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THE

LITERARY GARLAND;

A

CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

OR

TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS,

&c. &c. &c.

"A fragrant wreath, composed of native flowers,
Culled in the wilds of Nature's rude domain."

NEW SERIES—VOLUME II.

Montreal:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LOVELL & GIBSON,

St. Nicholas Street.

1844.

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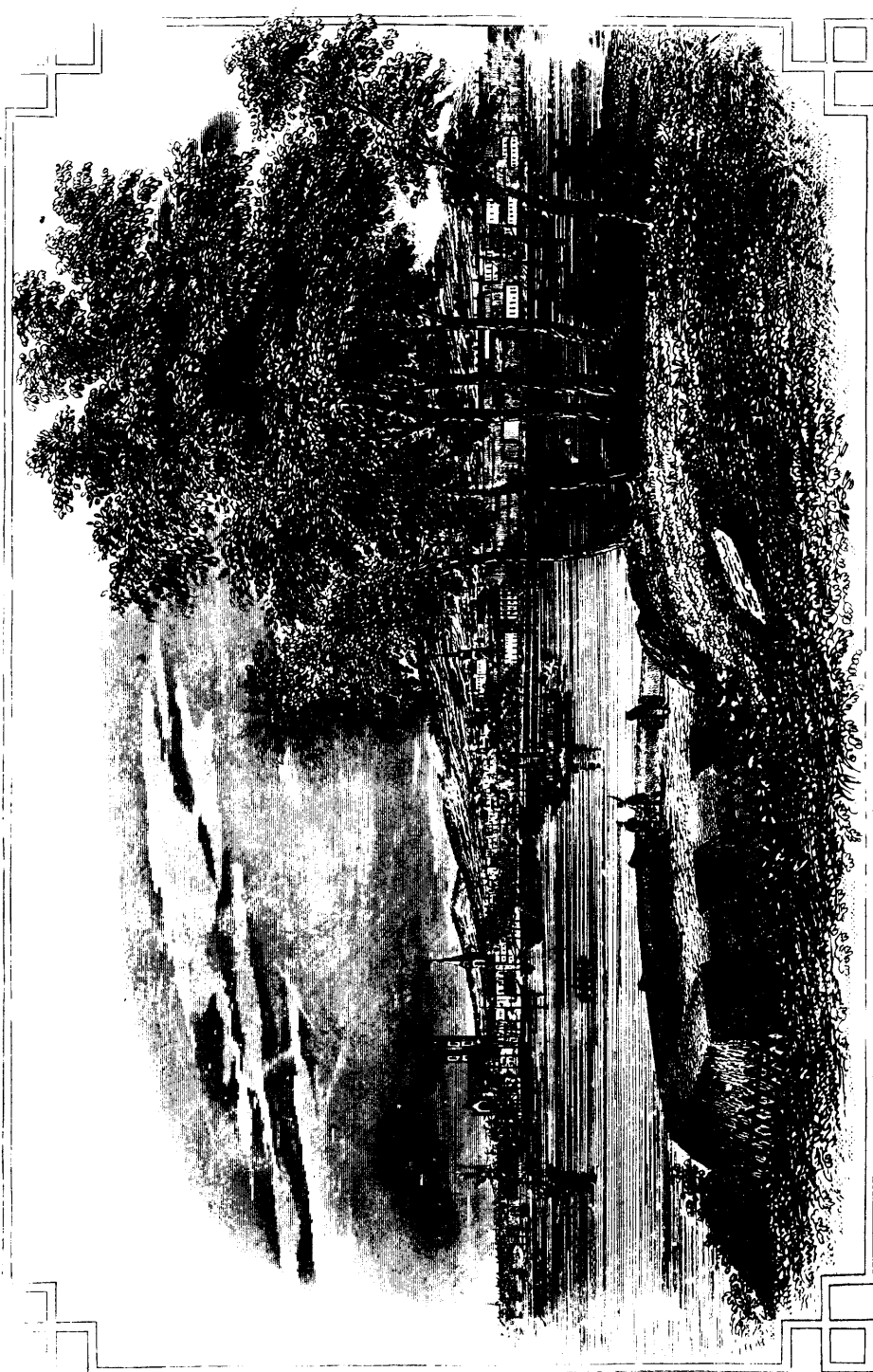
THE TIRED SOLDIER.

"CONTENTED W' LITTLE AND CANTIE W' MAIR"

MY CHILD IS SAVED!

A SCENE IN INDIA.

CONVALESCENCE.



Engraved especially

MONTREAL.

for the Fair and

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1844.

No. 1.

A LEAF FROM AN OLD CHRONICLE.

BY E. L. C.

THAT Heaven, whose eye
Burns up thy soul with its far-searching glance,
Is with her; she is safe.

Mrs. Hemans.

It was towards the close of a bright September day, in the year of our Lord 1276, and the streets of Paris were thronged with a vast multitude, all moving from one point of interest, the church of Le St. Esprit, where as many as could obtain ingress, had crowded to witness the coronation of their new queen, Mary of Brabant. A twelvemonth had elapsed since she entered France as the bride of its young sovereign, Philip the Third, who, four years previous to this period, buried his first queen, Isabella of Arragon. She had left him the precious legacy of three fair sons; and so tenderly did he cherish her memory, that for a long time he refused to admit another partner to his throne. Cogent reasons of state, joined to the earnest intercessions of his people, at length won from him a reluctant consent to refill her vacant place; though still he continued to reject with aversion, all who were proposed for his acceptance. Nor was it till the Duke of Brabant, anxious for an alliance with France, made the most flattering overtures for a marriage with his daughter, and sent to Philip, by his ambassadors, a miniature of the princess, that the young monarch was aroused from his indifference, and expressed an eager desire to possess the original of so charming a picture.

Preparations for the union were accordingly entered into, and speedily completed. The duke in person conducted his daughter into the dominions of her expecting bridegroom, and the marriage was celebrated at the Chateau de Vincennes, with a pomp and magnificence, at that time unparalleled in the annals of royalty. Philip was not disappointed in the personal appearance of his

bride—on the contrary, he found her beautiful as a dream, just waking into womanhood, with all youth's rounded grace and tender freshness adorning her person, and with a face beautiful as a pictured Psyche, irradiated as it was with the light of a pure soul and a cultivated intellect; and once again he became the ardent and impassioned lover.

Mary also, soon learned to love and honor her new lord. But she was one whom neither the mere pomp and splendour of her royal state, nor the passionate homage of an enamoured heart, could alone satisfy. She looked within herself for true happiness, and onward, and upward, for the fulfilment of those pure and lofty aims, which are, or should be, the high objects of life. She was before her age, both in purpose and attainment; she felt that she was so, and she strove to inspire Philip with her own noble desires, and urge him on to the performance of acts worthy his power and station. He felt, and yielded himself to the magic of her influence and example,—the very emotions with which she filled his soul, impassioned and absorbing as they were, ennobled and elevated it, prompted him to generous deeds, and kindled within him ardent aspirations for the beautiful and perfect. The pure and unselfish affection which she cherished for him, and which is alone worthy the name of love, taught her to take a just pride in the perfection of his character, and to feel that whatever heightened his happiness and glory reflected their lustre on herself.

She was his friend and adviser, in the sanctity of their privacy, as well as in the arduous toils of his kingly rule. All his plans were submitted to

her judgment, and she was even permitted to mingle in the councils of state, where her youthful voice, uttering as it did, words of wisdom, was often heard with reverence, by hoary and experienced men. Some there were, who grew dissatisfied and jealous of Mary's increasing influence with the king—exerted although it ever was for his good, and the prosperity and advancement of the nation. They accused her of ambition—they even said, and perhaps with some shew of truth—that it was the master passion of her soul, and therefore they condemned her for it; not discerning, that in her, it was no low or grovelling passion—but one of good and lofty aims, which she studied to achieve, by means not unworthy the high ends she had in view.

Among those who most deprecated the new queen's rising power, and sought by many wily arts to undermine it, was the Baron de la Brosse, the favourite and prime minister of Philip. He was a person of mean origin, who had filled the subordinate post of valet-de-chambre to Louis the Ninth; but great natural talent, and a tact and cunning which veiled themselves under the most devoted loyalty, aided by some of those fortunate coincidences which sometimes lift a man suddenly to the summit of his hopes, with but little effort and no merit of his own, he had risen to the high station of trust and honour, which he now filled in the court of Philip.

On her first arrival in France, Mary found this man exercising unbounded influence over the king, and though she at once distrusted and disliked him, yet not till, fascinated by her beauty, and dazzled by her intellectual charms, he boldly avowed his admiration, and proffered her some daring gallantries, which she rebuked as they deserved, was his true and base character revealed to her. She spoke not to the king of his insolent presumption; but she held him from that moment at an immeasurable distance, and quietly, yet without flinching in her purpose, she strove to open Philip's eyes to the utter worthlessness of his favorite, and sought to weaken the confidence he had hitherto reposed in him.

The baron soon perceived her purpose, and secretly became her bitter enemy—warily endeavoring to sow the seeds of jealousy and dislike in the breasts of her subjects, and omitting no pains nor opportunity to infuse into the mind of Philip a fear of yielding too much to the sway of a woman, who, as it was already said, ruled France and him. The king, if he understood these insinuations, which were always given under a pretence of loyalty and zealous love for his person, seldom replied to them; but more than once the trail of the serpent left its poisonous slime behind, and had it not been for the transparent purity

and truthfulness of Mary's character, Philip might have been led to suspect and censure her motives, and by listening to his evil counsellor, have alienated her affections, and blasted her happiness forever.

But as yet, the machinations of the baron had been exerted in vain—the lovely Mary still possessed the undivided heart, and the undisturbed confidence of her husband, and impatient to show to his subjects and the world, how entirely he esteemed and loved her, he named an early day for the august ceremony which was to bestow upon her the crown and sceptre of his realm. The illness of the duke, her brother, whose presence and assistance were desired on the occasion, delayed the coronation for some time; and then, when on his recovery, a new hope had lent its sweet promise to her heart, it was feared she could not sustain the fatiguing ceremonies of the day, with safety to her health, and it was accordingly deemed best to defer it till after the birth of her child.

This event took place in due season, and great were the rejoicings when another prince was added to the royal household, another to the blooming band that already encircled their father's throne, on all of whom that father looked with eyes of love; but on this sweet pledge of a new and tender union, he gazed with that fresh and gushing joy which fills the parent's heart, when first he folds his eldest born in his arms, and feels the pulses of its little heart, throbbing with life against his own. With the return of health and strength, Mary prepared for the ceremony of her coronation; and with solemn pomp and circumstance, befitting the occasion, she received the ancient crown, whose glittering circlet had pressed so many fair and royal brows before it was destined to adorn her own.

A brilliant crowd thronged the church, eager to behold their beautiful queen in a situation so full of novelty and interest. Around her, clustered the bravest, the noblest, and the fairest of the realm—princes, and legates from foreign courts were there, adding splendour to the spectacle, by their brilliant retinues, and magnificent appointments, and by her side stood the king, a form of glorious youth and beauty arrayed in his rich and cumbrous robes of royalty. Yet by the flush of joy that glowed upon his cheek, and by his beaming and love-lighted eye, as its glance rested on the matchless beauty of his queen, he seemed to say, that though a king he was a man in heart, and found not in his regal state the truest happiness, but sought it where it ever dwells, in the sweet flow and gentle interchange of those pure and generous emotions, which the

Author of all Good has implanted in the souls of his creatures.

Through the trying services of the day, Mary sustained herself with a calm and gentle dignity, becoming the occasion, and her rank; but oppressed by the earnest observation of that silent multitude, which she felt as though the eyes of all were concentrated in one burning glance, that fixed itself immovably upon her, she rejoiced when the pageant was at length ended, and the solemn benediction of the archbishop pronounced. Left the vast assembly at liberty to disperse. And soon all were in motion, the crowned sovereigns with their princely retinues, the train of mitred prelates, courtiers, and knights, and men-at-arms, all hastened to depart, and in the place where a few brief minutes before, thousands of human hearts had beat, and throbbed with life, and hope and expectation, there now reigned in strange and sudden contrast, a breathless and unbroken silence, that yet mutely seemed to tell of the scene but just enacted within those deserted walls. For still the odour of frankincense, flung from the swinging censers of the priests, loaded the air, and floated in thin and silvery wreaths around the gorgeous altars—and still the silken folds of banners that depended from the arched and fretted roof, and the rich draperies that, stiff with gold, festooned the pillared aisles, were stirred by the breath of those lofty melodies, whose dying sweetness lingered lovingly among the consecrated symbols of that holy religion, of whose celestial spirit they had scented the divine and seraphic utterance. The lights in the body of the church were most of them quenched; but around each hallowed shrine they still burned brightly, flinging afar their penetrating rays, that vainly sought to pierce the surrounding darkness, and casting, from their niches, the shadows of each sculptured saint in grotesque and gigantic proportions on the *oaken floor*.

Suddenly the profound silence that reigned within the church, was broken by a faint sound—the cautious opening of a distant door, and a tall figure entered, threw a hasty glance around, and moved cautiously along in the deep shadow of the wall. Pausing shortly beside a confessional, he lifted his plumed cap from his brow, and held it before his eyes to screen them from the glare of the remote tapers, while he fixed his gaze, with an expression of earnest expectancy upon an opposite door. The faint light which found its way to his person, showed him to be a man whose days had not yet attained their meridian, though the deep lines which pride and passion had traced upon his haughty brow, might by a stranger's eye, have been deemed the evidence of far maturer years. His lip, as it would

seem, was trained to wear a smile, yet ill did it conceal the scorn, the restlessness of a spirit enslaved by ambition, the fierce imperious will, the grasping selfishness which were revealed in the bold glances of his large dark eyes, from whence the fires of unholy passions shot forth like the lurid flames of a volcano, lending to his otherwise handsome countenance a sinister and bad expression. His hair, of a jetty black, clung in short thick curls closely around his head, which was thrown slightly back with that peculiar air which betokens arrogance and self-esteem. His person was tall and commanding, and enveloped in a dark mantle, through the folds of which gleamed the jewelled hilt of a dagger, together with the rich adornments of a dress, that proclaimed the wearer to be some high officer of the court. As the minutes wore fast away, his impatience visibly betrayed itself, and he once or twice made a step or two forward, and then as angrily retreated to his secure position, using quick gestures, and muttering in a low tone to himself.

Soon, however, the distant door which he had so anxiously watched, slowly unsealed, and a monk of the order of St. Dominick glided stealthily through, and as he raised his cowl, and sent a hurried and inquiring glance over the church, he displayed a countenance of most peculiar and unpleasant physiognomy. His deep set, small and glittering eyes, moved perpetually from side to side with a furtive and suspicious glance; his brow was lowering; his cheek sallow, and the corners of his mouth were drawn hypocritically down, the upper lip shrivelled like a scrap of parchment, leaving the long irregular teeth to project over the lower jaw, like the tusks of some carnivorous animal, giving a look of ferocious cunning to the whole countenance. His figure was thin and stooping, and his gait stealthy and cautious, as though habitually bent on dark and secret undertakings. When he discerned through the dim twilight, the person who awaited him beside the confessional, he hastened on to join him, but paused an instant as he passed an altar, to kneel and mutter an *ave* on its steps.

"Curse on thy hypocritical prayers," said the stranger, who had angrily watched his movements; "sny as many as thou wilt, they will not save thee from the clutch of Satan. The church numbers some sins in its catalogue, which even the fires of purgatory cannot cleanse away; and I misdread thee much, Raoul la Tour—"

"Nay, my lord," interposed the monk, "I no longer answer to that name. Call me brother Ambrose, for so, as thou knowest, was I re-baptised, when I took upon me the vows of my order."

"And with thy east-of name thou hopest to

rid thee of the crimes that stained it," said the noble.

"Nay, but to expiate them in my holier vocation; thou knowest, Baron de la Brosse, in what interprise I received that deadly wound, which brought me nigh to the gates of the grave; and when I saw it yawning to receive me, I remembered not one good deed of my past life to plead for my release from the torments of the damned. Then I made a vow that if life were yet spared me, I would henceforth devote it to the service of the church. That vow was heard and registered—I recovered, and am now a humble brother of the Dominicans, whose monastery I have enriched by my worldly wealth, and whose prayers and masses are daily offered for the salvation of my soul."

"And thou hast renounced all ambition," said the baron, sneeringly; "thou covetest neither wealth nor honours, but art content to live and die a simple monk, in the obscurity which thou hast chosen for thyself."

"Not so; we of the church have soaring hopes, and sin not in covetting the honours in her gift; and as for riches, might I obtain them, I would found such a pile to my patron, St. Dominick, as should make the balance of my good deeds far outweigh the burden of my sins, and constrain St. Peter to open wide the gates of heaven at my approach."

"Verily, friend Ra—; pardon me, brother Ambrose," said the baron, checking himself with a sarcastic smile, "I forget ever thy ghostly character; yet, if heaven is to be made up of such as thou art, I am fain to think the lower place, which thou art striving so hard to escape, will prove the better dwelling of the two. But a truce to this—I have stolen from the revels at the palace, and must haste me back lest I be missed. Get thee quickly into this confessional, and shrive me, saintly father," he added with a mocking laugh. "I would not any eye should note our close companionship, but there, as priest and penitent, we may pass unmarked."

The monk obeyed; but the baron, entering first, took the seat of the confessor, leaving the monk to kneel or stand as should best suit him, in the penitent's place, when the noble, placing his lips close to the lattice work which separated them, said in a whisper:

"Thou knowest wherefore I have summoned thee hither tonight?"

"Ay, somewhat thou saidst of——"

"Hush! walls may have ears—not so loud I prithee: Of the queen, thou wouldst say—thou art right—I seek her ruin, and thy aid to accomplish it. It must be wrought out, or my power and influence are crushed forever—and with them

thy fortunes, which I swear to advance, if thou servest me faithfully in this matter."

"Thou once made me as solemn a promise, my lord, that——"

"Ay, that thou shouldst be prior of the fair abbey and rich lands of Maudigarde, if thou didst achieve that business with Count Stephen of Clairvaux," hastily interposed the baron; "and thou it was who then failed, not I. Strive at this time to thy utmost, and whether success crown our efforts, or defeat attend us, I will make thee abbot of Maudigarde, with rare privileges attached to the gift, which shall be specified anon."

"Swear it, my lord, upon this crucifix," said the monk.

"Nay, but I will do so upon the cross of my dagger," returned the baron, touching it with his lips; "and on this emblem I also seal a vow, that if thou ever betrayest a word of our conference to mortal ear, or dost strive in the smallest tittle to deceive me,—instead of filling the abbot's chair and lording it over the idle brotherhood of monks, thou shalt be thrust into the lowest dungeon of the monastery, and left to perish of hunger amid its darkness and its slime."

The monk shrank instinctively from the flashing eyes of the baron, as he uttered these words; and trembling at the terrible menace they conveyed, quickly replied:

"Tell me, Baron de la Brosse, what it is that thou requirest of me, and if I consent to serve thee, I will do it faithfully."

"Listen then, and I will speak freely; but once again I tell thee, it is under the strictest seal of secrecy, and uttered in a confessional—therefore, let what will betide, thou art bound by thy religious oath to suffer martyrdom sooner than divulge a syllable of aught that shall transpire between us."

He bent his proud, bold, eye with a searching glance upon the monk as he said this, who, bowing his head in assent, replied:

"Speak fearlessly, my lord—I will hold sacred whatever thou shalt utter—since thou hast placed honors in one scale, and death in the other, as the price of my fidelity or falsehood, why should I hesitate which to choose—why cast from me the boon, which all men covet, and to win which, so many barter even their hopes of heaven?"

"It is well," said the baron; "and now hear me: this queen whom the king deifies, whom the nation worships, this haughty Mary of Brabant, with her wit, her beauty, and her learning, is undermining my power, and counteracting all my schemes. Nay, more, she seeks my downfall, for with all a woman's clearsightedness, she penetrates my soul, and sees the craving ambition which consumes it; and sees the superhuman

aid, its secret springs of action seem unveiled to her, for its resolves and purposes she traces out and defeats. No marvel then she disapproves of the favour shown me by the king, and feels her own position insecure while I retain my post near his person, and am permitted access to his private ear. The struggle therefore is betwixt her wit and will, and mine,—and God help the vanquished, whose hopes must perish in the fall.”

The baron paused a moment, and then putting his lips close to the ear of the monk, said in a low, hoarse whisper:

“Raoul la Tour, I remember the time when thou wert master of the subtlest poison that ever turned to ice the leaping life-blood of the heart. Dost hear it still, as was thy wont, about thy person?”

“Ha!” exclaimed the monk, as with a sudden start, he turned his glittering eyes upon the stern, pale face of the baron; “thou seekest the surest and the briefest way, then, to remove this stumbling block to thy ambitious hopes, forever from thy path!”

“Not so,” returned the noble; “I reserve her for more protracted sufferings than thy drug could cause: I would that she should live to look upon the fragments of her brilliant destiny, as they lie shivered at her feet, and feel the sting of that scorn, which in her proud and lofty silence she has cast on me, enter like a barbed iron into her very soul.”

“Explain thyself, Sir Baron,” said the monk.

“I have in vain endeavoured to infuse suspicion of his queen into Philip’s mind; but I would force him to acknowledge her unworthiness, rather than see him mourn with grief and tenderness, her loss. Mark now how it is my purpose to effect this object. He doats upon the young prince Louis, his eldest born and heir—a stubborn boy, who may one day prove a barrier to the advancement of some, now standing in high and honoured places. But most precious is his life to Philip, and let ill befall him, let a sudden sickness come and end his days, and then let whisperings and surmises wake the fear that some foul method has been practised to achieve his death, that his brothers also may perish by the same means, and leave the throne which Mary covets for her son, his free and rightful inheritance—let all this and more, drop word by word into the father’s ear, and dark suspicion and distrust will fill his mind, and poison to their very source, the streams of kindly confidence and love, which have gushed forth so freely and so full towards the queen.”

“I comprehend thee,” said the monk, “yet think thee somewhat over confident in thy base purpose, and that thou wilt find it no light task

to destroy a trust which never hath been shaken, by casting thine own guilt upon the queen, cradled as she is in her royal husband’s love, and shining in her high sphere as a bright star, in a heaven of unclouded purity and peace.”

“Pshaw! love is but a passion of the earth, and—”

“Thy love may be, Sir Baron, but—”

“Peace!” exclaimed the baron, angrily interrupting him, “I tell thee truth; and clouds gather over, and darken the brightest lights of the firmament, as freely as they obscure the humbler satellites that revolve around them. Give me the potion if thou hast it, and trust the rest to me.”

“Nay, I had purposed never more to use the drug, save for my own release from shame or peril,” said the monk, doubtfully. “Yet the goodly abbey and fruitful lands of Mالدگار, are a sore temptation;—I may purchase with their wealth, by masses and alms-giving, the salvation of my soul—but—”

“Have done with thy fears, and thy cowardly hesitation,” impatiently exclaimed the baron—“there are others who will serve me gladly for so rich a guerdon, if thou art grown too righteous to do it; and thou mayest remain a poor monk of St. Dominick, content with thy poverty and thy hypocrisy, for the remnant of thy days.”

