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GEOFFREY MONCTON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

*Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.*

CHAPTER XIX.

DAY was waning into night, when I again unclosed my eyes. A sober calm had succeeded the burning agitation of the morning. I was no longer a lover—or at least the lover of Catherine Lee; my thoughts had returned to Moncton Park, and in my dreams the fairy figure of Margaret had flitted, with me, through its green arcades. My heart was free to love one who loved me, and I eagerly opened up the letters, which I still had grasped during slumber in my hand. The first was from my fair cousin. It ran as follows:

“DEAR GEOFFREY,

“We parted with an assurance of mutual friendship, I shall not waste words in apologizing for writing to you. As my friend, I may continue to love and value you, convinced that the heart in which I trust will never condemn me for the confidence I repose in it.

I have suffered a severe affliction, since you left us, in the death of poor Alice, which took place a fortnight ago. She died in a very unsatisfactory frame of mind, anxious, to the last, to behold her unprincipled husband, or Dinah North. The latter however has disappeared, and no traces of her can be discovered. There was something which lay very heavy upon her conscience, which she appeared eager to communicate after the powers of utterance had fled. The repeated mention of the name of Philip Mornington, led me to imagine, that whatever secret she had to divulge was connected with him.

“And this is the first time, Geoffrey, that I have looked upon death—the death of one, who from infancy I had so tenderly loved. The sight has filled me with awe and horror; the more so, because I feel a strange presentiment, that my own end, is not far distant. You will say, my dear cousin, that this is the natural result of watching the decay of one so young and beautiful as Alice Mornington; one who a few brief months ago, was full of life and health, and hope—that her death has brought more forcibly before me a shadow of my own mortality. Perhaps

it is so. I do not wish to die, Geoffrey; I love my dear father tenderly; to his fond eyes, I am the light of life; the sole thing which remains to him of my mother. I would live for his sake, to cherish and comfort him in his old age. I love the glorious face of nature, the fields and flowers, the glad bright sunbeams, the rejoicing song of birds, the voice of waters, the whispering melodies of wind-stirred leaves, the solitudes of the dim mysterious forest; all these are dear to my heart and memory, yet I wander discontentedly among my favourite haunts; my eyes are ever turned to the earth, a spirit seems to whisper to me in low tones. “Open thy arms, mother, and receive thy child.” I struggle with these waking phantasies, my eyes are full of tears, I feel the want of companionship. I long for some friendly bosom to share my grief, to wipe away my tears. The sunshine of my heart has vanished. Ah, my dear friend, how earnestly I long for your return. Do write to me, and let me know how you have sped. My father returned the day after the funeral of poor Alice. He marvels at your long silence; he has important news to communicate, which I will not forestall. Write soon, and let us know that you are well, and happy. A line from you will cheer my sinking heart. Yours, in the sincerity of friendship,  
MARGARET MONCTON.

Moncton Park, June 2, 18—

“I read this letter over, and over, until my dim eyes, and the shades of night obliterated the characters and left me in darkness. A thousand times I pressed it to my lips, and vowed eternal fidelity to the dear writer. Yet what a mournful tale it told—the love but half concealed was apparent in every line—I felt that I was the cause of her dejection—that hopeless affection for me, was undermining her health. I would write to her instantly—I would tell her all. Alas! my hand, unnerved by long illness, could no longer guide the pen; and how could I employ the hand of another? I cursed my unhappy accident, and the unworthy cause of it; and in order to divert my thoughts into another channel, I eagerly tore open my uncle's letter.

The letter fell from my grasp—it was too dark to read. My disappointment was of short duration—Mrs. Hepburn entered, preceded by a servant bearing candles, and the most refreshing of all viands to an invalid, a delicious cup of tea.

The very smell was reviving, and whilst deliberately sipping the contents of a second cup, I requested Mrs. Hepburn, as a great favour, to read to me my good uncle's letter.

"Perhaps it may contain family secrets?" she said, smiling, whilst her hand rested rather tensively upon the closely written sheets.

"After what has past during the last few weeks, my dear madam," I replied; "I have no secrets to conceal from you. You are acquainted with my history—and I flatter myself, that neither you nor your amiable niece, are indifferent to my future welfare."

"You do us justice, dear Geoffrey," said the kind lady, affectionately bending over me, and re-adjusting my pillows; "I love you for your mother's sake, I prize you for your own, and I hope you will allow me to consider you in the light of that son, of whom heaven early deprived me."

"You make a rich man of me at once," I cried, respectfully kissing her hand; "how can I be poor, whilst I possess friends like you and Sir Alexander. This more than compensates for all my past sufferings—Robert Moncton, with all his wealth, is a beggar, when compared with the despised Geoffrey."

"Well, let us leave off complimenting one another," said Mrs. Hepburn, laughing; "and hear what your good uncle says."

"MY DEAR NEPHEW GEOFFREY,

"What the deuce man has happened to you, that we have received no tidings from you, nor of your locality? Have you and old Dinah eloped together on the back of a broomstick? The old hag's disappearance looks rather suspicious, and Margaret does little else but pine and fret for your return. I have a long tale to tell you, and scarcely know where to begin. Next to taking doctor's stuff, I detest the task of letter writing, and were you not a great favourite with your old uncle, the pens, ink and paper, might go to the bottom of the river, before I would trouble them to communicate a single thought. I had a very unpleasant journey up to London, which terminated in a very unpleasant visit to your wicked relative. It was with great repugnance I brought myself to enter the scoundrel's house, particularly when I reflected on the errand which brought me there.

"He received me with one of his most specious smiles, and enquired after my family, in a manner which would have led a stranger to imagine that he really felt an interest in our welfare. How I abhor this man's hypocrisy—bad as he is, it is the very worst feature in his character. I cut all his

compliments short, by informing him that the object of my visit was one of a very unpleasant nature, but that it required his immediate attention. He turned very pale.

"I anticipate your business, Sir Alexander—Geoffrey Moncton, I am informed, has found an asylum with you, and I suppose you are anxious to effect a reconciliation between us. But, I assure you, that if such be the purport of your visit, your journey must prove in vain. I never will forgive, or admit him into my presence.

"You have injured him too deeply, Robert," I replied calmly, 'for me to expect such a favour for poor Geoffrey at your hands—he does not wish it, and I should scorn to ask it in his name.' The man of law looked incredulous, whilst I continued: 'It was not of Geoffrey Moncton, the independent, warm-hearted orphan, I wished to speak, but of one who is a disgrace to his name and family—I mean your son, Theophilus.'

"Really, Sir Alexander, you take a great deal of trouble about matters which do not concern you," replied Moncton, with a sarcastic sneer; "my son is greatly indebted to you for such disinterested kindness." His cool impudence provoked me beyond endurance. I felt a sort of wicked pleasure in retaliation, which God forgive me, was far from a Christian spirit—but I despised the wretch too much at that moment, to pity him.

"Do not give me credit, Mr. Moncton, for a generosity which I do not possess. Your son's unfortunate wife is dying upon my hands, and I wish to transfer so great a responsibility into your own. Pale, trembling, and convulsed with ill concealed passion, he demanded an explanation. It was given, in all its dreadful and revolting details—and then the torrent burst—the man became transformed into the demon—he stamped and raved, and tore his hair, and cursed with the most horrid and blasphemous imprecations, the son, who had followed so closely in his own steps. Oh, Geoffrey, if the wise man has said 'that virtue is its own reward,' with equal truth might he have added, that guilt was its own executioner. Such a scene I never before witnessed—such a spectacle of human depravity, may it never be my lot to behold again. In the midst of his incoherent ravings, he actually threatened, as the consummation of his indignation against his son, to make you his heir. Such is the contradiction inherent in our fallen nature, that he would exalt the man he hates (the most I believe on earth,) to revenge himself upon the one who has given a death blow to the selfish pride which has marked his crooked path through life. I left the man of sin in deep disgust, and after spending a couple of happy days with my old friend Manners, commenced my journey home. At a little village, about forty miles from London, I was overtaken by such a violent storm, that I was determined to stay at the small

comfortable inn all night. In the passage, I was respectfully accosted by an old man, of pleasing demeanour, and with somewhat of a foreign aspect. He enquired if he had not the honour of speaking to Sir Alexander Moncton? I replied that I was the person—that he had the advantage of me, as I believed him to be a perfect stranger. He appeared rather embarrassed, said that he did not wonder at my not recollecting him, as it was only in a subordinate situation I had ever seen him—that he felt his conduct had been such that he did not feel surprised at being forgotten. I now looked hard at my man—a conviction of having seen him often before, suddenly flashed across my mind—but it was an image connected with bygone years—years of folly and dissipation.

“‘Surely,’ I replied, ‘you are not William Walters, who for such a long time enjoyed the friendship and confidence of that consummate scoundrel, Robert Moncton?’

“‘The same.’

“‘Well, Mr. Walters,’ said I; ‘if such be the case, I have no wish to resume any acquaintance with you.’

“‘The old man sighed, and for a moment turned sorrowfully away.

“‘You are right,’ he replied, ‘and though I have deeply repented of my former crimes, and what is of more importance, feel that God has accepted my repentance, I cannot blame you Sir Alexander, for not wishing to hold any intercourse with me, whom you know to have been so vile—yet, for the sake of your nephew, Geoffrey Moncton, listen to me patiently—I have that to tell you, which most nearly concerns both him and you, and to this end, I have left a comfortable home in the United States, and was on my way to Moncton Park, to settle the moral debt which has lain so long upon my conscience.’

“‘Forcibly struck by the solemnity of the old man’s manner, and feeling my curiosity deeply excited, I asked him to dine with me, and we forthwith adjourned to my apartments. After dinner, Mr. Walters related to me the following circumstances, which cannot fail in being highly satisfactory to us both.

“‘My acquaintance with Robert Moncton,’ commenced the narrator; ‘began at school—I was the only son of a rich banker—my father was generous to a fault, and allowed me more pocket money than any of my young companions could boast of receiving from their parents. My father had risen from the lower walks of life, and was ostentatiously proud of his wealth—mother I had none, having lost that tenderest of all human ties in early childhood. Robert Moncton was a handsome, gentlemanly looking boy—he possessed an easy, specious manner, which imposed upon the ignorant and unsuspecting, and his love for money overcame every

moral scruple as to the manner in which it could be acquired. He saw that I was frank and vain, and he determined to profit by my weakness. I did not want for natural capacity, but I was a sad idler—Robert was shrewd and persevering, and I paid him handsomely for writing my exercises and doing my sums. We became great friends, and I loved him with more sincerity than he deserved.

“‘As I advanced towards manhood, my father met with great losses in trade, and finally became a bankrupt. The old gentleman did not long survive his reverse of fortune, and just after having made a most imprudent marriage, I found myself without any profession, flung penniless upon the world. Robert Moncton had just commenced practice at his old office in Hatton Garden—he came forward in my hour of distress, and very kindly offered his assistance. This was thankfully accepted, and he gave me a seat in his office, as engrossing clerk—this place I filled for fourteen years, until I was the father of twelve children. I am ashamed to own to you, Sir Alexander, that all Robert Moncton’s dirty transactions passed through my hands. I was his creature, the confidant of his worst hours, and he paid me very liberally for my assistance. But there were moments in my worthless life, when better feelings prevailed; when I loathed the degrading trammels which bound me, and on the bosom of my kind and affectionate wife, I bitterly lamented my fallen state.

“‘About this period, his brother Edward died, and Robert was appointed guardian to his orphan child. The unnatural joy he displayed on this occasion, bad as I had become, filled me with horror. The death of the poor lady immediately followed, and I accompanied this heartless wretch to the funeral. The sight of the lovely orphan child, who acted the part of chief mourner in this sad drama, cut me to the heart. I was a father myself—a fond father—and I longed to adopt the poor friendless innocent for my own. Geoffrey had not been many days under the care of his hard-hearted uncle, when Robert opened to me his plans for setting aside his nephew’s claims to the estates and title of Moncton, in case you should die without leaving a male heir. Inexpressibly shocked as I was at such an act of daring villainy, I dissembled my indignation, and determined to befriend, if possible, the friendless child.

“‘Walters,’ he said to me carelessly, one day; ‘you have long had a craze to settle with your family in America. You have been a good and faithful servant to me, and I am anxious to prove to you, that I am not insensible to your merit. We are old friends, we understand each other,’ he continued, grasping my hand; ‘neither you nor I, Bill, are over troubled with nice scruples. But to the point—if you will take a journey to —, and destroy the register of Edward’s marriage, by tearing the leaf

from the books in the parish church, I will reward you so handsomely, that it will make you an independent man. The miserable wretch employed as clerk in the church where they were married, will be easily bribed—the register of Geoffrey's baptism will be procured in the same parish church—possessed of these, and I will defy him to substantiate his claims to Sir Alexander's property, having carefully destroyed all the other documents which could lead to prove the legality of his title. The old gardener and his nurse must be persuaded to accompany you in your proposed emigration, as these people were the only witnesses of the marriage, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony is already dead. What do you say to my proposal? Will you accept it—or shall I employ another?

“By no means—I will thankfully undertake it—especially,” I continued laughing, ‘as it is to be the last affair of the kind in which I mean to engage.’

“This iniquitous bargain concluded, a draft for five hundred pounds was duly handed over to me, and I went down to — on my honourable mission. As my employer had anticipated, the clerk was easily bribed, and I possessed myself of the documents without any difficulty. Mary Crofton, Geoffrey's old nurse, and Michael Alzure, were easily persuaded, for good wages, to enter my service, and subsequently accompanied me to the United States. Both are since dead.

“And what became of the registers? I eagerly demanded.

“Both are in my possession,” continued Walters; ‘I never meant to destroy them. I convinced Robert Moncton, on my return to London, that I had safely deposited them in the iron chest, which contained his most important papers, together with many letters from old Mr. Rivers to his daughter, confirming and giving his consent to her marriage with Edward Moncton. Not in the least doubting my sincerity, he was perfectly satisfied that all was right, and we parted with apparent regret—he to pursue his course of villainy, and I to endeavour, for the first time in my life, to gain an honest living for my family.

“It has pleased God to bless all my endeavours to that effect—I have settled my sons and daughters in life, and am possessed of all the common comforts and luxuries that wealth can procure—still Geoffrey Moncton, and his unfortunate parents, were not forgotten; and I determined as soon as the lad should be of age, to take a voyage to England, and place in your hands, the proofs I possessed of his legitimacy. Deeply repentant for my past evil life, and abhorring Robert Moncton, as the author of most of my crimes, I am here,’ continued the old man, ‘to appear as a witness against him—and I hope, with your powerful assistance, Sir Alexander, to see the young man restored to his lawful place in society.

“Well, Sir Geoffrey, what do you say to your uncle's budget? Is not this news worth paying the postage for? I returned to the Park so elated with the result of my journey to town, that I could scarcely sympathize in the grief of my poor girl, for the death of Alice Mornington, which took place during my absence. Old Dinah is off—perhaps gone somewhat before her time, to her appointed place. It is useless your remaining longer in Devonshire, as we already possess all you want to know. It is high time you should return, and lose no time in commencing your suit against your uncle, whose character will never stand the test of this infamous exposure. My poor Madge looks ill, and old dad pines to see you again. Your affectionate friend and kinsman.

“ALEXANDER MONCTON.”

I made my kind friend, Mrs. Hepburn, read over this important letter, (the longest my uncle ever wrote) to me twice, and I felt so elated at its contents, that I fancied I could leave my bed, and commence my journey to the Park early the next morning. This was but a momentary delusion—I was too weak to sit upright, or even to hold a pen, and Mrs. Hepburn, at my earnest solicitation, wrote to Sir Alexander an account of all that had happened since my visit to Devonshire.

That night was full of restless tossings, to and fro, my mind was too much excited to sleep—I could not even think with calmness. The result was, as might have been expected, a great increase of fever, and for several days I was much worse. Nothing could be more tantalizing than this provoking relapse. A miserable presentiment of evil clouded my mind—my anxiety to write to Margaret was painfully intense, and this was a species of communication which I could not convey through the medium of another. To this unfortunate delay, I have often attributed the heavy grief of after years. Our actions are our own, our opportunities in the hand of God—I possessed the will, but lacked the physical power to perform. How can any man affirm that he has uncontrollable power over his own destiny. What power, in this instance, had I over mine? A painful week passed away, at the end of which I was able to dress myself, and sit up for a few hours every day. I lost no opportunity of writing to the dear Margaret—I informed her of my interview with Miss Lee, and laid open my whole heart to her, without reserve. Deeming myself unworthy of her love, I left all to her generosity, and I dispatched my letter with a thousand horrible misgivings as to what effect it might produce upon the sensitive mind of my little cousin. To write a long, long letter to Philip Mornington was the next duty I had to perform—but when I reflected on the delight which my communication could not fail to convey, this became not only an easy, but a delightful task.

I had nearly arrived at the end of the fourth closely written sheet, when a light tap at the door of the sitting room, announced the presence of Catharine Lee.

"What, busy writing still, Geoffrey? You must lay by your pens and ink for this day—your cheek is quite flushed and feverish. Come, I must be obeyed."

"Wait a few minutes, my dear Miss Lee, and your will shall be absolute. It was because I was writing of you, that my letter has run to such an unconscionable length."

"Of me, Geoffrey?"

"Yes, of you, my charming friend."

"Nay, Geoffrey, you are but joking—you would never distress me by writing of me to strangers."

"Strangers—oh no—but this is to one most dear to us both. To my beloved and faithful friend, Philip Mornington."

Catharine turned very pale.

"Geoffrey, I hope you have said nothing that I would wish unsaid."

"Do not look so frightened, fair Catharine; have a little patience, and you shall read the letter. If you do not approve of it, I will write another—but you must sit down by me, like a good girl, whilst I tell you first, all I know of my poor friend's melancholy history."

I then recounted to my attentive auditor, the history with which the reader is already acquainted, although the relation was often broken by the tears and sighs of the agitated girl.

After I concluded, a long silence ensued—poor Catharine was too busy with her own thoughts to speak. I put the letter I had been writing in her hands, and retired to compose myself in my own chamber. My letter was but a simple statement of the facts as related above—I had left him to draw from them what inferences he pleased.

When I returned to the sitting room, Catharine was leaning over the balcony, with the open letter still in her hand. Her fine eyes were raised and full of tears. She looked serene and happy—her face reminding me of the sun bursting through an April cloud, which dimmed, only to increase by softening, the beauty it could not conceal.

"Well, dearest Catharine, may I finish my letter to poor George, for George I must call him still."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I mean to finish it myself," said Miss Lee, laughing; "will you give me permission?"

"By all means—it will make him so happy."

"And you are not jealous," said Catharine, bending on me a curious and searching glance.

"Not now—a few weeks ago I might have been. To tell you the truth, dear Miss Lee, I am too selfish to love one who cannot love me. I feel proud

of claiming your friendship, and sincerely rejoice in the good fortune of my friend."

"This is as it should be," said Catharine; "yet I must own that my woman's vanity is a little hurt at the coolness of your philosophy. We all love power, Geoffrey, and do not like to lose it. This is the weakness of our nature—yet I am truly glad that you have conquered an attachment which would only have served to render us both miserable. When do you think that you will be able to return to Moncton Park?"

"In a few days, I hope—I feel the return of strength, and my mind recovers its elasticity with returning health. But how, dear Miss Lee, shall I ever be able to repay you and your excellent aunt, for your great kindness to me?"

"Say no more about it, Geoffrey," said Catharine Lee; "your accident has been productive of great good to us all. You have made two whom a cruel destiny had separated, most happy."

#### CHAPTER XX.

Another week of torturing delay slowly wore on, before I found myself mounted upon my good steed, and once more on the road to Moncton Park. The day was oppressively warm—not a breath of air stirred the branches of the lofty trees that soared up from the high hedges that skirted the road, and cast their cooling shadows on my dusty path. Overcome by the heat, and languid from long confinement to a sick chamber, in spite of my impatience to attain the end of my journey, I often checked my horse and sauntered slowly along, keeping the shady side of the road, and envying the cattle in the meadows standing mid leg in the stream.

"There will surely be a storm before night," I said, looking wistfully up to the then cloudless sky, which very much resembled Job's description of a molten looking glass; "I feel the breath of the tempest in this scorching air—a little rain will render tomorrow's journey more agreeable by laying the dust."

My soliloquy was interrupted by the sharp ringing of a horse's hoofs against the stony ground, and a rider passed me at full speed. A transient glance of the man's face made me suddenly to recoil. It was Robert Moncton. He looked pale and haggard, and his countenance wore its usual heavy immovable expression. He did not notice me, and checking my horse, I felt relieved when a turning in the road hid him from my view.

His presence appeared like a bad omen—a heavy gloom sank upon my spirits, and I felt half inclined to halt at the small village I was approaching, for the rest of the day, and resume my journey in the cool of the evening. Ashamed of such weakness, I resolutely set my face against every house of public entertainment I passed, and had nearly cleared the

long straggling line of picturesque white-washed cottages which composed the larger portion of the village, when the figure of a gentleman, pacing slowly to and fro, in the front of a decent looking inn, arrested my attention. There was something in the air and manner of the stranger, that appeared perfectly familiar to me. He raised his head as I approached—the recognition was mutual.

“Geoffrey Moncton !”

“George Harrison!—who should have thought of meeting you in this out of the way place?”

“There is an old saying, Geoffrey, and a very common one, which says “Talk of the devil and he’s sure to appear.” I was thinking of you at the very moment when I raised my eyes, and saw you before me.”

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than lies in thy philosophy,” returned I, laughing; “but let us in, and discuss these matters over a good dinner and a glass of wine. I have a thousand things to tell you since we met, which could not be crowded into the small compass of a letter.”

“Hush! do not speak so loud,” returned he, glancing suspiciously around; “these walls contain one, whom you would not much care to trust with secrets.”

“How—is he here?”

“You know whom I mean?”

“Robert Moncton!—He passed me on the road.”

“Did he not recognize you?”

“I think not—his eyes were bent upon the ground—he never raised his head. Besides, I am so greatly altered since last we met, I wonder, George, that you knew me so easily again?”

“Love and hatred are great sharpeners of the sight,” said George. “It is as hard to forget an enemy as a friend. But come this way, I have a private room, where we can chat unperceived by the arch enemy.”

“I should like to know what brings him this road,” said I, flinging my weary length upon a crazy old sofa, which was placed in the room more for ornament than use, and whose gay chintz cover, like charity, hid a multitude of defects; “no good I fear?”

“I cannot exactly tell,” replied George; “there is some new scheme in the wind! Henry Bell, who fills my old place in this office, informed me that a partial reconciliation had taken place, by letter, between the father and son; and that the latter had appointed this village as a place of meeting, when they will proceed to Moncton Park together—on what errand, is of course unknown. Their object is, most probably, to discover either the death of Dinah North, or the place of her concealment.”

“They are a pair of precious scoundrels,” said I, “and their confederation portends little good to me.”

“Fear not, Geoffrey, you are beyond the reach of their malice. Moncton is not aware of the return of Walters—this circumstance will be a death blow to all his hopes. But I have not thanked you, my friend,” continued George, rising hastily, and pressing my hand firmly between his own; “for your noble, disinterested kindness to me. I was on my way to Elm Grove to see you, and one, whom but for your generous sacrifice of self, I could never have hoped to meet in this world again.”

“Say nothing about it, dear George; perhaps the sacrifice is less than you imagine; at all events, I no longer regret it, and am too happy in being instrumental to your happiness. But why did you disguise the name of your beloved? Had you candidly told me all, I need not have wounded, by my indifference, one dear and faithful heart.”

“Your mind was so occupied by the image of Catharine Lee, I dared not.”

“It would have saved me a great deal of misery.”

“It would have destroyed our friendship.”

“You wrong me, George; honesty would have been the best policy—I could have given up Catharine Lee. Your want of candour and confidence, may have been the means of destroying Margaret Moncton.”

“Do not look so dreadfully severe, Geoffrey—truth is the best guide of all our actions, but it was my love for you, that made me disguise the truth. Indeed, you were too ill at the time to bear it.”

He took my hand, and looked so tenderly and reproachfully in my face, that I could no longer harbour against him an unkind thought. He had suffered so much mental uneasiness on his own, and still greater on my account, that to have been angry with him on so slight a cause, would have rendered me unworthy of his friendship. But I was far from well, low spirited, and out of humour with myself and the whole world. I felt oppressed with the mysterious and unaccountable dejection of mind, which so often precedes a never looked for calamity. In vain were all my efforts to rouse myself from this morbid lethargy—the dark cloud that weighed down my spirits, would not be dispelled. I strove to be gay, but the laugh died upon my lips, or was choked by involuntary sighs. George, who was anxiously watching my countenance, now joined me at the open window.

“You are not well, Geoffrey?—your journey has fatigued you—lie down, and rest for a few hours.”

