other parts of the country. At *Pind Dadan Khan*, where the *Jilum* crosses the chain, are almost quarries of salt, in which Burnes found about a hundred people employed, who were not less astonished at the sight of an European than he was by the splendour of the walls of massive salt. The principal mine is at the village of Keora, a few miles distant. The shaft is narrow, and runs in a sloping direction for above 350 yards, into the mountain, where it opens into a vast cavern, a hundred feet high, cut out of the solid salt rock. This forms beds about a foot or eighteen inches thick, standing nearly perpendicular, and separated from each other by layers of clay an eighth of an inch thick. The salt is mostly compact and reddish, but becomes white when broken up. These mines seem inexhaustible; and, it is said, a quarter million pounds weight are extracted every day, or eighty million pounds annually. The salt is exported to most parts of India, being much valued for medicinal purposes; but it is not good for preserving meat, being probably mixed with magnesia. It is a monopoly of the government, and consequently has been turned from a blessing into a source of great misery and oppression to the people in the vicinity, who are compelled to work in the mines by the most frightful cruelties.

Many towns and villages are spread through the rich plains of the Panjab, some of which have been identified with the places visited by the Grecian conqueror. The most important are Lahore, the Capital of the Sikhs, and Umritsir, their holy city. The former lies in a fruitful plain on the banks of the Ravee, which forms a navigable communication with the Indus in all its branches, and by the main stream with the ocean, above which it is elevated about 900 feet. It contains 80,000 inhabitants, and the neighbouring country could feed an army of as many men.—It is surrounded by brick walls, and a ditch that can be filled from the waters of the river. The finest buildings are remains of ancient times, among which the mosque of *Aurangzeb*, with four lofty minarets, and built of red sandstone, but now converted into a powder magazine, is the most remarkable. Many others of the mosques, like this, profaned by the Sikhs to common uses, also deserve notice. The most splendid building is, however, the *Schah Dura*, or the tomb of the Emperor *Jehangir*, a square building, with minarets seventy feet high on the corners, composed of alternate rows of marble and redstone. The interior is highly ornamented, and the sepulchre is inscribed with about a hundred words in Arabic and Persian, all different names of the

Deity. This tomb was once covered by a dome, but *Bahadour Schah* caused it to be removed, that the dew and rain of heaven might fall on the grave of his ancestor. This fine building was, when seen by Burnes, a barrack for some regiments of Sikhs, who show no respect for the religion or memory of former rulers. The first of these were Hindoo rajahs, from whom it passed to their Mahomedan conquerors. Under the Great Moguls, it had its highest splendour in the reigns of Akbar and Schah *Jehangir*, when it was the Capital of the Panjab. At that time the eastern geographers describe it as surrounded by fine gardens, enriched by the gold sand from the neighbouring rivers, and the residence of the most skillful artificers and the most enterprising merchants. Its rulers then planted trees along all the roads, to shield the traveller from the sun, whilst ice and snow were brought from the mountains to cool their luxurious halls. At present it is greatly declined, but its markets are still much frequented, and many pilgrims throng to the tombs of its saints. It is also of importance as a military post, though, from the number of its people, incapable of enduring a regular siege.

## NATIONAL MUSIC.

WHEN a striking contrast exists between the national music of Scotland and that of Ireland! Both excel in harmony and beauty, and both are totally opposite in character and expression. While you are led to admire the sweet simplicity and deep pathos that speaks in every note of Scottish melody, still Erin's numbers convey to the mind of the listener a feeling of a heart-breaking, heart-heaving description—indeed, such an one as cannot be described—at least, by any other than a son or daughter of the Green Isle. I was led to remark this, a few evenings since, while listening to the sweet and thrilling melody of "The Banshee," from the "Songs of the Campaign," by "Harry Lorrequer." It is, without exception, one of the most truly Irish songs I have ever met with, and is not excelled by any of Moore's choicest melodies. You can almost fancy in the thrilling symphony which precedes the song that you hear the wild and unearthly wail of the fairy, warning the departing Spirit that his last hour is nigh; while the concluding strains strongly resemble the low, and feeble accent of expiring nature, murmuring a last and sad farewell to all that is loved best on earth.