“Nay, then, for this once only,” said the wily monk, thrusting his hand slowly into the folds of his robes.

“Be it so—for this once only, if thou sayest it, and then,—thou wilt become a saint?” said the baron, with a sneering laugh.

“In very truth, I will—I vow it on this blessed symbol,” he replied, kissing the crucifix that hung suspended from his girdle. “Dark deeds have stained my life—to thee, Sir Baron, I cannot deny it—and the remembrance of them haunts me in my hours of solitude. But ere long I shall begin a new course, and when I depart, it shall be said of me, ‘he died in the odour of sanctity.’”

“Thy sanctity will prove but an unsavoury odour in the nostrils of the saints, brother Ambrose,” said the baron; “but prithee, don not thy garb of penitence till I have used thee in my service, and then I care not if it cleave to thee like a sackcloth robe. Give me now, that which I have asked of thee.”

The monk drew forth a small ivory box, and, taking from it a few grains of a white powder which it contained, enclosed them in a scrap of paper, and gave them to the baron. He opened the envelope, and looking at them attentively for a moment, said:

“Beware how thou attemptest to deceive me, wary monk. It cannot be that these small par-

ticles of dust possess all the virtue which I desire."

"Try them on thyself, if thou doubtest, baron," said the monk; "and thou wilt soon feel thy proud blood growing stagnant in thy veins. The shroud waits to wrap him to whom that position shall be given."

"Good!" exclaimed the noble, with fearful exultation; "let it prove as thou predictest, and my foot is firmly planted on the neck of Philip. Begone now—but meet me here at this hour tomorrow night, if thou wouldst learn the success of my enterprise."

He gathered his mantle around him, drew his hat over his brow, and departing quickly from the church, hastened towards the palace, which still blazed with lights and resounded with laughter and music. Gliding in unobserved, he mingled with the gay crowd, and was borne along with them to the banquetting hall, whither Philip and his queen had already preceded their guests, and were taking their places at the board.

The king occupied his head, and on his right sat the lovely Mary, attracting all regards by her radiant beauty, and charming all hearts by the winning condescension of her manner, and the captivating sweetness of her smile. The ponderous crown of fretted gold and gems, which had that day been set by consecrated hands upon her head, was replaced by a brilliant tiara of diamonds, from beneath which her fair hair flowed in rich and glossy ringlets around her blooming face, and upon her graceful neck. Her bare and exquisitely turned arms were encircled by magnificent bracelets, and the heavy robe of gold and velvet which she had worn during the ceremony of her coronation, was exchanged for one of the palest rose-tinted satin, sewn with brilliants, and gathered in rich folds around her slender waist, by a girdle of precious stones. On an elevated seat, at the king's left hand, was placed the youthful dauphin, a princely looking boy of eight years old, who in honour of this night, was permitted to be present at the banquet. Full of joy and beauty was the sparkling countenance of that noble child, and none but the heart of a fiend could, as he gazed upon it, have endured the thought of seeing all that life and loveliness quenched in the darkness of the grave.

But the dark baron had brooded on the deed he now possessed the means of accomplishing, till he ceased to regard it with repugnance or aversion. The cup of deadly vengeance sparkled within his reach, and he longed with savage eagerness, to stretch forth his unrelenting hand, and grasp it. Yet with the deep dissimulation of his cruel nature, he hid his hate and malice beneath a mask of smiles, a courteous and bland

demeanour, that blinded all save the penetrating Mary, to the fearful passions that rendered dark and turbid the deeper current of his soul. She could not be deceived, though others were, by the officious zeal, the gallant shew of loyalty and love, with which he seemed almost to forestall the slightest wishes of his sovereigns—nor, when he murmured in her repugnant ear, words of the most ardent, yet delicate and respectful homage, and even on his bended knee, assuming the office of her cup-bearer, served her with rich confections, and wine as sparkling as her eyes, could she reward him with her wonted smile, or receive with the graciousness they seemed to merit, the attentions which he proffered her.

The young Louis also shared the homage which the baron rendered to his parents. With winning words he wiled the boy to his side, and delighted his listening ear with many a stirring tale of the battle and the chase, while he selected dainty morsels for his palate, and filled again, and yet again, his small golden cup with wine—a fatal draught, for warily the murderer's hand infused into the tempting liquid a portion of the deadly drug, which was destined to still forever the glad throbbings of that innocent and unsuspecting heart.

The banquet ended at length, the guests retired, and the inmates of the palace had long sought their several apartments, where all that could sleep were wrapped in profound repose, when in the dead hour of night a cry of agony arose from the chamber of the young prince, which drew his attendants in sudden alarm around him. He was suffering the most cruel tortures, while a raging fever burned in his veins, which seemed to be drying up his very life-blood. The king, the queen, the officers and ladies of the royal household, were quickly aroused, and all hastened in terror to the dauphin's apartment. A leech was summoned; but his aid proved ineffectual in alleviating the child's agonies, or checking the progress of his disorder, and within the palace reigned utter consternation and dismay.

The queen held the little sufferer in her arms, and wept over him tears of unavailing anguish, while the king, distracted as he was at the danger of his darling, forgot not, even in that moment of terror, his tender love for Mary, which evinced itself in his anxiety for her safety, and his earnest entreaty, that if only for his sake, she would not expose herself to the danger of imbibing, what might prove an infectious disease, by her intense personal solicitude for the object of their affection. But she loved the gentle boy almost as fondly as she did her own infant, and when the father, lifting him tenderly from her lap, laid him exhausted on his little couch, she still hung over him, wiping the

+ in medicine

cold dews from his forehead, and moistening with grateful liquids, his parched and fevered lips: While thus employed, she looked up to see if she might read night of hope in the countenance of the leech, and as she raised her eye, she caught that of the Baron de la Brosse, who on the sudden alarm of the prince's illness, had hastened with other members of the household into his apartment, and now stood with them as they clustered around his bed.

There was an expression in his glance as it met hers, which she could not define; she recoiled from it instinctively, with a shuddering presentiment of evil; though vainly she strove to shape to herself the nature of the calamity which that ill-omened countenance seemed to portend. She was holding at the moment, a cup to the lips of the prince, and when he had drank its contents, and she laid his head from her supporting arm, back upon the pillow, she reached the cup to an attendant, who had given it to her a moment before from a table beside which the baron stood. He observed her gesture, and received it with alacrity from her hand; but before setting it down, she saw him gaze earnestly into the small vessel, as though he saw some strange appearance in the drop which floated at the bottom.

The singularity of his looks and conduct, joined to a secret fear of his evil influence and machinations, produced a degree of disturbance in Mary's countenance and manner, which did not escape the observation of the king. Attributing it to the trying circumstances of the night, his anxiety for her was renewed, and once more he besought her to spare herself, and withdraw for rest to her own apartment. Willing to quit the presence of the baron, who she hoped would retire before she again sought the chamber of the prince, Mary yielded to the king's persuasions; having first obtained from him a promise to summon her immediately, should any change take place in the child, who was now lying motionless and apparently at ease.

The baron raised not his eyes from the cup as she departed from the room; still he remained gazing into it with a look so earnest and intent, that he drew the observation of others upon him, and the leech besought to know what he saw therein which so absorbed his regards. He started at this question, and moving aside, pointed with silent significance at the dregs of the liquid which the boy had drained. The leech caught the cup suddenly from his hand, and bore it to a light—but his dismay amounted to horror, when on abstracting one of several minute white particles which floated at the bottom, he touched it to his tongue, and immediately rejecting it, vehemently exclaimed:

"What hand mingled the contents of this cup? there is deadly poison in its dregs, and the prince is dying from the effects of the fatal potion he has swallowed?"

Exclamations of terror burst from every lip at this fearful announcement, while Philip, frantic with horror and despair, wildly exclaimed:

"God of Heaven! who can have done this deed? Save him! save him, Sir Tristan, and the highest honours of my kingdom shall reward thee!"

"It is impossible, sire!" returned the leech, "though thou didst offer me thy crown and sceptre as my guerdon, my skill would still be vain; for even now thy son lies at the gates of death—from that sleep he will never more awake."

At these dreadful words, a groan, that seemed to rend his breast, burst from the agonised monarch—he stood for a moment, gazing in speechless silence on his motionless and dying boy, then throwing wide his arms, he looked around on the group of nobles, whose ashen cheeks and lips shewed their amazement and affright, and cried out in the bitter anguish of his spirit:

"Who of ye all have wrought this deed of hell? Was it thou—or thou—or thou, Hillary de la Brosse?" he said, as he caught the gleaming eye of the baron, lighted as it seemed to him in that moment, by the fires of demoniac triumph and rejoicing; "tell me, was it thou, whom I have nurtured in my bosom, who hast repaid me by mingling death in the cup of my first-born, my princely, my cherished boy?"

"Sire," returned the baron in a low deep voice, whose meaning tone made the blood creep cold in the veins of all who heard it, and the words which it breathed forth, for they cast a terrible suspicion on the pure, the beautiful, the beloved,—yet not indeed on her, but on the base wretch who uttered them,—"Sire," he said, "I saw your son drain that cup, but the hand of your queen held it to his lips, and when she replaced it on this board, my eye detected amid its dregs the fatal powder, some grains of which still float in this remaining drop."

"Wretch!" vociferated he king, "what wouldst thou insinuate? How darest thou utter words like these against the purest and tenderest soul that ever dwelt upon the earth? Base thoughts ere this, thou hast harbored of her,—ay and sought to turn my heart against her, for which I should have crushed thee to the earth; and now—now—yes, I feel that I accuse thee justly, for thou didst ever hate and fear my princely boy—and now that thou hast struck from my fair tree its fairest blossom, thou dost strive to cast on this cherished object of my love, thy guilt and shame."

The hurried utterance, the vehement gestures,

and flashing eyes of Philip, lent fearful energy to his words; but before the baron could reply to the terrible charge now so unhesitatingly thrown back upon him, the pale and beautiful form of the queen glided into the chamber,—pausing beside the king, she laid her hand with a firm yet gentle pressure on his arm. She had but just passed the boundaries of the ante-room, on her way to her own apartment, when she was recalled by one of the prince's attendants, who hastened after her to communicate the dreadful annunciation of the leech. Scarcely able to sustain herself, so filled was she with horror and amazement by what she heard, she yet would not be persuaded from returning to the scene she had quitted a minute before, and she reached the entrance of the chamber in time to hear the king's impassioned defence of herself, and his indignant rebuke and accusation of his treacherous minister.

Quick as thought she saw through the whole dark plot of the baron, and many circumstances of his recent conduct rushed to her mind on the instant, which seemed to corroborate the justice of the king's suspicions, and render undoubted the fact of his guilt.

"May God reward thee, my dear and sovereign lord," she said, raising her tearful eyes with a look of grateful love to Philip's face,—“for the noble and true faith with which thou dost defend my attainted innocence from the black reproach cast upon it by yonder base and lying traitor. Thou hast said truly, he it is who hath wrought this foul deed. Baron de la Brosse, before heaven, and in the presence of thy king and thy peers, I accuse thee of having administered deadly poison to thy prince; that by destroying his life, and falsely affixing the crime upon me, thou mightest compass my fall, whom thou hast ever feared and hated, because thou knewest that I discerned thy wickedness, and stood between thee and the unbounded favor of thy sovereign. Gainsay my accusation, who dare—I will defend it to the death; and may God judge the guilty and bring to the innocent deliverance.”

Mary's proud stature seemed to grow yet loftier as she uttered these words in a clear and firm voice, that thrilled the hearts of all present with a deep conviction of her truth. Her beautiful face grew radiant with the light of purity and virtue, and her large blue eyes kindled with the indignation of insulted innocence, as she bent them full upon the dark countenance of the baron. He could not endure her glance unmoved—despite his boldness and his hardihood, he quailed beneath the searching beams of those bright and eloquent eyes, his lip slightly quivered, and the muscles around his mouth contracted as with sudden pain. But trained as he was to wear the

mask of hypocrisy, he quickly hid beneath it, every secret working of his soul, and with a calm unblushing assurance which astonished all, he said, with a lowly deference towards the king:

“All would it beseech me, Sire, even in my own defence, to stand in this presence and bandy words with my royal mistress. But judge thou between us. The contents of this cup, which all saw the queen administer, hath the Dauphin quaffed; and among its dregs, is even now visible, the remains of a fatal poison, which some hand, with deadly intent infused into it. Wherefore, I ask, should the crime be laid to me? or wherefore should I seek the downfall of a sovereign, to whom, as all present will testify, I have ever rendered loyal and cheerful homage. What then have I to gain by the removal of yonder princely boy? Nay, even though his brothers in their budding childhood perish in a night, as he hath done, how will my hopes, aspiring as thou deem'st them, be sooner ripened by their fall? My son will not inherit their royal birthright, and sit a king upon thy throne, when France shall be called to mourn the departure of her wisest and most virtuous monarch. Say then, sire, why upon me, without proof, or just cause, is cast the burden of this damning deed?”

All present stood trembling and aghast as the desperate and wily baron uttered these bold words, conveying, as they did, a daring and most direct insinuation against the innocence of the queen, whose probable motives for the crime, and others yet to be committed, he had unveiled in the most artful manner by words, used only in seeming reference to himself. The king grew pale with passion, as he listened, and enraged at the cool audacity of his minister, stamped violently upon the floor, exclaiming in scarce intelligible accents: “This is too much, I will endure it no longer! To the rack with him! haste,—we will quickly see if its iron grasp will not wring other words from his accursed tongue, than those with which he has dared insult and beard us in the person of our queen!”

But Mary, with the same beautiful and high-souled expression, which she had worn during the whole scene, turned her pleading face toward her husband, and clasping his hand closely in hers, said in accents of the most touching sweetness:

“Spare him, sire, even for my sake, whom he hath so cruelly wronged. Spare him for a while to the tortures of his conscience, which must at last awaken, and sting him like the fangs of an envenomed serpent, with the bitter agonies of remorse. Thou knowest my innocence, and with all who hear me, I have faith to believe it is established. Let them remember that the dauphin's

sudden illness preceded the drinking of that poisoned draught—and that at the banquet yesterday, the baron's hand, with ready and unwonted zeal, filled and refilled his cup, and heaped up dainties on his plate; let them learn too, if yet they know it not, that through thy indulgence, two attendants of his own appointing have recently been placed about the person of the prince, and that from one of them, I received the very cup, which, and God is witness how ignorant of evil was my heart, I held to the lips of our child. Yet, sire, I shun not an investigation of this dark affair. I entreat it rather, that the deep mystery may be made clear—and strong in my own innocence, trustful in thy justice, and thy generous affection, and relying confidently on God, the upholder and defender of the right, I will await calmly and patiently the result."

She relinquished the hand of the king as she ceased speaking, and moved quietly towards the bedside of the young prince. The baron eagerly seized this opportunity to speak; but he had scarcely commenced, when Philip with a gesture of angry impatience forbade him.

"Silence!" he said, "we will hear nothing more from thee at present; the mercy of thy queen, ill as thou dost deserve it, hath saved thee at this time from the torture. Go, and resolve to make her that atonement which thou dost owe to her injured innocence. To the western tower with him, Count le Roix, and see that he be strictly guarded till we can sift this matter to the bottom. Our queen is safe beneath our own wardship, and let the guilt rest where it will, the chastisement shall fall there also."

The baron's lip wore a scornful smile, and his brow a haughty frown, as at this command he bowed his head in slight token of obedience towards the king, and roughly freeing himself from the grasp which the count laid upon him, he turned away and walked slowly from the apartment, followed by those who were commissioned to look after his safe keeping. Philip waited till the door closed upon him and then joined Mary, who was leaning absorbed, and with looks of tender anxiety over the expiring prince. The child still breathed, though he continued to lie motionless—but every limb was rigid, and the cold dews stood upon his fair face, and his parched and blackened lips were drawn apart from the small white teeth, giving already the ghastliness of death to his countenance. As the king bent forward and gazed upon the frightful change in that face of childish joy and beauty, he started back convulsively, and clasping his hands over his eyes, groaned aloud in deep and bitter anguish.

"Is there no hope?" asked Mary, her heart almost bursting with its smothered grief; and

she raised her imploring looks to the leech, who stood on the opposite side of the couch, holding the boy's little hand in his, and counting slowly the feeble pulse, which grew each moment fainter in his slender wrist.

"None, madam," was the low and sad reply; "a few minutes more, and even this small spark of life will be extinct."

A cold shuddering ran through Mary's frame, and the large tears coursed each other down her cheeks, and fell silently upon the pale unconscious face of the boy, when, suddenly a convulsive motion distorted the features of the dying child, his breast heaved, and with a short quick gasp, his struggling spirit was released. The king refused for many minutes to believe that his first-born was really dead; but when at last the terrible truth could no longer be resisted, a tempest of grief and lamentation overwhelmed him with its violence. He called loudly on his darling's name, and casting himself beside the body, clasped it with passionate tears of sorrow to his breast. The queen awed by the vehemence of his emotions, forcibly controlled her own, and stooping gently over him, whispered words of tender soothing in his ear. But rudely repulsing her, he strained the rigid form of her son more closely in his arms, and murmured to it mournfully,

"They have murdered thee, my precious one, my beautiful, my beloved; and now they would bid me lay thee in thy cold grave without the tribute of a tear!"

There was something so like reproach in these words, and in the rejection of her offered tenderness, that Mary, rendered more than usually sensitive by the dreadful circumstances accompanying the young prince's death, felt cut to the very heart. The terrible thought that the king regarded her with suspicion, that the foul accusation of the baron, though it had been indignantly repulsed, was not uttered in vain, awakened in her the most agonizing emotions, and combined with the painfully exciting events of the night, entirely to subdue her. For a minute she remained gazing in speechless despair upon Philip, and then without sense or motion fell lifeless at his feet.

Torn indeed the king was by doubt, and grief, and suffering,—admitting at one moment, in spite of his reason and his judgment, a possibility of the queen's guilt, and the next, rejecting the bare thought with self-reproach and horror. But all the deep, and pure, and fervent tenderness which he bore her, gushed forth when he saw her lying deathlike and insensible before him, and forgetting all save her, and the love which till this fatal hour no cloud had ever dimmed, he sprang towards her, and raising her in his arms, bore her him-

self, to the quiet of her own apartments. There his soothing cares and fond caresses, soon recalled her to consciousness, and the first hour that succeeded her recovery, re-established between them that trust and confidence which had indeed been interrupted only on Philip's part, and with him but partially and briefly.

But scarcely were the funeral obsequies of the ill-fated dauphin ended, and the excitement which had for many days prevailed in the court, somewhat abated, than doubts and misgivings as to the true agent in the terrible affair, again found entrance into the king's mind, and tore it with uncertainty and fear. The high position which the baron had so long held near his person, and the great influence which his powerful and subtle character had enabled him to acquire over his sovereign, rendered the act of his sudden and entire condemnation, a difficult one with the lenient Philip, and filled him with the deepest anxiety to be fully satisfied, and by the most incontrovertible, proofs of his guilt, before he exiled him wholly from his favor, or passed that sentence against him, which many, rejoicing in the fall, implored him not to delay.

The baron, still a prisoner in his lonely tower, persisted in declaring his innocence to all who had access to him. He pleaded the absence of any sufficient motive in his own mind, for the committal of a deed so black,—he could, he said, attain no higher post than the one he already filled, for there was none above it in the realm, save that of sovereign, and could any think him so mad, as to aspire to royal sway,—so foolish as to incur a fearful risk without an adequate object to be won, and with almost certain death and infamy in view. The queen, on the contrary, to whom he still unhesitatingly imputed the crime, had much to gain by the removal of the dauphin and his brothers. Her ambition was known to all; the birth of her child had awakened it to new activity; and she had been even heard to wish it had been her fate to precede Isabella in the king's affections, that so her son might have inherited his father's throne.

These artful arguments, and the perfect confidence with which they were urged, failed not to shake the faith of some few minds, as to the certainty of the baron's guilt; though so well was Mary beloved, that scarcely one was there, who harboured a thought against her perfect innocence. To Philip was reported, by his confessor, who daily visited and interrogated the baron, all that he uttered in his own defence, and in implication of the queen,—and though all did not tend to make clear the evidence in favor of the baron, nor to prove the criminality of Mary, whose calm and tranquil demeanor, and whose solicitude for a thorough

investigation of the affair, before any overt acts of justice were resorted to, might and generally did, persuade him that she was blameless as the child upon her bosom; yet, they perplexed and tortured him,—and there were moments, when dark thoughts, and all unbidden, would intrude and disturb the even flow of his affections towards her.

Mary noticed his occasional gloom and abstraction, and the variableness, often tinged with extreme coldness, of his demennour towards her, with secret concern, and anguish, to which she could give no utterance. Too well she knew the cause, and more than ever anxious to establish beyond a doubt her own innocence, she again urged Philip, since, for her sake, he shrunk from a public trial of the baron, to have recourse to a means, often resorted to at that period, and always implicitly relied upon, for obtaining a sure and direct knowledge of the truth. It was this:—The superstitious credulity of that age of comparative ignorance and barbarity, permitted a firm belief, not only in the miraculous powers of the priesthood, but also in the supernatural knowledge claimed by many persons, who made it a profession to foretell the future, to reveal the unknown events of the past, and declare the secret acts and motives of individuals. Mary, even with her strong and discerning mind, lent a firm faith to these oracles, and as there was dwelling in her native Brabant, a sorceress of wide and wonderful repute, who had predicted many singular circumstances of her own fortune, she besought the king to send and demand from her, who would deliver to him words of truth and wisdom, on whom rested the sin of the dauphin's death.

Harassed as was his mind by the endless uncertainty it constantly endured, Philip readily acceded to her proposal, himself even more confident than his queen in the super-human wisdom of the soothsayer. Accordingly the Bishop de Buissons, accompanied by a knight of the holy cross, were the envoys selected by the king for the important undertaking, and the day was named on which they were to set forth for Brabant, in order to consult the wise woman of Nivelles, on the question which was agitating so many minds. This purpose was publicly announced, and a royal command issued, requiring all to suspend their judgment till the answer of the oracle should be received.

It was deemed proper that the baron should be made acquainted with this sudden movement, that so he might prepare himself for the result, in case, as was confidently expected, it proved unfavourable to him. In his solitary prison, however, he generally contrived to learn the state of those fluctuating waves of opinion which were never at

rest, respecting the late fearful occurrence, though none, except by the royal permission, were allowed access to him, except the king's confessor, and a pious monk of the Dominicans, who bore the reputation of austere and saintly holiness.