“No, I will resume my journey.”

“What, in the face of the tempest, which is rapidly collecting its terrors?”

“I am not afraid of the elements.”

“What disturbs you?”

“My own thoughts—do not laugh at me, dear George. I am oppressed by melancholy anticipations of evil—a painful consciousness of the sorrows of life, and the wickedness of man. Let me have

my own way; I feel that it is good for me to be alone."

"I am of a contrary opinion," said George; "duty compels us to control these feelings, which, I believe, are often sent to ensnare us; particularly as the indulgence of them tends to shake our reliance on the mercy of God, and to render us unhappy and discontented. They are one of the mysteries of the mind, which we cannot comprehend—the links which unite the visible with the invisible world. But whether they have their origin from above, or beneath, is to me very doubtful—particularly in your case, without it operates as a warning to shun impending danger."

"I hear no admonitory voice within," said I; "all is dark, still and heavy—like the black calm which slumbers in the dense folds of yon thunder cloud; as if the mind suspended all its vivacity, hushed beneath an overwhelming consciousness of horror."

George looked enquiringly at me, as if he suspected my recent accident had impaired my reason; when a vivid flash of lightning, followed by the most awful burst of thunder, diverted our thoughts into a new channel, and a horseman rode at full speed into the inn yard. Another blinding flash of lightning, accompanied by a roar of thunder, which seemed to fill the whole earth and heavens, made me involuntarily close my eyes, till an exclamation from George, of "Good heavens! what an escape!" and a great bustle in the inn yard, made me again hurry to the windows.

The flash of lightning had struck down the horse and rider whom we had before observed—the nobler animal alone was slain. The avenging bolt of heaven had passed over, and left the head of the miscreant, Theophilus Moncton, unscathed. Livid with recent terror, and not over pleased at the loss of the fine animal at his feet, he cast a menacing discontented glance at the lowering sky above him, and bidding the ostler, with an oath, which sounded like double blasphemy in my ears, to take care of the saddle and bridle of the horse, entered the inn.

"What a monster!" I exclaimed, drawing a long breath; "bad as the father is, he is not so infamous as that man."

"Geoffrey, he is but what the father has made him—now, would I give much to witness the meeting between the father and son."

"You will be spared a frightful picture of human depravity," said I; "half his fortune would scarcely bribe me to witness such a revolting scene."

The rain was now pouring in torrents, and one inky hue had overspread the whole heavens. Finding ourselves likely to be detained for some hours, we ordered dinner, and determined to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. All our efforts to provoke mirth, however, proved ineffectual—the silence of our meal was only broken

by the dull clattering of the knives and forks, and the tinkling of the bell to summon the brisk waiter to bring wine and clear the table. But if we were thus silent, an active spirit was abroad in the house, and voices in loud and vehement altercation, in the room adjoining, arrested our attention. The muttered curse, the restless impatient treading to and fro, convinced us that the parties were no other than my uncle and his son, and that their meeting was not likely to have a very amicable termination. At length the voice of Robert Moncton, in a terrible state of excitement, burst out with this awful sentence:

"Go, and take my curse along with you—go to —! and may we never meet in time or eternity again!"

With a bitter sneering laugh, the disinherited replied:

"In Heaven we shall never meet—on earth we may meet too soon. In — we shall be united for ever!"

A deep groan from the father, another derisive laugh from the son, of fiendish exultation, and the unhallowed conference was over. Some one passed the door with rapid steps—I walked to the window, and encountered the dull, leaden stare of Theophilus Moncton. He started, and stopped for a moment—I turned contemptuously away; and presently after, we heard him bargaining for a horse, to carry him as far as York, on his way to London.

"I do not envy Robert Moncton's feelings at this moment," said I; "what can be the cause of their quarrel?"

"It may spring from a thousand conflicting circumstances," said Harrison; "his son's marriage alone, would be sufficient to exasperate a man of his malignant disposition. But see, Geoffrey, the clouds are parting in the west, the moon rises early, and we shall have a lovely night for our journey to York."

"To York? I thought you were going to the Elm Grove, by the coach which passes for — this evening."

"Such was my intention—I have changed my mind, and am now resolved to accompany you as far as York, on your journey."

"I shall be delighted with your company, George—but—"

"You would rather be alone?" returned he with a smile.

"Not exactly—but it will be postponing your meeting with Catharine."

"Only a few hours, dear Geoffrey; she will excuse the cause. To tell you the truth, I did not like the glance with which your cousin recognized you—I should feel anxious for your safety. At all events, I am determined to accompany you."

I was too much pleased with his proposal, to attempt to thwart his wishes—we fell into cheerful



and confidential conversation, and whilst watching the clearing up of the weather, we saw Robert Moncton mount his horse and pursue his journey.

"I know another road to York, from this place," said George; "which, though rather circuitous, will hinder any probability of our meeting with your relatives again. Shall we pursue it?"

"With all my heart," said I; "the sun is breaking through the clouds, it is time we were upon the road."

In a few minutes we were upon the road, which branched off from the one which had previously been taken by Mr. Moncton and his son.

The freshness of the air after the heavy rains, the delicious perfume of the hedgerows, and the loud clear notes of the blackbird, resounding from the bosky dells in the lordly manors, whose noble plantations skirted the road, succeeded in restoring my spirits. Nothing could exceed the lovely tranquillity of the evening. George often checked his horse, and broke out into enthusiastic exclamations of delight, whilst pointing out to me the leading features in the beautiful country through which we were travelling.

"This charming scene has such an exhilarating effect upon my mind, it almost makes me ashamed of indulging in gloomy forebodings," said I, turning to my companion, whose kindling eye and animated countenance must have afforded a strange contrast to my pale face and dejected expression.

"Indeed, Geoffrey," he replied; "I have not felt so happy as I do this evening, since I was a little, gay, lighthearted boy, unconscious of the evil propensities inherent in my own nature, and the wickedness of others. I could almost sing aloud in the joyousness of hope, and pleasing anticipations of the future. In this respect, my feelings, during the whole day, have been quite the opposite of yours; and I reproach myself for not being able to sympathize with you in your imaginary distress."

"Your being sad, would not increase my cheerfulness," said I; "the quiet serenity of nature, has operated upon me like a healing balm, and I can smile at my own superstitious folly, now that the dark clouds are clearing from my mind."

Thus did we ride on, chatting with the familiarity of old and tried friendship, on the state of our feelings, our past trials, and future prospects, until the moon rose brightly on our path, and we pushed our horses forward at a quicker pace, in order to gain the next village before midnight. The road we were travelling had been cut through a steep hill—the banks on either side were very high, and crowned with plantations of birch and fir, that cast into deep shadow all below. The hill was terminated by a large gravel pit, through which the road lay; and the opposite rise, which was the only object distinctly visible, lay brightly gleaming in the moonshine. As we gained the brow of the hill, we per-

ceived a horseman, slowly riding down the steep before us; but his figure was so involved with the obscure shadows which darkened the descending road, that the clicking of his horse's hoofs, and the moving mass of shade, alone warned us of his proximity.

"This is a gloomy spot," whispered George; "I wish we were fairly through it."

"What, afraid—and two to one?"

"No, not exactly afraid," said he; "but ugly deeds have been perpetrated here, and I have felt it lonely even at noon day. But look, Geoffrey, what makes yonder fellow so suddenly check his horse, as he gains the centre of the pit? Hark! that was the report of a pistol—let us ride forward."

We galloped down the hill at full speed, and arriving at the spot from whence the report of the pistol had proceeded, we found, to our unspeakable horror, the man whom we had previously observed, rolling on the ground, in great apparent agony, and weltering in his blood. Dismounting from our horses, we ran immediately to his assistance. He turned his head quickly at our approach, and exclaimed in hollow tones:

"Pursue him, gentlemen—pursue the murderer! Bring him to justice, and I shall die satisfied—but I know him—I know him—he cannot escape. Oh, oh, raise my head a little—the wound cannot be mortal—I may live to be revenged upon him yet."

The sound of that voice rendered me powerless. I stood mute and motionless, staring upon the writhing and crushed wretch before me, unable to render him the least assistance. It was my uncle, who lay bleeding at my feet—slain by the hand of his own son. A ghastly sickness came over me—I staggered to the bank, completely overcome by my feelings. In the meanwhile, my friend George had succeeded in raising Mr. Moncton into a sitting posture, and had partly ascertained the nature of the injury he had sustained, when the wounded man, looking earnestly in his face, uttered a cry of terror, and prostrating himself again upon the earth, buried his face in the long grass, whilst the blood gushed in a dark stream from his wounded shoulder.

"Geoffrey," said George, beckoning me to approach; "do not sit shaking there like a person in an ague fit. Something must be done, and that instantly, or Mr. Moncton will die on the road without assistance. Mount the high bank, and see, if you can discern any dwelling near at hand, to which we may convey the sufferer."

I instantly complied with his request, and perceived at some distance, across a low marshy meadow, a solitary light gleaming from a cabin window. No other dwelling was to be seen, nearer than the distant village, whose church spire glittered in the moon beams, about a couple of miles off. Securing our horses in a neighbouring field, we proceeded to lift a gate from its hinges, and placing the now

insensible lawyer upon this rough litter, which we first covered with our travelling cloaks, with much difficulty, and after a considerable lapse of time, we succeeded in reaching the miserable shed before named.

On the approach of footsteps, the person within had extinguished the light, and we continued to knock at the door without receiving the least answer. George began to lose all patience, and after receiving no reply to his loud halloos, he said in a tone of earnest entreaty :

"Whoever you may be, who inhabit this house, I beseech you by the love of God, to uncloset the door, and render your assistance to a wounded, and I fear, a dying man."

After a long pause, the window of the upper chamber slowly unclosed, and a hoarse voice croaked forth in reply :

"Who are you, who disturb honest folks at this hour of night, with your drunken clamours? My house is my castle—begone, I will not let you in."

"Dinah North," returned Harrison, in a solemn voice; "I have a message for you, which you dare not gainsay. I command you to come down and let me in."

This speech was answered by a wild, shrill cry, more resembling the howl of a tortured dog than any human sound. I felt the blood freeze in my veins, whilst Harrison whispered in my ear :

"She will obey my summons, which she believes not one of earth. Stay here, whilst I ride forward to the village and procure medical aid, and make my deposition before the magistrates—but do not let you send know that I yet live to work her ruin."

I tried to detain him, not much liking my present situation; but he had vanished, and I shortly afterwards heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs, riding at full speed towards the town.

"What a dreadful termination of my gloomy presentiment," said I, as I looked down upon the livid face and extended form of Robert Moncton; "where will this frightful scene end?"

At this moment, the gleam of a light flashed across the broken casement, and the next moment Dinah North stood beside me.

"Geoffrey Moncton," she said, "is this you? It was another voice that spake to me—a voice from the grave. What has become of your companion?"

"I am alone with the dead," I replied, "look there."

She advanced—she looked long, and I thought triumphantly, upon the ghastly features of the accomplice of most of her guilt—then turning calmly to me, she said :

"Did he fall by your hand, young man?"

"Thank God!" I replied, "I am guiltless of his blood—I fear he died by the hand of his son."

"Ha! ha!" shrieked the hag; "my dream was true—my horrible dream. Even so, last night,

Robert Moncton, in the visions of the night, did I see you weltering in your blood, and my poor Alice was wiping the death damps from your brow. And I saw more—more—but it was a sight for the damned, which may not be repeated to mortal ears. Yes, yes, Robert Moncton, we must both drink of that fiery cup together—I know the worst now."

"Hush!" I said, "he moves—he still lives—he may yet recover. Let us carry him in to the house."

"He has troubled the earth, and your father's house long enough, Geoffrey Moncton," returned Dinah, in a softened, and I thought melancholy voice; "it is time that both he and I, went to our appointed place."

So saying, she assisted me in carrying the body into the house; and, stripping off the clothes, we laid it upon a low flock bed, which occupied one corner of the wretched apartment. Dinah examined the wound with a critical eye, and after washing it with a little brandy, she gave her opinion that the ball might easily be extracted; and that if he did not die from the loss of blood, she thought the wound might be cured. Tearing his neckcloth into bandages, she succeeded in stanching the blood, and diluting some of the liquor with water, she washed the face of the insensible man, and succeeded in forcing a few spoonfuls down his throat. Drawing a long deep sigh, the wretched man unclosed his eyes—for some moments, they rested unconsciously upon the features of those who were bending anxiously over him. At length recollection appeared slowly to return, and recoiling from the touch of that abhorrent woman, he closed his eyes and groaned heavily.

"We have met, Robert Moncton, in an evil hour," said the hag; "the friendship of the wicked brings no comfort in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment."

"Avaunt fiend! witch! the sight of your hideous face, is worse than the pangs of death. Death—I am not dead yet—I will not die—I cannot die."

"You dare not," muttered Dinah, in a low and malignant whisper; "is this cowardly dastard, the proud, wealthy, Robert Moncton, who thought to build up his house by murder and treachery? Methinks this is a noble apartment, and a fitting couch for the body of Sir Robert Moncton to lie in state."

"Fiend! what pleasure can it afford you thus to mock my misery?"

"Much, much—it is not fair that I should bear the tortures of the damned alone. Since the death of the only thing I ever loved, I have had strange thoughts, and terrible visions, and restless burning nights, and fearful days—but I cannot repent. I feel grief, a grief which grows upon my heart, and sears my brain—but I cannot weep—I cannot pray. I can only curse, bitterly curse thee, and thine; and I rejoice to see this hour, to know that before I depart to your master and mine, the vengeance of my soul will be satisfied."

"Horrible monster!" exclaimed the dying man; "Geoffrey, I implore you to drive that woman from my bed-side—the sight of her, and her ominous croaking, madden me."

"Uncle," I said, assuming as much kindness in my look and manner as I could; "do not exhaust your strength by conversing with her; she is not in her senses. In a few minutes my friend will be here with surgical aid, and we will remove you to the next village."

"Do not attempt to deceive yourselves," said Dinah, with a sarcastic smile; "from the bed on which he now lies, the robber and murderer will never rise again. As he has sowed, so must he reap. He deserves small kindness at your hands, Geoffrey Moncton—you should rather rejoice that the sting of the serpent is drawn, and that he, who has so deeply injured you and yours, has received the just reward of his evil deeds."

"Alas!" returned I, taking the hand of the wretched man; "how much rather would I see him turn from his evil deeds, and live."

"God bless you, Geoffrey," said my miserable uncle, bursting into tears—perhaps the first he ever shed in his life; "deeply have I sinned against you, generous, noble boy. Can you forgive me for my past cruelty?"

"I can, I do—and should it please God to restore you to life, I will prove to you by deeds, not words, that I am more anxious to save your soul from eternal misery than to gain any advantage by your death."

"Do not look so like your father, Geoffrey—oh, take your eyes from off me—your kindness is heaping burning coals of fire upon my head. I have no hope of mercy hereafter—I have no hope in a Saviour's love—I never believed in a God until this fearful hour, and how am I prepared to meet him? No, I feel that I am lost—that the pit I dug for another, has opened to receive me—that the son, for whose advancement I have toiled and sinned all my days, has been made the instrument of vengeance in the hands of a just God. I have injured you, Geoffrey, but I am willing to make all the reparation which lies in my power, and to restore you to those rights which for years I have laboured so hard to set aside."

"Spare yourself, uncle, the painful relation—my legitimacy is already proved, by the return of William Walters, and the documents which he has placed in Sir Alexander Moncton's hands."

"Walters returned?" shrieked my uncle; "both heaven and hell have conspired against me—what a tale can he unfold?"

"And what a tale can I yet unfold!" said Dinah, slowly rising from her seat; "a tale of deep laid, daring, determined wickedness. Listen to me, Geoffrey, for it shall yet be told."

"Oh, spare me—spare me!" cried Mr. Moncton,

hiding his head in the bed clothes; "this is too much."

"Not if it had proved successful, and you were revelling in wealth and splendour, instead of lying grovelling there beneath the lash of an awakened conscience," said Dinah. "Geoffrey Moncton, vain would have been your claims to legitimacy, had the son of Sir Alexander Moncton lived—but these guilty hands gave you a clear title to the lands and honours, which by death he lost."

"My daughter, after she had been corrupted by Robert Moncton, and tempted by large bribes, consented to murder the child Lady Moncton had left in her charge—but on the very night she had set apart for the perpetration of that deed, God smote her own lovely infant upon the breast, and it died. To hearts hardened in guilt, like Robert Moncton's and mine, this circumstance would not have deterred us from our purpose. But Rachel Mornington was not wholly bad—and she, unknown to me, (I was then living as housekeeper with that man,) reared the young heir of Moncton as her own."

"I might have known, from the natural antipathy I felt towards the child, that he was not hers; but, cunning as I was, I never suspected the fact till informed of it by Rachel in her dying moments. I then determined to make use of this important secret in order to extort money from the avaricious uncle, who believed himself next heir to the title and estates he had always coveted. Thus I suffered Anthony Moncton to live, to gratify the two most malignant passions in my breast, avarice and revenge. In spite of neglect and ill usage, which were inseparable from the deep rooted hatred I bore him, the hand of heaven was extended over the orphan child. He grew and prospered, and his father, as if compelled by a powerful natural instinct, lavished upon him the most abundant marks of love and favour."

"Whilst I had hopes of Sir Alexander marrying my daughter, I had spared no pains to remove every obstacle from my path, which I fancied led to her advancement. To this end the cup was drugged, which sent the huntsman, Mornington, to his last account; and I leagued with Robert Moncton to destroy the validity of your claims to the estates, which I hoped the children of Rachel would one day inherit. But vain are the hopes of the wicked—man cannot contend with God—and Rachel died, just when my fondest expectations seemed on the point of realization."

"Years passed on—years of burning disappointment and ungratified passion. The child of Rachel was beautiful, clever, and affectionate, and I loved her with a fierce love, such as I never felt before for anything of earth—and she loved me, a creature, from whose corrupted nature all living things seemed to start with abhorrence. I watched narrowly the young heir of Moncton, who led that

smiling rosebud by the hand, loved her too, but not as I could have wished him to love her. Had I seen the least hope of his ever forming an attachment to his foster sister, how different would have been my feelings towards him. Alice was early made acquainted with the secret of his birth, and was encouraged by me, to use every innocent blandishment towards him, and even to hint that he was not her brother, in order to awaken a tenderer passion in his breast. But his heart was as cold as ice—his affections scarcely exceeded the obligations of nature, due to her as his sister, and again disappointed in my ambitious hopes, I vowed his destruction.

“At this time he was removed to York, and that man was made acquainted with his existence.”

A heavy groan from Robert Moncton interrupted for a few minutes the old woman's narrative. She rocked herself to and fro in her chair, for a short space, and then continued:

“Robert Moncton bore this intelligence better than I expected. He did not then propose any act of open violence towards the innocent object of our hatred, but determined to destroy him in a more deliberate and less dangerous manner. At that time I was not so eager for his death, for my poor, deluded, lost Alice, had not then formed the ill-fated attachment to his son, which terminated in her broken heart and early grave; and which in fact has proved the destruction of all, and rendered the house of the destroyer and his accomplice alike desolate.

“The attentions paid by Theophilus Moncton to my poor girl revived once more all my long withered hopes. I saw her already, in idea, the mistress of the Hall, and often called her in private, Lady Moncton. I despised the weak wretch whom she unfortunately loved too well, but I looked upon his union with my grandchild as a necessary evil, through which she could alone reach the summit of my ambitious hopes. In the meanwhile, Alice played her cards so well, that she and her lover were privately married—she binding herself by a solemn promise not to divulge the secret even to me. After a few months her situation attracted my attention—I accused her of having been betrayed by her fashionable paramour. She was obstinate and violent, and much bitter language passed between us. Just at this period, young Mornington unfortunately returned to us, a ruined man. He fell sick, and both Alice and myself wished that his illness would terminate in death. In this we were disappointed—he slowly and surely recovered, in spite of our coldness and neglect. Before, however, he was able to leave his bed, Robert Moncton, who had discovered the retreat of his victim, paid us a visit—me, he cajoled with promises of marriage from his son to Alice, if we would assist him in poisoning the man who stood between him and the long cov-

eted possessions, and the title of the Moncton. The hatred I bore to Philip Mornington was easily entertained—it was but adding another to many crimes. Alice was a novice in guilt—she long resisted his importunities with many tears, and it was not until yon fox pleaded the advantages which would arise to her promised husband, by the sacrifice of his cousin, that Alice reluctantly consented to administer the fatal draught, which Robert Moncton, with his own hands prepared.”

There was a long pause, I thought I heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the distance, when the old woman again spoke.

“And he died, in the bloom of life, the victim of treachery from the very morning of his days. But the cry of the innocent blood has gone up to the throne of God, and terrible vengeance has pursued his murderers. When I discovered that Alice was the lawful wife of Theophilus Moncton, and that the child she carried, if a son, would be heir to the title and estates, I made a journey to London, in order to force Robert Moncton to urge his son to acknowledge her as his wife—but finding his heart set like a flint against the marriage, and that even my threats to discover the murder of his nephew were of no effect, I forebore to tell him, that the thing he dreaded had already come to pass, and that he had laboured and sinned for the exaltation of my house, as well as his own. I was most anxious to discover if all your claims to the estates had been destroyed; and at night, Robert Moncton and I searched his iron chest, in order to burn the papers which Walters swore solemnly he had deposited therein.

“Oh, how well do I remember that dreadful night,” said I, with a shudder.

“Our search proved fruitless, and I returned to Moncton, with the conviction on my mind, that all was not right. Six months after these events, Alice gave birth to a son, and was greatly cheered by the news which reached her by one of the servants from the Hall, that her husband had returned from abroad.”

“The rest of her melancholy history is known to me,” said I; “it was my arm that rescued her from death, a death she sought to inflict with her own hand. The ball that pierced his father's breast, was more mercifully dealt by Theophilus Moncton, than the slow, deliberate cruelty which destroyed his wife and child. Oh, miserable and guilty creatures, what have you gained by all your deep laid schemes of villainy. As to you, Dinah North, and your son-in-law, the gibbet awaits you both—and your prospects beyond the grave are even more terrible still.”

“Dinah North will never die beneath the gaze of an insulting crowd,” replied the old woman, with a sullen laugh; “I leave it to Theophilus Moncton, the dastardly destroyer of women and children, to end his days on the gallows. A few months ago, Geoffrey Moncton, and I would have suffered the

rack, before I would have confessed to you aught which might have rendered you a service! But the kindness you shewed to my unhappy grandchild, awoke in my breast an interest for you, foreign to my nature. I have been a terrible enemy to your house—but you, at least, should consider me as your friend. Had Philip Mornington lived, where would have been your claims to the wealth and the title of Moncton?"

"He does live," I exclaimed, and the conviction that I was indeed pennyless—the poor dependent relation of a noble house, instead of heir to immense wealth, pressed at that moment painfully upon my heart. "See," I continued, as the door opened, and George, accompanied by several men, entered the house. "He is here to assert his lawful claims—the grave has given up its dead."

The same wild shriek, which rang so frightfully upon my ear when George first addressed the old woman, again burst from her lips.

"Constable do your duty," said George; "secure that woman."

The light, at this moment, was suddenly extinguished, and we were involved in gloom. Before the hurry and bustle of rekindling it was over, we found that Dinah North had quitted the cabin, and was no where to be found.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

ROBERT MONCTON had lain in a sort of stupor for the last hour. The surgeon whom Harrison had brought with him from the neighbouring town; after carefully examining the wound, to my surprise proclaimed it mortal, and gave his opinion, that his patient would scarcely survive until the following morning.

The wounded man, who during the extraction of the bullet, and the dressing of the wound, had recovered his senses and self possession, heard his doom with a glassy gaze of fixed despair; and, addressing himself to a lawyer, whom George had brought with him, together with the chief magistrate of the town—he enquired, if he had writing materials with him, as he wished to make his will and set his affairs in order, before he died. Mr. Blake answered in the affirmative, and Moncton, requesting the room to be cleared for a short space of all but professional men, I gladly embraced the opportunity of leaving for awhile the gloomy chamber of death; and taking the arm of Harrison, or rather of my cousin, Anthony Moncton, we wandered forth into the clear night. My blighted prospects, in spite of all my boasted disinterestedness in favour of my friend, weighed heavily upon my heart. I tried to rejoice at his good fortune—but human nature, with all its sin and weakness triumphed. I was not at that period enough of a Christian to prefer the good of my neighbour to my own. Bowed down and humbled, with the consciousness of all I had lost,

had I been alone, I should have shamed my manhood, and found relief in tears. "Dearest Geoffrey," why so silent, "said the generous Anthony, warmly pressing my cold hand." Have you no word for your friend? This night has been one of severe trial—God knows how deeply I sympathize in your feelings—but brighter hours are at hand."