M. H. S.

Beaulharnois, June, 1846

# CELLARIUS WALTZ, No. I.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks such as accents and slurs.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. It features similar notation to the first system, including treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The music is characterized by rhythmic patterns and melodic lines in both hands.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The notation continues with treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The piece maintains its waltz tempo and character through this section.

The fourth and final system of musical notation consists of two staves. The music concludes with a *Fine.* marking. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The piece ends with a final cadence.

CELLARIUS WALTZ.

333

First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. Dynamic markings include *ff<sup>mo</sup>* and *dim. p*. The system contains complex rhythmic patterns and slurs.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. Dynamic markings include *dim. p* and *ff*. The system contains complex rhythmic patterns and slurs.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. Dynamic markings include *ff*. The system contains complex rhythmic patterns and slurs.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. Dynamic markings include *ff<sup>mo</sup>* and *dim. p*. The system contains complex rhythmic patterns and slurs.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. Dynamic markings include *ff* and *dim. p*. The system concludes with the instruction *D.C.* (Da Capo).

## OUR TABLE.

THE CRUSADES, AND OTHER POEMS: BY JOHN BREAKENRIDGE.—*Kingston, John Rowlands, 1846.*

THIS volume, the appearance of which we noticed in our last number, is now before us, and we are happy to state that it fully bears out the anticipations we then expressed. We feel that it deserves at our hand a more extended notice than we can generally give in the pages of "Our Table."

"The Crusades" is not as the reader, might infer, an epic or lengthened poem on the subject, but a series of detached pieces, descriptive of some of the principal events of that brilliant epoch of history. It is from this portion that the "Crusaders' Hymn before Jerusalem," inserted in our June number, was extracted.

The poem which might more appropriately have given title to the volume, is that with which it is closed, "Laiza: a Tale of Slavery." This, the author informs us in his preface, was in an unfinished state, at the first publication of his prospectus, which induced him to give to the work the title under which it was originally advertised, and which it now bears. This poem contains some very glowing descriptions of tropical scenery and adventure, "founded solely," says Mr. Breakenridge, "upon my reading; and should I, in such things, have fallen into error, I hope a lenient judgment will be exercised." So far as we can judge from *our* reading, the descriptions are accurate as well as impressive, and the list of authors whom he cites, proves that his researches have been by no means confined.

The First Canto of "Laiza," opens with a description of the hero, a regal chief of Abyssinia, to which station he had wrought his way by his energetic will, and practised scymitar:

But now, ambition's summit reached,  
One lingering sorrow still remained;  
Young, brave and beautiful, his soul  
Yearned for some dark-eyed maiden's love,  
Worthy the dreams that filled his heart.

Of course the wished-for heroine, soon makes her appearance, and she is thus introduced:

Fair was the spot, yet strangely wild:  
The lake—a sheet of silver—lay  
Bosomed in granite rocks, high piled,  
In a rude, rough, fantastic way.  
There gorges deep, and clefts appeared,  
As if the rocks, by thunder riven,  
An hundred yawning vistas cleared,  
To open on that fairy heaven—  
That lake translucent, where the hues  
That filled the air that sunbright day,  
Mirrored upon its bosom true,  
Like some sweet vision, gleaming lay;  
That isle, whose ruined temples stood,  
The chronicles of ages past—  
Whose mighty pyramids of stone  
Spoke of a Titan birth—a brood

Of giants crumbled into dust:  
There lay white marble terraces,  
Shedding beneath the Nubian sky;  
There massive pillars shot aloft,  
Yet seemed they, to the wondering eye,  
Airy and light, as if the elves  
A fairy palace there had reared.  
There, too, the lofty palm arose;  
And through the ruined walls appeared  
The gum acacia's flowering head,  
And creeping vines, with purple flowers.  
And there, upon a rose-leaf bed,  
Reclining in an odoriferous bowyer,  
Young Zillah lay, with throbbing heart,  
And eyes that did with dew-drops fill;  
And, save the maiden's troubled sighs,  
The air around was calm and still.