It was two days preceding that on which the king's messengers were to depart for Brabant, when this monk might have been seen slowly climbing the narrow staircase which led to the summit of the tower in which the baron was confined. The warder bowed with lowly reverence before the holy man, and unbarring the massive door of the baron's apartment, he held it open, permitting him to pass through, as was his wont, unquestioned. The baron with the restless and ferocious look of a caged tiger, was pacing the narrow bounds of his chamber, as the door creaked upon its rusty hinges; but when he saw the stooping form, and met the snake-like eye of the monk, he checked his step and turned eagerly towards him.

"So, thou hast come at last," he said in a harsh, displeased accent. "I have looked for thee this three long hours, a space of time that is an eternity within these cursed walls; and I have more than once vowed hearty vengeance against thee, deeming some ill-timed twinge of thy burdened conscience had tempted thee at last to betray me."

"Nay, I am first to be Abbot of Maldi-garde," said the monk derisively; "after that I shall make, as yet, no boast of my fidelity."

"A fair warning, sir monk," said the baron, frowning; "if such be thy gratitude, it behooves me to bestow my favours elsewhere."

"Do it, if I am less in thy power, than thou, proud baron, art in my mine," said the monk, sharply; "if the bond between us is to be so lightly broken, let it be severed now. The answer of the sorceress will soon silence thy tongue forever; and there are other abbeys than that of Maldi-garde, where, when thou liest in the charnel, I, without thy aid, may hold safe rule."

"Tush! I did but jest—thou hast my promise on the cross; why from a stray spark, strike forth such a mighty flame? Serve me but awhile longer, and when I am free from this damnable snare into which I have fallen, I will use my recovered power to achieve mighty things for thee in the church."

"It is well, if thou art true; but venture not to trifle with me," said the monk, and a gleam of terrible menace shot from his eye as he spoke. "But quickly, time wastes, and I have come, as thou badst me, to receive thy last commands."

"True,—wilt thou depart for Brabant, tomorrow?"

"Ay, by the dawn; if thou sayest it!"

"Of a surety. The king's envoys set forth in two days, and thou must lose no time in preceding them. Hasten thee with all speed to Childsind, the sorceress of Nivelles, and tell her of those who are following on thy track to seek her. Repent to her all I have bid thee, let not a word slip from thy memory; and charge her to deliver to the king's inquiry the answer I have framed. Understandest thou?"

"Ay, and that thy life hangs on her reply."

"It does, and must be saved by it. Bid her conceal thee, where thou mayst overhear her conference with the royal messengers, that thou mayst test her truth, and then if she swerve not from my instructions deliver to her the fifty pieces of gold, which Gaston de Tournelle hath my command to convey to thee. They shall be increased to a hundred, if she craves them; and fifty shall be thy guerdon for the service, if it prospers according to my desire."

"And it shall or —"

"Nay it must!" fiercely interposed the baron; "the alternative is death! and I crave life, if only to see the proud and hated Mary fall beneath my vengeance. Farewell! I hear other steps approaching—begone, and fill me not!"

The door of the chamber was again opened by the warder to admit the Bishop de Buissons, who came to hold an interview with the baron before setting out upon his mission, and the monk humbly saluting him as he entered, glided away, and rapidly descended the stairs.

Days passed on after the departure of the envoys for Brabant, and though hope and expectation swelled every breast, yet but few, and those, stolen words, were uttered on the subject which necessarily occupied the general mind. Mary's countenance of serene and heavenly beauty, the index of a pure and peaceful mind, and her calm and cheerful demeanour, free from hurry and excitement, proclaimed to all who observed her, the faithfulness of the foul aspersion which had been wantonly cast upon her name. Even the king had discarded the last lingering suspicion of her perfect innocence, which contrary to his reason and his judgment, had at times insinuated itself into his mind; and though the restlessness of deep anxiety was visible in his bearing, and on his face, it was now the anxiety, not of doubt respecting her innocence, but of corroding fear for her ultimate safety,—of dread, lest through some unknown cause, the answer of the propheticess should not be favourable to his hopes, and in accordance with his convictions.

But the queen herself felt little or no solicitude on the subject; conscious of her freedom from all participation, either by thought or act in the dreadful crime which had been committed; trust-

ful in God, and implicitly relying on the presence of the oracle, she waited in undoubting confidence, the moment of her free and full exculpation from the foul stain that had been cast upon her. Thus assured, she strove to impart her own cheerful faith and hope to Philip, who, unsupported by her love, could scarcely have endured the heavy suspense of that long and painful interval.

To the guilty baron, without heavenly support, or the voice of earthly comfort, the time passed in the dreadful alternations of feverish hope, and of fear the most tormenting. Should the monk prove treacherous, or the sorceress refuse to yield to his requirements, he was lost. And thus tossed on the fiery flood of his dark and guilty passions, and compelled in the presence of any who sought him in his prison, to assume an air of high and cheerful confidence, he felt that he had made for himself a hell, terrible beyond the conceptions of his most fearful thoughts; and there were moments when he trembled, lest it should prove the commencement of one, in which both soul and body were to remain in interminable duration.

And so time wore wearily on to all those anxious and expecting hearts, till the return of the royal messengers from Brabant, when the king issued his command, that in the great council chamber of the palace, and in the presence of himself and his queen, of the attainted baron, the high officers of the state, and the members of the royal household, all therein assembled, should be delivered the answer of Childisinde, the sorceress, touching the question at issue.

It was evening when the sentence was to be delivered,—a sentence which as it must inevitably bring woe and death upon some individual, was to be read in the dim and sad light which the scattered rays of a single branching candelabra shed over, the centre only, of the vast hall, leaving its remoter parts in darkness, and casting such deep shadows over the crimson hangings that they seemed to fall in sable folds from the ceiling, enclosing those who were gathered there in a huge pall of thick impenetrable blackness. Silently all awaited the entrance of the king and queen, and every face, for partial as was the light, on each it fell clear and distinct, might be read somewhat of the feelings and emotions that were awake within.

The uplifted brow of the Baron de la Brosse, who, still under the surveillance of his guard, had been conducted from his tower, wore a haughty boldness, and his proud lip curved with even more than its wonted scorn. The gleams of a cruel and exulting triumph shot from his fierce eyes, as he turned them disdainfully upon those

who had joined in the cry of guilt against him. Yet in spite of his lofty bearing, a shade of uneasiness might be seen mingling with the stern air of defiance he assumed, while at moments the quick and restless movement of his eye betrayed the secret uneasiness of fear and doubt which haunted him. The bishop in his robes, with the scroll of fate in his hand, sat motionless and silent with his eyes fastened upon his breviary, and by his side stood the templar, in the full dress of his order, fixed as a statue, with folded arms, and a face of marble paleness.

Suddenly the great doors of the chamber were thrown open, and the king and queen, followed by a few of their more immediate attendants, slowly entered. There was a general movement at their appearance, but the usual courtly salutation was given in silence, and acknowledged with silent courtesy by the royal pair. Philip was visibly agitated—his lips were colourless—his breast labored with frequent sighs, and his eye wandered with a restless and troubled glance over the assembly, but gleamed with anger and abhorrence, as it encountered, and as suddenly recoiled from, the fixed undaunted gaze of the baron.

Mary, clad in robes as white and spotless as her innocence, leaned confidently upon his arm. Her fair and flowing hair was bound, but not confined, by a simple fillet of pearls, and a rosary and crucifix of the same pure gems, depended from her girdle. Peace sat upon her calm brow, and a subdued and quiet joy beamed from her eyes; her step was firm, and her bearing full of gentleness and grace. None who beheld her, not even the dark plotter against her innocence and life, who knit his brows with scowling hate as he gazed upon her, but rendered homage to her loveliness; and few there were in that dim and lofty chamber, who darkened her image in their thoughts, with associations of evil and of guilt. But a strange and agonizing expression crossed the countenance of the templar, as he looked upon her angelic beauty, while the bishop hastily made the sign of the cross, and murmured an indistinct prayer, as he bent low before his sovereign.

The king and queen moved towards the raised seats prepared for them; but both remained standing, while Philip in a few low words of enforced calmness, gave command that the sentence of the sorceress should be forthwith declared. Immediately the bishop prepared to obey, and advancing to the table, he slowly unrolled the parchment which he held in his hand, yet paused a moment before disclosing its contents, clasped his crucifix in silent prayer to his breast, threw one look of pity and of anguish on the pale, yet serene face

of Mary, and then in a voice, which, in spite of his efforts, trembled with inward emotion, read the terrible words of the oracle:

"I, Childsinda the Prophetess, through the inspiration that is breathed into me from Heaven, behold by the inward sight, things hidden from the sealed up eyes of my fellow mortals; and therefore, O monarch, will I deliver to thee, in answer to thy inquiry, words, which are as a revelation from the spirit of truth and of knowledge. For to me, even in the hour of his death struggle, was it made manifest, that a child of France was perishing in the early bud of life, and that a human hand had cut short the tender thread of his earthly being. Wo! wo! for with thine which sways the sceptre of the realm, is that hand linked in bonds of close and holy union: Wo! wo! to the murderer! let her perish in her sin!"

The bishop dropped the fatal scroll upon the hand, as he finished, and fell upon his knees in prayer, while a deep groan, as from one breast, burst forth from the horror-stricken assembly. The baron only uttered an exulting cry; but it was unheeded, while every eye turned towards the king, whose lofty stature seemed suddenly to have attained new height, as standing erect, his face flushed, his eyes sparkling with indignation, and every vein on his broad brow swelled almost to bursting, he vehemently exclaimed:

"It is false!—the sentence is a forgery!—a lie of hell! and I swear that this right hand shall do deadly battle in our queen's defence, against whoever dare attempt her innocence."

"Sire," replied the bishop, in a sad yet solemn tone, and rising slowly from his knees as he spoke; "would to God I could uphold thee in this challenge; but by my holy office, do I swear, that I have read the sentence as it was delivered to me by the prophetess. Word for word, as they fell from her lips, my hand transferred them to this parchment. The good knight Sir Arnold, my companion, will bear witness to my truth, and according to thy promise, sire, art thou bound to receive, as undeniable, the revelation of the oracle."

"Gainsay it not, my gracious lord," said Mary, the look of amazement which in the first moment of surprise had diffused itself over her face, giving place to a celestial calmness; "gainsay it not," she repeated, and her clear sweet voice rose like a rich strain of music over the low and troubled murmur of the assembly. "God knows my innocence, and in the great and final day which awaits us all, he will make it apparent to those who now condemn me,—for before the consecrated servant of the Most High, and in the presence of all who hear me, I once more swear upon this blessed symbol," and she pressed her lips upon the cross of pearl; "that I am guiltless of this heinous deed, whereof I stand accused. Yet, would I rather endure wrongfully its shame, re-

proach, and death, than live to bear with in me, the secret fires which burn without consuming that guilty soul, which in silence, sees the innocent perish for his crime. May God assail him, and bathe him in the healing dews of penitence!"

Mary's words drew tears from many eyes, and drowned the softer ones of woman in floods of tender sorrow,—but, as she paused, and her serene eye, beaming with truth and holy innocence, fell like the rebuke of an angel upon the dark face of the baron, he quailed, even in this moment of his wicked triumph, beneath its eloquent and searching glance. His cheek flashed to a fiery red, and he ground his teeth in impotent rage; for conscious of his secret guilt, he fancied that notwithstanding Childsinda's decree, suspicion still lurked in many minds against him. Forcefully repressing the passion that struggled within him, he prepared himself to speak, framing his words by the promptings of a subtle prudence; but before he could give utterance to them, an interruption fatal to his hopes occurred, and spared him the sin of adding yet another falsehood to his burdened list of crime.

Suddenly an unusual bustle in the ante-room attracted the attention even of that absorbed assembly; but before its cause could be ascertained, the door of the council chamber was burst abruptly open, and a monk of the Benedictine order hastily entered. His garments were soiled with the dust of travel, and his cowl was thrown back from his features, exposing a countenance pale and worn with fatigue, and eyes that glared wildly with the eager anxiety they expressed. Pausing an instant, he cast an enquiring look around him, and perceiving the king, who was immediately recognizable by his dress, he rushed impetuously forward, and threw himself at his feet.

"Thy pardon, sire!" he earnestly exclaimed, breathless with haste and excitement; "but the occasion warrants such speed, that I have forgotten ceremony in approaching thee. All the long night and the weary day, have I travelled, pausing neither for rest nor food, that I might, if such a reward to my toils were vouchsafed me, save the life of a royal and virtuous lady, cruelly maligned, and treacherously condemned, through the wicked arts of the Baron de la Brosse, an arch traitor to his sovereigns, and the murderer of his prince—who, if he be here standing in this noble presence, I pray, for the love of God, that he may straitway be secured."

Instantly the king's guard closed round the terror-stricken baron, who, though his cheek was blanched to an ashy paleness, and despair and rage were busy at his heart, yet bore himself with such an outward semblance of calm and

proud indifference, that all who looked upon him marvelled. An electric thrill of wonder and of joy ran through the assembly; while the monk rising from the ground, glanced over the inquiring faces; turned eagerly towards him and continued:

"I perceive, sire, that the revelation of the false prophetess hath been divulged; but I pray thee, let judgment be suspended till my tale is told. When it was known that thou wert about to send messengers to consult the sorceress, Childisinde, respecting the dark mystery of the young prince's murder, a Dominican monk called Ambrose, bribed by the Baron de la Brosse, the true perpetrator of the deed, with the promise of a large reward, travelled into Brabant, and seeking out the prophetess, urged her to deliver a lying answer to the questions of thy envoys. She consented, tempted by the gold which he proffered her, and thy servants returned to thee, oh king! bringing with them the accusation, which was to transfer to thy guiltless queen, the punishment due to her base and bold neiser. The Dominican paid to the wicked Childisinde, the price of her soul, and departed to seek his own guerdon from his ruthless employer. But on his way the hand of God smote him for his sin; a deadly sickness seized him, and he turned aside to seek aid and shelter within our peaceful walls. And there Christian hands ministered to his necessities, and care and kindness were lavished without stint upon him. But human skill was exerted in vain—a mortal disease preyed upon his vitals, and rapidly he sank towards the grave. Then his heinous wickedness stared him in the face, and aggravated the horrors of death. Humbly he confessed all his great sin—and declared moreover, that it was his hand that furnished the baron with the poison, which on the evening of the banquet he infused into the cup of the prince, and which again in the death-chamber, he mingled with the draught which the queen administered to the royal child; that on her, whose ruin and death he sought, might rest suspicion of the crime.

"My solemn promise, that I would instantly set forth for Paris, and reveal to thee, sire, all his dark confession, alone gave ease to the mind of the dying sinner. With his own hand, in the last hour of his life, he attested under solemn oath, the truth of the statement herein made, and which thou wilt find, gracious king, signed by himself, in the sealed parcel, I now deliver into thy hands."

With emotions too mighty for utterance, the king received the proffered letter, and while a silence, almost oppressive, pervaded the dim and solemn chamber, he broke the seal, and read aloud,

therein, traced by the hand of the dying Dominican, a corroboration of the words which restored to his heart and to his arms, his guiltless and much injured queen. Regardless of all observers, he obeyed, as the parchment fell from his grasp, the warm impulse of his fervent gratitude and love, and turning towards Mary, clasped her in a fond embrace, and moistened with manly tears the tender kiss, which with lingering lips he pressed upon her sinless brow. And she, who had borne herself so meekly and so nobly in her hour of terror and of grief, evinced no vain or presumptuous triumph at her sudden and unlooked for deliverance. With a face bathed in grateful tears, she withdrew, after a moment's delay from the king's encircling arms, and audibly giving God the thanks for His ever abounding goodness, and commending her baffled enemy to his mercy, she retired with her ladies, from that scene of her trial and her joy.

The next morning saw the sentence pronounced against the wretched baron, carried into effect, and once again peace and love established their undisturbed reign in the hearts of Philip and his queen.

THE STRAINS WE HEAR.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The strains we hear in foreign lands,
No echo from the heart can claim;
The chords are struck by stranger's hands,
And kindle in the breast no flame,
Sweet though they be.
No fond remembrance wakes to fling
Its hallowed influence o'er the chords;
As if a spirit touched the string,
Breathing in soft harmonious words,
Wild melody.

The music of our native shore,
A thousand lovely scenes endears;
In magic tones it murmurs o'er
The visions of our early years;
The love of youth.
It wreathes again the flowers we wreathed
In childhood's bright, unclouded day;
It breathes again the vows we breathed
At fancy's shrine, when hopes were gay,
And whispered truth.

It calls before our mental sight
Dear friends, whose timely lips are mute;
Sweet; sunny eyes, long closed in night,
Warm hearts, now silent as the lute
Which charmed our ears,
It thrills the breast with feelings deep,
Too deep for language to impart;
It bids the spirit joy or weep,
In tones which sink into the heart,
And melt in tears.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

NERO.

Why doth Rome's Imperial lord
The banquet quit with sudden start!
Before the sparkling wine is pour'd,
Ere yet the minstrel tries his art;
Or choral voices pealing high,
Applaud some cirens victory?

A thousand golden lamps illumine,
With mimic day, that gorgeous hall,
To chase the twilight's deep'ning gloom;
For evening shadows may not fall
O'er marble floor or pictured dome,
To scare the guilty lord of Rome.

Lo! those tapers vainly burn,
They cannot chase his mental night—
See! his startling eyeballs turn,
Where they glow with tenfold light;
For clouds of conscience o'er his soul
More dense than midnight shadows roll.

Mark—his quiv'ring lip and brow!
Mark—his clenched and frantic hand
Rais'd to heaven!—or puls'd now,
Feebly grasps his glittering brand;
The while his hurried glance is thrown
Through pillar'd arch—o'er sculptur'd stone.

What meets his sight? Such phantoms dire
As chas'd Eriphyle's lost son,
When to avenge an injur'd sire,
The daring deed of death was done;
And, where a mother's life-blood fell,
Forth sprang the hungry fiends of hell!

He sees in yonder far recess
Stern Agrippina's spectre rise;
A mother in a Fury's dress*
Appeals his soul and blasts his eyes;
And in a voice none hears beside,
Shrieks in his ears—"Lost Matricide!"

The noon of day—the deep midnight—
Are to his guilty soul the same;
Yon gory phantom meets his sight,
Those voiceless lips still shriek his name,
And pour upon his shudd'ring ears
A record of the crimes of years!

Foremost in pleasure's reeling train,
That voice still mingles with the song;
The moeking demon sears his brain,
As flitting through the laughing throng,
Its tearless eyes, and curses dire,
Wake in his breast undying fire.

"Away! away!" he madly cries,
"My fated course is not yet run;
Spare! spare! my mental agonies,
Mother! have mercy on your son!
Back to the hell which gave thee birth,
And leave me yet awhile to earth!"

WOMAN'S TEAR.

BY EUGENE HASSAN.

The plant of affection that falsehood hath kill'd,
No words, though the warmest, can bring back its bloom;

And the heart that deception hath darken'd and chill'd,
No smiles, though the brightest, can light all its gloom;
Yet love, though its tendrils may run round the heart,
And fill its endearments to make them appear,
Still woman, as oft may she cause them to start,
As she chooses to nourish the same with a tear.

She deceiv'd me—I saw it—her lips which were sweet,
They'd press'd on another's—I loved them no more;
Her smiles, that bewitchingly rivals could greet,
Were common-place now, as were lovely before;
But she chang'd: she regretted her falsehood, she said,
Yet cold seem'd her plea, though I said I was dear,
Till at length—we were parting—a tear she but shed,
And where is the heart could resist such a tear?

I deceiv'd too in turn—less fondly I dream'd,
Less sweet were the accents that fell from her tongue;
Fair Nora than her had more beautiful seem'd,
And Emma by far more enchantingly sung;
She chid me—I cared not—tho' fondly she said,
"If another's, to her I should always be dear,"
Till at length—we were parting—a tear she but shed,
And where is the heart that could slight such a tear?

Yes, tears are the magic that woman can wield,
To sway all our feeling, and blind all the soul,
Be they wanton, or pure, we must equally yield
To their plea that may ruin, their balm to console;
And it seems to me, heav'n, when woman first fell,
And brought on our natures the ills we have here,
Then gave her, to make us forgive her, a spell,
And that is her heart's silent language—a tear!

WOMAN'S SMILE.

TO M.—

ON HEARING HER ACCUSED OF INSINCERITY.

BY EUGENE HASSAN.

Nay, tell me not thus that the smiles which I view,
Are less innocent, artless, less fond than appear,
As soon could I believe heav'n itself were untrue
As I would such an angel as her insincere:
There may be, when nature may borrow from art,
The colours to paint but deception and guile,
When falsehood may win, and may ruin the heart,
But they never could wear on their face such a smile!

The lips that are false, or are made but to scorn,
May study to please—be admir'd—have a run,
But as soon were I doom'd to take colours for morn,
Or feel from a canvass the rays of the sun;
Give me nature, affection, a smile, and a tear,
A face in which feeling spontaneously plays,
The eyes that the windows of thought can appear,
Where you know that you see the whole heart in a gaze!

Such are hers, and since nature must sure have some way
Her meanings for reason to see and control,
The smiles then o'er woman's bright features that play
Are surely the index to judge of her soul;
As the rose, whose loveliness, softness and hue
Are but emblems of odours from which that depart,
So in woman, the smile that is artless and true,
Is a token but found of the sweets of her heart!

Wellington Square, (G. D.), 1843.

*"Nero," says Tacitus, "after the death of his mother, always fancied himself pursued by a Fury that took her likeness."

RECORDS OF WOMAN.

No. I.

THE CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

"A PERFECT WOMAN, nobly planned
To form, to comfort, to command,
And yet a spirit too, and bright,
With something of an angel's light."

WORDSWORTH.

"MAMA, dear mama!" exclaimed a girl of thirteen, as she bounded into the room where a lady was sitting. "Please to tell me the meaning of heroine?"

"Have you consulted your old friend, the Dictionary, Ella?"

"No, mama; for it was just now Dr. Jennison used it to Mr. Selby, and I have not had time."

"And what said the Doctor, dear, about heroine?"

"Why first Mr. Selby asked me if it was not my birthday, and how old I was, and he said that I looked like my own mother, and then Dr. Jennison said he hoped I should be a Christian heroine like my blessed parent."

"My dear Ella, I can best answer your question by giving you the history of that parent. I was just about sending for you to do so, for you are now old enough to appreciate in some measure the excellence of the character I am about to describe, and I wish thus to signalize your entrance on your *teens*. Besides, I have since you left me this morning, received the miniature I have so long expected—your papa's last bequest. It had been strangely delayed. But first go, dear, and give orders that we may not be interrupted, and I will commence."