"Ah, no, no, not for me, returned I, almost sobbing." My hopes and prospects are blighted forever. It is you, Anthony Moncton—you only who in this dark hour have reason to rejoice."

"What do you mean Geoffrey, by calling me by that name?" returned my companion, suddenly stopping and grasping my arm. "Has Dinah disclosed aught?"

"She has—but have a little patience and I will collect my scattered thoughts and tell you all." After a short pause, I communicated to him that had passed between Dinah and myself, though my voice often trembled with emotion I could ill suppress. He heard me quietly to an end, then flinging his arms about me, he burst into a passion of tears; and pressing me closely to his heart:

"Ah, Geoffrey, my brother! my more than cousin and friend—how gladly would I exchange my lot with thine. How gladly would I confer upon you, if it would conduce to your comfort and happiness, the envied title and wealth that has been the occasion of so much revolting crime. Ah, mother," he continued, clasping his hands in a sort of ecstasy, "dear sainted mother; it is only on your account that I rejoice; that the boy you so fondly loved and cherished, was the child you sought in heaven, and wept on earth as lost. And Margaret, too, my gentle sister—my best, and earliest friend, with what delight will she welcome the poor wanderer back; and that fine generous old man. How proud shall I feel to call him father. Forgive me, dear Geoffrey, if such thoughts as these render me happy in spite of myself—I wish you could participate in my joy."

"I will—I do"—I exclaimed—ashamed of my past regrets. "The evil spirit of envy that cast the dark shadow over my heart, has yielded to better feelings. You knew me, cousin, to be a faulty creature of old; and must still continue to pity and forgive me."

Whilst busily engaged in conversation, we had unconsciously strolled to the top of a wild heathy hill, which overlooked the meadows below, and was crowned with a few dwarf oak and elder bushes. Though near the break of day, the moon was still bright, and I thought I discerned something which resembled the dark outline of a human figure, slowly swinging in the wind, suspended from the lower branch of a gnarled and leafless tree. I silently pointed it out to my companion. We quickened our steps, and were too soon made acquainted with the horrid reality.

There, between us and the full, broad light of the

moon, hung the skeleton-like figure of Dinah North. Her hideous countenance, distorted by the last agonies which had convulsed her features during their final struggle with death. The leaden eyes wide open and staring, but still retaining the malignant expression which had marked them through life.

"Miserable, guilty wretch," exclaimed my cousin, as he mounted the tree, and cut down the body of the suicide, "you have but anticipated your fate. Who upon earth could feel one pang of grief for such a human monster—your life one tissue of crime, your end without hope." We hurried back to the cottage to give the alarm, and found Robert Moncton in the agonies of death.

On seeing me enter the room, he beckoned to me, to approach the bed. "Geoffrey," he said, in a broken voice, extending his hand to me, as I advanced, "if I have injured you during my life, I have endeavoured to do you justice at my death—I have left you sole heir to the wealth I have toiled all my life to realize. But on one condition," he grasped my hand tightly, and compressed his lips closely together, as he spoke. "Mark me—on one condition: that you spare no expense nor exertion, in bringing Theophilus Moncton to justice; and may my curse follow him to an ignominious grave."

I shrank back with feelings of disgust, which I could not conceal; but it was unnoticed by him. The hand relaxed its rigid grasp—the dull, heavy eyes extended to the utmost stretch, their glassy orbs—the jaw fell, and the soul of Robert Moncton had passed to its great account.

We were detained for several days at the neighbouring town; whilst the coroner's inquest sat upon the bodies, and they received interment. A strict search was commenced for the parricide, but having gained the start of his pursuers for some hours, all our endeavours to discover his retreat proved fruitless. Before the expiration of three days, the public journals were filled with accounts of the awful tragedy, it had been our lot to witness; and my cousin and I had just taken up the pen to give a circumstantial detail of the revolting facts to Sir Alexander Mopeton, when the door of the apartment was suddenly burst open, and the baronet himself, followed by his lovely daughter, entered the room. Oh! what an overflowing of eyes and hearts succeeded. How vain would be all attempts to describe that scene, which restored to the bereaved father his long mourned, and recovered son, or the tearful joy, which beamed in eloquent silence in the dark, beautiful orbs of the delighted sister, as she flung herself with unrestrained freedom into the expanded arms of that long cherished friend, and now beloved brother. My welcome was not wanting either. Sir Alexander received me as another son—and my own, my lovely Margaret, as more than a brother.

The horrible scenes we had just witnessed were

forgotten in that hour of kindred love and mutual endearments, and I now truly entered into the joy of my excellent friend.

After the first excitement of our unexpected meeting had subsided, and I had leisure to examine the features of Margaret, I was painfully struck by the great alteration which a few weeks had effected. She was reduced to a state of emaciation which greatly alarmed me. Her eyes, always beautiful, now gleamed with an unnatural degree of brilliancy, and, at times, her pure pale face was tinged with a hectic glow, which when contrasted with the high white brow, dazzling teeth, and jet black hair, gave a fearful beauty to her charming face.

I took her hand in mine—it burnt with fever.

"Margaret, dear Margaret, are you ill?"

"I feel no pain, dear Geoffrey, but I am very, very weak."

"What has occasioned this change, my beloved girl?"

She raised her eyes to mine, they were swimming in tears.

"You know my secret, Geoffrey," she said, in a whisper; "why should I conceal the truth. Disappointed affection—the death of that unhappy girl—your absence—your long silence—torturing anxiety—sleepless nights, and days of weeping. These, these, have wrought a fearful change. I am not what I was—I am so happy now that I ought to feel quite well and strong; but, oh, my too dear cousin, I feel in this blessed hour, that poor Margaret will never be herself again."

"Has your father consulted a medical man?"

"He has."

"What answer did he receive?"

"He advised change of air, and scene—but my only chance of recovery, is the society of those I love, enjoyed amidst my favourite scenes. Do not look so grave, Geoffrey. I have procured an excellent flute for you, as a little present; you shall play, and I will sing, and Catharine, (of whom, I am no longer jealous), and Anthony shall dance; papa shall enjoy the fun, beneath his favourite old oak, and we shall all be so happy."

"Thus did my poor, fading white-rose, strive to divert my thoughts into a brighter channel; and hope, ever an attendant upon the young, cheated me into the belief that all would yet be well.

Instead of returning to Moncton Park, Anthony proposed our accompanying him to Elm Grove, and as we thought the change of air might prove beneficial to Margaret, we readily acceded to the proposal. I exchanged my horse, for a seat beside Margaret, in Sir Alexander's open carriage, whilst the good old Baronet rode with his son, listening with intense interest to the history of his past life, and many sorrows. And Margaret and I had many a tender tale to tell, and vow to breathe, and long be-

fore we reached our journey's end, she had promised to become mine, when returning health should remove the last barrier to our union.

Sir Alexander, received my proposals for his daughter with the most unfeigned satisfaction, declaring that he would resign to Anthony Moncton, the hall, and take up his abode with his dear girl and her husband. Thus did I suffer hope to weave daily fresh garlands for my brow, without reflecting for a moment, how soon her brightest flowers may be scattered in the dust, and left to wither.

Our reception at Elm Grove, was such as might have been expected from its amiable possessors. The accounts of Moncton and Dinah North's death, had travelled there before us, and formed for the first few days, a theme for general discussion. My kind friend, Mrs. Hepburn, warmly congratulated me on my accession of fortune, and though no longer regarded as Sir Alexander's successor, I found myself a person scarcely less inferior in point of wealth and consequence.

Amidst the lovely gardens and bowers of Elm Grove, Anthony and Catherine had leisure to talk over the past, and form plans for the future; whilst my sweet Margaret, cheered by the society and sympathy of her new friends, regained for a while, her former serene appearance. Together we visited every picturesque spot in the neighbourhood—the old parsonage house, where my dear mother was born—the frave, where my worthy grandfather was buried; and infinitely to the delight of Mrs. Archer, partook of an excellent luncheon in the little parlour I had occupied for a few brief hours at her house. Catharine Lee was all smiles and vivacity; and she and Margaret formed for each other the most lively friendship.

"Is she not beautiful, Geoffrey?" said Margaret; as she watched her fair-haired friend, bounding like a fawn across the grassy slope on which we were reclining, in order to gain her brother and his father in their walk. "How happy my brother will be in the possession of such a partner for life. Do you not envy him the promise of such a charming wife."

"No, Margaret—I sincerely participate in his happiness. But I would not exchange my little fairy for his graceful queen."

"Ah, flatterer," replied she, "how can I believe you—who would prefer the pale drooping snow-drop to the perfumed, glowing rose?"

"Let Anthony keep his rose, the peerless amongst many sweets, but give me the pure solitary gem of early spring, which cheers with its modest beauty the parting frowns of envious winter." I pressed her small, delicate, white hand, with fervour to my heart. The meek head of the gentle girl, nestled closely in my bosom, and the long black lashes that veiled her matchless eyes, were heavy with large bright tears.

"Why do you weep, sweet Madge?"

"I am too happy, Geoffrey. These tears will come—they relieve the fulness of my heart; after suffering so much bitter grief, it is a luxury thus to weep." How often have I recalled those words, when weeping in madness over the grave of the beloved—and found no joy in grief—no peace in the tortured bosom of the mourner.

It was now the latter end of July, and the first of October had been fixed upon for the celebration of our double nuptials. All was bustle and preparation for the approaching festivity, and Margaret appeared to take as much interest in the matrimonial arrangements as her lively friend. Not a riband was selected, or a dress purchased, but Anthony and I were called upon to give our opinion of its beauty or becomingness, whilst the good old baronet's whole time and attention were directed to the improvements and decorations which he had planned in the interior of the hall. Thus all went merry as a marriage bell, until the second week in September, which was ushered in by heavy gales and a premature severity of weather. Often, when returning from our accustomed rides and walks, Margaret would draw her shawl tightly round her, and clinging closely to my arm, complain that she was cold, very cold. One day, in particular, when the deceitful beauty of the morning had induced us to extend our ride a few miles farther, we all got drenched by an unexpected torrent of rain. My dear little cousin complained of pain in her chest, sudden chills, and weariness of frame and spirits, and these symptoms were accompanied by a short, deep, cough, and a sudden flushing of the countenance, which greatly alarmed us all. Medical advice was instantly called in; but Margaret's malady daily increased, and her strength decreased with it.

Without daring to whisper to myself the extent of the calamity which threatened me, I consulted Dr. Wilson on the nature of her complaint. To my grief and astonishment, he informed me that his patient was beyond medical aid; that a few months at the farthest would terminate the existence of the purest and gentlest of human beings.

"It would be cruel to deceive you, Mr. Moncton," said the doctor, kindly taking my hand, and leading me to a seat, for his dreadful communication had completely unmanned me. "Let it be some comfort to you, in your affliction, that I have anticipated this for years—that our dear patient has carried about her from infancy the seeds of this deadly complaint—that it is better she should fall thus in the bud than leave a family of little children to bewail their irreparable loss. I sorrow for her father, and for you, Mr. Geoffrey, more than for her. Death can have no terrors to a sincere Christian, and such for years has Margaret Moncton been. A friend to the friendless—a sister of mercy to the poor and destitute."

Oh, reader! if you have ever known what it is to see your fondest hopes annihilated at the very moment when you imagined them about to be fulfilled, you can form some idea of my mental sufferings, whilst watching over the slow progress of decay in that delicate flower. Margaret was now perfectly aware of her situation, and she prepared herself to meet the coming event, with a cheerful fortitude which surprised all who knew her.

One thing she earnestly entreated, that the marriage of Catharine and Anthony might not be postponed on her account.

"I not only wish to witness their happiness before I go hence, and am no more seen, but to share in it," she said, a few days before the day appointed for the marriage took place. "And you, dearest Geoffrey, must give me a lawful claim to the tender services I receive from your hands. Though I can only be your wife in name, I shall die happy in hearing you address me by that endearing appellation."

I could only in reply press her wasted form in my arms, and bathe her hands and face with my tears. How earnestly had I wished to be thus allowed to call her mine, though I lacked the courage to make a proposal so dear to my peace.

Oh, what a melancholy day was that to us all! Margaret's sweet face alone wore a serene smile, as, supported by her father, she stood beside me at the altar. How beautiful she looked in her white bridal dress. What mockery was the ceremony to my tortured heart, whilst fancy, busy with my grief, converted those flowing garments into a snowy shroud.

One little week after that melancholy event, I again bent before that altar, to partake of the last token of a Saviour's dying love; but I knelt alone. The grave had closed over my bright, my beautiful, my virgin bride; and my soul had burst its worldly fetters, and vowed an eternal divorce from the vanities and lusts of earth.

Years have fled on in their silent but undeviating course. I am now an old, grey-headed man. Sir Alexander Moncton has long been gathered to his fathers; and the old hall is filled by a race of healthy and noble-looking young people, the children of Sir Anthony and Lady Moncton. I, too, have a Geoffrey and a Margaret, the children of my adoption. For years I have resided in the lodge, formerly the residence of Dinah North and her daughter, which has been converted into a pretty modern dwelling, surrounded by pleasure shrubberies and flower gardens. I love to linger near the scenes where the happiest and saddest moments of my life were passed. Behold me now—a cheerful, contented old man, surrounded by dear young faces, who lavish upon uncle Geoffrey the redundant affections of tender and guileless hearts. My wealth is the means of making many happy, of obviating the sorrows of the

sorrowful, and soothing with necessary comforts the couch of pain. When I first lost my beloved wife, I mourned as one without hope; but it pleased God to hallow and bless my afflictions, and by it, gently to lead me to a knowledge of himself. In what a different light can I now view these trials. How I bless the munificent hand that wounds but to heal—punishes but to reform—who poured upon the darkness of my soul the light of life, and exchanged the love of earth, which bound me grovelling in the dust, to the love of Christ—sorrow for the loss of one dear companion and friend, into compassion for the woes and sufferings of the whole human race.

A few words more, gentle reader, and we part forever. These relate to the fate of Theophilus Moncton—and fully illustrate that awful text: "There is no peace," saith my God, "for the wicked," and again, "The wicked have no hope in their death."

At the time when Robert Moncton, fell in the mid career of his crimes, by the hand of his son, every search was made, and large rewards were offered for the apprehension of the murderer, but in vain. Twenty years rolled on, and the names of both father and son were blended with the oblivion of the past. It was my custom yearly, to visit the metropolis, to be present at the great annual meetings, to further the propagation of the Gospel in heathen lands; and I was returning from such a meeting, my mind entirely occupied by the noble subjects I had just heard discussed, by some of the ablest and most devoted ministers of the Gospel. Crossing the Strand, just below Exeter Hall, my charity was solicited by the dirty, ragged sweeper of the street, in a voice, which though long absent, was but too familiar to my ear. I started, and gazing earnestly in the face of the wretched supplicant, with mingled sensations of pity and horror, I recognized the dull, lowering features of Theophilus Moncton. He, too, recognized me, and dropping the tattered remains of his hat upon the ground, muttered half aloud:

"Do not betray me, Geoffrey Moncton—my punishment is already greater than I can bear."

"Can I render you any other assistance?" I asked, in a faltering voice, as I dropped my purse into his hat—for the sight of him recalled many painful recollections.

Eagerly grasping the money, he replied, with a ghastly smile:

"You have rendered me the best in your power," and flinging away his broom, he disappeared down a dirty narrow alley, leaving me in a state of painful anxiety respecting him.

Wishing to convert this sinner from the error of his ways, for several succeeding days I visited the same spot, but without success. On the third day I found another tattered son of want, supplying his place at the crossing of the street. Dropping a few



coppers into his extended hat, I asked what had become of the poor fellow that used to sweep that crossing?

"Saving your honour," returned the mendicant, in a broad Irish accent; "he was a big blackguard, and so he was—not over honest neither, and always drunk. T'other day, some foolish body, who had more money than wit, took a fancy to his ugly unwholesome phiz, and instead of a few halfpence, gave him a purse full of gold, and he never quits the grip of the brandy bottle, till he dies, and so they carries the body to the work-house, and that's all I know of the chap. 'Tis a lucky thing, yer honour, that that the scamp has neither wife nor child."

I thought so, too, as with a heavy sigh I took my way to the inn, murmuring to myself, as I did so, "And such is the end of the wicked."

Belleville, Upper Canada, 1840.

## THE COBRA DE CAPELLO.

### HOODED OR SPECTACLED SNAKE.

THIS deadly serpent is so denominated, from its being in the habit of expanding, when irritated, a hood over the face, similar in appearance to the cowl of a monk. There are also two large livid spots, resembling a pair of uniform lenses, connected by an arch, alike complexioned, which correctly represent a pair of spectacles. The bite of this snake occasions death in somewhat less than half an hour after it has inflicted its wound. It is very common in most parts of India, and during the rainy season is extremely apt to steal into houses, to shelter itself against the inclemency of that destructive element, proving a dangerous inmate among families, who are not aware until it proves too late, that this deadly reptile is living unobserved in the midst of them. There is, however, one vigilant little enemy to this snake, which is ever in pursuit of him, and that is the "mongoose" or snake weasel. This creature is about the size of a ferret, partakes largely of the odour of musk, and is capable of being domesticated, so as to become as familiar as a house cat. When a "Cobra de Capello" perceives this weasel, he coils himself up, emitting at the same time a most fetid effluvium, the natural effect of terror and alarm. The mongoose runs round his enemy backwards and forwards, its eye being fixed intently on its victim, and when the critical opportunity offers itself, effects a sudden spring upon his scaly foe, seizing him behind the "occiput," and passing its teeth through the spine. Should the weasel be bitten, it immediately scampers off into the garden, or some wood near at hand, and medicates upon a peculiar herb, which proves an antidote against the "venenum" of the serpent. There are few families in India that are without these little animals, which run about the house and are exceedingly familiar in their habits. They are equally destructive to rats, mice, and other quadrupedal

vermin. There are a certain "caste" of natives, termed "Sampe Wallers," or snake-catchers: these men are in the habit of going about, exhibiting a variety of venomous serpents, which they carry with them in fitly constructed baskets. This is a dangerous practice. About three years since one of this vagabond fraternity whilst amusing a small assemblage of spectators by the exhibition of his feats with six large Cobra de Capellos, during the act of charming them with the modulations of his pipe, one of the snakes contrived to seize him on the wrist. The poor itinerant immediately felt conscious of his horrible fate. He was conveyed to an adjoining outhouse, where in less than twenty minutes he expired under the most agonizing convulsions.

### LOVE OF CHILDREN.

TELL me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall;" tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

### ENGLISH IDEAS.]

AN English lady, on arriving at Calais, on her way to make the grand tour, was surprised and somewhat indignant at being termed for the first time in her life, a foreigner. "You mistake, madam," said she to the libeller, with some pique, "it is you who are foreigners; we are English."

### LOVE.

Yes, Love may surely boast a source divine,  
 Whatever be its early form and feature,  
 It flows, like Sol's life-giving beams, benign,  
 From the Creator to the humblest creature.  
 It is the very life and soul  
 Of all that live, and breathe, and move;  
 There's not a pulse from pole to pole,  
 But vibrates solely from the power of love.  
 The largest form, the smallest thing  
 That nature's boundless kingdom holds,  
 Whether it moves on foot or wing,  
 Or finny oar, or sinuous fold,  
 All, all exist on this mysterious plan,  
 From viewless insects, up to lordly man!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

(ORIGINAL.)

## MODERN ENLIGHTENMENT CONTRASTED WITH ANCIENT BARBARISM.

BY A. B.

“The Schoolmaster is abroad.”

*Lord Brougham.*

“Go a-head.”

*David Crockett.*

THANK Heaven! we live in the nineteenth century, in the era of unparalleled improvement in science, in art, in literature, morals and religion. Never before did such days as these dawn upon the human race; never were such glorious vistas of foreshadowed splendour opened up to the view of the contemplative philosopher, as in this enlightened age, when the human mind has burst the fetters of ages, purified from the gross defilement, which overshadowed as with a pall, all former ages that have disappeared, and are now almost forgotten. How shall we contrast the darkness of former ages with the meridian splendour of modern times; where commence to note the painful ignorance, the inferiority, the nothingness of the ancients, when viewed in contrast with the intelligence, the refinement, the wonderful advancement of us moderns? It is difficult indeed to know where to commence, so various and and at the same time so striking are the features of the contrast, which press themselves upon our notice. The inhabitants of Imperial Rome, in the time of Augustus, when the Seven Hills echoed to the tread, and gave back the shouts of thundering millions, could scarcely be supposed fully to realize that the mistress of the world was once only an insignificant village, containing a few shepherds' huts—that a few straggling sheep once occupied the place of marble palaces, amphitheatres and baths. The change was indeed great. Egypt with her inexhaustible stores of grain, India with her gems, her silks, her beautiful birds, her beasts of fierce temper and shining spotted hides, the ivory of Africa, with the dusky slave, spice-laden and glittering in the rude wealth of nature, Germany, Gaul, Britain, all pouring their contributions into the lap of the proud sovereign capital of the world; it was no wonder that the poor mud-built town, with its low wall, should be overlooked in the prodigious advance.

But what is the progress of Imperial Rome—how insignificant and utterly unworthy of notice, when contrasted with the immense superiority of this age? When contrasted with the brightest and palmiest days of Greek or Roman fame, we look back, and the feeble glimmering light which then shone upon the benighted nations, is lost in the full blaze of dazzling splendour, which envelopes us on every side. The philosophers of Greece were doubtless considerably thought of in their own neighbourhoods,

for the same reason doubtless, that a farthing candle is visible at some distance in the black and dark night, but bring them in contact with the merest schoolboy of this age of general education and intellectual improvement, and how speedily and totally would they be eclipsed, how soon their conceited ignorance exposed, and the bearded *sages*? that kept the crown of the causey at Athens, be sent back in disgrace, to prate about fiddling and dancing, the chief good and the dignity of philosophy, to pupils not less ignorant and more assuming than themselves.

Indeed, how was it possible for these remote ages, unacquainted with steamboats, railroads, and the noble art of printing, to be other than barbarous. There were then no newspapers, no penny magazines, no encyclopedias, and of course, men were born and disappeared as ignorant, and scarcely more thinking creatures than the brutes. Wisdom, did not in those days, (like the hawkers of penny papers in ours) lift up her voice in the streets; but all was darkness and doubt, in science and art, in literature, morals and religion. Their philosophers lived in tubs, and honest men were so scarce that, even on a market day, it was like hunting for a needle in a stack of hay, to try to find one. Archimedes is said to have burnt the Roman fleet by means of mirrors, but what are mirrors compared with the sublime invention of gunpowder. What comparison can be drawn between the catapulta, the balista, and the battering ram, and long toms, twenty-four pounders and howitzers? Alas! none, and yet in every thing else the ancients were as ignorant as on these subjects.

They knew nothing of the mariner's compass, nor of the sextant, and these circumstances alone are sufficient to prove that they were only fresh water sailors, mere ignorant lubbers, very likely without whiskers and pigtails, and on the whole not to be mentioned in the same day with a Canadian voyageur, or a Mississippi raftman. Their ships were drawn to the sea with ropes, with rollers below,\* and in a storm were girded with ropes to prevent leakage;† and according to General Stewart, had their sides formed an angle of 45° with the sur-

\* Virg. An. II. 236. † Hor. Od. I. 14. Acta xvii. 17.

face of the water, † another proof of their utter ignorance of naval affairs. Compare this barbarous preparation with a well equipped modern fleet, and the difference will become apparent to the blindest and most obstinate. At sea, therefore, the ancients were but puny pigmies compared with us; instead of first rate men of war, a vessel of 2000 amphore, i. e. about 55 tons, seems to have been thought a large ship, † and as to their engagements, although we are told that on some occasions § two thousand vessels were engaged on a side, the story is probably monstrously exaggerated, and even if it were true, their ships were probably on an average, not much larger than fishing cobbles, or a common wherry, and of course could do little damage.