This "Island Queen" has no lack of suitors, wealthy and noble—as wealth and nobility are counted in those climes—but all their advances have been met coldly and proudly by the fair damsel, to the surprise yet gratification of her old father, happy thus to retain his beloved child by his side.

The chief whose suit the father most encourages, is "Hoti, the dark Somali King," of whom we are told, that

Reigning upon the Eastern coast  
Hoti a cruel traffic drove  
In human-flesh, his dearest sport  
Was, at an army's head, to rove  
In quest of slaves; and, year by year,  
He brought in thousands to the shore,  
Those who the sacred words should hear  
Of country, love, and home, no more.

He has long been a covert enemy of his neighbouring chief, Laiza, and seems destined to become his rival in love as well as in politics. Despite his "wide domains, his kingly name," he is rejected by Zillah as haughtily as her former wooers, but is rudely pressing his suit, when a stranger interposes to save the maiden from insult. This, as may be guessed, is Laiza, who in the consequent strife, leaves Hoti stretched almost lifeless on the ground. The Somali king is recovered by the kind tending of the forgiving Zillah, and her father; but even his weak state fails to soften the heart of the Island Queen, and he at length departs from the island, muttering vows of vengeance. Laiza again saves Zillah, by killing a fierce crocodile which had attacked her while bathing, and the intimacy thus commenced soon ripens into love. Occasion is here taken to introduce, as related by the Abyssinian chief, the following legend, versified from the "Crescent and the Cross"—

There dwell amid those moonlit hills,  
Long centuries ago, a youth  
Whose only fortune were his flocks,  
Health, strength, and simple truth:  
One morn, as thoughtful, sad, and lone,  
He sat beside a mountain rill,



In dreams a monarch, he did own  
 Valley, and lake, and hill;  
 His banner on the breeze was borne;  
 His arm in battle feared;  
 At noon and night, at eve and morn,  
 A crowd of suppliant slaves appeared,  
 Bending before his jewelled throne.  
 He 'woke—and, save the murmuring rill,  
 And bleating of his sheep alone,  
 No sound the mountain gorge did fill:  
 In anger then he raised his staff,  
 And hurled it, quivering, at the rock,  
 While rose a wild unearthly laugh—  
 The mountains trembled at the shock,  
 Straight where the narrow stream came forth  
 The shepherd's staff unerring went;  
 The bubbling fountain ceased to spring;  
 No more in silver course was bent  
 Tow'rd the fair lake that lay below:  
 The shepherd heeded not, but took  
 His homeward way, and murmured sore,  
 Repining for his ancient crook,  
 Which from his boyhood's years he bore.  
 Months flew along—the burning sun  
 With summer heat came fiercely down;  
 Strange murmurs through the country ran—  
 'The ancient Nile they said had flown!  
 Soon couriers came from Egypt's King,  
 And did through all the land proclaim,  
 That he who back the Nile would bring  
 To its old bed, the hand should claim  
 Of the King's daughter, young and fair,  
 And should o'er Abyssinia reign,  
 And half his mighty kingdom share.  
 The shepherd youth the story heard,  
 And then high dreams his heart did fill:  
 The couriers of the King he led  
 Up to the oft frequented rill;  
 But now no stream fell trickling there;  
 All was a lone and dreary waste;  
 The lake that once gleamed white and fair,  
 By a deep gully was replaced.  
 Lo! when he reached the ancient spring,  
 He drew from thence a shepherd's staff,  
 And saw a bubbling streamlet fling  
 Its waters forth with jocund laugh;  
 And on—and on—and on it flowed,  
 Nor ceased at eve or dewy morn;  
 And soon the fairy lake appeared,  
 With the bright look it erst had worn.  
 Osiris, in his temples grins,  
 'Twas thought in Egypt, wore a smile  
 To welcome the life-giver back—  
 Father of rivers—glorious Nile!  
 At length the shepherd's dream came true;  
 He bore away the princess fair;  
 And, born to rule, his kingdom grew,  
 Wide as my own dominions are.

Laïza reaches the island, on the morning that was to have witnessed his bridal, only to find the dwelling of his betrothed in ashes, her father murdered, and herself carried off by the merciless Hoti.