The child obeyed and came back, her dark eyes shining, and their usual glad expression softened by strong emotion. She seated herself on a low ottoman at Mrs. Granby's feet, when that lady opened a case and placed before her a picture of her mother. It was of a woman of twenty, and was exquisitely lovely. The eyes were of a blue, so dark as to be taken for black; the hair and lashes were very long, and the latter lay in thick fringes upon a skin that might vie with alabaster. The outline of the head was a model for the sculptor, and the simple arrangement of

the rich locks that covered it, added yet more to its classic contour. The white drapery that seemed to float around the form, not being in the fashion of any particular period, prevented the stiff appearance often seen in miniatures. The hand and arm—"Praxiteles might worship;" but the expression—how shall I describe it? There was energy, yet no self-sufficiency—there was mildness to an extreme—yet firmness: in short, every one felt, as he gazed—that is the woman I should love! So thought the young Ella, as she looked and looked again, till bursting tears blinded her, and she clasped her hands round Mrs. Granby's neck, and sobbed out—"If my mother had only lived!" Her kind friend soothed her, and having at length succeeded in calming the unwonted excitement of her darling, commenced her story:

"You are, dear Ella, like your mother; yet your father's features are so blended, that to me, who knew them both, it is difficult to tell which you most resemble. Beautiful as my own Ella was, you certainly are not. Oh! may you possess her perfect spirit, her *beauty of the soul*. It was when I was fifteen I first saw her. A former schoolmate of mine had arrived at H. the night before, and I hastened to greet an old fellow pupil. She turned after the first salutations, and pointing to a young lady by her side, said: 'My cousin, Ella Stanley, Jane.' We were friends from that moment. I loved her at once, and she returned my affection, because 'love begets love.' Being in the same classes in all our studies, we were often together, and it was soon said: 'If you want Ella Stanley, ask for Jane Willison.' In mathematics, Ella was far my superior, and patiently aided me through Algebra; and yet my friend likewise excelled in imaginative composition. Her poetry was very sweet, and

was she deficient in other things. The acquisition of a new language was play to her. Latin she both read and wrote—French she spoke fluently, and she had a good knowledge of Italian. And yet there was about your mother no pretension. She was always self-possessed, and such was her perfect simplicity of heart, that if you asked her the extent of any of her acquirements, you would have as exact a reply as would be given by her teachers. Her knowledge was never paraded, yet no one could see her five minutes without being aware of her intellectual superiority.

"Do you play the piano, Miss Stanley?" said a gentleman to her one day.

"Not at all; I have never taken lessons."

"But you have more solid acquisitions, you are a Latin scholar, I hear?"

"I can hardly be called a *Latin Scholar*, Mr. Campbell, though I read and write the language with ease."

Such was the truthful manner in which the dear girl ever spoke of her attainments, apparently quite unconscious that they conferred any distinction—a sweet humility which is ever a fruit of the spirit, and which was in your dear mother the result of fervent piety.

Two delightful years we passed together and then we parted, but our correspondence was frequent, and from that I shall read you some extracts, promising that should we both see this day two years the whole shall be put into your hands. I shall only give you such short passages as will place before you an outline of the most prominent events in your mother's short career:

"June 7, 18—

"It is not, dear Jane, because the fervid sun of this glowing month, by heating my cheek has cooled my heart's love for you, that so long a period has elapsed since the receipt of your last letter and the penning of this; but simply because I reckon my correspondence with you as one of my selfish enjoyments, and our house has been so full of company that I have felt obliged to relinquish my own pleasures to make happy the guests of my father. My mother's absence at the Springs throws much of responsibility upon me, and makes me fear that she will be missed, not only by papa, but by her friends. So far as regards the intellectual part of the entertainment, I have no hope whatever to fill the vacuum; but in domestic arrangements I must try to make her place good. Then, too, some of our visitors have been so agreeable and instructive, that it was with difficulty I could withdraw myself from their profitable society, to attend to family cares—the providing of dainties seems so pitiful when compared with the intellectual feasts I have enjoyed. Pray for me, dearest, that these many

cares may not lead me, Martha-like, to neglect the Saviour. This is, after all, my greatest source of trouble. Every earthly enjoyment, though the gift of His infinite love—His creature—seems to possess a charm to draw my heart from Him, and were it not that "His is an unchanging Love," I could not hope to persevere in my course Zionward. I find my religion is not enough inwrought into my soul, and I often pass whole evenings in conversation from which I am sure no one could guess I was a servant of Jesus Christ."

To shew you, dear Ella, the estimate others formed of your mother, I will read you part of a letter, written at the time by a mutual friend:

"Well, Jane, I have seen your favorite, Ella Stanley, and must say, that though I was determined to dislike her, because you so extravagantly praised her, I now think you said *not half enough*. But you know I like to give details always, and in my usual hum-drum way, I must 'begin at the beginning,' as the children say.

"We, I mean brother Henry and I, were invited to a large party at the Forsters, the night after we arrived here. I said to cousin Sophy, 'point out to me Ella Stanley as soon as she comes, will you?'

"'Oh! you'll have her soon enough,' was the reply; 'for I see you mean to hate her.' Pretty soon a murmur of applause seemed to betoken the appearance of a favorite. I looked up, and a beautiful girl glided into the room, and making her salutations to Mrs. F. was at once surrounded by a large group, whose homage she received as a matter of course. Her dress was of blonde; tiny rosebuds encircled the skirt, running up the front, twining around the neck, and appearing as if their last effort had been to nestle among the loveliest raven curls I ever beheld. Had not the flowers been so very *petite*, the effect must have been heavy; as it was, a breath of wind might apparently have carried away the whole. The eyes of the beauty were large, full, black; but there was a triumphant expression in them which I pointed out to Henry, adding, 'you see Jane's paragon is as imperfect as I expected to find her. That is the personification of a finished coquette.'

"I agree with you in your opinion of that lady; but are you not mistaken in the name?"

"Just then a modest, sweet-looking girl, in a simple white muslin, without other ornament than a delicate garland of natural flowers round her head, and a bouquet of rich exotics in her hand, approached me with Miss Forster, who introduced me to her, mentioning the name so indistinctly that I could not catch the sound. We entered into conversation, and retired to the recess of a heavily draped window, where I remained perfectly fascinated until interrupted by the excla-

mations of a joyous party, who pulling aside the curtain, cried out—"Ella Stanley, we have been looking every where for you!"

"You Ella Stanley!" I exclaimed, rather rudely, it must be confessed.

"And pray, who else could she be?" said my cousin Sophy.

"I thought that young lady in roses was Miss Stanley."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted cousin James, "to take Miss Walters for our Ella! No, no, Kate, Miss Walters can tell you of more conquests in an evening than our charming Ella ever dreamed of, though, *entre nous*, I think the latter, if put upon her honor, could number more proposals of marriage than the belle."

"While this chat was passing, the object thereof had slipped away with the young girls who had sought her, and was admiring a portfolio of rare prints, as much as even their youthful exhibitor could desire. But she was not left long alone, for Miss Walters was comparatively deserted so soon as Ella was discovered. Brother Henry lost his heart at once, and I believe would have downright told his captor so; but there is a very rich, handsome, aristocratic young Southerner here, who, *on dit*, will carry off the prize.

"My sheet is positively full, and I have not yet told you how often I am at Mr. Stanley's, nor how much I love his daughter, nor have I mentioned to you the admirable abilities displayed by her in the housekeeping line, during her step-mother's absence, who, you know, is hated by every body but Ella."

"And was that Southerner my papa?" asked the attentive child.

"No, dearest; during the summer Ella never mentioned him to me; but Kate told me he had addressed your mother, and was so sweetly rejected as but to increase his affection."

Several similar offers received the same treatment. Your father about this time went to fill the situation of Tutor in a neighboring university, while he completed his course of theological study. He was soon a constant visitor at your grand-papa's, and I shall give you now sundry passages which show how gradual in its formation was the strong and enduring tie that afterwards bound those two souls together.

"July 15.

"My S. S. Class is truly interesting. The children listen to me with attention, though I do not succeed very well in imparting instruction; but I hope in time to improve. Sophy Wentworth and I are going to try a Plain Sewing Missionary Society for the little folks. This is not the title of the association, but I use it merely to describe it to you."

"August 15.

"Joy! joy! Jane! I am studying German; how I wish you were with me. My teacher is a clever man, who is passing a year in town to perfect himself in English. I have actually translated one of Schiller's songs. Papa is going to make me study very hard this winter in mathematics, and mama has given me the whole care of little Mary's clothes," (her step-sister,) "both the mending and making, so that I shall have little time for correspondence; but though all others are neglected, you, dearest, shall not be, by yours ever—ELLA."

"September 29.

"We have formed a small literary society—the three Forsters, Sophy Wentworth, her cousin Henry, Ellen Jones and myself. The President is a Mr. Loyd, tutor in — University, who rides over weekly to join us, and whose discriminating mind is a valuable accession to our strength. Half our number bring a written communication each week, which is read by the author, and very freely criticised by the members. We tear one another's productions to pieces, *sans ceremonie*, and our president is most merciless. To flatter is an impossibility with him, and he tells his opinion as frankly as if his existence depended on his exaltitude. We promise ourselves much profit, judging from our first three meetings. Can you not, dear Jane, send us a paper now and then?"

"November 17.

"Your 'Trip to the Springs' was pronounced charming. A few strictures were passed upon your disposition to describe every thing in glowing colors; I maintaining that it was not your fault, and that it was a blessing to have a character disposed to look on the bright side, and to see through rose-colored spectacles, and Mr. Loyd affirming that, carried to an excess, as it is in most enthusiastic people, it gave wrong impressions, and that he presumed a sober person, like himself, would have given a much more truthful statement. At the same time, he said, 'he loved the warm-heartedness that gave such beauty to the landscape, and threw its own glow over even the barren desert.' That is more praise than he ever gave me; but I wish, Jane, you knew Mr. L. I am not sure he is the kind of character to suit you. You might think him cold, and yet he is so upright and pure, that one must admire him. Sometimes I fancy him stern; but then he is so benevolent—fond of seeing every thing in the best light, that I am afterwards ashamed to remember I ever entertained such a thought. He can always give such excellent reasons for his opinions that one *must* yield, and is so intellectual! his attainments are wonderful. Papa says Mr. Loyd is the most mature scholar for his age

that he ever knew. By-the-by, you asked in your last 'if he was engaged to Mary E.,' I know not; but I have heard him say 'Mary has few equals.'

"December 1.

"How glad I was, dearest friend, at the earnestness of your zeal in behalf of missions, for it has been for the last year the prevailing theme of my thoughts, waking and sleeping, and long ago I should have poured out my soul to you, but I shrank from speaking of it even to the one who knows most of me. Jane, I must be a missionary, and I am acquiring languages, and arranging all my studies with reference to this determination. I hear of the moral degradation of the heathens, and my heart burns within me to carry to them the news of Jesus' love. I cannot rest here in inglorious ease, while thousands are perishing for the bread of life. I have solemnly consecrated to my Master all I have, and all I am, and I cannot draw back, and I feel assured God will in some way open a door for me to be useful."

The Christmas season was passed by me at Mr. Stanley's, and Ella and I again enjoyed that sweet sisterly intercourse which had always marked our friendship. I was surprised to observe her developments of heart and mind, and also to note how thorough a missionary she was even at home. Yet none of her domestic duties were neglected. She had time for everything her papa or mama required—time, too, for her studies, and yet was ready for every good work; nor had her religion any thing about it of that bustling, busy-body character, which too often mars the influence of Christians.

I saw in a single interview, that Mr. Loyd was warmly attached to your mother, and I therefore asked her carelessly one day if he were to be a missionary? She sighed involuntarily, and replied:

"I do not know. He loves missions; but his talents are so superior, his acquirements so extensive, that papa says some of our literary institutions will seize on him as soon as his studies are completed."

"And does your papa know of your intention to leave all your friends, Ella, and labour among the heathen?"

"No one but yourself knows it, Jane; and when I think of leaving this sweet spot—my loving friends, who so kindly pass over my faults—my intellectual privileges, and the dear church—my own pastor—my heart sinks; but I must go, and will go gladly. 'I will not offer to the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.'"

How much it cost my Ella, might be known by her long continued sobs, which I heard as I waked in the middle of the night after this conversation.

I could tell you much, my dear child, that passed between us on this visit, and will do so on

another occasion; now I must hasten to a close, for it is almost time for your papa's return.

Mr. Loyd had received his degree of A. M. the preceding autumn, and the next spring was solemnly ordained a minister of Jesus Christ. He left — for a few weeks in the winter, and, during his absence, I received a letter from my friend, which, though there was an effort at cheerfulness, betrayed to me how much she missed her associate in study. On one theme only did she touch with her accustomed interest—that was her future field of labor. I knew that had my declaration of attachment been made by Mr. J., it would have been revealed to me, and I feared my sweet friend would find the void, which I felt sure she experienced, unfilled through life. Perhaps she herself suspected the cause of her desolate feelings; but she told it not, and went to make a visit to a friend at a distance, wondering that she felt so little at leaving her happy home. A month after, I found, on my return from a day's excursion, a long epistle in the well known hand; full—oh, how full!—of overflowing happiness, mingled with trembling fear. It appeared that your father had also resolved in early life, to devote himself to the enlightening of the "people who sit in darkness." His studies had been with reference to this object—and though great inducements had been held out to him, to remain in this country, he was firm. Another obstacle presented itself—would he be able to overcome it? Thrown into constant intercourse with Ella Stanley, he unconsciously loved her, nor did he think of the consequences, till he heard one day the probability discussed, of Miss S.'s immediate union to one of her admirers, who possessed just that which poor Loyd did not—a distinguished ancestry and a large fortune. The poor fellow awoke from his dream, and abruptly left I—, frightened at the state of his feelings, as he receded from it. That Ella Stanley would become a missionary, and voluntarily surrender the strong ties which bound her to home and kindred, had never entered his mind—and, could he leave her behind?—could the delight of seeing her be relinquished? For though calm and still usually, yet like the boiling springs of Iceland, when once disturbed it was not easy to subdue his feelings. Then, too, if he remained in his native land, could he hope that when his superiors had failed, he would win the prize? The conflict was too much for him, and he went back to I—, determined to set the matter forever at rest—to learn his fate, and to endeavour to bear it like a Christian. On his arrival he found Ella gone, sought Mr. Stanley, and told him of his love, adding that he had no hope of a favourable reception to a petition from one unknown to fame or fortune.

"And why?" interrupted Mr. Stanley—"why, Loyd, should you judge me thus harshly? Have I ever shewn, by word or look, that your talents were unappreciated—your merit unfelt?"

"You have ever been too kind to me, Sir," gasped the astonished young man.

"And you would repay me by stealing from me, my heart's dearest treasure? Well, dear Loyd," kindly taking his hand, "if you can win my child's love, do it—you have my consent."

An hour after saw Loyd depositing in the Post Office, a letter, the reply to which was to determine his lot in life. He would have flown—that is, as fast as the slow modes of travelling then in use would admit of—but the poor must regulate their actions, if not their impulses, by their purses; and, besides, Ella was with those to whom Henry was a stranger. He told her of his early devotion to the missionary work—of his ardent love, and of her father's kindness—and almost hopelessly, besought her reply. The communication came over Ella like an electric shock. She had not dreamed of such a thing, and putting down the letter, she burst into tears. Then, falling on her knees, in broken accents she gave thanks to Him who had poured such a flood of sunshine on her path.

I need not say how satisfactory was the reply to your papa, and that your grandfather's consent to part with his lovely daughter was given.

"Surely," said the old man, "I may almost say of my sacrifice, that it is without blemish and without spot."

I will not dwell upon the many preparations for the long voyage, nor on the bitter tears which were shed by Ella's friends, nor on the wondering exclamations of those whose views, bounded only by time, could not comprehend any motive which was based on eternity. A long delirious fever prevented my promised parting visit to my dear friend. She bent over me in my insanity, and imprinted her kisses on my burning cheek, but I knew it not; and her first letter (after the one to your grandpapa) was written to me. It was short, and I will read it to you. It was penned reclining on a sofa, for during the whole voyage sea-sickness held her fast:

"At Sea.

"I trust by this time, dearest Jane, you are so far convalescent as to be able to read a few words from your friend, and I will be as brief as possible lest I fatigue you.

"All is over, dear, and I am really on my way to the land of my hopes and fears—to benighted Africa. I cannot tell you the grateful joy that fills my soul as I remember that it is truly so—that my fervent prayers have been answered. But so much happiness is mine, through my con-

nexion with my dear Henry, that I almost fear I am exercising no self-denial, in going, thus cheer-ful and supported. Yet who that has not felt it, can describe my feelings, as I bade adieu to my dear father, my gentle, loving sister, and to that bright boy who I hope will comfort papa under my loss. It was anguish, Jane—my tears fall at the recollection. I watched my native shores till the last vestige of land disappeared, when, leaning my head on Henry's shoulder, I burst into an agony of tears. He led me into our cabin, and ah! how gently he soothed me, recalling to my mind the precious promises of our Redeemer and comforting me by their soul-sustaining power. And I was comforted—I am happy. I look back upon all I have left, and each loved object seems a thousand-fold dearer than ever; but my Saviour is still dearer, and for His sake I can bear all joyfully, and gladly press forward. One trial I still look for with dread: it is that of coming in contact with the literally naked savages we go to instruct; but shall not He support us who has commanded us to teach all nations. God bless you, Jane, dearest; pray much for your ever loving—ELLA."

Your uncle James borrowed my next letter from your mother, and it was was lost in the transmission. I grieve especially, for it described minutely her entrance upon her field of labor—the trials experienced by beings so filthy and degraded, and told too of the abounding grace of God, which had enabled her to endure, as your papa wrote me, "without a murmur."

Months passed away, and you were born; but I have no account from my Ella of her joy as she imprinted the first kiss upon your cheek. The voyage out was unusually long, and your poor mother scarcely raised her head during its whole course. This reduced her strength, and the insufficient accommodations which they found on landing: the mud hut, the damp ground, and miserable food, prevented any acquisition of strength. She lingered, as you have often heard, till you were nine months old, and then died—begging that you might be sent to my care. This request was complied with by your stricken father, who toiled on alone in his field, enduring every hardship, till two years ago. You have not forgotten how suddenly he was called to his rest, and was welcomed, I doubt not, by his sainted wife. I give you, my heart's daughter, this picture of the angel to whom you owe your being, and here too, is the letter from your papa, which announced her flight to her native skies. Take it to your room, read it, then kneel down, and thanking your Heavenly Father for such parentage, ask Him to make you too "a Christian Heroine."

Montreal, Dec., 1843.

Z.

SCENES ABROAD.

No. VII.

BY ONE OF US.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore:
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
 Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor
Allite beheld beneath pale Hebe's blaze:
 How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
 Distinct though darkening with her waning phase;
 But Mauritania's giant shadows frown,
 From mountain-cliff to coast descending soun'dre down.

CHILDE HAROLD.

From the southernmost point of Europe I gazed upon the northernmost point of Africa: from the pinnacle of Calpe, I surveyed the towering Abyla, and the coast of Mauritania, and methought I would tread on the soil of Africa. Before I turned my eyes away, it was a settled thing that I should cross the straits.

When I last parted from the reader of these Sketches, he had accompanied me in strolls through the streets of "Proud Sevilla;" and had it not been, I feared he would tire of one continuous theme, I should have pictured other Andalusian scenes;—perhaps roved with him into Estremadura; told him of blood-ensanguined Badajoz—when I saw it, a peaceful city; but once, one terrible night, a scene of horror, such as, luckily, seldom meets the eye of man.

The terrible assault of Badajoz, in 1812, will never be forgotten, so long as desperate, nay, almost unearthly valour, is object of admiration; so long as it be instructive (however degrading it may be) to have a sample, how much of the Devil there is in man. For two days and nights after the resistless valour of the Peninsular soldiers had driven Philippon's formidable garrison from the defences of Badajoz, did the men who had displayed unheard of desperation in the assault, riot and revel in wickedness and atrocity, never exceeded in the annals of war. So much for that subject, and now to Africa.

Having decided on traversing the straits, I wended my way one fine morning to the Mole, where the miniature shipping of the Bay of Gibraltar cluster, to make my arrangements. I was soon surrounded by "shore-boat" men, cla-

morous for preference; just as the voluble encaelic and cab-men, on the Place d'Armes, in our good city, will assail an unfortunate pedestrian, ambitious of a ride. Selecting my Palinurus, I gave him *rendez-vous* at the Rose and Crown, the following day, and left the swarthy crew of Mediterranean watermen, to wrangle among themselves regarding the preference.

In due course my navigator attended. He was a Genoese, and, in Italian, known as Giuseppe; but rejoicing, in home-spun English, in the somewhat unceremonious appellation of "Joe." I hesitated a trifle regarding the prudence of traversing a space of forty miles of sea in an open boat; but Giuseppe was so voluble and positive, about his craft keeping the sea in any weather, that he received orders to be in readiness for a move at a certain hour;—and at that hour, the little bark was under way, steering straight for Cubarita Point. Joe had provided himself with a crew of three men, nor was it an unnecessary precaution, as on my return to the Rock a day or two afterwards, it blew a gale; and an open boat at sea in stormy weather, must not want hands on any account.

Tangiers was the port of destination. Gradually we rounded Cubarita Point, and ran down the Spanish shore. The British colours were at the main, and we sailed with a flowing sheet. Suddenly Giuseppe, who was at the helm, called my attention to a large sized boat at some distance, bearing down upon us. "That," said he, "is a Guarda-Costa." Immediately the tiny barque became an object of interest. A Guarda-Costa!—to be chased by a Guarda-Costa!—how

interesting! Who will say there is nothing in a name? Had my Genoese but styled the craft a Custom-house boat, to mar the smuggler's operations, I should scarce have given it a second glance; but the term "Guarda-Costa" revived a thousand recollections of early reading about the buccanniers, who ravaged the entire coast of Spanish America, and who necessarily came oft in conflict with these preventive vessels. Accordingly, I watched the movements of the craft with interested eye.

Giuseppe thought he would cause a little excitement aboard the *Guarda-Costa*; so he tacked, as if anxious to avoid her. Immediately, she followed. I hinted to the skipper that we should be brought to by a shot, if he persisted; but "no!" cried he, grandiloquently, pointing to the British colors, "dey be too much fear of dat!"—and he ended by swearing he would not heave to, even if "dey" did fire. But, alas! for Joe's heroism—scarcely were the words out of his mouth, than a gush of smoke on board the "*Guarda-Costa*" told of serious intent to bring us to; and the sight of a musket-ball, n-skippping over the blue water, caused his valour, like Bob Acres', to ooze out of his fingers' ends; and he heve to at once. Our pursuer soon came up, and seeing there was nothing in the shape of cargo aboard, and having put a few questions, left us. When she was at a little distance, our crew took to singing a Constitutional song, the burden of which was about *Riego*, to vex the Spaniards; but perceiving the attention of the *Guarda-Costa* men drawn by the sounds, they ceased until the distance was considerably increased, when they renewed the song, amid vociferous shouts of "Viva la Constitucion."

Shortly after this *rencontre*, we stretched towards the African shore. The distance across the streights, in a direct line, is about the same as between Dover and Calais, in the British Channel.