The superiority of modern warfare by land, over that of the ancients, is apparent even on a casual glance. Taking the most favourable specimens of ancient valour (!) the Romans, what do we find on looking at their boasted military exploits? Little else than a tissue of exaggerated statements, got up by their own prejudiced historians, statements which will not be credited, at least without great allowance, by this enlightened age. But even if we give their historians full credit, what do they tell us? Certainly they do speak of large armies; Italy alone on the report of a Gallic tumult, being able to raise and equip 80,000 horse and 700,000 foot,\* but what are numbers without discipline, and how could a semi-barbarous nation like the Romans, know much of discipline, when probably they had not three men out of the 700,000, who could have acted as drill sergeant or even as fuzleman to a company of Loyal Canadian Volunteers? We shall take one of these Roman privates, and analyse him for the sport of the thing. First and foremost, that is uppermost, is his helmet of brass, (galea) coming down to the shoulders, but leaving the face uncovered—marvellous protection this. Next is his shield, four feet long, and two and a half feet broad, made of wood (!) and covered with a bull's hide, with a coat of mail, generally of leather covered with iron. Next look at his legs, protected something the same way, and then at his feet, half covered with a kind of shoe or brogue, that a beggar in this enlightened age would throw in your face, were you to offer it to him. Give him a sword and two javelins and your Roman footman is fully equipped. How infinitely superior to all this lumbering, heavy armour, is the neat clean uniform of the Royals or the 24th Regiment, how immeasurably preferable the musket to the sword and javelin, the undress cap to the galea, brass buttons to iron coats of mail; how portable the cartridge box, when contrasted with the lumbering shield, with its little plates of iron, and how much more enlightened and civilized our noble

fellows, who spend their pay like gentlemen wherever they go. But let us look at the Roman private on the march; yonder he is, helmet, shield, sword, javelins and all, sure as eggs are eggs, he is carrying in addition to all this useless stuff, fifteen days provisions, (*cibaria*.) a saw, a mattock, an axe, a hook, a chain, a leathern thong, from three to twelve stakes, and a *pot*, the whole amounting, besides arms, to sixty pounds weight.\* A comical looking sight must it have been, to see these pot-bellied warriors marching four deep, in a hot day. What a jingling would a small round of grape have made among their pots. They must have been nearly roasted by being tied so long to the stake; the leathern thong was probably an incipient cat of nine tails.

But the subject is too painful for mirth—alas! what a degradation to hear of immortal beings thus abused, thus loaded, thus perilously exposed, and all for the paltry sum of 2½d. per day, † and an allowance of a bushel of corn per week, and sometimes having their pay stopped to pay for the said corn. ‡ It is enough to draw tears from the eyes, and groans of deep anguish from the heart of every true friend of humanity in this enlightened age, to consider the pitiable condition of these poor beings, more especially when he is told that whether toiling in the heats of Syria, or the fiercer flames of Africa, in the snows of Macedon, or the plains of Partheu, the poor overburdened, ill-paid Roman soldier had not so much as a *shirt*, or an apology for one! This astounding declaration may startle some persons, but there is damning evidence that, however appalling the declaration, it is but too true, for we fearlessly assert that the *subucula* or woollen covering for the skin, mentioned by Horace and Suetonius, was never introduced into the army, if indeed it was ever in general use among the body of the nation. There was then no shirt, no substitute for it.

Thank Heaven that we live in a more enlightened age! in an age when the rights of human beings and their dearest privileges, as men and as Christians, can never be thus offered up to the Moloch of ambition, when the brave defenders of our nation's glory, the bulwark of Britain's honour, the assertors of her rights, and the terror of bloody-minded, life-sacrificing tyrants, can never be forced into the field of contest with nothing in their hands but a rusty sword, and a couple of javelins, and without a shirt to their backs. Thank Heaven, the schoolmaster is abroad, and men are looked upon as men, whether they be soldiers or citizens, land owners or operatives, black, white or red, rich or poor. But to pass on. Is it not plain that the Roman soldier thus harnessed, and ill paid, could never have been worth a copper in the field? We ask, how would our pri-

† Rom. Ant. p. 338.    † Cic. Fam. xii. 15.  
‡ Lempriere, Salamis.    \* Plin. III. 20.

• Liv. III. 27.    † Ib. v. 12.    ‡ Tac. J. 17.

vate soldier fight, on 2½d. per diem, with a pot slung over his back, or hanging on his belly (*hand belly-cosy*)? We would suggest to Colonel Wetherall to try his Royals for a month or two, equipped and paid after the Roman fashion, and then we should see the result. Is there a man so blind as not to see that men in these circumstances could never fight? Especially when there was not a drop of grog allowed in the whole Roman army, nothing but a little vinegar, and that by all accounts no great shakes. We are fully convinced that our gallant fellows, after three months such discipline as this, would be chased by a troop of fish women and other less pugnacious fair ones, and the result would soon become apparent. We have every reason then, reasoning *a fortiori*, to assert that the Roman armies, composed of such materials, never could have done much service in the field. They might have stood against naked savages, but never against even the rawest of our modern militia, men whom intellectual discipline, and the power of printing has raised not only above the common Roman private, but the mightiest Roman commander. Had Rome in all her armies, ten men that could make out a readable "morning state?" one solitary band that could play even so simple a tune as the "British Grenadiers?" had she any bombshells, any rockets, a single musket, an ounce of powder, a decent drill serjeant, a well made uniform? No, she had none of these. We ask again, then, what *had* she? or what *did* she? She conquered a parcel of savages that could neither read nor write, who knew nothing of gunpowder or the mariner's compass. She plundered for a time as she pleased, triumphed after a twenty years' war, over a negro general, at the head of an army of ill paid Africans and volunteer Spaniards, and at last fell before a horde of "ferce barbarians from the hills." Noble doings these!

But what else could have been expected from soldiers, fed on vinegar, and converted into mere cranes or pot-hooks; commanded by officers who were afraid to sleep, even for a night, in an unfortified camp, and serving a country whose highest honours were a lot of oak leaves stitched together and no pension? How miserable the pay, and how empty and valueless the honours of the shirtless Roman soldier! No wonder that they accomplished little or nothing; no wonder that they were utterly inferior to the rawest of the militia of this enlightened age. But why dwell longer on our superiority in the sublime science of war, whether by sea or land? Why insist on that which constitutes not one ten thousandth, nay, not one ten millionth part of the measureless superiority of this age of improvement over all former ages? We can boast on other and still sublimer grounds. We can boast of the universal diffusion of knowledge; of the intellectual improvement of the people; of the spread of science to almost incredible, and never sufficiently-to-be-

appreciated extent. It can be said that the infant of the nineteenth century is wiser than the wisest philosopher of antiquity, and we have no hesitation to assert that a free and enlightened jury of twelve honest men would decide that there was more truly useful information, more solid science, more profound reasoning, and more thrilling interest in a volume of Peter Parley's lucubrations for juvenile intellects, than a thousand musty volumes of Latin or Greek. Thucyides, Livy, Tacitus! how can such antiquated retailers of old wives' stories instruct the intelligent freemen of this age of human rights? The very idea is preposterous, and deserves to be scouted! What shall we, the wisest, the most virtuous, indeed the *only* truly wise and virtuous age that ever lived, shall we be sent back to learn of conceited barbarians, who never heard a word of English, never dreamed of a railroad or steamboat, never saw a printing press, and scarcely knew enough to roast their onions or keep their bare toes out of the fire! We can truly boast that there are few who would dare to broach such an idea. Thank fortune! we are no longer to be led away, or, to use a more modern, and therefore more expressive phrase, to be *humbugged* by any set of great names. We think for ourselves. The people are the best thinkers; they know more than a thousand musty old-fashioned, self-sufficient, classical writers, forsooth. The people are in advance of every thing; the past is of no use. The very word antiquity is driven deep down into the dirt, by the all-to-nothing-crushing-roller of public opinion.

Who cares for anything that is not new? Not this enlightened age; not modern philosophers; not the freeholders, the thinking operatives, the bone and muscle of the country. No, they need not the instruction of such barbarians. The man takes no lessons from the babe puling in his mother's arms; the eagle stoops not to the prey of the sparrow; the ocean will not lament if the insignificant well withhold its waters from its dark and ever heaving bosom; nor would this enlightened age be greatly concerned if antiquity and all its boasted treasures were at this moment, as they will soon be, entirely swallowed up in the gulf of oblivion. We are not needy heirs, dependent on the behests of that parsimonious old codger—antiquity. We need not to borrow, but, on the contrary, are abundantly able to lend. There is enough of science, of intellectual acquirement, of power, of wealth, of talent, of energy, now extant, to furnish out at least seven decent ages with the proportion of the commodities possessed by generations gone by. A file of a country newspaper contains more real, practical, useful knowledge, than nine-tenths of all the ponderous tomes that deluged antiquity. Nay, it is a question, whether six sheets of closely printed small pica might not be made to contain all the truly valuable, useful knowledge which the benighted world possessed before the in-

vention of the noble and ennobling art of printing. Of the philosophy of the human mind the ancients were profoundly ignorant. Their metaphysics were nothing but unintelligible discussions about existence, substance, quality, essence; \* dialogues peirastic, anatreptic, maientic; names in themselves sufficiently barbarous to show that nothing of sense was contained in them. Zeno discovered that pain was not an evil; Epicurus, that pleasure was the only good. Both justified suicide, and rejected the doctrine of reward and punishment.† The Stoics sternly forbade all real sympathy with distress, although the appearance of sympathy was allowed;‡ all appearance of passion was absolutely forbidden, riches and honour despised, but only in theory. The class of philosophers most widely spread abroad through all Greece, the Sophists, what were they? They were the teachers of youth, and fine teachers they were. Compare them with the poorest teacher in our day, and their barrenness and imbecility will be apparent. Did they know anything of geography, of English grammar, of chemistry, of botany, of natural philosophy? Not a bit. They were literally word-mongers, empty disputants, sleight of word jugglers, dogmatists that deserved to be tarred and feathered, that corrupted and ruined all who gave ear to them, and by sapping the foundations of all virtue, finally involved in destruction the whole state. Listen to the tenets of these ancient philosophers—tenets which they inculcated in groves and porticoes, and by the brink of fountains, for the Greek barbarians knew nothing of the sublime conception of district school houses. “Perjury breaks no bones; it is, on the contrary, an expedient and justifiable exertion of the power given us by nature over our own words.” “Men are fools or they would not remain entangled in these spiders’ webs—(the laws). The whole realm of animals, nay, the human race itself, demonstrates that the stronger has a right to control the weaker.”§ Such was their philosophy, if their miserable, frost-bitten, destructive doctrines deserve the name. Of the noble science of chemistry what did these ancient sages know? Answer—They supposed the universe composed of three simple substances—air, earth, and water. Now we triumphantly ask the pretended admirers of antiquity, if they do not blush for the consummate ignorance of these profound philosophers? Why, there is not a school-boy of ten years old in this enlightened age, who has gone through chemistry, who would commit such blunders, as to say there were only three simple bodies. Does he not know all about oxygen and nitrogen, of alkalies and compound salts, of hydrogen and chlorine, of potassium and tungsten,

and a thousand other equally valuable and interesting topics?

So ignorant were they as not to have the slightest idea of the manufacture of soap; they made use of currycombs and scrapers of brass (sliptæ) to cleanse their filthy bodies.\* Bismuth they confounded with tin;† and as for analysing minerals, or mixed gasses, they could no more have done it than they could have calculated an eclipse of one of Jupiter’s satellites, or determined the longitude and latitude of El Dorado. Well may we weep for such astounding ignorance among the literary savans of those dark ages, well may we exult at the superiority of even a modern coal-bearer, or itinerant mender of umbrellas.

What did they know of electricity and magnetism? Nothing but the names. They were entirely ignorant of the laws of attraction and repulsion, of electrical equilibrium, of the Leyden jar, the condenser and the electrophorics. Never had they heard of the voltaic apparatus, of secondary piles, of the double touch, boreal and austral magnetic forces, the magnetic meridian, of the electro magnetic multiplier. Not even a solitary lightning rod had they ever seen; no, nor the magnetic needle.

For science to their eyes, her ample page

In those dull barb’rous times had ne’er unroll’d.

Poor, unenlightened mortals were they, truly, and much to be pitied by the intelligent reading public of the nineteenth century. We do pity them; we deplore the deep darkness which brooded over the human intellect, reducing millions of immortal beings to the low level of the brute. Gladly would we cast the veil of oblivion over their lamentable condition, for with all their ignorance, prejudice, superstition, and inferiority, God forbid that we should forget that the Greeks and Romans were men; but it is not in human nature to bear with the few self-opinionated, stone-blind individuals, who in this age of advancement are not ashamed to refer us back to antiquity, as if we could learn anything from dark and barbarous ages. We look upon the obstinate antiquarians as dangerous enemies of the community; as blinded idolators, worshipping the dim farthing taper, and shutting their eyes against the full blaze of modern superiority. They tell us to look back. Well, we have looked, and what have we found? Most evident ignorance of military and naval tactics, and the philosophy of the human mind, while the school-boy of our day, even at the tender age of ten or twelve, is more than match for the whole set of philosophers that ever walked the academy, spouted in groves and porticoes, dogmatized in baths, strutted in theatres, or declaimed in forums. We have sought in vain for the mild, purifying, soul-exalting influence of a daily, a weekly, or even a monthly or

\* Aristotle *passim*. † Laert in Zem. et Epic.  
‡ Epict. Enchir. c. xxii.

§ Callicles. Gorgias Protagoras.

\* Ang. 80. Pers. v. 126. † Ed. Turner, F. R. S.

quarterly press. We have strained our eyes in groping for some faint shadow of advancement in the science of human rights, and can find nothing but shirtless soldiers fighting for the scanty pittance of two pence halfpenny per diem, and scanty rations. Whither shall we now turn? What wondrous discoveries will reward our search? Perhaps they understood business though they were no fighters and poor scholars? Look at their agriculture then. The farm of the Roman citizen consisted, in the first age of the monarchy, of two acres to each man,\* a plain proof they kept few ox teams. About two hundred years afterwards, each man got seven acres,† which he took great pains to manure, by sowing pigeon's dung on the fields like seed.‡ They had an apology for a plough, and after ploughing a furrow carefully, returned in the same track, and commenced another. They made some passably good wine, because nature would not allow herself to be successfully opposed, and grapes would grow so luxuriantly, that they tempted even barbarians to preserve the juice. Perhaps they were manufacturers? Yes, the women, poor things, were confined all day in the garret, dressing wool, packing, teasing, and carding it,|| and then they had the pleasure of weaving it, while their lords and masters were lounging about in the baths or public places of resort. This was the extent of their manufactures; how very much inferior is our Birmingham or Sheffield hardware man, our Manchester clothier, our Staffordshire potter, or a Lowell factory girl. It is painful to the inquiring mind of a free citizen of this modern age of gold to be forced to dwell upon these records of the pitiable condition of those who once boasted themselves to be the masters of the world. But the investigation will not be without its benefits, if it should increase even in the smallest degree, that rational self esteem, which can never be too much held up to the attention of this age. It is always of advantage to know the truth. Truth should be proclaimed at every corner, daily and hourly; the press should join in the great work. Let the great truth then be proclaimed, in tones of thunder, in the ears of every man, that this is the only truly enlightened age—that all former ages were demi-simi-barbarous, not fit to hold a candle to ours. It will not be difficult to convince a truly great minded nation of facts so self-evident, and when this is once accomplished, we may soon hope to see the practical influence which such facts cannot fail to produce, in releasing the human mind from the trammels of antiquated superstitions, in begetting an ardent irrepressible desire to banish every remnant of what some silly and half-witted individuals are pleased still to designate “Ancient Literature and Art.” What a glorious day will that

be for our race! when the unfettered intellect, cut loose from every vestige of regard for the past, and careless, generously, nobly, careless, as to the future, shall revel in the ever glorious and alone worthy to be considered present. What changes may we not then anticipate, what revolutions, what upturnings! The soul-debarring maxims which despots endeavour to inculcate, will be swept away; venerated abuses, which under the names of established government, settled institutions, and so forth, have so long ground the industrious poor to the dust, will be cast to the moles and to the bats; the people will rise up in their might, and with the chainless freedom of the winds, and the overwhelming force of the mountain torrent, scatter and annihilate every system, which opposes the advance of the race to absolute and entire perfection. Let tyrants shudder, for the day of destruction draweth nigh; let rich men weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon them. Their ill-gotten wealth must be disgorged, their high stations abandoned, and very likely their necks stretched for their past and shameless atrocities; for daring to wallow in wealth and luxuries while the honest and industrious, heaven-made nobleman starved, or what is little better, eat potatoes and salt at their gate, because he was *poor*.

The blinded antiquarian, the purse proud aristocrat, the pampered overfed official, love to point us back to antiquity. They do not like the incredible advance of the human mind in this age; they fear and tremble when they hear of universal diffusion of knowledge, or (what is the same thing) of virtue and morality, among the mass of mankind. They clutch their purses, and shout out “Antiquity!” “Antiquity.” “Look back, my friends, look back!” “Learn from the past,” from experience of ages, of centuries.” It is enough to make the blood boil in the veins of the Christian philanthropist to listen to such harangues; he would be more than mortal, or unfeeling as a nether millstone, who could stand by and hear, without indignantly protesting against the gross insult which such language pours on this enlightened age. What! we learn from antiquity! From Pagans!! From ignorant men who fought for 2½d a day, wore no shirts, ate black broth, and did not know enough even to build a chimney in their *palaces* to carry off the smoke!!! An intelligent, free and enlightened citizen of the nineteenth century, sent back to be taught by a man who could scarcely count twenty; a man cleaned (like a horse in this enlightened age) with a curry-comb or scraper,‡ amused in public by men hired to stab each other in the gullet, or back, or any where on the superficies of the human body, and within doors by swallowing sausages and peacock's brains, till they were like to burst, and then taking an emetic

\* Varr. R. R. i. 10. † Plin. xviii. 3. ‡ Col. ii. 16  
 § Ovid Met. vi. 53.

\* Vitruv. vii. 3. † Suet. Aug. 80 Pers v. 126.

to enable them to commence again with renewed vigor! The idea is too monstrous to be entertained by any friend of human rights, any truly enlightened patriot and scholar! Rather let us rejoice that the absurd and obsolete maxims, the heathenish philosophy, the puerile, empty declamation, the prosaic poetry, and the fabulous history of antiquity will soon be forgotten. There is a spirit abroad that will shortly banish all these, and even their language, from the face of the earth. The language of Milton and Shakespeare is enough for this enlightened age without having recourse to unintelligible foreign, much less, ancient tongues. It is too late to hold up Cicero and Demosthenes as models of eloquence, when more rational, more subduing, and more spirited speeches are every day made by men trained in the pure and lofty school of modern politics. Joseph Hume is an infinitely more enlightened Statesman than a Pericles; Joseph Papineau more fortunate and more valiant than Gracchus; Lord Brougham more learned than a dozen men like Herodotus or Thucydides, a deeper philosopher than ten Aristotles and sixteen Platos, a better lawyer than Papinian.

But it is when we look to another department of science that the fullest view is obtained of the inferiority of the ancients and the immense, numberless and too often unappreciated blessings which in this modern age of improvement we are privileged to enjoy. I refer to the science of medicine—to the healing art. It is a melancholy reflection that among the innumerable millions who must have been attacked by diseases the most virulent and infectious, in the dark and benighted ages of ancient Greece and Rome, we can scarcely find a single instance of a perfect cure, or indeed a cure of any kind. The names of Galen and Hippocrates are still preserved, and these of any note are all that have survived. Where were their colleges of Physicians—their M. D's.—their gold headed canes? Alas! we look for them in vain. No nervous arm was near to extract the decayed tooth; no skilful surgeon to amputate a limb, to dress a wound, to give a dose of calomel, to wield a lancet. The circulation of the blood was no better known in these ages of supreme ignorance than the art of printing. No skilful apothecaries, no elegant *accoucheurs* were there—in those days no saddle bags. Gross and impenetrable darkness shrouded from their eyes, the plainest and most palpable truths of this age. Could Galen have distinguished the different sets of nerves, and traced them through their various ramifications? Not he. Knew he any thing of the dense cellular substance, covered by a secreting mucous membrane and this again by the cuticle or Epidermus. This would have been all Greek to him, nor could the honest man have decided whether you were talking about

the skin, or the liver, the salivary glands or the Schneiderian membrane.

But the crowning glory of the age is the noble and sublime simplicity which now pre-eminently distinguishes the healing art. Chemistry and strictly scientific acquirement have done much; Professional zeal, directed by scientific research, has done more; but how insignificant all their achievements, how valueless and unworthy of notice when compared to the efforts of the beneficent friends of man—the unlearned, unstudied doctors, whose genius is only just beginning to be fully appreciated. What a brilliant galaxy of truly great and benevolent practitioners, of laborious patient thinkers, adorns the history of Europe and America for the last thirty years! What revolutions in medical science have they not accomplished! What wondrous simplicity in practice have they not introduced! What innumerable pangs have they not soothed, administering comfort to millions of afflicted mortals, rekindling the flush of beauty on the once ghastly countenance, and restoring to society and the world its brightest ornaments, its most distinguished benefactors. Let the mind of the enlightened friend of humanity, exult in the consideration that the illustrious men, by whose labours and generous self-sacrificing efforts these glorious results have been accomplished—have now begun to reap the reward of all their privations and hardships, in the acclamations and thanks, to say nothing of the paid cash, of grateful millions. Real worth, when accompanied by sterling benevolence, seldom fails of meeting with its appropriate reward, and therefore it is that the names of the great pioneers in the march of medical improvement, the names of Brandreth, of Moffatt, of Solomon, of Hay, of Oldridge, of Morrison, of Rowland, of Rolfe, and a host of others, are now embalmed in the hearts of a truly liberal and generous public. Detraction for a while dimmed and obscured their real merit; false and hollow hearted pedlars for a while vended, not the real but the "spurious article;" actions in defence of their patient rights, for a while perplexed and almost discouraged their benevolent hearts—but these days of darkness are gone; the insulted laws of their country gave exemplary damages against malicious pedlars, and now, by the means of accredited agents, the healing balm of Gilead, the true *elixir vitæ*, and all the blessings of health and beauty are within the reach of the very poorest, in this enlightened age. We blush to record the almost incredible fact, that among the "regular doctors," as they are called, these beneficent discoveries met with but little support. Nay, on many occasions, the medical faculty affected to doubt upon the marvellous cures which were effected, and tried to oppose the spread of these simple but sublime discoveries, among the mass of the people. The weight of authority was brought up, the sanction of science hurled on the heads of

\*Cic. Att. 1. 12. Cels. 1. 3. Senec. ad Helvet. 9

the discoverers, suits for malpractice were instituted, and in some instances, (such is the weight and influence of money and station.) innocent and unoffending persons were condemned and mulcted for their generous efforts in behalf of suffering humanity. Scandalous proceedings of this kind, even in London and in the metropolis of New York, will suggest themselves to the recollection of my readers. Alas! that worth and benevolence, that genius and enterprise should thus have met with the scorn of the scientific and learned. But it has always been thus, Galilei in his dungeon, Columbus in want, and in rags, Copernicus, Harvey, Milton, as well as Brandreth, Moffatt and Morrison, too truly demonstrate that

“TRUTH must struggle long,  
Opposed and shunned.”

Thank Heaven! the truth cannot always be repressed or put down; the rushing river may be dammed, embankment added to embankment, stake driven after stake, and the sweep of the chafing waters for a while restrained; but the tide only returns upon itself, to collect new and irresistible impetus, and by and bye, while the arrogant and unthinking are looking with exultation on their finished undertaking, both it and they are in a moment overwhelmed and swept away, never more to be seen or heard of. We warn “the regular doctors” to be wise in time; to beware, lest by a vain and obstinate opposition to the cause of TRUTH and Dr. Brandreth, both they and their profession be swept away amid the sneers and exultations of an insulted public. “*Magna est veritas,*” &c.

To a contemplative and enquiring mind, three things will appear worthy of peculiar attention, in relation to the healing art, as practised by Dr. Brandreth and other eminent geniuses. (1) The simplicity and excellence of its fundamental principles. (2) Its wonderful success. (3) The patriotic exertions of its inventors. So self evident are these three characteristics, that they scarcely require to be touched upon, were it not that a few bigotted, and wilfully blinded men still pretend to deny them. To shew the first of these characteristics, the simplicity and excellence of the first principles: what more simple than the following fundamental facts, recognized by the great Dr. HUNT, whose Botanical Pills need no praise of ours:

“The blood has hitherto been considered by *Empirics* and others, as the great regulator of the human system, and such is the devotedness of the adherents to that erroneous doctrine, that they content themselves with the simple possession of this fallacious opinion, without enquiring into the primary sources from whence life, health and vigour emanate, and *vice versa*, pain, sickness, disease, and death.” Not so with Dr. Hunt. He contends, and a moment’s reflection will convince any reason-

ing mind of the correctness of his views, “that the stomach, liver and the *associated* organs, are the primary and great regulators of health.”

Again, what can be more satisfactory or more simple than the theory of the great Brandreth:

“The great principle of PURGING” says he, “is at length beginning to be appreciated. It is found much more *convenient* to take an occasional dose of half a dozen pills, and be always well, than to send for a doctor, and be bled, blistered and salivated. The cure by purging may depend more upon the *laws which produce sweetness*, than may be generally supposed.”