The opening of the second Canto, shows us Zillah, in Berbera, the capital of Hoti's petty kingdom, still persecuted by the addresses of that chief, but still repulsing them with aversion. Laïza has summoned his warriors to his side, and

encamping under the walls of Berbera, claims his bride from Hoti. The claim is haughtily rejected, and a battle ensues, which is detailed with considerable vigour. It closes, however, without very decisive success on either side, and in a council of his chiefs held that night, Hoti unfolds his wily plan for the destruction of their enemy.

"Chieftains!" he said, "this night I send  
 This message to the coward foe:  
 Once more be Hoti Laïza's friend—  
 No more our people's blood should flow:  
 To Laïza's camp, to-morrow's dawn,  
 Zillah, the Nubian girl, returns;  
 For now I know for him alone  
 Her spotless bosom purely burns;  
 This done, let Laïza's troops retire,  
 Nor longer waste with sword and fire  
 This realm we call our own:  
 And Zillah, too, shall send him word,  
 That she, when morning dawns, is free  
 To fly to him: his heart, thus stirred,  
 Lulled into trusting faith will be:  
 Then, when the midnight hour has come—  
 When sleep his wearied men o'erpowers—  
 Laïza, and all his hated host,  
 And vengeance, too, are mine—are ours."

The plot succeeds; Zillah is made the unconsentuous betrayer of her lover, and Laïza falls into the hands of his rival, while his followers are overpowered, slain or captured. Ere this consummation, however, a new party has appeared upon the scene:

Scarcely had the moon an hour to show  
 Her disk, until her light should fade  
 Below th' horizon, when a bark  
 Was silently at anchor hid  
 Below the town, and from her side  
 A boat, by six good oars propelled,  
 Did swiftly o'er the waters glide;  
 Nonsuited her course, and shoreward held:  
 Above the bark, a moment more,  
 The fair white canvas drooping hung:  
 Soon, a shrill call, that reached the shore,  
 Was o'er the rippling waters rung;  
 Then by the moonlight pale were seen  
 Dark forms outlying on the spars;  
 And when, upon the waters green,  
 Naught glimmered save the twinkling stars,  
 The long dark hull lay lone and still;  
 The thin light yards looked bare and white;  
 The sails were furled: the vessel seemed  
 Ill-omened as the lowering night.

To the captain of this vessel, the victor chief sells his captives, with other slaves, whom he had collected in expectation of his arrival:

'T was noon, when 'neath the sun's hot beam  
 There 'rose to Heaven a piercing scream,  
 A cry of mingled fear and pain,  
 As some poor wretch implored, in vain,  
 Death from the sullen victor's hands,  
 Who, gathered then in swartly bands,  
 Their barter made; with careless eye  
 Prostrate beheld their victims lie;  
 Saw from her husband's arms the wife

Turn, 'rest of all save worthless life ;  
Beheld the old and trembling sire  
Beneath the burning brand expire,  
While near him lay his gallant boy,  
His pride, his hope, his father's joy,  
From ev'ry hope of honour torn,  
Mute, weeping, joyless, and forlorn :  
Yet never to one eye arose  
A tear to mourn the fate of those  
Who thus were borne, in grief and chains,  
From their own Afric's burning plains,

Laïza alone now remains. Hoti summons  
Zillah to his presence, and producing her lover,  
pronounces the doom of slavery upon him.

Zillah beheld, with haggard air,  
Her lover bound, and captive there ;  
Then kneeling down at Hoti's feet—  
"O, as thou hop'st," she cried, "to meet,  
Whene'er shall come thy fatal hour,  
Humbled, beneath another's power,  
With mercy, and the boon of life,  
Grant Laïza's liberty, and I—  
O, horror!—I will be thy wife,  
Though the next moment I should die."