There is a constant current into the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic. The water flows in constantly, and it has no visible outlet. There is good reason to believe, however, that though the surface current is inwards, there is a counter current below. When westerly winds have prevailed for any time, the current into the Mediterranean is very strong, and then the Bay of Gibraltar becomes filled with vessels. Suddenly, a *Levanter* (the term for an easterly wind) springs up, and away goes the fleet to the broad Atlantic. It is a beautiful sight to see hundreds of vessels under full sail, after a month's embargo at the Rock. They are of all flags and of all sizes; from the coasting felucca to the line-of-battle ship. At times, the number of vessels thus wind-

bound, is immense; as may indeed be imagined, when one reflects that the entire trade of *outramer* lands with the countries around the Mediterranean, must of necessity pass at this point.

Considerable interest had been excited a few weeks prior to the time I write about, by a simultaneous attempt made by the *Tribune*, one of our frigates, and the *Constitution*, American, to make their way against the current, into the Atlantic, with a very light breeze. A number of English and American men-of-war were then lying in the Bay, and for the better part of a day, the rival frigates were the observed of all observers. By hugging the African shore, and from better knowledge of the eddies of the current, the *Tribune* succeeded; but the *Constitution*, much to the mortification of the Americans, not only failed, but could not regain her anchorage in the Bay. The current carried her "behind the Rock;" i. e. on the Mediterranean side of the Peninsula, from which the fortress of Gibraltar frowns.

Darkness came on long before we reached the African shore, and wrapping myself in my boat-cloak, I lay down in the stern-sheets, and fell asleep. On awaking, and looking over the gunwale of the boat, I found myself in front of the town of Tangiers. We had reached the port about midnight, but there being no getting ashore then, for various reasons, Giuseppe and his crew went to sleep likewise, to wait till dawn. They were rolled up in the sails when I awoke, and as it was not more than four A.M., I let them sleep on; meanwhile observing the Moslem shore.

Even at the early hour of four, several figures were squatted on the beach, or emerging from the town. A coarse woollen over-coat of striped cloth, with a hood, was their garb. In the language of the country, it is called "a hufick." They reminded me, those figures seen at early dawn on the beach at Tangiers, of honest Jean Baptiste in his winter *étouffe du pays* coat, with the hood up; except that the hood of Christian Jean Baptiste is globular, whereas those of the followers of Mahomet, rise to a sharp ridge. When one thinks of Moors, one pictures to himself beings similarly dressed to those gaudily be-decked performers in melo-dramas who strut upon the stage; but the figures before me, eschewed, in toto, personal decoration. Their appearance was uncomely in the extreme.

The space between the water and the walls of Tangiers is of considerable extent, and ascending. Cannon frowned from the walls, and yet the appearance of things was anything but warlike. The cannon showed their teeth through the embrasures, it is true; but they were pointed any way and every way; some were star-gazing and

is that is to say,

some looking down to mother earth. It was evident that engineer and mason had had but little to do with the fortifications of Tangiers, for many a day.

On my right, as I faced the town, the shore was rocky, and rose abruptly and precipitously. Beyond the walls that crested this height, a gloomy mass of semi-dilapidated masonry arose, which Giuseppe, who, by this time had aroused himself, informed me was the Pasha's abode; or as we would say, the Governor's: a Chateau St. Louis, for example.

I observed a number of flag-staffs projecting from sundry roofs of dwellings within the walls; these marked the residences of the consuls of various nations. No flags were hoisted, and I suppose they only are so upon occasions of ceremony and state.

As morning advanced, numbers collected on the beach, and sundry laborers set themselves to their daily work. Two or three feluccas were discharging wheat, and, there being no wharves, the men waded into the water, and shouldered their bags and emptied them on sails spread on the beach. I became impatient to get ashore, but found there were sundry formalities to be gone through, first. All over the Mediterranean, the quarantine laws are rigorously observed, and no one dares to land without permission. However, after a time we were hailed from the shore, and a few preliminary questions having been asked and replied to, ashore I went, astride the shoulders of one of the crew. As may be supposed, there was no quay; nothing but the beach of sand and shingle.

I proceeded towards the gate of the town, to enter, but was met at the portal, by a Moor in full toggery, who directed me to wait for the Pasha's permit, expected every moment. He was the captain of the port. I could not of course understand a word he said, but close by was a Mulatto lad who reported himself to me as the servant of the American Consul, and he interpreted. The dignity was in full Turkish costume, namely, turban, embroidered vest, and very loose inexpressibles; over all, hung in folds a robe of linen or cotton, which he over and anon gathered up into graceful folds, and threw over either arm. Whilst waiting for the permit, I amused myself noting the manners living as they rose. Amongst other items I observed one or two Moors of the better order, salute and enter into conversation with the official gentleman. Their salutations were ceremonious, though not French; and very graceful, though not European.

In a few minutes the captain of the port received the permit, and having engaged the mu-

latto lad above referred to, as my pilot, I passed under the gates, and entered the town.

What a town! ye readers who have seen nothing worse than Quebec or Montreal, can form but a faint idea how wretched a looking place is Tangiers. The streets, if passages be worthy of the name, are mostly from fifteen to twenty feet wide; and the majority of the houses are mere cabins of stone, roughly plastered over, and not more than eight or ten feet high. I entered one or two of these wretched abodes, and found the interior quite in keeping with the exterior. There are better houses, however, but they are few and far between. The consuls' houses are of course, good, and there are others tolerably fair, but the majority are what I have described.

A writer referring to Algiers and Tunis, (places infinitely superior to Tangiers) says: "Generally speaking, a Mohammedan city presents a uniform aspect. Everywhere the same silence and seclusion; the same absence of all gaiety, bustle, and animation; narrow and dirty streets, bordered on each side by lines of dead wall; every individual burying himself in the interior of his family, and stranding his existence, as it were, from all other eyes; while the female sex, who, in Europe, form the ornament of society, are immured in the apartments of the Haram."

The only house of entertainment at Tangiers, for a Christian, was a mean sort of a place kept by a Spaniard, and to that I was conducted, preparatory to paying the usual visit of formality to the consul.

The British Consul, a Mr. Douglas, was quite a magnate at Tangiers; exercising far greater influence over the Pasha than all the other consuls combined. Power invariably commands respect, and not unfrequently, awe; and as Old England's power had not many years before been felt rather disagreeably by the Moors, Old England's Consul was no inconsiderable personage.

A gentleman connected with the consulate took me in charge to show me the Lions of Tangiers. Perambulating the town with him, he directed my attention to a man at some distance before us, coming towards us, carrying his slippers in his hands. (Slippers are universally used in Mohammedan and Oriental lands) and observed, "that's a Jew, and the building near us is a Mosque, and he, being a Jew, is not allowed to wear his slippers near it." The Hebrew passed us, still carrying them; at a little distance beyond us, he slipped his feet into them and went on. He had then got without the range of Holy Ground. This taking off of slippers is an Oriental mode of showing respect. In Asia, for example, inferiors always leave them at the great man's door. It would be the height of insolence for a poor devil to

enter the presence of a man of note and substance; *pantoufles* on foot. And for a similar reason, the despised Hebrews at Tangiers walk barefoot past Mohammed's mosques.

The Jews swarm in the towns of Barbary. A considerable portion of the population of Tangiers is Hebrew. How so many of that despised and persecuted race should be found there, at first surprised me; but it was accounted for, by the expulsion of the Jews, centuries ago, from Spain, where they had established themselves in great numbers, and whence they were driven by the horrid fanaticism of the Christians. The Spanish Hebrews possessed great wealth, and their religious faith furnished a capital pretext for dispossessing them of it. They were ferociously hunted from Spain, abandoning everything to the freebooters of the Church, and the only place they could fly to, in this world, was Barbary. They huddled there. The Moor was more merciful than the Christian. The Jew was allowed to live in Barbary, which was more than was permitted him in Spain; but that was pretty much all, for he was, and still is, sadly treated. It is the descendants of those refugees that now fill the towns of Barbary, from Morocco to Tunis.

I will give another example that passed under my own eyes, of the condition of the Hebrews among the Moslem. A Jew was being borne to his grave, surrounded by friends and co-religionists. The corpse was uncoffined. The procession attracted the notice of a few Moorish urchins, and they set about hooting the Israelites. One or two bolder than the rest, threw dirt and pebbles on the corpse! No notice took the Hebrews of the indignity. They walked on, as beaten hounds. Some elderly Moors, near, reproved the boys and made them desist. I was myself on the point of driving the little wretches away, but my companion warned me against attempting it. A Christian is held in little higher estimation than the Jew, and had I punished one of the youngers, the indignity of a Christian striking a "True Believer" would have raised a storm that might perchance have ended in blood; for the servile bigotry of the Prophet's followers beats any thing our people can show in that line.

To one accustomed to the enjoyment of liberty, the view of these poor suffering Israelites was inexpressibly painful; but they, themselves, poor creatures, seemed not to mind it much. Despotism degrades mankind, but it has the kindness first to harden the sensibilities. A man not knowing that he's robbed, is not robbed at all.

My companion informed me that many of the Jewesses were beautiful creatures, and I observed several possessing great attractions. The Hebrew

women, however, all the world over, are, usually, handsome; oftentimes, brilliantly beautiful.

The dress of the Jewesses is peculiar. A piece of ornamented cloth descends from the crown of the head down the back; the stowacher, or bodice, is ornamented a good deal, sometimes with gold lace; and across the forehead is worn a peaked ornament of greater or less value, according to the wealth of the wearer, or of her family. (There are, it seems, wealthy Jews even in Barbary).

Jews are not allowed to emigrate without paying a price. I was told that one hundred dollars per head, is exacted. Thus, Tyranny will not even allow its victims to escape its clutch, without fleecing them.

I looked into a Mosque from the street, taking especial care not to approach too near the sacred threshold. The Infidel foot must not pollute it, much less rest within the holy pile. The floor was composed of slabs of black and white marble, alternately disposed. With the exception of an elevation at one side; answering, I fancied, to our pulpit, there was no obstruction of any kind, or any thing in the shape of bench, or pew, or seats. There were no persons visible in the interior, but I understood that worshippers sit on the floor itself, or prostrate themselves upon it, according to the fervour of the spirit within.

For the regular performance of the duty of prayer amongst the Mohammedans, it is requisite they should turn their faces, whilst they pray, towards the temple of Mecca, the quarter where it is situated being pointed out by a niche in the mosque. The Moslem has prescribed forms of prayer, with a certain number of praises or ejaculations, and these, they have a string of beads, to count; not dissimilar from the Roman rosary.

Whilst strolling through the town, we came upon a space of ground wider than usual, where was congregated a considerable number of the Moorish population, in circles round a space occupied by a man declaiming earnestly and gesticulating much, to the sound of sundry skin-covered kegs, and kettle-drum looking affairs, beaten continuously by his assistants with their finger-ends. This was an actor, and that, the Theatre Royal of Tangiers, for want of a better. The Roseus was a fine-looking person; his clear olive complexion set off to advantage rows of fine teeth, and his expressive eye demonstrated the possession of the power to move his audience to mirth or melancholy, at pleasure. What the subject of his declamation, was hidden from me; but it must have been highly interesting, for the eyes of the assembled Moors drank in his every word, and followed his every motion. The interest they manifested was intense. I watched them awhile,

for it was pleasant to observe the mode and manner of amusement in vogue among a semi-barbarous people. We left them, their attention still rivetted on the excited features of the declaimer.

Shortly afterwards I observed a man coming towards us vociferating at a great rate, and throwing his arms about wildly. I presumed he was intoxicated, but my companion informed me he was an insane person. I was then reminded of the fact, that insane persons are esteemed holy by Mussulmen, and are even venerated. Whatever they do, is held to be the act of God. The man appeared to be quite harmless, though very noisy. The people made way for him, and humoured him to the top of his bent. It struck me as a very likely thing that madness might be counterfeited, under such circumstances.

Two or three of the Pasha's soldiery, horsemen, passed us. They wore no military costume, and were not clad differently from the better sort of Moors. Their seat on horseback is very different from ours. Whilst our saddle seems made for the express purpose of rendering a man's seat insecure, and facilitating descent from the horse's back, theirs are so constructed as to render "a spill" impossible. The pommel and hinder part are fully a foot higher than the seat, so that the rider being once wedged in, he cannot well get out. Whilst our stirrups are hung low, theirs are so high, that the calf and thigh of the leg are fully at right angles whilst the foot is in the stirrup. Again, their stirrup-iron is as long as the rider's foot, and broader, so that there is no possibility of his ever losing his foothold. The horsemen I refer to, carried, (their only weapon) the peculiar Moorish gun, a very long barrel and very short stock, both elaborately ornamented.

My consular companion took me about half a mile beyond the town, where a market was being held. There was a multitude of people. From a rising ground, before we reached it, I had a fine view of the assembled crowd. The great majority wore cotton or linen garments; the women in particular, wore clad in white from crown of head to foot. It looked like an assemblage of ghosts.

We descended and mixed with the throng. They were, generally, a squalid set of beings; what struck me very forcibly was to see a great number of them wearing a white curtain, as it were, pendant from the top of the head, concealing the face entirely. Large round holes were cut in the curtain for the eyes. These hidden-face people were women. No face of women was to be seen, yet the witches were all evidently staring at us, Giaours. I call them witches, not on account of their bewitchingness, but the reverse. Their attire was dirty enough for Mac-

beth's witches, and although their only feature I could see was the eye, I was assured they were almost universally, hideously ugly. Their hands were as brown as berries, and as dirty as though soap had never touched them.

Nations of Eastern origin are, and always have been, extremely jealous of their women. In our cold climes, women stare at men, and men at women, and neither think much about the matter; but in climes where the Crescent's seen, women are neither permitted to tempt, nor to be in the way of temptation. Seclusion is the order of the day. Moslem women are not to be gazed on by any males but their relatives; least of all by Infidels; and so, the ugliest witches in the market place at Tangiers concealed their charms on the approach of us Giaours, in exceeding great hurry.

But those were the commonalty of women; mere market-women; let me give a sketch of the higher order of Moorish women, from the pen of an English lady resident for some years at Tunis: "The wives of the Pasha are generally Georgian or Circassian captives, purchased at Constantinople at a very early age, and trained in all the accomplishments that fit them for the Harem. By the Mohammedan law each individual may have four wives and an equal number of concubines; but there is one principal wife who always shares the sovereign power. She has usually the same origin as the others, but succeeds by address and superior powers of captivation, in raising herself to the envied dignity. The toilet of a Moorish lady is said to be formed entirely after the ancient model. No dressing table is used; but a number of slaves attend, to each of whom a separate office is assigned. One plaits and perfumes the hair; another arranges the eye-brows; a third paints them, and so on. A profusion of the richest Arabian perfumes and scented waters, is used, and powdered cloves in quantity, are stuffed into the hair. The eye-lashes, by a very tedious process, are painted black, and by pulling out a number of the hairs, are formed into a peculiar shape. This operation, though attended with very acute pain, is cheerfully submitted to. In short, a Moorish lady cannot be fully dressed under several hours, and her appearance is then so completely altered, that her nearest relations could not recognise her."

"These Indies are represented as by no means spending their time in listless indolence. It is their task to overlook the numerous slaves, who grind, spin, and perform all the necessary domestic offices. They are particularly expected to superintend the culinary operations, in order to guard against poison, the administering of which at meals is not unusual in those countries. These cares, with those of their families, fill up the

limo of the more amiable and domestic members of the haram; whilst those of a lighter turn find full occupation in the difficult and dangerous intrigues to which their inclination prompts them."

As my companion and I perambulated the market, I observed two tolerably well attired men sitting on their haunches before a small furnace of live coals, and near them, on a stand, a number of metal stamps, and a few scrolls of dirty paper and parchment. "What have these fellows to sell?" I enquired. "These," was the reply, "these are rogues, practising on the credulity of the multitude, by pretending to the cure of various diseases—the mode of cure being a slight scorching of the skin, and repetition of the words of the mystic scroll." Whilst we stood cracking our jokes upon them and their utensils of trade, the quack M. D.s looked up in my face, and smiled knowingly, as if conscious their art was not held in high esteem by Europeans. It was quite amusing to contrast this conscious admission of roguery, with the solemn gravity of their faces, whilst administering to the natives.

At a short distance from the market, stood a number of camels, surrounded by their Arab owners and drivers. They were a wild-looking set of beings, those Arabs. Their legs, arms and breasts were naked, and they wore no covering to their heads. They were to the full as squalid and dirty as the meanest of our American Indians, after rum and civilization have done their work upon him, but they had none of his abjectness.

The camel is highly prized; particularly the female; so much so, that permission to export them must be obtained from the Pasha.

The principal article exposed for sale in the market was wheat. This, and corn, boiled, forms the chief article of food in Barbary, and is known under the name of Cascasoo. Edibles, in the shape of vegetables and eggs and fowls, were very abundant.

Returning towards the town from the market, we passed near the burial ground of the Moors. The only indications where reposed the dead, were small, rough, head-stones. No inscription, as with us, nor storied urn, to tell who slept below;—but, nevertheless, it was evident, the friends of the dead knew where they rested, for flowers were on many graves.

methinks this practice of strewing the grave with flowers, is one we Christians might well adopt from the Mohammedans. Our dead, once buried,—the funeral cortege dispersed—are abandoned in the damp and drear church-yard. It is true, they live, for a time, in the recollection of relatives and friends; but recollection would be more vivid and sweeter, and it would endure

longer, were it the practice, once or twice, in the season of flowers, for children to adorn the tomb of parent; or for mother to strew beautiful flowers on the earth that covers her lost flower below. This is a practice honored, be it observed, in France. Those who have visited *Père la Chaise*, and who have for the first time seen the *immortelles* and wreaths of flowers hanging on the monuments and headstones, or cast upon the graves, will not forget the gush of feeling from their hearts, at those proofs that the light-hearted and light-headed Parisians, cherish the memory of their dead. It is quite customary with our people to sneer at the frivolity of Frenchmen, but in this matter, at least, their affection is more tenacious than ours. And, if we are averse to adopting that Parisian fashion, why let us adopt it from the Mussulmen.

The garden of the Sardinian Consul is one of the Lions of Tangiers. It is a beautiful spot, and highly ornamented; but as most people have seen superb gardens, I shall say no more about it.

From the terrace of the consul's house, the faint outline of the distant Atlas range was discernible.

The Emperor of Morocco seldom visits this portion of his dominions. The Pasha of Tangiers was high in his master's favor. His will is law within the Pasha-lic. A short time before my visit, a Moor put out an eye of an Israelite. The latter carried his complaint before the Pasha. The Pasha ordered the Moor to appear before him. He came, and the fact was proved. It was then left optional with the Jew that his enemy should be made Coeles like himself, or to receive a sum of money in full satisfaction for the lost member. The Jew hesitated, and, with his remaining light, eyed the Moor for an instant, as Shylock eyed the unlucky Merchant of Venice, but the ruling passion prevailed, and he pocketed the money. Perhaps in choosing the money, he inflicted a sharper punishment than had he exacted an eye for an eye.

The language of the people in and around Tangiers sounded harshly. It was the Arabic.

It was from this part of Africa that the Arabs passed into Europe when they conquered the Peninsula and even reached the South of France; and it was here the Vandals who had overrun Spain, landed, when they subjugated Mauritania.

Tangiers is situate two or three miles within the straits of Gibraltar. It was given by the crown of Portugal as part of the dowry of Queen Catharine, consort of our Second Charles. It was intended to be, what Gibraltar is now, to England. Considerable sums of money were expended on it, but in 1683, King Charles finding the expense of defending it exceeded the

value of the possession, resolved to abandon and demolish it. A fleet of twenty ships of war was sent out for the purpose under the command of the Earl of Dartmouth; he demolished the town, castle and mole, and choked up its harbor. It was a place of strength when the Portuguese held it, and many great improvements were made whilst it was in the hands of the English; amongst others, a superb mole had been constructed, but all these improvements, under the direction of Lord Dartmouth were thrown into one promiscuous ruin."

"The population of the Barbary States is made up of a number of distinct races. The Arab, the Brebers, probably in part, also, the ancient possessors, and the Vandal conquerors of Northern Africa. All these have been cast into that mould which Moslem despotism invariably forms. There is however, a peculiar race, called Andalousie, descendants of those Moors expelled from Spain by the stupid despotism of that government. They inhabit chiefly the northern cities of the Empire of Morocco, pique themselves on their descent, and seem to retain somewhat of that pride of birth which was probably formed during their residence in Europe."

"The Jews form a numerous class. They seem to exist there nearly on the same footing as in Europe, during the middle ages; the objects of universal hatred, contempt and derision."

"Of all the inhabitants of Barbary, the Arabs are animated with the most bigoted zeal for the Moslem tenets, and the deadliest enmity to the Christian name."

"The greater part of the declivity of the Atlas chain is cultivated by a very remarkable, people called the Brebers. From them the name of Barbary is supposed to have been derived. They bear an extremely warlike character. They appear to be descended from the original possessors of this country."

I had been informed prior to leaving Gibraltar that I should very probably be insulted by the Moorish children, owing to the hatred the "true believers" bear the Christian, but I experienced none. Formerly it was the case, but of latter years the communication with Europeans has been greater, and the Moors have been taught to respect them. The flagellation of the Algerines by Lord Exmouth was an occurrence not likely to escape their recollection for many a day.

On my return to Gibraltar I had a little personal experience of the severity of the Quarantine rules and regulations. There is no end to precautions against the plague in the Mediterranean; and coming from Barbary, we had been obliged to bring with us what is termed, a clean bill of health, namely, a certificate that the plague was

not there. There was every prospect of my being detained over night in the open boat, and to prevent this, I determined to make an application for permission to land through an influential friend ashore. I accordingly pencilled a note stating the unpleasantness of my situation, and then hailed the people on board the quarantine vessel, to send it ashore. We were told to approach, and having done so, a long forceps-like instrument was projected over her side to receive the note. The object of so doing being to prevent contact. The note being drawn aboard, was dipped into vinegar, and then held over a vessel containing ignited sulphur, and fumed till it was dry. It was then sent ashore. After a further detention of two or three hours the welcome permit to land came off, and in brief space of time Giuseppe set me ashore on the mole.

CHILDHOOD.

W. M.

How lovely is the sportive play,
Of childhood's brief, and joyous day;
How smooth the brow, unclouded by care,
The rosy cheek, how bright and fair!
The beaming smile, the happy voice,
Say to us all, rejoice, rejoice!

Ah! blessed season, quickly spent,
Thou art a beam of brightness, lent
To cheer the anxious parent's heart,
And bid the saddened brow depart;
Oh! lovely as the summer flower
Is the bright beauty of that hour.

How sad to think, in after years,
The eye may dim by guilty fears,
And grief, too deep for tongue to speak,
May pale that round and blooming cheek;
And sinful passions fill the soul,
Hiding defiance to control.

Blest Saviour! by these thoughts oppressed,
To Thee we come, to seek for rest:
Such little ones Thou lov'st, wilt Thou
Make them Thine holy children now,
And guide them through life's dangerous way,
That from Thy paths they may not stray.