The success which has attended these modern luminaries in the divine science of alleviating human distress, is such as to excite feelings of the most enrapturing delight in every benevolent heart; but it is needless here to dwell upon this. We can only lament that in former ages of darkness, when the transcendent genius of such men as Morrison or Moffatt had not as yet arisen to enlighten the more than Egyptian darkness which brooded over an afflicted world, hundreds, nay thousands of valuable lives must have been forever lost to society, which a little attention to the laws of nature, and the great principle of purging might have preserved. Alas, for ancient Greece! Alas for all former ages! How deplorable their condition, how unmitigated their sufferings! An inscrutable Providence concealed from them the wonder working elixir of life, the matchless sanative, the principle of purging,

“They had no Brandreth, and they died.”

Let it never be said then, that *we*, on whom the light of the meridian sun has been permitted to shine, are ungrateful to the sublime geniuses who have been made the instruments of inestimable favours—such marvellous cures. It is for us to raise the grateful statue, the monumental fane, the pæan of loud thanksgiving. Let it be borne in mind that in the United States alone, one hundred thousand cases of consumption are *annually* cured by the use of the matchless sanative alone; that 9,000,000 boxes of the genuine Brandrethian Pills have been disposed of within the last five years; that over 1,000,000 boxes of Sheaman’s cough Lozenges (only 25 cents per box) were disposed of in 1839; that “Spencer’s Vegetable Medicines,” bearing the mighty sceptre of original science, have proved the Sampsons and Goliaths of the remedial art;” and it will be seen what an overwhelming load of obligation is laid upon this enlightened age. And these are but a few instances out of many thousands; instances which could be established by hundreds of thousands of certificates, when from the east, the west, the north and the south, the restored and emancipated shall collect and hail with the most ecstatic raptures the mighty and ever-to-be-held-in-remembrance, Brandreth, the potent and glorious Solomon, the matchless Morrison, and so forth.



Never since the creation of the universe were such noble examples of enlightened philanthropy ever exhibited to the admiring gaze of angels and men, as those afforded by these sublime sages of this age of human rights. A Leonidas laid down his life in the field, a Decius and a Regulus preferred the commonwealth to the dearest ties which cling around the bosoms of the brave and good; a Howard plunged into the dungeon to bring the blessed light of day to forlorn and despairing prisoners; but what is all this to the labors of the lights of our age? How infinitely inferior, nay ridiculous and unworthy of notice, when contrasted with the god-like achievements of a Brandreth; or the well known "Good Samaritan," the inventor of the Phoenix Bitters? What is salvation to a few thousand Greeks or Romans, or a few prisoners, to the emancipation of the whole human race. What is deliverance from a dungeon, when compared with deliverance from "all the ills that flesh is heir to," from fell consumption's fatal fangs, from dreadful distressing dropsies and dyspepsia from lingering liver-complaints, awfully agonizing asthmas, corroding cancers not to mention coughs, costiveness, and cholics. General debility leads on a more fearful and scarcely less numerous train than did the renowned general, Xerxes, of old; but, thank heaven, if we have no Leonidas, we have no Regulus, we have the "Regulators of the Human System," the Botanical Pills of Dr. Hunt. It was sport to face a Persian Army or legion of Gauls, to hold conversation with benevolent turnkeys, or incarcerated criminals, when contrasted with the self-denying efforts which have been so long endured by the simple minded medical sages of our enlightened days. Let the generous public consider what a sacrifice of feeling for those benevolent men to rend themselves from the happy privacy of domestic endearments, and to have their names placarded in every street, stuck up in flaming capitals in low taverns, in the public prints; to be exposed to the calumny of detractors, the machinations of the "Regular Doctors," the plots of piratical pilfering pedlars; the sneers of the inquisitive pettifogging attorney. What but the most enthusiastic attachment to the cause of true science, the most feeling tenderness of heart for the groans of suffering humanity, could have actuated their minds in their long struggles for their "patent rights?" Is it to be supposed these benevolent lovers of their race were incited by the bare twenty-five cents per box, or seven and sixpence per bottle? Perish the thought! No, they accepted this trifling and totally inadequate compensation merely that their opportunities for doing good might not be curtailed; they received twenty-five cents for preserving a life, that other lives might also be preserved. Venerable men! your labors, your generous self-sacrifices are fully appreciated. Soon will you attain to the great end to which all your toils, and

your researches, have been directed; the *annihilation of every disease that afflicts humanity*. In a few years, man will stand erect, emancipated from all his mortal ills, and in a few more, the scythe of death, wielded by the arch-destroyer in his utmost fury, will be unable to perform its murderous office, "I will just play dirl on the bane, and do nae mair."

As the eye of the contemplative philosopher glances forward to this glorious era, no wonder if his heart is dilated with unutterable joy and delight. What a happy period, when there shall be no consumptions, no cholics, no liver complaints, no piles, or at least only wood piles, no dyspepsia, no general debility, no sudden premature deaths! Doubtless an overruling Providence will open up some way of nourishing and sustaining the millions that will be saved from the diseases of infancy and youth; we cannot suppose that the earth will be so crowded and filled up with inhabitants as that Dr. Brandreth and his host of noble compeers will be cursed for cheating Death of his accustomed prey. No, we hope, and indeed we may say we confidently anticipate that enough will be produced from the soil to sustain the whole human family in the approaching era, when every man of woman born shall fulfil the allotted span of threescore years and ten. But if this should not be the case, the local legislatures can easily reduce the months to the supply, by prohibiting for a limited time the use of the Phoenix Bitters, the Matchless Sanative, and other life medicines. In this case, there would soon be a reduction of consumers, for Death would speedily usurp his old dominion. If wheat be plenty, and potatoes also, then the medicines might be vended freely to all classes; if there be a scarcity, then prohibit the sale, or if it should be thought best to allow the poorer classes to die off, then let a heavy tax be imposed upon the medicines, and by this means, the public revenue would be increased, the rich preserved in health and comfort, and the poor be allowed quietly to slip into their graves for the public good. But we leave this subject, convinced that an enlightened legislature will find little difficulty in providing for the support, or otherwise disposing of any increase of population caused by the general use of the Life Medicines.

We must draw to a close without any thing more than a bare reference to the awful state of the ancient world, exposed to numberless calamities and mortal diseases, without the aid of Life Medicines or any substitute for them. We know how miserable would be our state, if left to the ravages of disease; we can easily imagine theirs. Another great point of superiority, one indeed scarcely inferior to the Life Medicines, one which immeasurably exalts this enlightened age over all that have gone before, must also be left unnoticed, or but briefly alluded to. I refer to the science of PHRENOLOGY; a sci-

ence which casts every other into the shade, and which promises to overturn, if it has not already overturned, all former theories and established principles of mental and moral philosophy. Did Plato have the slightest inkling of Phrenology? Not he. Did Socrates, or Cicero? Not the slightest. Did any of the ancients understand the science? No. Does not this enlightened age fully understand and appreciate it? Yes, most fully. Are we not therefore a thousand fold more enlightened and civilized than the ancients? Most certainly. Were they not most conceited ignoramuses? Any enlightened modern jury would so decide. Is it not folly then for us to pay even the slightest respect to antiquity? Yes, folly most consummate, but fortunately not very common. They were but helpless babes in science, we are as giants; they had no steamboats, no railroads, no printing press, we have; they lived before the nineteenth century, we are privileged to live in the age of human rights and intellectual improvement. They had eyes but saw not, feet had they, but they could neither walk nor stand; they were, in one word, humbugs, barbarians, ignorant of reading, writing, and arithmetic, of phrenology, and the phoenix bitlers, and of course, not worthy of a moment's consideration from any rational being in this enlightened age. Q. E. D.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE PINDARREE CHIEF.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM relates, that, when Cheeto, the Pindarree Chief, was flying in hopeless misery from the English, he was often advised by his followers to surrender to their mercy. He never would yield. At length all his people, one by one, had forsaken him in the jungle,—and a mangled body was found in a Tiger's lair, which the sword and a general's commission from the Ex-Raja of Nagpoor, proved to have been once, "the scourge of Central India." It may be observed, that the native of India, (like the Foscari of Byron) worships his native land,—but, (unlike the Venetian) entertains a frantic horror of the sea.

Did I hear aright?—Yield to the Feringhee?  
The sounds I heard—and yet I doubt mine ears!—  
Did'st thou dare breathe submission?  
Submission, to the Pindarree Chief!—to Cheeto!—  
Oh, by my father's spirit! I have fallen indeed!  
The last joy left me—that my stern soul  
Of baseness never was suspected  
By e'en the meanest of the herd of men—  
That too reft from me!—I did believe,  
That all who ever knew, or heard my name,  
Deem'd me the proudest of my kind!—  
Slave!—but that thou art the only one—

Of all the host that called me leader—  
Who clings to me, e'en here—  
(Where, it is plain, I've nothing to bestow)—  
I'd cleave thee to the earth!—  
What! be a captive,—borne beyond the sea,—  
Never again to gaze upon my native land—  
Her mountains, fertile plains, and beauteous streams!  
Hearken!—  
I'd rather that my ashes strew'd the ground  
Of the Pindarree's home,  
Than live a century—a banished captive!—  
Cheeto entreat for life?—  
Rather, annihilation!—  
He who has ruled from earliest youth—  
Shall he in manhood sue?—  
I'd rather live—a day—one hour—  
Breathing in freedom on my native hills,  
Than a whole life of bondage  
Shorn of the proud and glorious thought,  
That never—unto created man—  
Did I e'er bend the knee, or ask for mercy!—  
Look on this sword—think'st thou I want a friend  
And this within my grasp!—

But now—away—lone follower!—  
Haste to my home—tell them, when, and where—  
Thou and thy leader parted,—  
Tell them—

[He breath'd the message in his follower's ear]

He was alone amid the jungly waste—  
Proudly he gazed—his robe about him drew—  
And long in fix-ed meditation stood!—  
The fierce look slowly died away,  
And tears suffused his eyes—  
When, starting suddenly—he dash'd them off—  
His lip curl'd like the crested wave—  
He gazed intently on his brand, awhile,—  
Then madly whirl'd it 'round his head—  
And shouting wildly—plunged deeper in the jungle.

Some few moons passed, and in a tyger's lair,  
A mangled form was found—a rusted sword  
Clutch'd in the skeleton fingers.

## LOVE OF FAME.

The love of praise, how'er concealed by art,  
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart:  
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure,  
The modest shun it, but to make it sure;  
O'er globes and acetres, now on thrones it dwells,  
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.  
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,  
Harangues in senates, speaks in masquerades.  
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,  
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;  
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,  
Adorns our hearse, and flutters on our tomb.

(ORIGINAL.)

## TRIFLES—NO. VI.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN OF CANADA.

## PART IV.

IN our last number we cursorily noticed the character and manners of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, as they were described in Charlevoix and Raynal, and we will again take up the subject, in the hope that it may be found neither uninteresting nor unprofitable. If we be considered to wander from our original design, or to pursue this topic too far, it is only from a conviction of the intellectual advantages to be derived from the study of man, as viewed in the new and important aspect in which he is presented, and from a desire to lend our efforts, however humble or unworthy they may be, to do justice to a race of our fellow-beings, who ought to claim rather our admiration and regard, than our pity and contempt. It is to be remembered that the Indian has no historian but his victorious foe; no pen of his has recorded the deeds of the chiefs and warriors of his tribe; no kindred heart has commemorated the story of his griefs and wrongs, of his manly suffering and noble prowess; and no friendly sculptor has arisen to engrave his heroism or his glory. Strangers, in their fancied superiority, yield, it is true, that he may have possessed some of the nobler traits of our nature, but the ungracious admission goes but to testify to the candour of the writer. We perhaps speak more feelingly than is consistent with reason, but who, that has experienced (even in this day of his degradation,) the kind hospitality of the Indian's board—who that has roamed through the widest forests under the Indian's care—who that has been adopted into his tribe, and seen in every action the impulse of a noble heart, misguided it may be, by prejudice, and borne down by a sense of unmerited inferiority—who that has been in this situation, can stifle his feelings and look with callous indifference, like the rest of his fellow creatures, on the red-man's fate?

We shall not dwell on the physical state of the Indian race, but regard at once its moral and social condition, as it was found to exist when the earliest missionaries visited the country. The fundamental principle which seems to have reigned among them, was the entire independence of every individual. Private revenge supplied the place of public justice, and yet tranquillity was rarely disturbed, for the anxiety of each member of the tribe for the honour of the whole, rendered the occurrence of what was considered base, rare indeed. No one sacrificed the smallest portion of his natural liberty in becoming a member of society, and indeed the principles upon which they all acted, rendered it unnecessary. It is an acknowledged fact that the higher faculties of their minds displayed themselves in a degree by no means equalled among the common classes of the

most civilised nations. Their religion was said to be very simple: they believed in one Supreme Being, and also in the existence of an evil spirit of inferior power, whose malicious machinations they sought rather to avert, than to conciliate the love of the author of good. Such is the influence of fear over the mind of man. Dr. Robertson says that several tribes have been discovered, which have no idea whatever of a Supreme Being, and no rites of religious worship. Among other Indian nations, it is said, that there were discovered intimate traces of the peculiar institutions of Christianity, but this idea has been promulgated only by Catholic missionaries, whose minds being folded in the mantle of their own religion, fancied they discovered every where, objects reflecting what they themselves held in such veneration—they framed every thing to their own ideas, and saw only through the focus of their own sentiments. In contra-distinction to this overstrained credulity, how simply beautiful and natural are the words of Pope:

“Lo the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,  
His soul, proud science never taught to stray,  
Far as the solar walk or milky way,  
Yet simple nature to his hope hath given  
Behind the cloud-topped hill, a humbler heaven,  
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced  
Some happier island in the watery waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold;  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold  
To be content's his natural desire,  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

The human mind is formed for simple and pure religion, and if the understanding be unable to follow its truths, the imagination will. Man must even feel his dependant impotence, and consequently his mind will look for some one on whom to rely.

The eloquence of the Indian orators is well known, and some of their harangues are figurative and elegant in the highest degree, exhibiting a correctness of style that might set criticism at defiance. The deliberations of their aged warriors have been compared, from their grave and dignified character, to the senatorial consultations of ancient Rome, and their political sagacity and address have been the theme of general wonder. Dr. Robertson, however, is of a different opinion on this point, and the proper weight must be attached to such a writer. He says:

“Where the idea of private property is incomplete, and no criminal jurisdiction is established, there is hardly any functions of internal government to exercise. Where there is no commerce, and scarcely any intercourse among separate tribes, where enmity is implacable, our hostilities are carried on almost without intermission, there will be few points of public concern to adjust with their neighbours, and: hat department of their affairs

which may be denominated foreign, cannot be so intricate as to require much refined policy in conducting it. Where individuals are so thoughtless and improvident as seldom to take effectual precautions for self preservation, it is vain to expect that public measures and deliberations will be regulated by the contemplation of remote events. It is the genius of savages to act from the impulse of present passion. They have neither foresight nor temper to form complicated arrangements with respect to their future conduct. The consultations of the Americans indeed are so frequent, and their negotiations are so many and so long protracted, as to give to their proceedings an extraordinary aspect of wisdom. But this is not owing so much to the depth of their schemes as to the coldness and phlegm of their temper, which render them slow in determining. If we except the celebrated league that united the five nations in Canada into a Federal Republic, we can discern few such traces of political wisdom among the rude American tribes, as discover any great degree of foresight or extent of intellectual abilities. Even among them we shall find public measures more frequently directed by the impetuous ferocity of their youth, than regulated by the experience and wisdom of their old men."

This may be so far true, but there can be no doubt that they display a degree of sagacity in many matters, certainly not to be equalled among Europeans. In their debates, they convey their opinions more from the energy of their attitudes than from words, although their language, as we have already said, abounds in expressions alike bold and poetical. Such a faculty have they of conveying their ideas by signs, that treaties have been frequently entered into by different nations totally ignorant of each other's language, solely from the expressiveness of their manner. The beauty of their speeches is compared by some of the more enthusiastic of the French writers, to the rhapsodies of Homer, but we should conceive that this comparison is formed, more from a romantic attachment to what is new and interesting than from any real truth in it. Language, like beauty, can be judged by no standard, for what is pleasing to one seems harsh to another—for instance we have heard the beauty and force of the modern Scotch dialect commented on with ardour. This reminds us of a versification of a part of Homer that we have seen, written by a Scottish weaver after Pope's translation. It is from the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, where Ulysses in his descent to Hell narrates what he saw, and among other things mentions the torments of Tityus, Tantalus, and Sisyphus. The English version by Pope is:

"I turned my eye, and as I turned, surveyed  
A mournful vision—the Sisyphian shade  
With many a weary step and many a groan,  
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;  
The huge round stone resulting with a bound,  
Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the  
ground;

Again the restless art his toil renews,  
Dust mounts in clouds and sweat descends in dews."

And the Scotch :

"An' there I saw Sisyphus wi' mickle wae,  
Bursing a mickle stane up a high brae,  
Wi' baith's hands, an' baith's feet, ah waw,  
He tries to raise't aboon the knawe,  
But when it's maist up, doon wi a dird,  
Back stots the stane an' thuds among the gird."

It is difficult to say whether the English or Scotch words best carry the idea of the tumbling stone, but certainly the Scotch terms are very ingeniously wrought in, and through a Scotch ear will no doubt communicate more readily to the mind, the character of the scene described. But to return.

The Indians are charged with great laxity in the observance of the marriage tie, and it is perhaps upon just grounds that they are so, for the savage state is not the most favourable to the improvement of the heart. The independence which we have already alluded to in regard to society at large, must keep even man and wife at a distance from each other, and form a barrier to that interchange of affection which constitutes the chief of our blessings here below. In this respect, however, the civilized world of our day, (and particularly that portion of it which is, alas! but too near us,) cannot greatly boast of superiority, if we regard the illiberal restrictions imposed on social intercourse by those very persons, who have wantonly violated its spirit as well as its letter. It is allowable to murmur when we see those to whom fortune's freaks have given a temporal ascendancy in our circles set themselves up as the arbiters of right and wrong, and when we see given to their malicious fangs the power of enforcing a certain deference to their opinions and their fancies, by compelling high souled worth in some degree to be subservient to the toadish influence of their little minds.

—Eheu!

*Quam temerè in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!*

We wonder not at an opinion which we have heard expressed by one, who for intellectual and moral cultivation, has few equals in the world, "that there is much more genuine kindness of heart and liberality of feeling to be met with among mankind in a half savage state, than is to be found in the civilized world at present." The rude tenants of the wilds are not so suspicious of each other, because the relations of their condition are less varied, and they have not learned that narrow and sophistical idea of self-rectitude which assumes an air of fancied consequence not to be borne by one man from another; nor are there found among them those who affect to guide their conduct by general systems from which they deduce every feeling of our nature. Virtue among the unenlightened may be oftentimes but too dependant on the will, but it seldom arrives at that callous extreme when every action is attributable to the principle of self-love. It is far better to seek in the exercise of the benevolent affections the pleasure they afford, than to wan-

der amid labyrinths of metaphysical obscurity in search of the cause which prompts them—let it suffice that there exists such a principle in human nature. But it requires a philosopher to seize the character even of one man in all its secret springs, and much more so that of a nation. The character of any people has such a complexity of aspect, that it needs no ordinary mind to do it justice, and the difficulties which surround, in a peculiar manner, the nation of which we speak, make us feel that we have presumptuously ventured out of our depth, so we must ingloriously seek the shore as we best may, feeling our inadequacy for the task.

The following description of the manner of wooing among the Indians, is from Murray's account of British America, one of the series of the Family Library, published last year, and of which we shall speak in due course.

"The mode of courtship among several of the tribes is singular. The wooer attended often by several comrades, repairs at midnight to his fair one's apartment, and three times twitches her nose. If she be inclined to listen to his suit, she rises, otherwise he must depart. Though this visit be so unseasonable, it is said to be rarely accompanied with any impropriety; the missionaries, however, did not think it right to sanction such freedom in their converts. The preliminary step is, in this manner taken by the lady, but the decision still rests with the father, to whom the suitor now applies. Long has given no unpleasing specimen of the address: 'Father, I love your daughter—will you give her to me, that the several roots of her heart may entangle with mine, so that the strongest wind which blows may never separate them.' He offers at the same time a handsome present, the acceptance of which is considered as sealing the union. The husband, generally speaking, is not jealous, unless when intoxicated, but when his suspicions are really excited regarding the conduct of his partner, he is very indignant, beats her, bites off her nose, and dismisses her in disgrace. There are occasional instances of a divorce being inflicted without any assigned reason, but such arbitrary proceeding is by no means frequent. When polygamy occurs, (a liberty which the chiefs sometimes claim) the man very commonly marries his wife's sister, and even her whole family, on the presumption we may suppose, that the household will be thereby rendered more harmonious. The Indian is said never to betray the slightest symptom of tenderness towards his wife or children. If he meets them on his return from a distant expedition, he proceeds without taking the slightest notice, and seats himself in his cabin, as if he had not been a day absent. Yet his exertions for their welfare, and the eagerness with which he avenges their wrongs, testify that this apparent apathy springs only from pride and a fancied sense of decorum. It is equally displayed with regard to his own most urgent wants. Though he may have been without food for several days, and enters a neighbour's house, nothing can make him stoop to ask for a morsel."

In "The Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec," published by order of the Society, is to be found much valuable information on this country. There is contained in the first volume, a catalogue of remarkable coincidences,

which induce a belief of the Asiatic Origin of the North American Indians, and from many peculiarities observable in both, as to their language, customs and manners, there are certainly strong grounds for the supposition. The funeral rites of the North American Indians, partake the same character as those of the Tartar tribes; the moccasin is found among both, depilation; strange to say, is a characteristic of the one as well as of the other, and the manner of choosing their war chiefs, (different from the hereditary chief,) is the same. In their sacrifices and other religious rites, a great similarity prevails, as well as in attaching to each particular taste a peculiar emblem. The shields of the warriors are truly Asiatic, as well as the scalp locks and dances, and the figurative style of oratory to which we have already alluded, is observable among the Asiatic tribes, though this seems to exist in a greater or less degree among all nations whose minds have not become sufficiently cultivated to give system to their language.

In our previous notices of the earlier Canadian writers, we have found much utility and benefit from Mr. Faribault's "*Catalogue d'ouvrages sur l'Histoire de l'Amerique*," published at Quebec in 1837—a compilation which must have cost the author no little research and labour, and which is of great importance to every one anxious for information on the subject of Canadian Literature. Some charitable people charge Mr. Faribault with having procured the list of the rarest books, from a similar publication, which was printed many years ago in the United States, we believe, by order of one of the State Legislatures.

The truth of this accusation, we by no means accredit, for there are always found in the world some people of that illiberal cast of feeling, who see but to condemn, and who affect a superior intelligence to cloak their flippant assumption of what they are conscious they have no title to. We have been charged with fellow-feeling as a brother-plagiarist, but we wince not from the imputation, and fear it only as we would a handful of offals, thrown by one fit only for such service. Nay, more, our skill it is said has been employed, to build with our own hands a temple to dwell in—in other words, to applaud our own writings, and bestow credit with our own pen, for what a few hours before, we had sent from it with diffidence and distrust! "A fellow feeling makes us wond'rous kind," and sometimes (when both parties will not agree to the maxim of "measure for measure,") wond'rous unkind. Our lucubrations we have not yet learned to think sufficiently about, to care whether they sink or swim:

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli  
Fingerunt animi, raro et perpavea loquentem  
At tu, conclusas hercinis foliibus auras

Usque laborantes dum ferrum moliat ignis,  
Ut maris imitare.

In case our generous accuser may find it convenient to forget his latin, we will give him Francis' translation :

Thank Heaven, that form'd me of an humbler kind ;  
No wit nor get to prattling much inclin'd :  
While thou shall imitate the winds that blow  
From lungs of leather, 'till the metal flow.

We will only venture one more shaft bent by the same poet, and which we have no doubt will find the proper target :

Foenum habet in carnee : longe fuge : dummodo risum

Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico  
Et quodcunque semel chartis illeverit, omnes  
Gestiet a urno redeuntes scire, lacuque  
Et pueros, et anus.

• • • • •

"Yonder he drives !—avoid the furious beast :—  
If he may have his jest, he never cares  
At whose expense :—nor friend nor patron spares  
And if he once th' ill-natur'd paper stain  
He joys to hear the crowd repeat the strain."

But it is unjust thus to reprove one, whose pretensions have been ever modest as the epistles of Scaliger and whose kiss is sincerely sweet as was that of Judas Iscariot. We pray him next time to take heed to his steps, and to tread lightly on the earth, where crawls but an humble grub. This, however, is neither a time nor place for such considerations, and if the grumbler will but cease to thrust in the dark, we are content.

Some of the lighter works we shall notice in our next.

JONATHAN GRUB.

Montreal, May 26, 1840.

MARRIAGE

Is to a certain extent a preventive of suicide ; it has been satisfactorily established, that, among the men, two-thirds who destroy themselves are bachelors.—  
*Winslow on Suicide.*

RETURNING ENERGY.