But Laïza implores her not to sacrifice herself  
thus in vain, and vows that she shall never be the  
bride of his rival :—

Then rage possessed King Hoti's soul :  
Wildly his eyeballs 'gau to roll :  
He sprang to Zillah, kneeling there,  
And fierce exclaimed—" Fool, you may spare  
Permission, which I need not now ;  
Hast thou not heard thy Zillah's vow ?"  
Thus speaking, 'round the maiden's form  
His arms he cast ; and then a storm  
Of fury rose in Laïza's breast ;  
His teeth were set, his lips compressed ;  
With mighty struggles heaved his chest.  
Meanwhile, in Hoti's arms, the maid  
Convulsive struggled, wept, and prayed ;  
But all in vain, his wiry arm  
Tressed her upon his bosom warm :  
Breathless, bewildered, then she cried—  
"O, Laïza, save me—save thy bride !"  
Alas! he could not, though he tried  
To break the rope his hands that tied :  
Just then there flashed on Zillah's mind  
The dagger, and she strove to find  
The glitt'ring steel, her only shield,  
That 'neath her robe she had concealed ;  
She grasped the hilt, and backward leant,  
So that her form from Hoti bent ;  
Then, with a quick, convulsive start,  
She plunged the dagger in his heart.  
With one loud curse and dying yell  
The cruel Hoti backward fell ;  
One moment lingered still the life,  
And quivered 'neath the reeking knife,  
His stalwart limbs ; then with a groan,  
His soul to other worlds had flown.

The chiefs rush to revenge the death of their  
king upon Zillah and her lover, but the hapless  
pair are saved by the captain of the slaver, who  
interposes, and by the aid of his crew, carries  
both off on board his ship.

In the Third Canto, the slave ship, after a  
perilous voyage, reaches her destination in one of

the West India Islands. The Captain, Bernar-  
dez, has been moved to feelings of unwonted  
compassion, by the sale of the lovers and secures  
for them the patronage of a kind-hearted plan-  
ter, under the shelter of whose friendly roof, they  
pass many months of new happiness—happiness  
too bright to last.

Morn in the tropics—glorious morn,  
The dim stars fading, wan, forlorn :  
Aloft the great magnolias rear  
Their heads to bid the sun good cheer ;  
The cocoa palm, with graceful head,  
Smiles that the sombre night hath fled ;  
The broad-leaved plantains, far below,  
Soon with a flood of radiance glow :

\* \* \* \* \*

Bright birds now greet, upon the wing,  
The sun, that light and life can bring ;  
The parrot, and the paroquet,  
And gay macaw, the sunlight greet :  
The red flamingo, from the marsh,  
Starts with a cry prolonged and harsh ;  
And all that teeming land is rife  
With colour, song, and light, and life.

Alas ! that such a morn should rise  
On pallid cheeks or tear-dimmed eyes ;  
On youthful bosoms full of care,  
Or young hearts loaded with despair :  
Yet it was so : that morn beheld  
The planter's head by Laïza held :  
Stretched on his bed, the dying man  
Looked ghastly pale, and worn, and wan :

The benevolent planter dies, and is succeeded in  
his possessions by his son, the brutal Alonzo,  
whose tyranny drives Laïza to conspiracy and in-  
surrection. Aided by his former warriors, Laïza  
succeeds in the contest, and the poem thus  
closes:

The warriors of Amhàra kneeled  
As Laïza swore their rights to shield :  
But when the King and Queen exchanged  
Their nuptial vows, their posture changed ;  
They rose, and from that countless throng  
Swelled shouts of triumph, loud and long.  
So, with the tale, my lay is ended,  
While thus the victor's cheers ascended  
To Heaven, they hailed their former King  
With shouts that made the welkin ring ;  
And as the Island Queen stood there  
By Laïza's side, with joyous air,  
Graceful, majestic, proud of mien,  
They owned her, as of right, their Queen.

The plot it will be seen, is not one of very in-  
tense interest, but it admits of great variety of  
description, of which Mr. Breakenridge has cer-  
tainly made the most.

There is another rather long poem in the vo-  
lume, from which we would have wished to pre-  
sent a few extracts—"Napoleon Bonaparte, and  
the French Revolution," but as we fear we have  
already exceeded our limits, we must forbear.

The typography and binding, we must not  
omit to notice, as highly creditable to the pub-  
lisher, and altogether the work is one which we  
may justly claim as an ornament to Canadian  
Literature.