Then though their childhood's mirth may flee,
A purer joy they'll find in Thee,
And e'en a mid earth's deepest grief,
In Thy support, a sure relief;
And when this changeful life has past,
They'll gain eternal rest at last.

PROCRASTINATION.

Thou hast sinned today; defer not thy repentance till tomorrow. He who has promised pardon to thy repentance, hath not promised life till thou repentest.

THE MINER.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"DEAR grandfather," said little Lewellen Tremene, looking anxiously up in his venerable relative's face, till his own bright eyes overflowed with tears, "was it the sight of these beautiful violets that made you sad, or of those sweet meadow pinks?" And without waiting for an answer to his questions, the little rosy boy continued in a more lively strain: "All the young people in the village have been out a-Maying, and every house is decked with a garland of spring flowers, and every face wears a smile. But your eyes are dim and your feet feeble, and I rose before the sun was up, to gather the best for you; I could not find any May, but here is plenty of blackthorn, with its white blossoms; and here are cowslips and daisies, primroses and blue-bells, king-cups, water-lilies, wild thyme, and orchises in abundance, and this large bunch of honeysuckle, which is the first I have seen this spring. Ah! yours shall be the gayest bouquet of them all! And now give me a kiss, dear grandfather, in return for all my beautiful flowers, and tell me why you shed tears, when I brought them to make you very glad?"

The old gray-headed man, to whom this speech was addressed, was seated just within the porch of his pretty white cottage, enjoying the freshness of the loveliest morning of the year; the Bible lay open on the bench near him; he had just finished his devotions, and a benign and peaceful expression rested upon his furrowed countenance. He raised himself on his staff, and received the proffered gift from the dimpled hand of his little grandson, with tears—but they were tears of gratitude—such as the good and virtuous shed, when they contemplate the admirable works of their Creator, and weep over the blindness and depravity of a fallen race. Michael Tremene folded the lovely boy to his aged heart, and a smile lighted up his time-worn face; then bidding Lewellen sit down on the bench beside him, he said:

"Listen to me, my son, and I will tell you why the sight of these flowers made me weep."

Lewellen, who tenderly loved his grandfather, gladly accepted his invitation, and the old man commenced his tale:

"It is sixty years ago, this very day, my dear child, since my eyes first beheld the glorious beams of the sun, and the beautiful face of Nature filled my heart with gladness and my eyes with tears. Tears do not always result from grief—sudden and unexpected emotions of joy often produce the same effect."

"Dear grandfather," said Lewellen, hastily interrupting him; "you told me the other day, that you had reached the prescribed age of man, three score and ten years; yet you say that it is only sixty years ago, since you first saw the light of day—were you born blind?"

The old man smiled.

"No, Lewellen—I owed to the goodness of God, the full use of all my mental and bodily faculties. I was born in the depths of a tin mine in Devonshire, and, as is often the case with those whose parents are miners, I never saw the blessed light of heaven till I was ten years of age."

"And the mine, grandfather—was it not a hateful place?"

"No, my dear child—till I beheld the goodly face of the earth, and saw that it was very fair, and my soul longed to dwell upon it, instead of beneath it, I was comfortable and happy. The gloomy chambers of the mine had no terrors for me. It was my home, my birthplace; all the desires and affections of my heart were centred there. Its dark vaults contained my friends and parents, and they tenderly loved me. The wants of nature were amply supplied; my tasks were not burdensome, and they were shared by children of my own age, who were at once my playmates and fellow-labourers. Shut out from the visible world, we felt no regret at our situation, and entertained no longing desire to mingle in scenes, of which we could not form the faintest idea. So it is with the blind. Their misfortune strikes those who are in the full enjoyment of their vi-

sual powers, with horror, and deep commiseration; but the sufferer is unconscious of the extent of a calamity of which he can form but a very indistinct notion—his other senses are called more forcibly into action, to make up for the deficiency of sight, and he is as contented in his blindness, as we are in the possession of light.

"My dear mother often told me of the beauties of the world above—of a heaven encompassing the earth, of a celestial blue colour, studded at night with stars, a thousand times more brilliant than the brightest ore or chrysal that could be dug from the bowels of the mine; and of a sun that filled the earth with the splendour of his beams, and gladdened with his presence during the day, the whole face of nature. I listened to these details with as much wonder as you listen to the fairy tales of your old nurse, Deborah; but they were as incomprehensible to me as the trees are to you, whose leaves these legends tell us were formed of emeralds, the flowers of pearls, and the fruit of rubies. My mother told me also, of a God, who created all things, and supported all things, by His providence—who regarded the poor miner with as much tenderness and affection as he did the proudest dwellers on the face of the earth; and I learned to love the kind God of the miner, and to address him every night and morning in prayer; for I saw enough in the depth of the mine to prove his power, and to convince me of his supreme agency. But the idea of death troubled me. When any of our company died, they were carried up to the face of the earth to be buried, and I concluded from this circumstance that the surface of the earth must be a land of desolation, a country of the dead.

"My mother had only twice left the mine since her marriage, and that was to attend the funeral of two of her children who died in their infancy. She wept bitterly on both these occasions. I was then too young to comprehend the cause of her grief, and imagined that she wept because she was going to visit the world above us. I felt a horror of that world, and often declared that nothing should induce me to leave the dear mine.

"I had just completed my tenth year, when both my parents were seized with a bad fever, and died within a few hours of each other. Language would fail in conveying to you my grief and despair at this unexpected calamity. I wept till I was nearly blind, till the fountain of tears was dry, and I had no tears to shed. I called upon the names of my dear father and mother in accents of entreaty and alarm; but the vaulted caverns of the mine alone answered my frantic lamentations, and multiplied my exclamations of agony.

"But a new trial awaited me, which I had not

fortitude to meet, or even to contemplate with any degree of calmness. My parents were to be buried in the same grave, and according to their dying request, in the parish where they were born, and I was called upon to attend the funeral as chief mourner. I anticipated leaving the mine with indescribable terror. I saw the coffins slowly ascending (secured by strong ropes,) to the surface of the earth, and I covered my face with my hands and screamed aloud. When placed in the basket that was to transport me to these supposed regions of death, I could not be induced to look up. I bowed my face on my knees, and wept unceasingly, till the long ascent was accomplished, and the basket rested upon the firm ground. My uncle, to whose care I had been consigned by my poor mother in her dying moments, lifted me out, and placing my foot for the first time on the velvet carpet of nature, bade me take courage and look up. I opened my eyes—the effect was electric. The dazzling splendor of the noonday sun blinded me for a moment—I reeled and fell, yet still stretching out my little hands in speechless ecstasy towards heaven. It was the first of May. The earth was covered with flowers; the young leaves of the birch and beech had just burst forth from their prison; the song of birds and the humming of bees was borne on every gale. The air was filled with delicious whirlings. The voice of nature was new to me, and my heart glowed with transport. I kissed the earth. I gathered handfuls of flowers, and gazed upon them with admiration and astonishment. 'This is heaven!' I cried, 'the heaven which my mother told me of before she died. Yes, God is here! I see and feel Him every where; I hear His voice; I see glorious sights, but I know not by what name to call them!' A new world had opened upon me—a world of wonders. A blind person who has suddenly received sight might comprehend my feelings—I cannot describe them. My uncle, though a rough miner, was a humane man; he entered into my feelings, but gently endeavoured to restrain their violence. He pointed to the coffins which contained the mortal remains of my parents; he reminded me of my heavy loss, and my tears again burst forth. But joy mingled with my grief. Nature for the first time smiled upon me, and at such a moment I could not feel unhappy.

"The funeral procession had to proceed some miles into the country, but the toilsome way only appeared a few steps to me; every turning in the road, every hill we climbed, and every valley into to which we descended, presented new objects of surprise and admiration to my aching eyes.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the church; in whose sacred precincts the remains

of my parents were to be deposited. It was a lovely spot. The church, a low, Gothic, and very picturesque edifice, stood on the brow of a steep, rocky hill, and overlooked a deep valley, full of old majestic trees; and the meadows beyond glowed like a sheet of gold in the sunlight, from the profusion of yellow flowers that garlanded them. We ascended to the church-yard by a flight of steps, cut in the steep, rocky, perpendicular bank, and here a new scene burst upon my sight. Stretched at my feet I beheld a fine extent of country, interspersed with woods, and rocks, and silver streams, and studded thickly with towns and villages. I stood upon the breezy height, and looked down upon the level plains beneath, and the thick woods that skirted the church-yard, with feelings of painful admiration. The sight of the open grave brought back all the anguish of my orphan state, and cast a chill upon my young heart. It reminded me of the mine I had quitted, which now appeared like a horrible prison, excluding me for ever from the new and beautiful world I had now discovered.

"The burial service, so solemnly and impressively pronounced, recalled my wandering thoughts to my parents, and I leaned upon my uncle's arm, and wept till the loud notes of the cuckoo, and the piping of the blackbird from the high Hawthorn hedge that enclosed the peaceful dwellings of the dead, roused me from the indulgence of grief. I envied my parents a grave in such a lovely spot. The sun would shine upon their lowly bed, the green turf would cover it, the flowers spring upon it, the bees murmur round it, and the soft notes of the unseen songsters would lull them to repose. I felt that it would be far better to lie down on the verdant lap of nature and sleep with them, than return to the gloomy mine. 'No,' I internally said, 'I will never return. The beasts of the fields, and the birds of the air are free; they enjoy this beautiful world, and why may not I?'

"The turf was neatly piled over the grave, and the mourners were about to leave the church-yard. Now was the time to obtain my liberty. Now or never! I cast a hasty glance round me: the wood lay before me, stretching to the right and left its broad arms, as if to invite me to its shelter and protection. My resolution was instantly formed; there was no time for deliberation. I gently withdrew my hand from my uncle, and with one bound reached the rugged steps. I scarcely felt them touch my feet as I sprang down the rocky declivity, and crossed the valley beneath, with the speed of an arrow just loosed from the bow, and plunged into the wood.

"The suddenness of my flight prevented immediate pursuit, and while the miners were eagerly

enquiring of each other which way I had gone, I found time to conceal myself in a large hollow oak that stood in the centre of a romantic dingle, and was so enveloped with ivy, that it formed a very efficient screen to shield me from detection; and its hollowness was perhaps only known to the owl, the bat, and the squirrel. I heard my name echo through the tangled mazes of the forest, and I shrank closer into my sylvan chamber. The quick tread of the many feet that were seeking me, rang sharply against the rocky ground. I held my breath, and even then (silly child that I was,) feared that the violent beating of my heart would be audible through the rough walls that enclosed me. The sounds at length grew fainter and fainter, and before night they entirely died away, and I was left alone in the woodland solitude. The grey shades of twilight darkened the face of nature, but I dared not emerge from my hiding place to ascertain with my own eyes that I was safe from detection, and far from the haunts of men.

"At length, overcome with fatigue, I fell into a profound sleep, and for some hours the past, the present, and the future, were alike forgotten. A pale light was gleaming through the rifted bark of the excavated tree when I awoke. It shone on my hands and garments, and edged the dark leaves of the ivy that shaded the aperture through which I had crept, with silver. A mysterious awe filled my breast, the deep silence that brooded over the woodland solitude, was only broken by the hoarse sighing of the night breeze in the tops of the lofty pines, and the occasional hooting of an owl in the branches above me. While confined within the narrow bounds of my hiding place, these sounds appeared very terrible, because they were new to me, and I could not comprehend their meaning. At length I ventured to lift up a branch of the ivy and peep out; the experiment was followed by an exclamation of delight, which involuntarily burst from my lips. The echoes of the wood caught up the sound, and again I shrank back into my den.

"Intense curiosity once more urged me to look forth upon the wondrous scene. Above me shone the clear blue heavens, studded with stars, and supreme in beauty; the full moon enthroned in cloudless splendor, illuminated with her beams the dark recesses of the forest, and checked the ground with a trellis work of living light. The dews had fallen copiously, and myriads of diamonds glittered on the grass. The calm repose of nature banished my fears and I stepped forth into the shadowy dell, and gazed around me with awe and admiration. I saw glowworms in the grass, and I thought they were earthly stars. I bent over them and saw them move, and my

wonder increased, and I drew back, fearful lest the sound of my footsteps should make them vanish. At that moment I remembered that I had fallen asleep without saying my prayers, and I knelt down upon the dewy sod and poured out my soul in devotion. My young heart was filled with gratitude to the Almighty Being who had created all these wonders. As I concluded my simple petitions to the throne of grace, two nightingales, from the centre of a thorn in full blossom, awoke the lonely echoes of the place with their enchanting minstrelsy. I held my breath and listened to their dulcet notes with eyes overflowing with tears, and for a moment fancied that my prayers were answered by the voices of angels. I stole back into the hollow tree, and overcame with hunger and fatigue, again sank into profound sleep, nor did I awake till the sun had risen, and the chorus of a thousand birds, the humming of bees, and the gentle murmurs of the balm-laden breeze, sighing over beds of dewy flowers, dispelled my slumbers. Were I to live to reckon a hundred years, I shall never forget the first morning that I awoke with nature, and looked once more upon the beautiful face of creation, which only grows old to be again renewed with tenfold splendor, and to enjoy an annual spring. I sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree and began to revolve over in my own mind how I should procure food to satisfy the cravings of nature; a draught of water from a clear rill hard by, had, in some degree, appeased my appetite; but I was still very hungry. I wished to live in the wood for ever; but I could not live without provisions, and, ignorant of the ways of the men who dwell above ground, I knew not how to obtain what I wanted. My reveries were dispersed by some one singing in a loud manly voice, the following song:

"Welcome to the woodland shade,
Welcome to our mountains dear;
Dreams of earthly grandeur fade,
Content and peace are smiling here.

"'Tis ours to hail the sun's first glance,
'Tis ours to wake the gladsome song,
'Tis ours to lead the moonlight dance,
And drive the laughing hours along.

"Nature's melody is ours,
Gushing forth from vale and grove,
Happy in our woodland bowers,
Happy in our homes of love."

"The words still vibrated on my ears, when a tall muscular man, with a basket on his arm, and a hatchet across his shoulder, emerged from among the trees, followed by a buff terrier, which, on perceiving me, set up a hideous barking. The woodman called off the noisy cur, and demanded

who I was, and what business I had there? I answered: that I was an orphan boy, who had just lost my parents; that I had no home, that I had passed the night in the woods, and was very hungry."

"Humph!" said the woodman, "I presume that you are the youngster that ran away from the miners, yesterday, and about whom they raised such a hue-and-cry."

"At these words I trembled exceedingly.

"Nay, do not be frightened," returned the woodman; "I suppose you preferred living upon the earth instead of beneath it; I do not blame you; but come sit down by me, and I will share with you my breakfast, if you will be a good boy and tell me how it all happened, and what induced you to run away?"

"I thankfully accepted his offer; and while we were discussing the contents of his basket, I informed him of the whole adventure, and my reasons for not wishing to go back to the mine. After indulging in hearty laugh, he said:

"Do you think you could be contented to live in this wood and earn a living by picking up chips?"

"I eagerly answered in the affirmative.

"Your uncle Cornish," he said, "is at my cottage. Nay, don't turn so pale, Mr. Runaway, I am a bit of a relation as well as he, and I will prove it to you. I married old Gregory Tremene's daughter, that was sister to your father, that's dead and gone——"

"Then you are my uncle," I cried, eagerly interrupting him. He nodded assent, and telling me that he hoped I should prove a more dutiful nephew to him than I had to uncle Cornish, bade me follow him home.

"At the cottage I was met by my mother's brother, who severely reprimanded me for my flight, but Matthew Woodthorn made my peace with my angry guardian, and after a long conference on the subject, the latter agreed that I should remain with my new uncle, and learn his trade, instead of returning to the mine.

"It pleased God, my dear boy, to give me favour in my master's eyes, and to prosper the work of my hands. When I arrived at man's estate I married his only daughter, and at his death he left me his business, and a hundred broad pieces of gold, which was a large sum for a poor man to possess in those days.

"Shortly after my father-in-law's death, I was recommended to my Lord D. as a very clever woodman, and left my native place, and came into Westmoreland. I have resided in this cottage ever since. The loss of my wife and son were the severest trials that I have known; but you, my dear Lowellen, are still spared to me, and the pension I receive from my noble master,

has enabled me to give you a good education, and to pass the residue of my days in peace."

The old man paused for a moment, and then continued:

"You were surprised, my dear boy, that I shed tears at the sight of these pretty flowers; but the return of this day, and the sight of spring flowers, never fails to recall to my mind the events of that memorable first of May, and I lift up my heart in gratitude to that good and gracious God, who took me out of the depths of the mine, and has sustained me through a long life, with so many undeserved blessings. While I was young and strong, I yearly visited my friends in the mine, the grave of my parents, and the old oak in the wood, which sheltered me during that eventful night. But the oak and its ivy screen are no longer in existence; my friends and relations are dead; and the corn springs in the fields where the forest once stood. I myself am bowed down with age, and in a few brief months or days, my little grandson shall seek me, and, like the old oak which I once viewed with such feelings of gratitude and veneration, I too shall cease to be."

THE LITTLE WOMAN AND HER BABY.

BOZ OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the fourth night after leaving Louisville, we reached St. Louis, and here I witnessed the conclusion of an incident, trifling enough in itself but very pleasant to see, which had interested me during the whole journey.

There was a little woman on board, with a little baby; and woman and child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St. Louis, in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords, desire to be. The baby was born in her mother's house; and she had not seen her husband, (to whom she was now returning,) for twelve months; having left him a month or two after marriage.

Well, to be sure there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, as this little woman was: and all day long she wondered whether "He" would be at the wharf; and whether "He" had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, "He," meeting it in the street, would know it; which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it, was not very likely, in the abstract, but was probably enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature; and was in such a sunny,

beaming, hopeful state; and let out all this matter, clinging close about her heart, so freely, that all the other lady passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain, who heard all about it from his wife, was wondrous sly, I promise you; inquiring every time we met at table, as in forgetfulness, whether she expected any body to meet her at St. Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it, (but he supposed she wouldn't,) and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature.

There was one little weazen, dried apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lap dog) old enough to moralize on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby, now and then, or laughing with the rest, when the little woman called it by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him in the joy of her heart.

It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put the baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good humor, tied a handkerchief round her head; and came out into the gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies! and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones! and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with!

At last there were the lights of St. Louis; and here was the wharf, and those were the steps; and the little woman covering her face with her hands, and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin, and shut herself up. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear "Him" asking for her: but I did not see her do it.

Then, a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about, among the other boats, to find a landing place; and every body looked for the husband; and nobody saw him: when, in the midst of us all—Heaven knows how she ever got there—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking sturdy young fellow! and in a moment afterwards, there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin, to look at the baby as he lay asleep.

THE GUELFIS AND GIBELINES

IN FLORENCE.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

"Lo strazio e'l grande scempio
Che fece l'Arbia colorata in rosso."
DANTI'S *INFERNO*, x. 55.

"The combat and the carnage dire that stain'd
The Arbia's stream with hue incarnadine."

In the year 1076, about the same time that the Cid, that hero of the Spaniards, subdued to Alphonso VI. the kingdom of Castille, and that the Norman conqueror changed the destinies of the hitherto Saxon England, deadly quarrels arose between the Imperial and Papal potentates:— and this was their origin.

The spirit of liberty had breathed upon Italy; the adventurous mariners who inhabited the sea-coasts had inhaled its first draught; Venice, Genoa, Pisa, Gaeta, Naples, Anagni, had all formed themselves into independent republics, whilst the territories further inland still continued to obey the Emperor of Germany. Even the "inheritance of St. Peter" itself, without directly submitting to the Empire, recognised its feudal supremacy, by permitting the nomination of the Popes to be laid before the Emperors for their confirmation; but already in one instance, the Milanese Alexander II. had assumed the tiara without the Imperial sanction, when in the year 1073 the monk Hildebrand was called to the pontifical chair and assumed the name of Gregory VII. (*)

The new pope, in whom was personified the democracy of the middle ages, followed the example of his predecessor, Alexander; and still further, in 1076 he published a decretal in which he forbade his successors to submit their nomination for the approval of the temporal power;— from that time the Pontifical chair was raised to a level with the Imperial throne.

Henry IV., however, was no more of a character to renounce his claims than Gregory VII. was of a spirit to submit to them. He replied to the decretal by a denunciatory rescript, and an ambassador arrived at Rome to order, in his name, the sovereign pontiff to lay aside his tiara, and the cardinals to repair to his court, there to

form themselves into a college and nominate another pope. Gregory's answer was the excommunication of the emperor. At the news of this measure, the Princes of Germany assembled at Terbourg, or Tribur; and as the emperor, blinded by his anger, had evidently exceeded his rights, which extended only to investiture, and not to nomination, they threatened, in virtue of the same power which had elected him, to proceed to his deposition, if, within the term of twelve months, he did not reconcile himself to the Holy See. Henry was forced to yield. He appeared as a suppliant on the summit of those Alps which he had threatened to pass as a conqueror, and he traversed Italy barefoot, in the depth of winter, to request on his knees that the pope would give him absolution for his fault. Asti, Milan, Cremona, Lodi and Pavia saw him pass in this humble guise, and, strong in his weakness, asserting that his excommunication relieved them from their oaths of fidelity, they followed the example of their brethren of the sea-ports, and boldly renounced their allegiance. On his part, the emperor, fearing to irritate his priestly adversary, did not even endeavour to reduce them to obedience, nay, on the contrary, immediately ratified their liberty; a ratification with which, strictly speaking, they might as readily have dispensed, as the pope did with the ceremony of investiture.

From this struggle between the pope and the emperor, between the people and the feudal system, arose the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines. The partisans of the emperor were called Ghibelines, from the Castle of Waiblingen, or Gueibelinga, among the mountains of Heitfeld, the ancient seat of the family of Hohenstaufen, who then filled the throne; the ap-

pellation of Guelphs, again, was first given to their opponents as being the family name of the Dukes of Bavaria, the most powerful rival of the reigning family. Though these names had both their origin in Germany, (2) they soon came to be exclusively applied to the parties of the pope and emperor in Italy.

During the early part of the reign of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who was related to the principal families of both parties, their animosities were suffered to sink to rest, but their bitterness could not long be repressed, and they were soon in as fierce opposition to each other as ever. For a century and a half the contest continued with varied success and with unabated violence; and during this period Italy was split up into numerous small states, in each of which the partisans of the different factions carried on a sort of civil war. Besides the eleven republics already mentioned, many others assumed the station of independent states—such as Florence, Verona, Bologna, Padua, Mantua, &c., in all about ninety or a hundred. (3)

The contest carried on in the first-named of these cities presents many features of stirring interest, and may be taken as an example of the manner in which these party struggles were conducted; the general features of alternate victory and defeat apply almost universally.