DR. KITCHINER, to show how the strength of man may be diminished by indulging in idleness, mentions the following ludicrous fact :—" Meeting a gentleman, who had lately returned from India, to my inquiry after his health, he replied, ' Why, better—better, thank ye ; I think I begin to feel some symptoms of a return of a little English energy. Do you know that the day before yesterday I was in such high spirits, and felt so strong, that I actually put on one of my stockings by myself.'"—*Traveller's Oracle.*

(ORIGINAL.)

ENGLAND'S DEAD!

BY JAMES HOLMES.

Cans't tell, where are not to be found  
The bones of England's dead ?—  
Go search the wide and vast earth 'round,  
The vast earth is their bed !

Go search the caverns of the deep—  
(That dark and dread profound,)  
Go climb the craggy mountain's steep,  
There still, they shall be found !

Traverse the stormy, trackless, Sea ;—  
In savage regions tread ;—  
Go where ye may—ye still shall see,  
These relics of the Dead !

No peaceful death, I ween, they died,  
The brave of England's land ;—  
They perish'd 'mid the battle tide,—  
The warrior glaive in hand.

See !—Asia's fields yet reek with gore,  
Pour'd forth from British veins !—  
The wild and distant Western shore,  
Is red, with warlike stains !

Where Egypt rolls his mighty flood,  
The purple stream has run ;—  
And Europe's soil still steams with blood,  
The price of vict'ry won.

Not on the land alone they've bled,  
But on the circling wave :—  
The surface of the earth's their bed,  
The deep blue sea,—their grave.

Red Vict'ry's shout's their fun'ral dirge !—  
Proud Honour's arms their shroud !  
Their requiem, the ocean surge—  
Their canopy, the cloud.

When at the Resurrection Day  
The Angel's trump shall sound,  
Will rise, Old Albi'n's Patriot Clay,—  
The mighty Globe around !—

The Greek may boast his country's name,—  
May blaze, Imperial Rome !—  
Both poles proclaim, Old England's Fame !—  
" Old England, is our Home !"—

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

A POOR widow having, in the extremity of her distress, received some unexpected relief from her son, then in America, replied to a congratulation, by remarking, that the hour next before sunrise she had always found to be the coldest ; so, she added, " Was my heart cold and desolate, before this came to me."

(ORIGINAL.)

# THE FATAL RING.

A DRAMA.

BY E. L. C.

*Continued from our last number.*

ACT II.

*Scene 1st. Brittany. The gardens surrounding the castle of the Count De Chateaubriand. The countess sitting in an alcove,—her lap filled with flowers,—her lute, and a few books lying on a table beside her. She leans her head upon her hand and speaks musingly to herself.*

COUNTESS.

My bridal day!

This, this its first return, and he afar,—  
Still absent, though he swore by sweetest oaths,  
A few brief days should bound the weary term  
Of his unwilling sojourn in yon court.  
Yet here I sit alone, here, where I sat  
One short bright year ago, he by my side,  
Weaving a wreath of smiling orange flowers  
To crown his new made bride; and then that song  
With which he told his joy—how its sweet cadence  
Falls upon mine ear, as then it fell,  
Murmured by his rich voice! 'Twas thus it ran:  
(*Touces the lute and sings.*)

My bower is bright today,  
Lit by the smile of love;  
Earth swells the mystic song of joy,  
The heavens look glad above.

My bower is bright today,  
Fond eyes are beaming here,  
A soft voice mingles with the breeze,  
Its tones, to love how dear!

My bower is bright today,  
The jasmine round it wreathes  
In sweet embrace, its starry arms,  
And living perfume breathes.

My bower is bright today,  
The rose its petals showers  
Upon our heads, like blessings sweet,  
Earnest of blissful hours.

My bower is bright today,  
Bright with a joy untold,  
Full my fond heart, while thus my arms  
My gentle bride infold.

BEATRICE. (*Her attendant enters with a basket of flowers, which she places at the feet of her mistress.*)

Here are my spoils!  
Spite of old Jasper, I their choicest store  
Of buds and flowers, have rifled from his beds,  
And brought to deck thy bower, my lady fair.

COUNTESS.

Thank thee, kind Beatrice,—they are most sweet,  
Now dress it daintily, all bright and gay,—  
For so I writ my lord it should be done,  
Just as it looked, when first its mossy floor  
I trod with him, a smiling, happy bride.  
Yet in my loneliness, though it were tricked  
By fairy hands, fair as Titania's bower,  
'Twould seem to me, unlovely, desolate,  
Wanting the smile that shed its sunny light  
On my glad heart. Ah! now, sad lies that heart,  
Like some deep lake, whose surface, never kiss'd  
By sunlit ray, shows but the image dark  
Of cypress gloomy, or funereal fir  
That o'er it wave their melancholy boughs,  
In silence dread.

BEATRICE.

Madame forbear,

I pr'ythee yield not to this mournful mood,  
On thy blithe marriage day. The merry bells  
Ring forth a joyous peal, and well I know,  
My lord will think of thee, and grieve full sore,  
At his enforced absence. Said he not  
That brief would be his stay? Perchance this eve,  
Ere the gay peasants have their revels done,  
His voice may greet thine ear,—but come he not  
'Twould glad his heart, to know thy lip wore smiles,  
In honour of the day that made thee his.

COUNTESS.

And so it shall,

I do not right to murmur thus, for aye.—  
Yet he but promises to disappoint,  
Writes on, and on, with words full fair and sweet,  
But sends no pledge, as earnest of his truth,  
No token ring to bring me to his side.  
I'll heed it not,—so deck this mossy roof  
With starry flowers—strew roses o'er the seats,  
And round each sylvan pillar, jasmine twine  
With the white bridal rose, whose clusters bright,  
Shall hang like moonlit lamps above the board  
Whereon our banquet's spread.

BEATRICE.

Wilt thou sup here, my lady!

Why not rather on the terraced height  
Above the lawn, where thou canst see below,  
The gala groups, who in their hearts' full joy,  
Hold festival, on this thy bridal day,  
Joining thy name with that of their young lord,  
In blessings, and deep love.

COUNTESS.

Nay, here I'll sit,  
Here where I sat on that first happy eve  
Of wedded love, with gay friends by my side,  
Who clustered round, smiling to see my joy—  
They are afar,—and he, its source and crown—  
So the good Baron Leoncourt must share  
My lonely feast, and flavour the repast  
With attic salt,—sauces piquant, and, rare,  
Culled from his cynic stores, then will I forth  
To see the revellers, and shew them all,  
How light I am of heart.

BEATRICE.

Madam, thou speak'st in scorn,  
In very bitterness, which wounds me much,  
In that it doth betray deep discontent,  
A heart but ill at ease.

COUNTESS.

Nay, maiden, thou art wrong,—  
But I perforce must use some caustic speech,  
Discouraging of the Baron, our good uncle,  
Who so hates my sex, that he against it  
Wages ceaseless war, and sheds the poison  
Of his own dark thoughts o'er many a trusting  
Mind. But to thy task; make gay my bower,  
And spread the board with viands for the feast;  
No peasant's fare, but ripe and luscious fruits,  
Whose icy breath exhales a rich perfume,  
That to the taste adds zest. The while, I'll weave  
A garland fresh, and with the bridal flower  
Of the sweet orange, blend the myrtle bright,  
Whose dark unchanging leaf, an emblem is  
Of constant faith,—and twine the ivy too,—  
Its clinging clasp and deep undying verdure,  
Shadow forth fond wedded love, unshaken  
By earth's storms.

BEATRICE.

And, will my lady  
Wear the wreath this eve?

COUNTESS.

Ay, will I, maiden,  
And then hang it here, around the marble brow  
Of this fair garden goddess,—there to rest,  
Till my dear lord return, to read its meaning  
In the various leaves, and budding flowers  
Which I have chosen to express my thoughts.

BEATRICE.

And would'st thou, madam, that my lord came home,  
Or sent for thee to court?

COUNTESS.

Which would I, say'st thou?  
Troth I care not which, so I but see  
His beaming face again. And yet,—and yet,  
(*Hesitating,*)

I fain would see the court, and dwell awhile  
Amid the splendid throng, that circle bright  
Around our gallant king. My heart beats quick,  
E'en at the very thought, for I do love

Brave sights, and stately shows, and ever did,  
Ever at least, since I, a prattling child,  
Went with my parents to the ducal court  
Of Mantua, where, while we abode, the days  
Sped swiftly on, varied with strange delights,  
Like fairy shew, glitt'ring and ever new,  
That took my senses captive. And e'en now,  
My spirit stirs within me when I dwell  
On those brief weeks, and I have vainly longed  
To taste again, amid the pomp of courts,  
The joys that then were mine.

BEATRICE.

But better loves my lord  
His quiet home, with all its peaceful joys,  
And though the court is gay, yet, madam, sure  
No calvacade of knights can statelier look  
Than yon dark avenue of noble trees,  
Each of a century's growth, and no fair dames,  
Tricked out in silken robes, and gems of price,  
Can rival the bright flowers of that parterre,  
Decked with a thousand hues, outvying art—  
And then that sky—where sinks the setting sun  
In waves of gold—their royal palace roofs  
Shew nought so glorious, and the lamps that light  
Their festive halls, what are their feeble beams  
To the bright stars, and the resplendent moon,  
That shed their radiance down on velvet banks,  
Gilding with chastened light, such beauteous forms,  
As only dwell where God and nature reign.

COUNTESS (*impatiently.*)

Tush, maiden! thou art getting over wise,  
And of thy wisdom vain. But yonder, see,  
The Baron comes—so not a word of this,  
Or I shall have a homily to hear,  
Long as a yearly penance.

(*As the Baron approaches, the Countess spying a  
letter in his hand, hastens to meet him, exclaiming  
as she eagerly extends her hand:*)

A letter from my lord!

Welcome, and doubly so, on this sweet day;  
So by thy leave, good uncle, I will read  
What's hid beneath this wax.

(*She breaks the seal and the ring falls out. The  
Baron starts with a look of surprise and vexation,  
while the Countess, snatching it from the ground,  
exclaims as she joyfully presses it to her lips:*)

The ring! the ring!

My wish is won—and, omen bright and fair,  
Won on this day, beyond all other days,  
That which I'd choose, a triumph to achieve.  
Pray, uncle, give me joy—unknit thy brow,  
And let my happiness reflect on thee,  
Some portion of its light.

BARON.

I'll wait awhile,  
To learn if it be real, or but the ray,  
False and deceptive, of some meteor's glare,  
That dazzles and is gone. Yet read, and see,



Perchance the ring another meaning brings,  
Than that thou deem'st.

COUNTESS.

I have read all,  
E'en whil'st thou spoke, my eye each word drank in,  
Here written down.

BARON.

And thou art bidden  
By thy lord to court—dost thou say this ?

COUNTESS.

Uncle, I do ;  
Wilt give me joy, and speed me on my way ?  
I know thou wilt, with the first ray of morn,  
Now to my banquet come, this bridal eve—  
See how the board is decked, for thee and me !  
Thou, the staid proxy of my absent lord,  
Shall fill his seat, and tell me merry tales  
Of his young boyhood, such as fain must win  
My willing ear, and lend the fleeting hours  
A dove's soft wings, to bear them swiftly on.

BARON, (*gravely.*)

Nay, let them rather linger as they pass,  
While I discourse of woman's weaknesses,  
And discoursing, warn of snares and dangers,  
And temptations sore, that cluster round her  
In the world's dread path, bright though it seem ;  
Fierce hydra-headed monsters, that demand,  
More than a woman's weakness to subdue.

COUNTESS, (*laughing.*)

Nay, uncle,  
Thou wilt see me prove invincible  
In this stern fight. The gods arm'd Hercules,  
But thou, far subtler weapons giv'st to me,  
Cast in the furnace of experience stern,  
Of wisdom sorely tried—armour of proof,  
Tempered by fires divine ; in which I'll gird my-  
self,  
And on to conquest.

BARON.

Fond, foolish girl !  
The moth around the flame, that flutt'ring dies,  
Caught, and consumed by that which it defied.

COUNTESS, (*playfully.*)

Fye, uncle, fye !  
Thou play'st but ill the youthful bridegroom's part  
Which I allot thee—giving thee the seat,  
Where in his new made dignity, my Ernest  
Sat, a twelvemonth since. The cynic's tub, methinks,  
Would serve thee better than this roseate bower,  
As for a marriage deck'd. Come to my banquet !  
Beatrice, my girl, pile high those grapes,  
The luscious nectarine on those vine-leaves lay  
Beside the golden orange, and then hence,  
And bid Ruvero from his choicest crypt  
Bring forth bright wine, mellow'd by time,  
And fragrant as the blossom of the grape  
From which 'twas crush'd.

(*Exit Beatrice.*)

BARON, (*with a grave smile.*)

My poor Estelle !

Thou art as yet, at least, a child in heart,  
And know'st to please thyself with a child's joys,  
'Tis pity sure——

COUNTESS.

(*Laying her hand playfully over his mouth,*)

Nay, 'tis not pity, sure—  
Nor will I hear a word of thy dark auguries—  
But wait, and see how I will prove them false,  
For thou did'st give thy promise to my lord,  
To guide me hence, if he should bid me come.  
Let's walk awhile, 'neath these o'erarching trees,  
Till Beatrice return. I love their shade,  
And dearer seems it in this parting hour,  
Than e'er before.

(*They pass up a shaded avenue and disappear.*)

SCENE II.

*A huntsman's lodge in the Bois de Boulogne—  
Jacqueline standing at the door watching the ap-  
proach of D'Arville, who is seen through the trees,  
followed by his dogs. He perceives her, and han-  
dening forward, greets her with a kiss.*

D'ARVILLE.

Thou'rt welcome, pretty one—  
But art so soon a weary of the court,  
That thou com'st back a day before thou said'st,  
To our still woodland home ?

JACQUELINE.

Not weary, faith—  
It suits my taste far better than these shades  
So still and dark, where seldom cloth of gold  
Or ermin'd robe, trappings of courtly state,  
Glance through the gloom.

D'ARVILLE.

But lov'st thou not as well  
The wild bird's song, the bound of antlered deer,  
The huntsman's halloo, and the deep mouth'd cry  
Of the full pack, baying their flying foe  
Till the old forest rings with melody,  
And every echo answers with a shout,  
That makes the heart throb fast. And more than  
this,  
Hast thou not said, my greenwood home to share,  
And reign its queen, were more to thee than all,  
That noblest Baron in yon court could give,  
To swell thy joy ?

JACQUELINE, (*impatently.*)

I have, 'tis true,—  
Else had I not so soon returned to tell  
That a grand hunt the king tomorrow holds,  
In these old woods ; nobles and ladies bright,  
A goodly train, will bear him company,  
And with them comes the count Chateaubriand  
With his fair dame, to share the royal sport.  
So, if thou would'st escape his threatened wrath,  
I'd have thee for thy absence frame excuse  
And get thee hence. Etienne can fill thy place ;

So long a dweller here, he knows full well  
Thy duties to perform ; and for thy safety  
I'd advise the flee thy injured lord.

D'ARVILLE.

Thanks for thy care, sweet wife.  
I'll profit by thy fears, forsooth to say  
I did betray his confidence, else thou  
Had'st not been won, my perjury's fair price ;  
Proof upon proof, since father Adam's fall,  
That woman is the tempter of our souls,  
The source of our misdeeds. But yet, I trust  
No dire mischance has of my falsehood come,—  
Say, heard'st thou aught of this, or can'st tell how  
The countess is received, and bears herself  
At court ?

JACQUELINE.

Good troth, they say the count went mad with rage,  
Frantic with jealousy, when one bright eve  
His lovely lady suddenly appeared  
And shewed the ring, as warrant for her act ;  
Thee he denounced, and deepest vengeance swore  
For thy base deed,—but she so meekly  
Pled her innocence, and weeping said,  
She would go back again, if so it pleased  
Her angry lord, that he soon calmer grew,—  
And thereupon, the king turned all to sport,  
Saying 'twas his command, that brought her there,  
His royal pleasure that each noble dame  
Should with her splendour and her beauty grace  
The Dauphin's fête—and they who would refrain  
From paying homage to their future king,  
Were outcast from his favour, and might boast  
Their loyalty in vain,—'twas empty all,

D'ARVILLE.

And did she grace the fête,  
Held for the Dauphin !

JACQUELINE.

Ay, in truth, she did,  
And reigned, that night, the very queen of love,  
Ne'er, it is said, such beauty shone at court  
Except when the young English princess came  
To wed king Louis,—and some thought, indeed,  
It was her very self returned unchanged,  
So much the countess doth resemble her.

D'ARVILLE.

Ha ! it was she who so bewitched the king,  
That some have said, a cloud hath ever hung  
O'er his gay brow, since then. Shew'd he mark'd  
favour

To my beauteous mistress ?

JACQUELINE.

Far otherwise, I've heard,—  
Bestowing only such slight mark of grace,  
As he in courtesy confers on all,  
And to the queen, proff'ring more frequent words,  
And brighter smiles than is of late, his wont.

D'ARVILLE.

There's artifice in this,  
Who told it thee ?

JACQUELINE.

A follower of the Duke De Fonteray,  
The young page Geraud.

D'ARVILLE.

A crafty knave !  
Whence gathered he his knowledge ?

JACQUELINE.

As thou, past doubt, hast oft times gathered thine,  
By listening in the ante-room, the while  
His lord with other nobles held discourse,  
Not for his ear designed.

D'ARVILLE.

Wife, be not saucy,  
Ere our honey moon is in its wane ;  
And pr'ythee shun that page—a wicked imp  
As e'er wore velvet doublet on his back,  
And one to whom for his mischievous tongue,  
I'm deep in debt,—it shall be paid ere long,  
Ay, on the morrow, should he cross my path,  
Here in my woodland realm.

JACQUELINE.

No fear of that,  
Since on this very day, the Duke quits France,  
Bound on a foreign embassy, and with him,  
Goes the page. But went he not, beware  
How thou dost catch thy master's malady,  
Nor ever strive by his vain arts, to hold  
My freedom in subjection to thy will.  
A ring of gold baffled his cautious care,  
One wrought of iron, scarce would serve for me.

D'ARVILLE.

Jealous, said'st thou ?  
'Twas not in all my thoughts, but thou'rt so touch'd,  
I do bethink me, conscience stirs within.  
Yet grant, kind heaven my punishment come not  
In this fair shape—though it doth seem but right,  
The wife I won by falsehood, should repay  
With the like coin, my guilt. Gone, pretty one ?  
(*She retires sulkily, to the interior of the dwelling*)  
My benison go with thee. Dido, come,  
Zephyr, and Racer, follow, my brave hounds,  
We'll to the greenwood, and leave care behind.  
*He disappears in the forest, followed by his dogs.*

SCENE III.

*Paris. An apartment in the house of the Count  
De Chateaubriand—Count and Countess.*

COUNT.

'Tis such an eve, sweet one,  
As that on which I bade farewell to thee  
In Britany, and gave the ring, whose copy  
Thus hath shaped our destiny ; bringing thee hither  
To my shelt'ring arms, despite the warnings  
And misgivings dark, that bade me doom thee  
To a joyless home ; myself to exile lone.

COUNTESS.

Dost thou regret it now,—that here I came,  
Baffling the wit that would have barred me hence,  
And forcing thee to greet me with a smile,  
How hardly won, shall not again be told,

COUNT, (*smiling.*)

But won at last, and given gladly now  
In soft reply to thine. Fled are my fears,  
The thousand airy phantoms conjured up  
By doting love, and magnified tenfold,  
By murmured whispers, which I'll not repeat,  
And by the warnings manifold and vague  
Of my good uncle, cautious over much,  
And looking ever on the darkest side  
Of human life.

COUNTESS.

Did I not tell thee this ?

Hadst thou believed me, we had then been spared  
Keen pangs, and bitter thoughts, that rent our hearts  
In that sad parting,—and I fain must think  
Distrust and jealousy, oft generate  
The ills they dread.

COUNT.

'Tis so, in truth,  
Then wilt forgive me, love, in that I've err'd  
Where I but sought the right, inflicting deep  
Upon thy gentle heart a useless pang,  
I better might have spared ?

COUNTESS.

Let's speak of it no more,  
And let me pray thee cherish not deep wrath  
Against thy valet,—wilfully he sinned,  
But since his treachery has caused us joy,  
I would that it should cancel his offence,  
And win for him thy pardon.

COUNT.

'Tis freely his,  
Though I'd not trust him more, were he to swear  
A thousand oaths of truth.

COUNTESS, (*archly.*)

Did the good Baron  
Ere he bade farewell, whisper this caution  
In thy listening ear ?

COUNT.

Nay, fairest,  
He had done with doubt, cast it afar,  
And when for Britany he bade farewell,  
He dropped no warning word, uttered no fear  
Lest these gay scenes should prove a dangerous  
school

For thy young soul—but ever of the king  
Spoke with most reverend love, praising his court,  
His learning, courage, wit, with warmth sincere.  
And sure I am, since the young dauphin's birth,  
He, as a husband and a father, shines  
A bright example, worthy of high praise,  
To all beneath his sway.

COUNTESS.

He doth in all excel,  
To me embodying that ideal form  
Nursed in my fancy, since my dawning mind  
Was fed by fairy food, legends most strange  
Of ladies fairer than dwell now on earth,  
And glorious knights, conquering by look and word,  
Who midst enchantment lived.

COUNT, (*smiling.*)

'Tis plain, Estelle, thou lov'st a courtly life,  
And it were sin to shut thee from a scene  
Thou'rt form'd t' enjoy and grace. Yet ever taste  
With calm and tempered heart, its varied joys,  
Preserving still thy matron purity  
Of soul and life, all spotless, unprofaned  
E'en by one word of homage to thy charms,  
Not unbuked.

COUNTESS.

Still, still a lingering doubt !

A little leaven of that jealous mood  
By the kind Baron nursed so zealously.

COUNT.

Nay, but a caution

Which the firmest, sure, need not despise,  
From lips of trusting love,—and that 'tis trusting,  
I'm about to prove by quitting thee—nay,  
Start not, sweet—I'll not be long away—  
Bound on a mission to the imperial court  
Requiring swift despatch. Strong is my faith  
In thine, as thou wilt own, or never thus  
I'd quit thy side, e'en at the king's command ;  
Be firm, and constant to thyself and me,  
True e'en in thought, and ill cannot betide.

COUNTESS.

I will indeed,  
Nor e'er abuse such trust, but live retired  
Here in the inner shrine of our dear home,  
Till thy return.

COUNT.

I ask not this of thee,  
But, as I've said, that in thy loneliness,  
Thou, still thyself would'st bear, with modest grace,  
Letting the veil of matron purity  
Guard from bold look, loose word, or lawless wish.  
Thy yet unsullied soul. I leave thee loath,—  
But no denial would the king receive,  
Nor could I venture, without deep offence,  
Still to decline the honoured trust he gave.

COUNTESS.

It were not wise thou should'st,—  
Thy mission well performed, may prove perchance  
An era in thy life, from whence to date  
Thy young ambition's rise.

COUNT, (*smiling.*)

My fair Estelle,  
Thou'dst make the better statesman of the two—  
I am content with having won this hand,  
Too blest in this, to covet aught beside

That earth can give. Adieu, my sweet,—one kiss,  
And I am gone—Rest here till I return,—  
Tomorrow, as thou knowest, is the grand hunt  
Held in the Bois Boulogne—and I would have thee  
Chary of thy strength, that thou thy steed  
May'st guide with wonted grace, and dare each leap,  
Yielding to none in skill.

(Exit Count.)

## SCENE IV.

An apartment in the palace. The Duchess D'Angouleme, and Duke De Fonteray.

DUCHESS.

Dost thou depart tomorrow,

My lord duke ?

DUKE.

Madam, I do,

And had been hence long since, but for those tidings  
From the Spanish court which forced the king  
My mission to delay.

DUCHESS.

God speed thee onward,

And return thee safe, with honours crowned.  
Yet hope not thou to mount so lightly up  
Fame's slippery path, as young De Foix, has done,  
Without self-effort,—ay, without desert,—  
And yet, he leads our armies,—not to conquest,—  
And but now has won, what he lacks wit, fitly  
To wield—a marshal's truncheon.

DUKE, (sneeringly.)

A woman's distaff,

Better would become his feeble grasp !  
See what it is to have a sister fair,  
Aiding our cause at court.

DUCHESS.

Ay, that is it,—

And soon the count De Foix will proudly tower  
Above ye all,—lifted by love's omnipotence  
To heights, his single merit ne'er had gained.  
But thou, my lord, must thank thyself for this,  
Who by thy arts achieved thy master's wish,  
And brought this pretty minion, with her smiles,  
To reign at court. Now, now, thou feel'st her power,  
In loss of thine,—in seeing those she favours  
Win the prize thou'st laboured for in vain.

DUKE.

Madam, in acting thus,

I did but render what my sovereign claimed,  
Obedience strict ; nor should I suffer blame  
For duty done, though wrong, it seems, I must.  
And yet I think 'tis but a passing fancy  
Of the king's, for this young beauty—though I own  
Such charms as hers are rare, and well might bind  
The most inconstant in enduring chains,  
Of rosiest love.

DUCHESS.

So shall not he be bound, if mine's the power  
By wit, or wisdom, or by magic art,  
To break the spell. Long time I've known, has he

Deep homage to her pictured semblance paid,  
But when she came, and proved herself more bright  
Than fancy dream'd, than cunning art portrayed,  
I watched in vain, to see her fatal power .  
Prostrate his soul. Calmer he bore him then,  
More like a king indeed, than e'er before,  
Faithful in every duty, true to all—  
'Twas but finesse, a thin and fleecy veil,  
Cast o'er his heart to hide its burning thoughts.  
But thus he lulled suspicion to repose,  
The trusting husband's confidence awoke,  
Sent him to Genoa, under false pretence  
Of favour shewn, and so at last set free  
From all restraint, his hidden passion blazed—  
Meeting repulse at first, for she he wooed  
Was innocent as fair, but gaining grace  
With every passing day—while firmer grows  
Her empire, shewn in this, that by a look  
She bends him to her will, and wealth and honours,  
Shows unsparingly on those she loves.

DUKE.

Yet never till last eve

Thought I, he'd triumph—so enrobed she seems  
In angel modesty. But then, that song,  
Sung by De Villiers, how it blanched her cheek,  
Telling a fearful tale, and shewing, too,  
That not as yet, her soul was steel'd to guilt.

DUCHESS.

Aye, 'twas of love betrayed,

And touched a chord, that thrilled to its sad tone.  
But marked thou then, how as she trembling sat,  
And paler grew, till life seemed quite extinct,  
The king his agony could not control,  
But with a rapid bound, sprang from his seat,  
And caught her ere she fell, and bore her forth  
To the cool balcony, himself the while  
Sustaining with fond care, her pallid form,  
Heedless of all around, who wond'ring gazed,  
And whisp'ring each to each, their wonder told.

DUKE.

I saw it all—saw too the queen's moist eye,  
Her falt'ring step, and caught her stifled sob,  
As midst the wild disorder of the scene,  
She, with the Duchess of Alençon passed,  
Forth from the lighted hall.

DUCHESS.

She shall have sweet revenge—

This pretty minion shall not triumph long,  
To thwart me in my plans, as oft she's done  
In the brief space since first her reign began.  
Turned favour from my favourites to her own,  
And now essays, the richest gifts to pour,  
The highest honours, on her brother's head.  
But never shall the sword of France be borne  
By De St. Foix, as its high constable—  
In Bourbon's hand the blade alone shall shine,  
Or I, the mother of the reigning king,  
Am powerless in his court.

DUKE.

'Twill be no easy task  
To work her fall. The king protects her,  
Hides from none his love, and yields his every wish  
To her control.

DUCHESS.

I know it all—  
But know he ever wore a changing heart,  
And I will raise some beauteous rival up,  
Whom I can sway, and who will lend her power  
To aid, not thwart my schemes. My learned leech,  
The wise Agrippa, he who reads the heavens  
As thou the pages of that open book,  
And knows the meaning of each secret star,  
That studs yon arch with light, he has upread  
This frail one's horoscope, and written there,  
Beheld her brief career, her destiny  
How dark! and ah, as sad as bitterest foe  
Could wish.

DUKE.

I deeply grieve for this most beauteous flower,  
Thus early lost—and do repent me,  
Of the trifling aid I lent to bring her  
To this fearful fate. The more, perchance,  
That she is young and fair—was virtuous too,  
And that I know the Count Chateaubriand,  
For a most noble gentleman, valiant  
And true, of high and stainless name, ne'er link'd  
With guilt, or frailty until now.

DUCHESS.

Alas! my lord,  
He shares the fate of many. They who prize  
A heart of purity, a home of peace,  
Should crave not worldly honours,  
Shun the court, its dangers and its strifes;  
There I was nurtured, and its dark intrigues  
Yield me fierce joy—yet have I ever striven  
To mould my daughter's heart by gentler rules,  
By motives higher than myself obeyed,  
Leading in early youth her opening mind  
To chrysal founts, from whose pure wave she drank  
Such draughts of knowledge as the thirsting soul  
Delights to taste, and feel its strength renewed,  
While passing onward to its heaven-bound rest.

DUKE.

And, madam, many a lip blesses her name,  
Who reared to virtue Marguerite De Valois,  
While young D'Alençon feels that he has won,  
In winning her, a gem of priceless worth.  
And now one word—pardon one word for her,  
Who was our theme erewhile—and let me pray thee,  
By thy mother's heart, deal not too harshly  
With that hapless one, to virtue lost, and peace.  
Thine is the power, use it with gentle hand,  
And if it may be, snatch her from the gulf  
O'er which she hangs, ere to its lowest depth  
Her spirit falls.

DUCHESS, (*sternly.*)

It is in vain,

Thou prayest to one who ne'er let pity mar  
A cherished plan—ne'er faltered, when revenge  
Held forth her beacon light. She chose her fate,  
And if I cloud too soon her day of joy,  
'Twill leave her time for what she most requires,  
Deep penitence and tears. Farewell, my lord,  
I wish thee pleasant thoughts during thy absence,  
And a safe return. Farewell till then.

(*Exit Duchess.*)DUKE, (*looking after her as she retires.*)

\*Agrippa, thou wert right!  
A perfect Jezebel! without one touch  
Of woman's gentleness, to win our love.  
She to the cruel dogs of her revenge,  
Would with un pitying hand, her victims cast,  
To perish by their fangs.

(*Exit Duke.*)

SCENE V.

*An apartment in the Palace of Fontainebleau.  
The Countess Chateaubriand sitting with an ab-  
stracted look at her toilette, while Beatrice arranges  
her hair.*

BEATRICE.

Wilt wear this white rose, madam,  
Or the red, wreathed in thy hair this eve?

COUNTESS, (*starting as from a reverie.*)

The white? ah, no!  
'Tis far too beautiful with its pure hue  
To wither there—not flowers—not flowers for me,  
I loved them once,—but now,—they are too radiant  
For a brow, where care has laid his touch,  
Casting dim shadows o'er the tender lines  
Of youth and innocence, too early flown.

BEATRICE.

Shadows, my lady? here are none, save those  
Made by thy waving hair. Scarce, may I choose  
Between thy polished brow and the white petals  
Of this half blown rose, so stainless each.

COUNTESS.

Nay, leave it here,  
Among its sister buds in this rich vase,—  
There let it fade, giving out sweet perfume  
Till its last leaf is gone. An envied death!  
I would I were that flower, thus to exhale  
My life,—untouched, unsoiled—sweet to the last—  
Existence brief and bright,—then be resolved  
Pure as it lived, back to its native earth,  
To spring again, into some form of beauty,  
Fairer, perchance, than that which clothes it now.

\* Cornelius Agrippa, physician and astrologist to the Duchess D'Angouleme—he disliked her, and wrote a satire upon her, in which he compared her to Jezebel, and was forced in consequence, to seek his safety in flight.

BEATRICE.

Pardon me, madam,

But the choice was thine to bloom unplucked  
In thine own garden bower, bright to fond eyes,  
That reverently gazed, or to be gathered  
For a king's bouquet, its —.

COUNTESS, (*angrily interrupting her.*)

Peace, minion ! thou dost prate  
With far more freedom than it thee becomes,  
If for a moment, I as nature prompts,  
Shed o'er the past a transient sigh of pain,  
'Tis thine to soothe, to banish self reproach  
From my sick mind, and not by idle taunt  
Deepen the anguish of a rankling wound,  
That else were timely healed. Why is my sin  
Darker than that of others, who have stood  
As high, yet fell, not won by blandishments  
Like those which—shall I say it ? wrought my fall.  
Not wooed with words, that blotted from my soul,  
All written there before, all faith, all love,  
All hopes, all promises, and made me,—what ?  
A thing to hate,—to envy,—to despise,—  
Joyous one hour,—the next, a very wretch,  
Haunted by busy fiends, whose whispers dark,  
Madden my smitten soul.

BEATRICE, (*sadly.*)

Ah ! my young lord !

Alas, alas ! for thee, when thou knowest this !

COUNTESS, (*starting.*)

Hist ! name him not !

I bid thee never speak of him again,—  
I've wrong'd him deeply,—yet one hope abides,—  
That midst new honours, and in stirring scenes,  
He may forget me,—ay, that I have been,  
Or am. And it shall be my chiefest joy,  
With wealth untold, and favours manifold,  
Gifts from the royal hand, his path to strew—  
*Beatrice sadly shakes her head and is about to speak,*  
*when the countess prevents her.*

Give no reply,—but haste, and loiter not,—

I hear afar the music of the chase,  
And see through yon arcade that opens deep  
In the green forest bowers, part of the train,  
That gaily issued forth at break of dawn,  
Homeward returning. They will soon be here—  
Put the last finish, maiden, to my hair,  
And I will forth to join the lady Villiers,  
Ere they come.

BEATRICE.

What wilt thou wear, my lady !

Scarce I know amid thy hair to wreath,  
Aught save fair flowers, which thou hast loved so  
well

That jewels worthless seemed, when they were by—  
But now, thy toilette's all a-blaze with gems,  
Fit for a queenly brow,—and if thou choose  
I'll twine those rubies bright, on this fair chain  
Of lustrous pearls, amid thy clustering hair,

They'll richly gleam, and at a royal board  
Become thee more than frail fading flowers.

*The king enters unperceived while she is speaking,*  
*and softly approaching, places a bunch of rose-buds*  
*in the hair of the Countess. She turns with a blush*  
*and a start of surprise towards him, while he with a*  
*smile, motions Beatrice away.*

KING.

Go, damsel,

I will serve thy mistress at her toilette,—  
Love's slave may well be beauty's minister,  
And in the tiring art, I yield to none.

(*Beatrice withdraws.*)

Sweet, wear thou these, they're like thyself, so fresh  
So fair, young promisers of bliss, veiling  
Their perfect loveliness with roseate leaves,  
Close folded o'er the heart where concentrates,  
Their sweetest perfume, exquisite and rich,  
As love's warm sigh, breathed to the listening ear,  
When hope and life hang in the quivering sound.  
And now, fair one,

*(He throws over her neck a chain of brilliants, to*  
*which hangs suspended a miniature of himself.)*

See, in what sparkling chains

Thy lover's bound,—chains bright, and ah, how  
strong !

Yet gaily wears he them, nor feels their weight,  
Proud of his thralldom,—willingly a slave.

COUNTESS, (*with a look of pleasure examining*  
*the miniature.*)

'Tis exquisite !

So like thyself—thy glance,—thy speaking smile !  
The chain that holds it, though of diamonds bright,  
Is little worth, compared to this dear gift,  
Precious to eye and heart.

KING.

Dost think so, sweet ?

Then wear it ever ; let no scornful smile  
Banish my semblance from its place of rest,  
That throne of love, where I would hold my sway.

COUNTESS, (*with a sigh.*)

Heaven grant thou change not,—but alas, I fear  
The envious tongues that rail against thy choice,  
The bitter sneers cast ever at my name,  
In that I have abused a trusting heart,  
Yielded to passion, when with holy thoughts  
I should have shunned its tide, and fled thine arms,  
To shelter on the breast I have betrayed.

KING, (*impatently.*)

Peace, peace, Estelle !

I care not for their tongues, their sneers, their  
taunts,—

'Tis envy all,—let them not mar thy peace,  
My own ! my beautiful ! I would indeed  
Thou wert my other self in the world's eye,  
As thou art in my own. How would that brow  
Serene in beauty, grace a regal crown,—  
Beneath that smile, sunny and radiant.

As a beam from heaven, how would all hearts  
Kindle and glow with loyalty and love,  
And crowd in homage to their fair queen's feet.

COUNTESS.

Ah, were it so! this earth would be a place  
Too blest, too bright, lulling the happy heart  
To deep forgetfulness of all beyond.  
Yet in thy love I well may find content,  
Be that still mine, and in dark Lethe's stream,  
I'll strive to drown all of the past that wounds,  
All of the future, save what tells of joy.

KING.

Do so, my love,  
For over roses lies thy onward way,  
Roses, from which my hand shall pluck each thorn,  
Hid 'mid the sweets. Henceforth my power be thine,  
Whom thou would'st honour, I would honour too,  
And to my grace, thy wish, thy lightest word,  
Shall passport be, far weightier, more direct,  
Than potentates may bring.

COUNTESS.

Ah, well I know, there is one voice  
Determined to gainsay thy will in this.  
One eye, whose every glance, sheds on me hate,  
In which I read a purpose firm and deep,  
To work me ill. I tremble as I gaze,  
And feel my destiny is in those hands,  
Which thou dost arm with power.

KING, (*smiling*.)

Thou mean'st the Duchess D'Angouleme, fair one,  
Our gracious mother! and hast yet to learn  
Her fiery soul brooks none who share our love,  
None, save by her they're named, who win our  
grace.

Yet heed her not,—wear courage on thy brow,  
She will be here ere long to join our court,  
And meet her, love, as thou hast right to do,  
Who sways the heart that governs her and France.

(COUNTESS, *turning pale*.)

Here didst thou say! doth she come here?  
There's sadness in those words, sadness as deep  
As ever funeral bell brought to the ear,  
When its hoarse tone, summoned the mourner  
To the new-made grave of his last friend.

KING.

What canst thou fear?

Thy cheek is ashy pale; but that the tint,  
Shed by these rose-hued draperies o'er its snow,  
Lends it a look of life, it now were blanched  
To death's own semblance, fearful to my gaze,  
And sending icy terror to my heart.  
Not e'en our mother shall assail thy peace  
With one light word, here where we hold command;  
So come, my queen,—for us the banquet waits,—  
Come, grace our board, and with thy sunniest smile,  
Shame the bright wine that crowns our flowing cups.

(*Exeunt*.)

*End of Act II.*

(ORIGINAL.)

TO THE EAGLE.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

I envy thee, thou daring one, that soarest to the sky,  
And gazest on the regal Sun, with bold defying eye,  
That sailest in the vast concave, the starry host in  
view,  
And drinkest of the pearly wave, formed of ethereal  
dew:—

I envy thee, Imperial Bird!—that hast thy eyry  
where  
The thund'ring avalanche is heard, and fork-ed light-  
nings glare;—  
That hover'st round the loft'est peaks, of Himalayan  
heights,  
And list'nest to the wails and shrieks, of Elemental  
fights;  
When red volcanoes vomit forth, their streams of  
liquid fire,  
And burst the ribs of Giant Earth, in their mad  
Earthquake ire,

When hurricane on hurricane, rush by with Demon  
power  
And crashing thunders roll amain, o'er skies which  
blackly low'r.  
Thou spread'st thy pinions even there, thou bird of  
mighty wing,  
As calmly as if 'round thee were, the balminess of  
spring;  
Fit emblem art thou of the mind, that scorns to  
creep, or crawl,  
As worms, or things of basest kind, around this  
clayey ball;  
But mounts like thee, thou glorious bird, to Ether's  
highest realm,  
And feels its inmost spirit stirr'd, by thoughts which  
overwhelm,  
Like thee it loves to dwell, where roll, the thunder  
and the storm,  
For then, the high aspiring soul, assumes its noblest  
form.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

DE TOCQUEVILLE, in his *Democracy in America*,  
pays the following bold tribute to the worth of Ameri-  
can women:

“As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow, that,  
although the women of the United States are con-  
fined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and  
their situation is in some respects one of extreme  
dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying  
a loftier position: (that is of moral influence,) and  
if I were asked, now that I am drawing to the close  
of this work, in which I have spoken of so many im-  
portant things done by the Americans, to what the  
singular prosperity and growing strength of the  
people ought mainly to be attributed, I should re-  
ply—To the superiority of their women.”

(ORIGINAL.)

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

BY "MUSOPHILUS."

"Sir! . . . I have prais'd you,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,  
As I have said you did!"

*Antony and Cleopatra.*

GENIUS, which the French lady declared to be of no sex, is certainly of no nation. It dwells not in the "realms of Chaos and old Night,"—it flies in the open day. It stretches its far spreading wings over continent and sea, and knows nothing of Time or of space. Its voice can be heard thousands of miles from the land of Shakspeare and Burns, and cause many hearts to beat and many tears to fall by its cunning power. When such a voice breaks upon the ear, and discourses mystic melody, the soul experiences a fresh addition of beauty. For such an end, we render thanks to no laws and no society.

We put our own interpretation on things which concern the soul, and wait not for the fiat of the Edinburgh Review. We pay no homage to the dicta of the Quarterly, or of the College of the Sorbonne. Our guardian-angel whispers thus: "There is a better way than this indolent learning of another. Go, see, search, learn for thyself."

This learning must needs be attended with glees and glooms. The fruit of the tree of knowledge is both bitter and sweet. Moreover, there is no royal road to learning, no Appian way leading to the kingdom of Science. On the way, such as it is, we may find vestiges of those who have gone on before us. When we do, let us pause and note them—be taught by them, and prize them. If, in the midst of our journey, we hear a voice which can charm us with its soul-subduing tones, and give no heed; if there glow prismatic blushes in the literary heaven among the dingy clouds, and we do not admire them—surely no Dogberry were needed to "write down," if, indeed, anything ought to be written.

Such voices and blushes are, alas! like angels' visits. Voices we hear, but they are gruff and glum, wherewith melody is afraid. Blushes, too, but we suspect we see paint and poison. Some say that the sweetness of concords is much enhanced by discordance, and others say that the filing of a saw is more enrapturing than the "music of the spheres," ungreased spheres, we admit. To such informers we will say: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

Here, it may be proper to observe, that we are aware that a strange prejudice obtains against even true poets and genuine poetry. Francis Jeffrey merely reflected the sentiments of many utilitarians, when he insisted that no other argument were needed to convict a man of being a fool, than the

fact of his having written poetry!\* True, poetry adds no per cents to our money-chests, and does not lessen the price of stocks or of bread. The snip who concluded, after some thought, that the Falls of Niagara would be convenient to spunge a coal, might have, in due course of time, been rich, but we doubt much, very much, whether he were ever burdened with a superfluous allowance of brains.

This erroneous impression about poetry, has been accounted for in various ways. The sweet prospect of "Nature" insists, with much reason, that the impertinuity with which society presses upon its young men, has a tendency to pervert the views of youth, in regard to the proper culture of the intellect. Some sordid stream has flowed near the universal heart, and polluted its little purity. The idea, in the following aphorism, contains the standard utilitarian conduct:

—————"Pecunia quærenda primum;  
Virtus post nummos!"

Or, as the Delphic Oracle responded to Philip of Macedon:

"Make gold thy weapon, and thou wilt conquer all!"

"The higher courts of philosophy, of poetry," says the author of "Nature,"† "are thinly peopled, and the intellect still wants the voice that shall say to it, "sleep no more." Hence the historical fact on which Europe and America have so freely commented. This country has not fulfilled what seemed the reasonable expectation of mankind. Men looked, when all feudal straps and bandages were snapped asunder, that nature, too long the mother of dwarfs, should reimburse itself by a brood of Titans, who should laugh and leap in the continent, and run up the mountains of the west with the errand of genius and love. But the mark of American merit in painting, in sculpture, in poetry, in fiction, in eloquence, seems to be a certain grace without grandeur, and itself not new but derivative; a vase of fair outline but empty—which whoso sees, may fill with what wit and character is in him, but which does not, like the charged cloud, overflow with terrible beauty, and emit lightnings on all beholders; a muse, which does not lay the grasp of despotic genius on us, and chain an age to its thought and emotion."

Albeit, Mr. Emerson here sings, in plain English, a general truth respecting American artists and poets, yet we rejoice in the possession of a volume which is, truly, labelled "Poetry." So many pasteboard boxes are daily spawned, that, until we are confident we utter no falsehood, we preserve a commendable degree of silence. The evil of publishing trash, since the time of Dr. Faustus, has in-

\* Vide Edinburgh Review on "Hours of Idleness," by Lord Byron.

† Ralph Waldo Emerson.



creased an hundred fold. To such an extent, in fact, that Dean Swift's idea of a machine for the manufacture has been almost realized. A steam-engine clicks and hisses in a printer's office—the roof is filled with chains and wheels—a few machines are scattered over the dingy floor—a boy feeds the pressing machine—the wheels revolve—and white paper issues at one end stamped on both sides, and ready to be stitched into books! A quick and simple process, yet one which immediately concerns the whole world. Hereby are facilities offered for the publication of trash to a degree unconscionable. This fact probably gave birth to this "*jactance éblouissante*" of some shrewd Frenchman:

"Quel bien est solide aujourd'hui ? . . .  
*Le plus sûr est celui qu'on mange !*

[ "*Cent-et-un*," tome 11e. p. 236.]

But the tide of time flows on; the froth is dissipated and trash sinks to the bottom, while a work of genuine character, though not borne into "instant and turbulent popularity," will rise slowly and steadily to the surface, and *lives*, for there is a spirit therein. On this point, Mr. Dana has given his views, and we here quote them because we are always pleased with the features of great poets as imperishably fixed on the canvass, and we would have the thoughts of the genius, by which we may discover the lineaments of his mind transmitted and preserved. Think ye that an autography of Shakspeare or of Diderot or of Mirabeau would make one nod?—We prefer to have *him* paint the hues of his own mind, thoughts and feelings, especially, if a memorial be like to prove a "*monumentum aere pereunius*."

"It is a poor ambition to be anxious after the distinction of a day, in that which," says Mr. Dana, "if it be to live at all, is to live for ages. It is wiser than all, so to love one's art, that its distinctions shall be but secondary:\* and, indeed, he who is not so absorbed in it as to think of his fame only as one of its accidents, had better save himself his toil; for the true power is not in him. Yet, the most self-dependent are stirred to livelier action by the hope of fame; and there are none who can go on with vigour, without the sympathy of some few minds which they respect."

This remark and others of equal power and beauty, which we find in his letter styled "The writer of *The Idle Man*, to his friends," lead us to conclude that he is a great admirer of the views and poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

It is but recently that Mr. Dana has been known to the public as a poet. "*The Idle Man*," a work published in 1821 and 22 in connection with Bryant

and Allston,† at irregular intervals, brought him into enviable notice. But the character of the periodical was so peculiar that it was not universally relished. In the colleges, however, it excited great interest for the authors' and produced for them many pleasing sensations as being the ones to sow in the minds of scholars the seeds of poetry and spiritual aspirations. The "*Idle Man*," never reached a second volume. It is not our object here to examine whether it were deserving of greater favour, but we think that those familiar with it will admit that it showed symptoms of an eminently poetic mind. It would be a pleasing and fruitful theme for comment, yet since we are mainly limited to an examination of "*The Buccaneer*," we shall proceed to notice it as we hope, with sympathy and candour. We shall not offer any apology for our numerous quotations, since the only crime is that we break off beautiful crystals from the vault of an intricate and twilight cavern.

The narrative is found on a table which was told by the people of an island near the coast of New-England. The island is not named in which these appearances were seen; for islanders are sensitive creatures in all that relates to their places of abode. The lynx-eyed critics might possibly discover that there was a trifling departure from the real facts, yet in the main, the tale is the same as has been handed down by tradition. The introductory stanzas, describing the island off the coast, are like a beautiful portico to a delightful yet gloomy edifice:

"The island lies nine leagues away.

Along its solitary shore,

Of craggy rock and sandy bay,

No sound but ocean's roar,

Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,  
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,

And on the glassy, heaving sea,

The black duck, with her glassy breast,

Sits swinging silently;

How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,  
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;

The brook comes tinkling down its side;

From out the trees the Sabbath bell

Rings cheerful, far and wide,

Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,  
That feed about the vale upon the rocks."

This beautiful island, inferior only to Prospero's, could by no means have attractions for "men of sin," or those whose sensibilities were blunted by passion and crime. To the buccaneer who was

\* "Reputation forms an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labour." Biog. Lit. ch. xl.

† The celebrated painter and author of "*The Paint-king*."

"Cruel of heart, and strong of arm,  
Loud in his sport, and keen for spoil,  
He little recked of good or harm,  
Fierce both in mirth and toil ;"

Such a spot could have but slender charms. For the beauties of nature can have little effect upon him whose soul is alive to no feelings but those which are dictated by passion and sin. It is a very mistaken idea, that beauty can be acceptable to the soul of him who can not and will not look from beauty to beauty's God. In his "Thoughts on the Soul," Mr. Dana has expressed this idea and in a manner too which any English poet might well envy :

*"The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels  
No harmony within ; the south wind steals,  
As silent as unseen, among the leaves ;  
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,  
Though all around is beautiful."* (p. 91.)