On the death of Godfrey of Lorraine, Marquis of Tuscany, in the year 1086, Florence, the principal city of his marquisate, declared itself a republic, and its example was quickly followed by the neighbouring cities of Sienna, Pistoia and Arezzo. "The war of investitures," as it was called, between the pope and the emperor, exercised at first but little influence on the Florentine nobility. They were divided, it is true, into two factions, but not, as so many of the Italian cities were, into two hostile camps. Each of these parties looked upon the other with more of defiance than hatred:—if they could not be said to be at peace, they could not at least be considered at war, and it was not till the year 1215 that the long-smouldering ashes of watchful jealousy burst into flame.

Amongst the Guelph families of Florence, one of the noblest, richest, and most powerful was that of the Buondelmonti; Buondelmonte dei Buondelmonti, the head of this family at the period we have mentioned, was Lord of Monte Buono in the upper vale of the Arno, and possessed besides a superb palace in the city, in the Piazza della Trinita. This young chief had affianced himself to a maiden of the noble house of the Amadei, a family closely allied to the Uberti and Farinata and well-known for its Ghibeline predilections. (4)

One day, the young lord, on horseback and

richly apparelled, was traversing the streets of Florence, to visit his expectant bride, when a casement opened as he passed, and he heard himself called by name. He turned, but seeing that she who addressed him was veiled, rode on. The lady called him a second time, and raising her veil, Buondelmonte recognised her as a noble widow of the Guelph house of the Donati; he checked his horse and courteously requested to know her commands.

"I have only, my Lord Buondelmonte," she answered in a tone of raptury, "to felicitate thee on thine approaching nuptials. I cannot but admire the depth of that passion which leads thee to ally thyself to a house so much beneath thine own, in wealth, in power and in illustrious descent. Or is it that some progenitor of the Amadei has rendered signal service to some ancestor of the Buondelmonti, and that the Lord of Monte-Buono is now discharging the debt of his family?"

"You wrong me, noble lady," replied Buondelmonte; "if any difference of rank does exist between our families, it is effaced, not by gratitude, but by love."

"Your pardon, my lord count," continued the Lady Guadrada; "to me it seems that Guelph alone should espouse Guelph, and leave the Ghibelines to mate among themselves; that the noblest alone ought to wed the richest—the richest the most noble, and the fairest of ladies is alone a fitting bride for such a lord as thee."

"It may be so," answered the cavalier; "but as yet I have seen no figure so divinely moulded—no face so lovely—no expression so enchanting as those of my Lucretia, save in the mirror I brought her from Venice."

"You have sought with but indifferent zeal, my lord, or you have tired too soon of your search. Florence would soon lose her designation of the 'City of Flowers,' could she produce no lovelier rose than that which thou hast chosen."

"Florence has few gardens, noble dame, which I have not explored; few flowers whose colours I have not admired, or whose perfume I have not inhaled; none but the humble daisy or violet, hid in the herbage, can have escaped my search."

"You forget, sir count, the budding lily, which grows by the side of the fountain, and beneath the shade of the overhanging willow; bathing its stem in the brook to preserve its beauty, and guarding its innocence by hiding in the shade."

"Can the Signora Guadrada show me any such in the garden of the Donati Palace?"

"Perhaps so, if my Lord Buondelmonte would deign to honour me with a visit."

The count threw his bridle into the hands of his page, and darted into the open portals of the

mansion. The Lady Guadrada awaited him at the summit of the staircase, and guided him by darkened corridors to a retired chamber; she opened the door, raised the interior tapestry, and the cavalier beheld a young lady asleep on an alcoved couch. Buonduemonte was struck with admiration—nothing so fair, so pure, had ever been presented to his sight. He beheld one of those finely chiselled countenances, surrounded by a profusion of light Auburn tresses, so rare in Italy that Raphael has taken them as the prototype of his Madonnas; a complexion as fair and clear as if it had bloomed under the sun of the north; a form so light and ethereal, that Buonduemonte almost feared to breathe, lest this fairy-like being, awaking, might spurn this lower sphere and vanish from his sight. The Signora Guadrada let fall the curtain—the count made a motion to retain it, but she arrested his hand.

"Behold the bride that I had kept for thee pure and sequestered," she said; "but thou hast foiled my purpose, Buonduemonte; thou hast presented thy hand to another. It is well; go and be happy!"

The Lord of Monte-Buono remained silent and motionless.

"What!" continued La Guadrada, in a tone of irony; "forgettest thou that the fair Lucretia awaits thy coming? Farewell, my lord!"

"Stay and hear me!" exclaimed Buonduemonte, seizing her hand, "were I to renounce this alliance, to break the engagements I have assumed, and offer to espouse thy daughter—wouldst thou bestow on me that precious gift?"

"Where would be the mother so vain, so proud, or so foolish, as to refuse the alliance of the Lord of Monte-Buono?"

Buonduemonte raised the tapestry, knelt beside the couch of the fair sleeper, whose hand he seized, and as the startled maiden opened her eyes, addressed her in impassioned tones.

"Wake thee, my lovely bride! Shed on thy future spouse the radiance of these lustrous eyes of thine. And do thou, my mother, send for the priest, whilst I bind round the brow of thy beautiful daughter the nuptial wreath of orange-flowers."

That same evening Giovanni Buonduemonte, of Monte-Buono, espoused Luisa Guadrada, of the house of the Donati. (*)

On the following day, the report of this marriage spread abroad. The Amadei could not at first give credence to this outrage on their honour, but proofs accumulated till doubt was no longer possible. They then called together their kinsmen, the Uberti, the Filanti, the Lomberti, and the Guadalandi, and laid before them the cause of their assembly. Mosca di Lamberti, at the

recital of the common insult, exclaimed with all the energy and haecineism of revenge, "*Cosa fatta capo ha!*" "Every beginning has an end." (†) All present re-echoed the cry, and the doom of Buonduemonte was sealed.

On the morning of Easter-day following, the Lord Buonduemonte had crossed the Old Bridge and was riding along the side of the river Arno, when several cavaliers, on horseback like himself, issued from the Strada della Trinita and advanced to meet him. He recognised them as of the party of the Amadei; but, trusting either to their honour or to his own courage, proceeded on without showing any signs of distrust, and on coming near, saluted them with courtesy. Then Schazetto degli Uberti withdrew from the cloak in which it had been enveloped, his right hand, armed with a battle-axe, and at one blow dashed Buonduemonte from his horse, while at the same instant Addo d'Arighi, dismounting, plunged his dagger in his bosom. The count dragged himself to the foot of the statue of Mars, (‡) and there expired.

The noise of this assassination spread like wild-fire through the city. All the kinsmen of Buonduemonte assembled at the house of mourning and having yoked a cart, placed on it, in an open bier, the dead body of the victim. His young widow, seated beside the coffin, supported the shattered head of her husband, and the procession set out, preceded by the aged father of Buonduemonte, who from time to time, in a voice hoarse with grief and passion, gave utterance to cries of vengeance. The sight of the blood-stained corpse, the appearance of the lovely widow, her eyes bathed in tears and her hair hanging dishevelled down her shoulders—the mournful cries of the grey-haired father, preceding the bier of that son who ought to have followed his—excited the souls of the citizens, and each family ranged themselves according to their opinions, their relationship or their alliance. Forty-two houses of the first rank avowed themselves Guelphs, and took the side of the Buonduemonti; twenty-four declared themselves Ghibelines, and recognised the Uberti as their leaders. Each assembled their retainers, fortified their palaces and built new towers; and during thirty-three years, civil war raged without intermission within the walls of Florence.

At length, the Ghibelines, despairing of success, if confined to their own resources, made application to the emperor, who sent them sixteen hundred German cavalry. This troop was introduced within the walls by one of the gates held by the Ghibelino party, and on the night of Candlemas 1248, the Guelphs were forced to abandon the city. The conquerors, now masters of the city, delivered themselves up to those ex-

cesses which tend so much to perpetuate civil wars; thirty-six palaces were dismantled, and the towers belonging to the expelled party were all demolished.

The party of the emperor triumphed throughout Tuscany, and the Guelphs remained in exile till 1251. The death of the Emperor Frederic II. which took place in this year, produced a reaction; the Guelphs were recalled, and the people recovered part of the influence which they had lost.

One of their first acts was an order for the destruction of all private fortresses, behind which the possessors had so often braved the laws; another regulation enjoined the nobles to lower the fortifications of their palaces, and the materials resulting from this demolition served to raise the ramparts of the city, which had not as yet been fortified on the side next the Arno. And further, in 1252, the people, to celebrate the return of liberty to Florence, caused to be struck, of the finest and purest gold, those pieces of money which have received the name of Florins, and which for six hundred years have retained the same inscription, the same weight and the same name, without any of the revolutions which followed that to which it owed its origin, having dared to change its popular impress or alter its republican standard.

The Guelphs, more generous and more confident than their opponents, had permitted the Ghibelines to remain in the city, and of this indulgence they took advantage, to set on foot a plot for the recovery of their influence, which, however, was discovered. The authorities commanded them to appear before them, and defend their conduct; but they drove off the archers of the city, who brought the order, with arrows and other missiles. The people immediately rose in arms, attacked the Ghibeline families in their mansions, and laid siege to their palaces and fortresses. In two days all was over: Schnzetto degl'Uberti (the murderer of Buondelmonte) fell sword in hand; Guido degl'Uberti and Pietro Infaugati were beheaded in the market place; and those who escaped the swords of the Guelphs or the axe of the executioner, left the city, headed by Farinata degl'Uberti, and sought from the citizens of Sienna, an asylum, which was readily granted them. Farinata degl'Uberti was one of those men who are born with an arm of iron, and a heart of steel—whose eyes open in a sieged city and close on a battle plain—plants watered with gore, and bearing sanguine fruit and flower.

The death of Frederic having deprived them of the ordinary resource of the Ghibelines, which was to seek succour from the emperor, they sent deputies to Manfred, King of the Two Sicilies,

who promised them a troop of one hundred men. The ambassadors were about indignantly to refuse this paltry offer, which they looked on as a mockery; but Farinata wrote to them:—"By all means accept of it; the important point is to have the banner of Manfred placed amidst our own; once there, I shall take care that he must soon send us strong reinforcements, to support its honour."

In the meantime, the Guelphs had pursued the Ghibelines to Sienna, and pitched their camp opposite the Camoglia gate, afterwards celebrated by Alfieri in his sonnets.* Some trifling skirmishes took place, but on the arrival of the hundred Germans, Farinata ordered a bold *sortie*—distributed to Manfred's auxiliaries the most generous wines of Tuscany, and kept them carousing till he saw the battle fairly commenced under the walls of the city. Then, under the pretext of assisting a hard-pressed body of Ghibelines, he placed himself at the head of these Germans, and led them to so furious a charge that he and his hundred men soon found themselves alone in the midst of the enemy. The auxiliaries fought with the reckless courage of despair; but the odds were too overwhelming to be successfully resisted, and they were cut down to a man. Farinata alone, to the astonishment of all, cut his way through the party that hemmed him in, and rejoined his friends, covered with the blood of his enemies, weary with slaughter, and yet without a wound—so true is it that "Fortune favours the brave."

His object was fully attained. Each gaping wound in the dead bodies of Manfred's soldiers incited him to vengeance; the royal standard, taken in the fight, had been sent to Florence, where it was dragged through the mud, and torn in pieces by the populace. This was an affront to the House of Swabia—a stain on the imperial escutcheon: a complete victory alone could avenge the one and wipe out the other. Farinata degl'Uberti sent to the king a detail of the battle and subsequent events; Manfred replied by sending him two thousand men-at-arms.

Farinata now doffed the lion's hide, and assumed that of the fox. He pretended to have received a deadly affront from the Ghibelines, and wrote to the *Anziani* or Ancients,^(†) the chief magistrates of Florence—offering a conference at a quarter of a league from the city. Twelve of the Florentines repaired to the place appointed, where they were met by Farinata alone. He offered, if they would send a large force against Sienna, to deliver up to them the gate of San Vito, of which he had charge. The Guelph leaders could do nothing without the consent of the people; they therefore re-entered the city,

and assembled the Council, while Farinata returned to Sienna.

The assembly was stormy and tumultuous; the majority were for taking advantage at once of Uberti's proposal; but some more clear-sighted, maintained that ought but falsehood and treachery was to be looked for at his hands. The Anziani, who had conducted the negotiation, and to whom would accrue the honour of success, supported it with all their power, and were strengthened by the voice of the people. Count Guido Guerra and Teghiano d'Aldobrandini attempted in vain to stem the torrent—the people would not listen to them. Then Cece degli Guercardini, well known for his sagacity and patriotism, rose, and endeavoured to make himself heard, but was ordered by the Anziani to keep silence; still persisting, the magistrates muted him in the sum of one hundred florins, which he consented to pay, if at that price he might obtain liberty of speech. As a punishment for his contumacy, the fine was doubled, and Guercardini in like manner accepted this, saying that the privilege of giving good advice to the commonwealth could never be bought too dear. In short, the fine was raised to four hundred florins without silencing him.

This devotion, which was mistaken, as it too often is, for obstinacy, provoked the Assembly; the pain of death was proposed and adopted against any one who should thus dare to oppose the will of the people. When this decree was announced to Guercardini, he listened calmly, then, rising for the last time:

“Get ready the scaffold,” he exclaimed, “only let me speak whilst the axe is sharpening!”

But the Florentines would listen to nothing; he was arrested and conveyed to prison, and as he was now the sole opponent to the measure, once out of the assembly, it was carried by acclamation. Florence sent for succour to her allies, and Lucca, Bologna, Pistoia, Volterra and San Miniato answered her appeal; at the end of two months, the Guelphs had assembled an army of three thousand horsemen and thirty thousand foot soldiers.

On the night of Monday, the 3d of September, 1260, this army issued from the gates of Florence, and marched towards Sienna. In the midst of a guard, chosen from the bravest soldiers, and under the charge of an aged veteran, Luigi Tornacini, who occupied the platform, surrounded by his seven sons, the Florentine *Carroccio* rolled heavily along.⁽¹⁰⁾ The bell attached to the car had been blessed by Pope Martin V. and had received the name of Martinella.

On the 4th September, at day-break, the Florentine expedition had reached Monte Aperto, a

hill situated five miles to the east of Sienna, from which they desisted, stretched out before them, in all its extent, the city of which they hoped soon to take possession. A bishop, almost blind through age, mounted the platform of the *Carroccio*, and said mass, to which the army listened reverently, with bended knee and uncovered head. After the service, he disengaged the great Standard of Florence, and committed it in charge to Jacopo del Vacca, of the family of the Pazzi; then bracing on a coat of mail, and mounting a steed held in readiness, he placed himself in the ranks of the cavalry. He had scarcely done so, when the gate of San Vito opened, but for a different purpose from what the Florentines had expected. First issued the German cavalry which had been sent by Manfred; behind them came that of the Florentine exiles, led by Farinata; and these were followed by the infantry, consisting of the citizens of Sienna, and their vassals—in all thirteen thousand men. The Guelphs saw that they had been deceived; but comparing their own numbers with those of the enemy, they marched boldly towards Sienna. During a momentary halt, the bishop who had officiated at mass, and who, like most men weakened in one sense, exercised the others in an increased degree, heard a distant sound in the rear. He directed the attention of the cavaliers to this, and a shout immediately arose—“The enemy!—the enemy!” A squadron of German cavalry had skirted Monte Aperto, forded the river Arbia, and now attacked the rear of the Florentine army, while the Siennese approached in front. Then Jacopo del Vacca, deeming it time to join battle, raised high overhead the banner on which was emblazoned the golden lion of Florence, and shouted “Forward, comrades!”

But at the same instant, Bocca degli Abbati, who, like many in the expedition, was at heart a Ghibeline, drew his sword, and at one blow struck down the standard and the hand that held it; then calling out—“Ghibelines to the rescue!” three hundred nobles of the same party gathered round him, with whom he cut his way through the Guelphs, and joined the German cavalry.

All was now confusion amongst the Florentines; Del Vacca raised his mutilated and bleeding stump, crying “Treason! treason!” The standard was left to be trampled under foot, and each, seeing himself attacked by him, whom, the instant before, he thought his brother-in-arms, instead of looking to his neighbours for support, feared still more the swords of his friends than those of his enemies. The cry raised by Jacopo del Vacca passed from mouth to mouth, and each cavalier, forgetting the safety of the state in his

own danger, drew off on the side which seemed to him the least perilous, trusting his life to the fleetness of his steed, and leaving his honour to perish instead, on the field of battle;—so that of these three hundred horsemen, all of the first nobility, there remained but thirty-five brave men, who disdained to fly, and were hewn to pieces.

The infantry, which was composed of the people of Florence and the auxiliaries from the neighbouring states, made a better stand, and drew up around the Carroccio; but, deprived of their cavalry, they could not long hold out. Those who remained on the battle-field, were all, as we have said, of the commonalty, armed almost at random with pikes and halberds, and who had nought to oppose to the long lance and the two handed sword of the cavalry, but wooden bucklers and buff jerkins. On the other side, man and horse being both incased in armour, easily penetrated into these masses, sweeping down whole ranks, and yet—animated by the sound of *Martinella*, which tolled without intermission—thrice the Guelph legions re-closed, repulsing from their bosom the cavalry of Manfred, which thrice retired, hacked and blood-stained, like a blade from a wound.

At last, with the assistance of the Siennese, the Germans nearly reached the Carroccio. The old man who had charge of it had sworn, with his seven sons, that they would die sooner than desert their posts. During all the combat these young men had remained on the platform of the Carroccio, which commanded a view of the whole army; thrice they had seen the enemy arrive close at hand, and thrice they had turned their eyes impatiently towards their father, but a sign from the old man restrained them. At length the death-hour arrived; a fourth charge was made nearly up to the Carroccio, and Tornaquinci cried to his sons, "Strike, my children, for your country!"

The young men leaped from the car, with the exception of one, whom the father held back by the arm: Arnolfo was scarcely sixteen years old; he was the youngest, and, consequently, the best-beloved. The six brothers, who were in full knightly armour, received firmly the charge of the Ghibelines, and the father, while with one hand he held his son, sounded with the other the rallying-bell. The Guelphs galled courage, and the cavalry were a fourth time beaten back; the old man saw four of his sons return to him—two had fallen beneath the swords of the Ghibelines.

Loud shouts were now heard on the other side of the Carroccio, and the crowd in that direction seemed thrown into still greater disorder. This

was caused by Farinata *degl'Uberti*, at the head of the Florentine emigrants;—he had pursued the cavalry of the Guelphs until satisfied that they would not retrace their steps towards the battle-field, like a wolf which scatters the dogs before attacking the sheep. The old man, who overlooked the whole combat, recognised him by his plume, his armour, and still more by his deeds. Rider and steed appeared but one—they seemed a monster, covered with the same scales; he who fell under the blows of the one was on the instant trampled under foot by the other. All gave way before them. The old man gave a signal to his four sons, and Farinata found opposed to him a wall of iron; the masses closed around them, and the fight raged more desperately than ever. Farinata was alone amidst these foot soldiers, whom he overtopped by the height of his horse;—he had left the other Ghibeline cavaliers far behind him. The old man could follow his flashing sword, which rose and fell with the regularity of a forge hammer; he could mark the death-cry which followed each blow. Twice he thought he recognised the voice of his sons—still he ceased not to sound the bell: he only grasped more tightly the arm of Arnolfo.

Farinata at last gave way, but he retired like a hunted lion, tearing and rending all whom he found in his path. He directed his retreat towards the Florentine cavalry, who charged to his rescue; while Tornaquinci saw two alone of his sons return. Not a tear escaped his eyes—not a sound issued from his lips; he only pressed Arnolfo convulsively to his bosom.

Farinata, the exiles, and the German cavalry, had now united their forces, and prepared for a decisive charge against the Carroccio, whilst the Siennese infantry made an attack on the opposite side. The onslaught was terrible, and desperate resistance. Three thousand men on horseback, and covered with mail, launched themselves into the midst of ten or twelve thousand foot soldiers. They penetrated this mass like some gigantic serpent, of which the sword of Farinata might represent the deadly sting. Tornaquinci saw the monster roll steadily on, and gave the signal to his two sons; they dashed in front of the enemy, with all the reserve, leaving Arnolfo weeping with shame at being again detained behind his brothers. The old man saw them fall, one after another, then, placing the cord of the bell in the hands of Arnolfo, he leaped from the platform—the poor father had not the courage to see his seventh child slain before his eyes. Farinata passed over his body, as he had done over those of his sons; the Carroccio was taken, and its remaining defenders killed or dispersed; and as Arnolfo still continued to sound the rally-

ing-bell, despite the threats and menaces of the conquerors, Tebaldo della Pressa mounted on the platform, and with one blow of his battle-axe dashed him to the ground. When the inspiring voice of Martinella ceased, the Florentines no longer endeavoured to maintain their ground, but fled in every direction. Some sought refuge in the Castle of Monte-Aperto, where they were taken on the morrow; and in the field or the pursuit ten thousand men were reckoned to have perished.

The battle of Monte-Aperto was to Florence one of those great disasters, of which the remembrance endures through long generations; after nearly six centuries, the Florentine still points out the battle field to strangers, with sadness, and shews in the waters of the Arbia that crimson tinge which was given them by the blood of his ancestors.⁽¹¹⁾ On their side, the Siennese still boast of their victory; the pennants of the Carroccio, which saw so many men slain around it on that fatal day, are still preserved in the Town Hall. So Genoa shews at her Darsena Gate, the chains of the harbour of Pisa; so Perugia displays at the window of the Government Palace, the ancient Lion of Florence—poor cities, whose only remnants of their former liberty, are the trophies left from each other in their sanguinary and weakening struggles.

On the 27th September, the Ghibeline army presented itself before Florence, where it found all the women in mourning: "for," says the historian Villani, "there was not one who had not lost a son or a husband, a brother or a lover." The gates were open, and no opposition was offered to the entrance of the victors. A Diet of the Ghibeline cities was immediately convoked at Empoli, to determine on the fate of Florence, where the deputies from Pisa and Sienna declared that they saw no means of extinguishing the civil war, but by the total demolition of this city, the true capital of the Guelphs, and which would never withdraw its support from that party. Of the Florentine exiles, Counts Guidi and Alberti, the Santafiori and the Ubaldini, strongly supported this proposal; all present applauded it, actuated by ambition, fear or hatred, and the measure was about to pass, when Farinata degli Uberti rose. It was a sublime oration which this Florentine pronounced in favour of Florence—this son pleading for his mother—this conqueror demanding mercy for the vanquished—offering to die so that his country might live—commencing like Coriolanus and ending like Camillus.⁽¹²⁾ This speech of Farinata carried all before it in the council-hall, as his sword had done on the field of battle. Florence was preserved, and the Ghibellines established there the seat of their government.