Mr. Dana makes no effort to trace the steps of The Buccaneer from innocence to crime, but opens his tale when

"Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat ;  
In former days within the vale ;  
Happ'd in the bay the pirate's sheet ;—  
Curses were on the gale ;

Rich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd men ;  
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then."

Chief among these pirates and wreckers was Matthew Lee "the Buccaneer" who

———"like a dog could fawn, if need there were ;  
Speak mildly, when he would, or look in fear.

But Lee's conscience was not as yet hardened to his business, and his success was not so great as to reconcile him to its stings and the horrors of remorse.

"Lee's waste was greater than his gain,  
'I'll try the merchant's trade," he thought,  
Though less the toil to kill, than feign—  
Things sweeter robbed than bought.  
But then, to circumvent them at their arts !'  
Ship manned, and spoils for cargo, Lee departs.

The ship works hard, the seas run high,  
Their white tops flashing through the night,  
Give to the eager, straining eye,  
A wild and shifting light.  
'Hard at the pumps !—the leak is gaining fast !  
Lighten the ship !—the devil rode that blast !'

The sea has like a plaything tossed  
That heavy hull the live long night.  
The man of sin—he is not lost :  
Soft breaks the morning light.  
Torn spars and sails—her cargo in the deep—  
The ship makes port with slow and labouring sweep."

Here it may be as well to observe that to such a man as Mat. Lee, contrition must have been painful and very humiliating. "Crime fits for crime," and we are prepared for Lee's return to his "old work" :

"Ill luck in change !—Ho ! cheer ye up, my men !  
Rigged, and at sea, we'll to old work again !"

Like the greater part of mortals, he was impelled to adopt, and act upon, the sentiments of Macbeth :

———"I am in blood,  
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."  
[Macbeth, Act III. sc. 4]

While engaged in refitting his ship in the Spanish port, the tide of war, "whirling and dark," comes roaring down the Pyrenees, sweeping before it, both crown and cowl—

"On field and vineyard, thick and red it stood,  
Spain's streets and palaces are wet with blood.

At this time, a young and beautiful wife, who had left her husband to fight for his country,

———"would seek some distant shore,  
At rest from strife and fear,  
And wait amid her sorrows till the day  
His voice of love should call her thence away."

With the words of tenderness on his lips, and the deeds of hell in his heart,

"Lee feigned him grieved, and bowed him low,  
'Twould joy his heart could he but aid  
So good a lady in her woe,  
He meekly, smoothly said.  
With wealth and servants she is soon aboard,  
And that white steed she rode beside her lord."

Her wealth is not proof against the Pirate's cupidity. To gain it for himself and his lawless gang, he plans and executes his purpose, which is here beautifully described :

"Hush, hark ! as from the centre of the deep—  
Shrieks—fiendish yells ! they stab them in their sleep !

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,  
The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,  
The panting, throttled prayer for life,  
The dying's heavy sigh,  
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fixed, still glare,  
And fears and death's cold sweats—they all are there !"

Amid this horrid confusion, so eloquently described, while there are none on deck, and the vessel is ploughing her way in darkness—while the pale, dead men are sleeping in the cabin in the stark sleep of death, reeking and bedabbled in blood . . .

"A crash! they've forced the door—and then  
One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream,  
Comes thrilling through the growl of men.

'Tis hers!—O God, redeem

From worse than death thy suffering, helpless child!  
That dreadful shriek again—sharp, sharp and wild!

It ceased—with speed o' th' lightning's flash,  
A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,  
Shoots by. A leap—a quick, short splash!

'Tis gone!—there's nothing there!

The waves have swept away the bubbling tide.  
Bright-crested waves, how proudly on they ride."

Vivid as is the flash of poetry, we cannot forbear  
to quote the following stanzas, which the reader  
will, perhaps, adjudge to be as pathetic as any thing  
which has been lately written :

She's sleeping in her silent cave,  
Nor hears the stern, loud roar above,  
Nor strife of man on land or wave.

Young thing! her home of love

She soon has reached!—Fair, unpolluted thing!  
They harmed her not!—Was dying suffering?

O, no!—*To live when joy was dead ;  
To go with one, lone pining thought—  
To mournful love her being wed—  
Feeling what death had wrought :*

*To live the child of woe, yet shed no tear,  
Bear kindness, and yet share no joy nor fear ;*

To look on man, and deem it strange,  
That he on things of earth should brood,  
When all its thronged and busy range  
To her was solitude——

O, this was bitterness! Death came and pressed  
Her wearied lids, and brought her sick heart rest."

Having performed these foul murders, they bring  
the dead bodies from the dim-lit cabin, and, no  
prayer at their burial and no friends near to mourn  
for their doom, they are thrown as prey to the sharks  
into the hungry waves. With ribald jests and forced  
laughter, "The Buccaneer" throws into the ocean  
the white steed :

"Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came  
As rang far o'er the waters wide.  
It shook with fear the stoutest frame :  
The horse is on the tide!"

In song and oath, gaming and mad carousals,  
they spend their time, until they arrive within the  
bay. The remorse and fear, which haunted their  
guilty souls, they drown in drink, and flout and im-  
pious jeer; they fled repentance, but could not es-  
cape fear.

A year wore away—and the night of the anniver-  
sary of these hellish deeds, they resolved, by the

suggestion of Lee, to celebrate with state and "spe-  
cial glee."

"The words they speak, we may not speak.  
The tales they tell, we may not tell.  
Mere mortal man, forbear to seek  
The secrets of that hell!"

Near the mid hour of night, a ship on fire—hull,  
yards and mast, appears, shedding in "hairy streams"  
its "wild and lurid light." The sea birds, scared  
from their nests, fly, rending the air with "deaf'ning  
screams," and their wings flash back gleams of  
horror :

"All breathes of terror! men in dumb amaze  
Gaze on each other 'neath the horrid blaze."

And there comes up above the wave the ghastly-  
white spectre-horse, whose

———"ghostly sides  
Are streaming with a cold, blue light,"

And sends up that dreadful cry which seemed to  
ears, that knew the cry, "the living trump of hell."  
"The Buccaneer" cannot sit longer at the ca-  
rouse—the spell is on him—and he must ride that  
cold blue horse!

———"A power within,  
Cries, 'mount thee, man of sin.'"

"He's now upon the spectre's back  
With rein of silk, and curb of gold.  
'Tis fearful speed!—the rein is slack  
Within his senseless hold;

Upborne by an unseen power, he onward rides,  
Yet touches not the shadow-beast he strides.

He goes with speed, he goes with dread!  
And now they're on the hanging steep!  
And now! the living and the dead,  
They'll make the horrid leap!

The horse stops short:—his feet are on the verge,  
He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

And, nigh, the tall ship yet burns on,  
With red, hot spars and crackling flame.  
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone.  
She burns, and yet's the same!

Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,  
On man and horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

Through that cold light the fearful man  
Sits looking on the burning ship.  
He ne'er again will curse and ban,  
How fast he moves the lip!

And yet he does not speak or make a sound!  
What see you, Lee? the bodies of the drowned?

"I look, where mortal man may not—  
Into the chambers of the deep.

I see the dead, long, long forgot ;

I see them in their sleep.

A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,  
Save he who leagues his soul with death and woe."

The morning dawns, and its air blows fresh on him—the waves dance in silvery ripples in his sight—the sea-birds wheel and skim in the air and call aloud, but

"He doth not hear that joyous call ; he sees  
No beauty in the wave ; he feels no breeze."

His companions desert him—he wanders about under the scorching sun in misery of loneliness and despair. He is a wanderer like Cain, with the stamp of "murderer" on his brow. He seeks the abode of men—

— "where'er he comes,  
All shun him. Children peep and stare ;  
Then, frightened, seek their homes.

Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran.  
They point and say : ' There goes the wicked man ! ' "

On the second anniversary, the same feat is repeated ; on the third, he rides again the spectre-horse . . . .

"They're seen no more, the night has shut them in,  
May heaven have pity on thee, man of sin ! "

"The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.  
O, whither on its waters rideth Lee ? "

From the extracts we have given, all will infer that "The Buccaneer" is no ephemeron—no work of a day. And surely it is not unpleasant or unprofitable to examine a poem which shows so conclusively that it is the fruit of long and deep meditation and *labor limæ*. In America, there is little time to spare, and writers become unfortunately addicted to the sin of *Impromptu-ism*, and hence their writings are crude and unsatisfactory. Perhaps, in due season, our American authors will spend more time in rearing their laurels, and produce, like Mr. Prescott, the author of "Ferdinand and Isabella," an effect creditable to themselves and country. Surely, there is ample scope here for American genius. What says the amiable "Barry Cornwall," (Proctor,) in his preface to Willis' poems ? "The great land of America *must*," says he, "*of course*, produce great poets and eminent men. With the deeds of their bold fathers before them, with their boundless forests and savannahs, swarming with anecdotes of adventure ; with Niagara thundering in their ears, and the spirit of freedom hovering above them, it is clear that they do not lack materials for song."

It evidently requires no scanty allowance of judgment to be competent to form a correct opinion respecting the merits or demerits of a poem. However there may be general rules by which the uninitiated

ated or the unimaginative are assisted or guided to a correct decision. When we know what is absolutely required of a poet, we, or any one can, without difficulty, judge whether he have transgressed or fallen short of the standard so made and provided.\* WILLIAM WOODSWORTH, (no poor authority in matters of poetry,) in his able Preface to his Poetical Works, has established a good criterion, which it were beneficial for magazine and other poetasters to consider well : "The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first those of *observation* and *description*, i. e. the ability to observe with accuracy, things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer : whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time : as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as the translator or engraver ought to be to his original. Secondly, *sensibility*—which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a poet's perceptions ; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves, and as reacted upon by our own minds. Thirdly, *Reflection*—which makes the poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts and feelings ; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connexion with each other. Fourthly, *Imagination* and *Fancy*—to modify, to create and to associate. Fifthly, *Invention*—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation ; whether of the poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature ; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments and passions, which the poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, *Judgment*—to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted ; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater ; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition."

[Preface to Poetical Works, § 2.]

(To be continued.)

EXERCISE and amusement, combined, produce tonic effects—increasing all the secretions and powers of life.

\* The reader will, of course, be obliged to read the whole of "The Buccaneer," in order to be enabled to give a perfect judgment thereon.

# THE CANADIAN,

A FRENCH AIR.

LIVELY.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. It begins with a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 2/4 time signature. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/4. It begins with a bass clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 2/4 time signature. The music consists of a simple bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The dynamic marking *M. F.* is placed between the two staves.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/4. It features a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 2/4 time signature. The music includes a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/4. It features a bass clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 2/4 time signature. The music consists of a simple bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The dynamic marking *M. F.* is placed between the two staves. The word *for* is written below the lower staff. The word *8va* is written above the upper staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/4. It features a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 2/4 time signature. The music includes a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/4. It features a bass clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 2/4 time signature. The music consists of a simple bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/4. It features a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 2/4 time signature. The music includes a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/4. It features a bass clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 2/4 time signature. The music consists of a simple bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

*loco*  
*Fine mf* *ten Rf*  
*ten rinf* *D.C.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## TWO MINDS CONTRASTED.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

To you, the world is as a rose  
That decks a virgin's breast,  
Perfuming ev'ry gale that blows  
'Round Love's voluptu'us nest.  
To me, 'tis as the wilted flow'r  
Fast haat'ning to decay,—  
'Twas lovely in its summer hour!  
(That hour has pass'd away.)

To you the world is as a blade,  
Of bright Damascus steel,  
On hilt and scabbard, fresh, display'd  
Whate'er, art can reveal  
To me, 'tis as the rusted brand,  
Corroding on the wall,  
No more to flash in Valour's hand,  
On field or festival.

To you, the world is as the sea  
When calm as summer lake,—  
When o'er its surface, wantonly,  
Infantile zephyrs wake.  
To me, 'tis as the ocean's breast  
When tempests hoarsely roar,  
And billows rear their foaming crest  
And lash the frighted shore.

To you, the world is as a song  
Of joyousness and mirth,  
Sung by the fairest of the throng  
Of daughters of the earth.  
To me, the world is sicklied o'er  
With sorrow and disgust;—  
I would not live with heart so sore,  
But that—I must—I must!

(ORIGINAL.)

## FAME AND BEAUTY.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

ADDRESS'D TO A LADY WHO, (VIEW'D THRO'  
THE DECEPTIVE MEDIUM OF YOUTHFUL PAS-  
SION) APPEAR'D, CHASTE AS DIANA,—AND  
MAJESTIC AS MINERVA,—THOUGH VOLUPTU-  
OUS AS VENUS.

They tell me that Fame has a magical power  
O'er the minds of the young and the hearts of the  
brave;

That they court her with passion, where Carnage  
doth low'r,

That her blood stain-ed laurel is all that they crave,  
That the bayonet charge is their happiest hour,  
The music they love best—the shriek and the rave  
Of the dying and gashed,—and the hiss of the  
shower,

Whose drops are all passes to pain and the grave;  
But I turn from her features, all dripping with gore,  
To the shrine of sweet Beauty, the Queen of De-  
light,

I kneel at her altar, I gaze, I adore—  
And bask in her sunny and roseate light.

I feel her soft flame at my heart's very core,  
Enraptured, I equal the proud eagle's flight,  
I spurn the vile earth, and to Paradise soar,  
Where the diamonds of love are glittering bright.

Oh! one hour of Love is worth ages of Fame,  
And they who have tasted both, know it is true!  
Fame dazzles and gleams, as the Boreal flame!  
But the Loves of the Angels, have *substance* in  
you!—

## OUR TABLE.

ESTHER, A SACRED DRAMA; WITH JUDITH, A POEM—BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

THE above is the title of a neat volume, from the pen of one with whose literary labours the Canadian reader is well acquainted, the pages of the *Garland* owing much of their interest to her valuable and valued contributions.

The poet assigns himself no severer task than the weaving together a connected chain of incident and adventure, so as to form a *perfect* acting drama. The eye of the painter must be united to the imagination of the poet, that in the grouping of his figures they may appear like animated pictures drawn from nature, and transferred to the canvass by the very perfection of the limner's art. If, however, the prize be won, the poet can raise no more enduring monument to his fame. He pours the passions which agitate the mind, and sway the actions of men,—he holds “as 'twere, the mirror up to nature,” unveils the hidden springs of action, and forces upon each a conviction of what, in like circumstances, might have been the bearing and conduct of—himself.

This drama, however, is not intended for the stage, or we should give as our opinion that it is scarcely fitted to produce effect. It does not admit of that rapid change and stirring incident which give such influence to the *acted* drama. Its beauty will be more appreciated and better seen, when quietly reading, it may be a lone, or to one listener only, when the delicate riches of its poetic thought may be permitted to sink deeply into the heart it is so well calculated to stir.

To those who have read the *Garland* it will be unnecessary to speak of the ease and elegance which characterise the writings of the gifted authoress of this beautiful drama. With these they will be equally familiar with ourselves; but independently of all former acquaintance with her style, and after having endeavoured to bring to the consideration of the work that unbiassed consideration which is so necessary to the due fulfilment of the critic's duty, we freely recommend the work to universal perusal, as every way honourable to the name of its authoress; and as reflecting lustre upon the country which is her chosen home.

The plot is simple, and it is simply and naturally developed. There is no attempt at the mystery or mystification which has of late been supposed to form an element in dramatic success. The incidents are consequent on each other, and come upon the reader imperceptibly, as the natural results of the events which have preceded them. The language is eloquent and beautiful—deeply imbued with the spirit of poesy,—fit language to tell the tales of the sunny land where the scene is laid—the gorgeous and “glorious east.”

The land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime—

where the most perfect of all poetry had its birth—where the Prophets of old drank their inspiration from the fountain of all that is sublime in heaven and lovely upon the earth.

We will not attempt an analysis of the drama, in which we could not do it justice, but that our commendations may be fully warranted we quote a scene at random. It has reference to the heroine, who, in obedience to the will of her adopted father, has gone to the Court of Persia, as a candidate for the favour of the King, with the design of using whatever influence she might possess, if chosen as the wife of *Ahasuerus*, to protect the unfortunate and persecuted children of Israel:—

SCENE IX.—*In the house of Mordecai. Mordecai and Azor.*

*Mordecai.* It is a glorious eve!  
How pure the air, laden with balmy sweets  
From bud and flower that love the silent dews,  
But hide their perfume from the garish day!  
How stainless yon bright arch! and mark those  
clouds,  
That paint the western sky; what gorgeous hues!  
What gay fantastic shapes! how swift they change,

And in their airy change, each radiant form  
Seems lovelier than the last! The whispering breeze  
Is redolent of sweets, and fans my cheek  
With such bland motion, as an angel's wing  
Would give methinks. Come, Azor, let us forth  
To breathe the air of this most blessed eve,  
Beside yon fountain's brink, *her* favorite seat,—  
O'ersarched with graceful vines, that ask her hand,  
But vainly ask, to train their rank luxuriance.  
[*They go out and seat themselves beside the fountain.*]

*Azor.* Nay, day by day, I've trained them for  
her sake,  
And oft at twilight's hour, as here I sat  
In meditation deep, the fountain's flow  
Seemed like the murmurs of her gentle voice,  
And all that ministered to sense or soul,  
All objects and all thoughts,—the perfumed flowers,  
The evening song of birds, the insect's hum,  
The gorgeous clouds of heaven, the starry hosts,  
The rosy beam of yonder planet fair,  
And the unrivalled beauty of the moon,—  
Have whispered to my inmost heart of her,  
Who once in happier days, blest with her smiles,  
Our home, and shed around a beaming light  
On all that since is dark !

*Mordecai.* Hush these regrets !  
List the low plaint of Judah's captive sons,  
And triumph that a champion has arisen,  
Yea, even for them the slighted and despised !  
Mourn not for her, the flower we cherished long,  
And nurtured with affection's tears and smiles,  
She has gone forth strong in her heart's pure faith,  
Invincible in virgin innocence,  
And guarded by the arm of Israel's God.  
Thus with a triple shield of adamant  
Defended well, she sallied her to task,  
Crushing each gentle hope, each cherished wish,  
Home-born, and whispering of joy to come,  
In the high hope deliverance to achieve  
For those who sadly sing their exile strain  
Far from Judea's land. Yon rising moon  
Twelve times her silver horn has filled with light,  
Since my heart's treasure left these circling arms

To seek the palace walls—and patiently  
I have endured uncertainty's dread pangs,  
That like a gnawing worm tugged at my heart,  
Drinking its very life-blood, drop by drop,—  
Most patiently, till now,—now, when suspense  
Has grown to agony, more bitter far,  
Than sad assurance of extremest ill.

*Azor.* Alas ! alas ! so beautiful ! so young !  
So rich in all those graceful attributes,  
That make soft woman in her weakness strong !  
And now ! oh, God, what has she now become !  
*Mordecai.* Whate'er to us she seems—a rifed flower,  
Cast forth to perish from the spoiler's hand,  
Or that same flower nurtured by kingly pride,  
And taught to shed his beauty o'er the throne,  
Round which a nation kneels, in God's pure eye,  
She is a stainless and a holy thing—  
By her renouncement of each selfish thought,  
Her singleness of heart, that to one end,  
One noble purpose, led her forth to dare  
The obloquy or plaudits of the world,  
Indifferent to each, so she achieved  
Her nation's safety from besetting foes,—  
She is so purged from every taint of earth,  
So spotless white, that naught dare e'er assail  
Her heaven-born purity. Whate'er her fate,  
Untouched she stands,—nor calumny's foul breath,  
Nor withering scorn, with her low demon laugh,  
Can cast one shadow on her stainless name.  
It is engraved in characters of light.  
On thousand hearts, whose latest pulse will throb  
With love, and pride, and holy gratitude,  
At the high courage of this matchless maid.

The poem entitled "Judith" having been originally published in the *Garland*, our readers will be sufficiently familiar with its beauties.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND, DURING THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS ; INCLUDING THE PROTECTORATE.—BY JOHN H. JESSE.

AN agreeable and very useful compilation of facts, which, while not possessing the charm of absolute novelty, are sufficiently unknown to make the book one of interest to the general reader. The period embraced in the volumes published, is from the reign of Elizabeth until the Protectorate ; and a continuation, comprising the History of the Stuarts, until the expulsion, is promised. The style of the book is light, but instructive, and will ensure success to its author.

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR JULY,

Is a very excellent number, having Washington Irving among its contributors. There is more sterling talent displayed in the pages of this magazine, than in any other original monthly published in the United States.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

HAS lately commenced a new volume, with every promise of continued exertions to please. This beautiful weekly continues to command the public favour, which it well deserves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to thank several of our Correspondents, whose favours do not appear, for want of disposable space. A number of deferred articles of value will appear in our next.



Accompanying the several spirited and very beautiful, though short, poems, from the pen of James Holmes, Esq., which appear in our previous pages, we received the following letter. The author is almost an enthusiast in the cause of Canadian Literature, and as such, claims our esteem, independently of every other consideration. The hints contained in the note we take in the candid spirit which prompted them, and we give them a place here, as they will explain our reasons for declining many contributions which have been kindly tendered us.

We have hitherto endeavoured to measure every article submitted to our scrutiny, through its own merits, and its own merits only—regretting much when the promise of excellence did not justify us in giving that encouragement so necessary to the development of the intellectual energies of man; but shrinking not from the duty, invidious though it seem, which we have voluntarily assumed. That we have succeeded, beyond what we could have anticipated,—nearly as fully as we could have hoped—the unanimous commendations of press and people have borne witness. True, we attribute much to the generosity of our critics, who have viewed our blemishes leniently, and have commended wherever an opportunity occurred. Such has been the friendly spirit universally extended to us that we must have been ungrateful indeed, to have faltered in the attempt to merit it.

Enough, however, of our egotism; we have done with it, for the present, and beg to subjoin the letter:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GARLAND.

SIR,—A monkish legend declares, that the good St. Denis, (after suffering martyrdom by decapitation,) found no difficulty in *tucking* his head under his arm, and walking off to his saintly tomb, in stately style, and slow; a wit very pertinently remarked thereon, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*," not venturing, (as a wit) to cast further doubt on the miracle. The application of this *véritable histoire* is this:—A writer recoils, at first, from notoriety,—he is sensitive as the aspen,—he feels disgust that his name should be mouth'd over, indiscriminately,—but after a little while, he derides it, as a veteran *moustache*, danger:—this will explain, why I announce, under my sign manual, the authorship of the fugitive pieces, which I now enclose, and to which I have placed my name. They are not, wholly, the productions of present moments,—but, of moments long past. Their frame-work, may not be new to the eye of the Canadian public, but, in their present *finished* state, they are.

Permit me to ask from you, as a favour, your keenest criticism. The literature of a country is the *measure* of its progress towards refinement. Poetry is to literature, what the bright stars are to the blue sky. Hereafter, the pages of the *Garland* will be refer'd to by Canadian Literati, with the same object, as the biographer now traces the doings of the *renoun'd*, (in letters or in arms) in earliest infancy. If, then, a century hence, (when all who, now, are breathing, shall long have moulder'd into *dust*,) the *Genius* of *Canada* shall have cause to blush for its Literary infancy,—your *Garland* will be liken'd to the cap of the fool. The *Garland* is the only book of record we now possess, for the flow'rs of fancy: you are the registrar. Let not the future historian of *Canada* be constrain'd to proclaim a *Literary* infancy, as contemptible, idiotic and ricketty, as has been its *political*. So far as my participation in such a judgment is concern'd, I cannot hesitate between Damnation and Oblivion.—I, therefore, pray your keenest criticism.

Should these *trifles* emerge to-day from the furnace of your criticism, I shall submit others to the same ordeal.

This is not precisely the land where a *prudent, politic*, man, will announce himself a candidate for poetical fame. Where the trader is "the observ'd of all observers," the poet is star'd at, as the vulgar gaze at the meteoric masses which, occasionally, are attracted by the earth. If, therefore, my verse should be pronounced superior to ridicule,—I expect not to escape it. Some minds, however, attach a priceless value to the gem of poetry. It is declar'd, biographically, that the *immortal Wolfe*, (the night preceding the victory on *Abram's Heights*, whilst in the boat which bore him towards his field of glory,) repeated to his Aides-de-Camp, the celebrated *Elegy* of *Gray*; then, *feelingly*, observ'd, that, to be author of that *Elegy*, he would gladly forego the fame he hop'd to win, the morrow. Such was his appreciation of poetry. I dream not, however, of the remotest application of the observation to my lines, but rather such apprehend an exclamation, as that of the *naturalist*, (vouch'd for by Peter Pendar:—)

"Fleas are not Lobsters, damn their souls."

Nevertheless, my motto being,

"Faint heart never won fair lady,"

I subscribe myself, your very obedient servant,

JAMES HOLMES.