For six years the Ghibeline party ruled in Florence, maintained there by a strong garrison of Manfred's soldiers, under the command of Count Guido Novella; but the defeat of Manfred at Grandella, by his rival, Charles of Anjou, followed by his death in 1267, gave a new turn to affairs. Alarmed by the threats of an insurrection, Count Guido abandoned Florence, and the Guelphs, aided by eight hundred French sent to their assistance by Charles of Anjou, again took possession of the city. Their return was immediately followed by the expulsion of the Ghibelines, and the confiscation of their property; and important changes were made in the government of the city, by which a great increase of power was given to the people. In the year 1279, Cardinal Latino, sent by Pope Nicholas III. on a mission of peace, having conciliated the adverse factions at Bologna, proceeded to Florence, where he met with equal success. The Ghibelines were recalled, and admitted to a participation in the government. This seeming reconciliation, however, was as deceitful as the verdure that clothes the slopes of Etna; the raging fire of enmity within soon broke forth, and after a short struggle the Ghibelines were again exiled.

All was for a time peace and harmony, but it seemed as if the Florentines, accustomed to a life of contention, could no longer exist in a state of tranquillity.

The Cancellieri, the principal Guelph family of the neighbouring city of Pistoia, were divided into two branches, the Neri and Bianchi—or Black and White—between whom existed a fierce rivalry. The citizens of Pistoia, to restore peace to their city, banished the chiefs of both parties, who took refuge in Florence, in the year 1290; the nobles and people soon sided with one or the other, and the state was divided by as deadly an animosity as had ever been occasioned by the contests of the Guelphs and Ghibelines. Charles of Valois, on his way to assist the King of Naples in the war then raging in Sicily, was admitted into Florence, under a solemn pledge not to interfere with either party; but no sooner had he gained admittance than he expelled the faction of the Bianchi. The exiles (among whom were the poet Dante, and Petraceo dell'Ancisa, the father of Petrarch),⁽¹³⁾ joined the standard of the Ghibelines, and thenceforth the names of Ghibelino and Guelph were almost lost in those of Bianchi and Neri.⁽¹⁴⁾

The Neri, who now possessed Florence, placed themselves under the protection of the King of Naples, and headed by his brother, Philip of Taranto, successfully resisted the Emperor Henry of Luxemburg in 1311, on his expedition through Italy to assist the Ghibelines and Bianchi. They were

less fortunate in their contest with the city of Pisa in 1313. At the battle of Montecatino they were completely routed by the Pisan troops, although these were not bold enough to follow up their success by any decisive blow against the city.

After the usurpation of Walter de Brienne, the titular Duke of Athens—who in 1342 caused himself to be chosen Lord of Florence, but who was expelled in the following year—Guelph and Ghibeline, Bianchi and Neri gradually fell into disuse as party terms; and relieved from these intestine broils, Florence rose in the scale till she placed herself in the first rank of the Italian Republics. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, she alone, of all the cities of Tuscany, resisted the tyranny of John Galeazzo, chief of the house of the Visconti. One by one the others fell under his sway, but the Florentine troops, under the command of Sir John Hawkwood, an English adventurer, foiled him in all his attacks.

All the efforts of the Republic had hitherto been directed to the preservation of their liberties, but in 1406 they undertook, for the first time, a war of conquest. Pisa, against which their efforts were directed, was won by treachery after a long blockade, and the Florentines took a terrible revenge for their defeat at the battle of Montecatino, by the final destruction of the independence of that state. From that moment Florence never prospered as she had previously done.

The family of the Medici had gradually risen from a low origin to the summit of authority; and though thrice expelled from the city by rival families, (in 1437, 1490 and 1527), their exile each time was but short, and its termination saw them more powerful than ever. The elevation of Giovanni di Medici to the papal chair, by the name of Leo X., strongly assisted their ambitious projects. In 1530 Alexander di Medici assumed the title of Duke of Florence; in 1569 Cosmo de Medici took that of Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the name of Florence was blotted out from among the States of Italy.

NOTES.

(1) *Change of names by the Popes; page 33.*

The practice of changing names at installation was first introduced in the year 811, by the monk *Oporco* or "*Pig's Face*," who assumed that of *Sergius II.*, as more euphonious; and, once established, the practice was rigidly followed by his successors.

(2) *Guelph and Ghibeline; page 34.*

The names of Guelph and Ghibeline, were first adopted as the war-cries of the different parties, at the battle of Weisberg, in Germany, fought on the 2d Dec. 1110.

(3) *Italian Republics; page 34.*

The following cities, all, at one period or other of these civil struggles, declared themselves independent of foreign control, and established an internal self-government. Several are no doubt unavoidably omitted, owing to their insignificance:—

Agobbia, Alexandria, Amalfi, Ancona, Aquila, Arezzo, Assisa, Asti, Ascoli, Bari, Belluno, Benevento, Bergamo, Biologna, Brescia, Brindisi, Capua, Carrara, Casertino, Chiavenna, Chieri, Città di Castello, Colle, Como, Cortona, Corvia, Cesena, Cosenza, Crema, Cremona, Empoli, Faenza, Fano, Feltri, Ferrino, Ferrara, Fuligno, Forlì, Florence, Gaeta, Gallipoli, Genoa, Gussalla, Ieri, Imola, Lodi, Lucera, Lugano, Mantua, Massa, Milano, Mirandola, Modena, Monza, Naples, Nocera, Novara, Ombria, Orvieto, Osimo, Otranto, Padua, Parma, Pavia, Perugia, Pisa, Pistoia, Piacenza, Ragusa, Ravenna, Reggio, Rieti, Rimini, Rome, Roncaglia, Rovigo, Salerno, San Marino, San Miniato, San Genigmano, Sienna, Sinigaglia, Sorrento, Spoleto, Suza, Terni, Tortona, Trani, Treviso, Udine, Verucelli, Verona, Vicenza, Viterbo, Volterra.

(4) *Page 34.*

For the historic incidents of the marriage and death of *Buondelmonte*, and of the battle of *Monte Aperto*, I am indebted to a paper contributed to a French periodical some years ago, by M. Alexandre Dumas, a gentleman, whose travels, historic and imaginative works, have placed him in the first rank of French *litterateurs*.

(5) *Marriage of Buondelmonte; page 35.*

Rogers, in his exquisite and highly-finished poem of "*Italy*," thus tells the tale:

"Fatal was the day

To Florence, when at morn, at the ninth hour,
A noble dame in weeds of widowhood,
Weeds by so many to be worn so soon,
Stood at her door; and, like a sorceress, flung
Her dazzling spell. Subtle she was, and rich,
RICH in a hidden pearl of heavenly light,
Her daughter's beauty; and too well she knew
Its virtue! Patiently she stood and watched;
Nor stood alone—but spoke not—in her breast
Her purpose lay; and as a youth passed by,
Chad for the nuptial rite, she smiled and said,
Lifting a corner of the maiden's veil,
"This had I treasured up in secret for thee;
This thou hast lost!" He gazed and was undone!
Forgetting—not forgot—he broke the bond,
And paid the penalty, losing his life
At the bridge-foot; and hence a world of woe!
Vengeance for vengeance crying, blood for blood."

(6) "*Cosa fuit capo ha?*" page 35.

This sentence having spread abroad, was caught up by the populace, and during the sanguinary struggles that followed, was generally the cry with which they rushed to any new riot or outbreak; so that the shout of "*Cosa fuit capo ha?*" came to be as much dreaded, as ever were in after times, the "*Ca ira*" and the "*A la lanterne!*" of the French Revolutionists.

(7) *Statue of Mars; page 35.*

This deity was reckoned the guardian and protector of Florence in the ancient days of paganism, and the statue erected to him by the city, remained entire until the seventeenth century.

(8) *Camoglià Gate; page 36.*

"A Camoglià mi godo il polverone."

ALPIERI, *SONNET* EXIL.

"Camoglià's very dust to me is dear."

(9) *Anziani or Ancients; page 36.*

"The town (of Florence) was divided into six parts, and each *scatolo*, as it was called, named two *anziani*. These twelve magistrates ate together, slept at the public palace, and could never go out but together; their function lasted only two months. Twelve others, elected by the people, succeeded them, and the republic was so rich in good citizens, and men worthy of its confidence, that this rapid succession of *anziani* did not exhaust their number."

SISMONDI'S ITALIAN REPUBLICS.

(10) *The Carraccio; page 37.*

This was a gilt car drawn by eight oxen, covered with scarlet trappings; from the centre arose a staff surmounted by a gilt ball, and under this ball and between two white pennants, floated the standard of Florence, which, before joining battle, was always detached, and placed in the hands of the bravest man in the army. Above this standard a crucifix was raised aloft, and a bell suspended near it served to collect towards a common centre, those whom the fight had dispersed. The sluggish team which drew it, rendering flight impossible, forced the army to which it was attached, either to defend it with desperate fury, or to abandon it with disgrace. It was an invention of Eribert, Archbishop of Milan, who, wishing to increase the importance of the infantry, the chief force of the *comune*, as opposed to the cavalry of the nobles, made use of it for the first time, in the war against Conrad the Salic; it answered well in the midst of the infantry, whose pace was regulated by that of the oxen which drew this cumbersome machine.

(11) *Crimson hue of the Arbia; page 39.*

This is one instance out of many, where the hue imparted to the waters of a river by the soil it passes through is attributed to a moral or supernatural cause rather than the true physical one. Another is found in the stream which passes through the plain where the battle of Trasimene was fought, and which, from its sanguine colour, has long borne the name of *Sanguinetto* or the *Bloody*.

(12) *Furinata degl' Uberti; page 39.*

Dante, in his *Divina Commedia*, has celebrated the fame of this warrior as the saviour of his country, while he enrols that of Boeca degl' Abbati (see page 37) as the blackest of traitors.

(13) *Exile of Petrarch's Father; page 39.*

It was on this occasion that the incident took place thus told by Rogers. Speaking of the Arno, he says:

"Once indeed 'twas thine

When many a winter-flood, thy tributary,
Was through its rocky-glen rushing, resounding,
And thou wert in thy might, to save, restore
A charge most precious. To the nearest ford
Hastening, a horseman from Arezzo came,
Careless, impatient of delay, a babe
Slung in a basket to the knotty staff
That lay athwart his saddle bow. He spurs,
He enters; and his horse, alarmed, perplexed,
Halts in the midst. Great is the stir, the strife,
And lo, an atom on that dangerous sea,
The babe is floating! Fast and far he flies;
Now tempest-rock'd, now whirling round and round,
But not to perish. By thy willing waves
Borne to the shore, among the bulrushes
The ark has rested; and unhurt, secure
As on his mother's breast, he sleeps within,
All peace! or never had the nations heard

That voice so sweet, which still enchants, inspires;
That voice which sung of love, of liberty.
Petrarch lay there!"

(14) *Bianchi and Neri; page 39.*

In several other states the dominant party split into various fiercely contending factions. In Modena they took their names from the noble families of the Agioni and the Grassi, and in Acoli they assumed those of the Falzetta and the Miglianetti.

WOMAN'S WORDS OF KINDNESS.

BY REGINE HASSAN.

I.

No man, how so shadow'd his path o'er with cares,
But of bright consolation sees sometimes a ray,
If the fond heart of woman his sorrows but shares,
And her sweet words of kindness but cheer on the way;
Like music to soldiers when weary they tread,
It nerves them to conquer, and soothes all their pain,
So man, when his hopes and his prospects are dead,
The soft voice of woman revives them again.

II.

Take the out-cast, forsaken—though all may revile,
Or the exile, that cheerless and friendless may roam,
Yet think not no stars o'er their destinies smile,
If the soft voice of woman will welcome them home;
Like the sittings of fancy when fever'd's the brain,
They give us of happiness sometimes a gleam,
So, when friendless and hopeless, in want, or in pain,
The kind words of woman are fancy's last dream.

III.

Take the ruin'd, degraded, the proud man who fell,
The prisoner in bondage who well may despair,
Yet, unlet for, uncheer'd are they not in their cell,
If the soft voice of woman can penetrate there!
Like the leaves of the ivy o'er forests we see,
When the oak's in its verdure, they cling round it well,
But blast and destroy all the bloom of the tree,
And they'll twine round the ruin more verdantly still!

AGE.

Age is the heaviest burden man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain and care,
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays;
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what fully leaves.

Love is made up of contraries; a fair woman,
They say, best loves a dark man; a tall man generally selects a little woman for a wife; and the portly dame admires to tuck a pigmy spouse under her sheltering arm; the mild and timid girl turns with delight to the bold and sparkling lover; and the wisest seek in the society of the weakest, the pleasing relaxation from the austere duties of "the bar, the senate, or the state."

THE VICTIM.

A FRAGMENT OF AN INDIAN TALE.

* * * The voice came through the thick darkness deep and thrilling as the notes of the Abyssinian trumpet, but solemn and sweet as the call of the moolah when it floats over the sleeping city, on the breath of the gray morning. "Where my star rests there is the victim; thrice must the blow be struck ere the portals of my glory yield entrance to my worshippers; be firm! be fortunate!" A noise like the far off muttering of receding thunder was heard, the darkness cleared away, the bright moon lighted up the frost fogs and the mists of the valley. Amurath stood alone in the shadow of the terrible Dewalaghti, above him hung those awful summits of eternal snow, around him was the silence of death.

* * * There was stillness in the palace of the great merchant Kara Mostapha, the bridal feast was over, and nothing broke the quiet of the marble halls but the murmuring of the soft night wind amongst the branches of the jessamine and rose trees, and the splash of the numerous fountains, as their silver waters, glittering in the moonlight, fell back like showers of pearls into their basins of jasper and agate.

Mourad, the brave soldier who rescued Kara Mostapha from the Bedouins, who had made the Koords tremble before the banner of the crescent, who at the risk of his own life saved the only daughter of the great merchant, when her boat sunk in the rapid waters of the Tigris, has this day espoused her, the beautiful, the rose of Bagdad—the pearl of terrestrial loveliness. "Do you see that dim purple light like a star that seems to hover over the house of Kara Mostapha?" said a solitary passenger in the still and deserted street to a soldier of the night-watch. "I do," replied the soldier, "and now the moon has set, it seems brighter; may the prophet avert evil omens! See, it sinks into the gilt roof of the harem, now it is gone; how fast the black clouds are gathering, the big rain-drops are beginning to fall heavy and frequent, and hark to the thunder growling afar off—salaam, salaam, allikoom; I must reach the caravanserai ere the storm comes on." There was a scream louder than the howling of the tempest, another and another, a scream of death from the harem of the palace of

the rich merchant; lamps and torches blazed and gleamed with a dusky flame in the white glare of the ceaseless lightning, and glanced upon spears and flashing scimitars, and the unturbated heads of men who had risen and grasped their arms in wild haste. Shouts, execrations, and threats of vengeance, were mingled with the roar of the increasing storm, and the ceaseless cry of despairing women—the bride lay murdered on the bridal couch;—where was the bridegroom?

* * * * * The sun was sinking in all the glory of a Persian summer evening—the hills, the woods, appeared as if viewed through a transparent dew of gold; far in the distance arose the vast peak of Demawend, reflecting back from its summit of eternal snow the crimson radiance of the western sky, but with a softer hue, like that rosy light which fills the fourth heaven; nearer were the white slender Minars of the modest village Musjeed, rising above the dark tamarind foliage, which encompassed them like columns of pearl in the green caves of the ocean. The purple mist was gathering in the valleys, and there was no sound to break the deep tranquillity of the hour save the solemn call of the Mezzouin to evening devotion. Amurath gazed upon the scene before him, and, for a moment, the visions of revenge and the memory of past glory faded from his mind; his head drooped, he covered his face with his hand, and sighed deeply; the sound aroused the little Yousaf, who was reclining contentedly on the flowery bank, his head resting on the knees of his friend, and his eyes fixed upon the beautiful clouds which floated around the setting sun. "Alas! you are unhappy," said the affectionate child, removing Amurath's hand from his face, and gazing with kind earnestness upon the noble but wasted features of the exiled prince, "you are unhappy, Mourad, how shall I please you? Dear Mourad, how shall I make you happy? shall I climb those trees over the stream for a cool pomegranate to refresh you? shall I bring your kulleen? shall I tell the tale poor Lelia taught me? What shall I do to make you look less sadly?" "Nothing, nothing, my excellent child," answered Amurath, kissing his snowy forehead, "it is sunset; my strength is scarce

equal to the fast our faith enjoins, but the even-meal will restore me." "Well," cried the delighted boy, "how glad, how glad I shall be; there are the beautiful grapes my uncle Mostapha has sent, and I have gathered some fresh oranges, and my mother has prepared a wheaten cake, and then my uncle you know sups with us; and," added he, laughing, and clapping his little hands, "he has ever a flask of Sheeraz wine, and that shall restore you, Mourad." "But you forget my dear Yousel," said Amurath, in a melancholy tone, "you forget, in anticipating the pleasures of our feast, that it is to be the last we shall partake together." "Alas, alas!" cried the child, "why did you remind me of that, unkind Mourad: as I rested with my head upon your knee and watched the beautiful sky, I ceased to think upon the miserable to-morrow. Oh Mourad, Mourad! do not say that we part to meet no more; tell me, that you will come to me in Missa, I shall be a great man; my uncle says I shall—I shall have camels, and horses, and slaves, and gold, but I will give all to you; and then I will cool your sherbet, and bring your kulleean, and twine my fingers in this beautiful hair, and kiss you as I do now—no, Mourad, do not speak sadly, do not look sorrowfully upon me, but call me your own Yousel, your little brother—and bid Allah bless me as you did that night when I found you lying by the side of the swollen stream, worn out by the storm, fainting with hunger and fatigue, and warmed your cold hands and gave you beed mushk." The obdurate heart of the prince was touched—with a trembling voice and downcast eye he called upon Allah to bless his little preserver, whilst the tears coursed down his cheeks, and he pressed the innocent to his breast. "But stay," cried the child, suddenly breaking away from him, "I have heard Fakcer Moohimmud Moolah say that when our hearts wish for happiness, we should pray to God and his prophet, who are alone able to grant it to us—hark to the 'Allah Hu!' it is the hour of the evening Namaz. I will pray, Mourad, that we may meet again; do you pray with me, and I know that Allah will give us what we ask, I know he will not refuse you any thing, for I am sure I could not." With these words he turned his face to the south and prostrated himself in humble adoration before the Eternal. His prayers ascended to the seventh heaven with the incense of the sweet flowers around him; an offering not more pure than that of his simple and loving heart.

Amurath, who had been much affected by the whole of the child's behaviour, viewed him with humid eyes, and with a fondness which he had not imagined he could have felt again towards any human being. "If ever I am restored to empire,"

said he internally, and his eye was brighter with the thought: "that boy shall be high among the highest; but, poor Yousel, I will not hurt the gentle heart even now—my prayers!—poor child! he little knows that while my head bows, my heart cannot bend: but no matter, I will not deny him all the gratification an empty ceremony can afford to his innocent mind." Making these reflections, Amurath stepped towards his little friend with an intention of prostrating himself by his side; but he was spared this mockery of adoration. On a sudden he stopped like one frozen by the breath of the Sassir, his face became livid, large drops of agony trembled on his forehead, his features were convulsed, he stared wildly for a moment and beheld—Merciful Allah!—over the head of the kind-hearted, the innocent, the gentle Yousel, hovered the still solitary violet star which called for his destruction. At first the wretched Amurath desired to doubt the evidence of his senses; he struck his eyes violently with his clenched hand, as if to blind them to the fatal object, but the star remained burning dimly and silently over the devoted victim. Amurath's breath became thick; the original black drop that poisoned his heart's blood spread like fire through every vein, yet still he hesitated to execute the dreadful office he had bound himself to perform. "Curses on my hesitation," muttered he convulsively, "is it thus I prove myself worthy of the aid of the inflexible and mighty being who only asks this poor sacrifice in return? Is it thus I prove myself worthy of empire, of revenge? have the young and brave fallen beneath my sabre? has my dagger drank the blood of the gray-haired and the beautiful, and am I to be balked when on the very threshold of my glory by compassion for a foolish child? Curses on my woman's heart; but curses on ye, ye fiends who exact this sacrifice. Come round, abhorred, despised, spirits of murder and of darkness; guide my steel, receive your victim!" He advanced with a noiseless but unsteady step towards the prostrate infant; again he paused, for the sweet accents of the little Yousel's childish Namaz came upon his ear like a fresh breeze upon the brow of a fainting traveller. "Spare Mourad," prayed the unsuspecting child; "spare him, gracious Allah, until I am rich and great, and can make him happy." Amurath had not lost all human feeling and affections; his heart was hard, but it was not of steel or of marble; for a moment the struggle was dreadful within him, his breast was torn, and his frame was shaken by a thousand contending feelings, his good genius appeared for a single instant to triumph. Empire, revenge, all were forgotten! Amurath might still have lived to repent.—slowly then was he sheathing his half drawn dagger.

while a tear he endeavoured in vain to repress, trembled on his cheek; his purpose was given up, and he turned to fly from the dangerous spot, when, suddenly, a light scornful burst of laughter floated in the air above him, like the hum of bees when there is the silence of hot noon in the still valleys of Sylhet. Amurath started; he glanced wildly and savagely around, his fierce and indignant spirit appeared to blaze in every feature of his face, his teeth were set, his eyes flashed fire, he grasped his dagger, and the next moment it was buried to the very hilt in his preserver's body. No scream, no struggle announced the sensations of his innocent victim; the stroke was sure as it was sudden; the luckless Yousaf fell upon his face without a groan, and yielded up his holy and spotless soul to Azrael, the Angel of Death.

THE SPINSTER'S PROGRESS.

A FAIR correspondent has sent us the following, with a request that we should find room for it in the GARLAND. We very cheerfully comply. It is not original, but it is nearly as good as if it were. It is a rather amusing diary, and not a bit worse for the dash of caricature which is visible about it. It exhibits graphically five-and-thirty years of a spinster's life:

At 15.—Dimpled cheeks, sparkling eyes, coral lips, and ivory teeth—a sylph in figure. All anxiety for coming out—looks about with an arch yet timid expression, and blushes amazingly upon the slightest provocation.

16.—Bolder and plumper—draws, sings, plays the harp, dines at table when there are small parties—gets fond of plays, to which she goes in a private box—dreams of a hero—hates her governess—is devoted to poetry.

17.—Having a mother who values herself on her youth, is presented by her aunt—first terrified, then charmed—comes out—Almack's—opera—begins to flirt—selects the most agreeable but most objectionable man in the room as the object of her affections—he eminently pleasant, but dreadfully poor—talks of love in a cottage, and a casement window all over woodbine.

18.—Discards the sighing swain, and fancies herself desperately devoted to a lancer, who has amused himself by praising her perfections. Delights in fêtes and déjeuners—dances herself into half a consumption. Becomes an intimate friend of Henry's sisters.

19.—Votes Henry stupid—too fond of himself to care for her—talks a little louder than the year before—takes care to show she understands the best bon-mots of the French play—shows off her

bright eyes, and becomes the centre of four satellites who sicker round her.

20.—Begins to wonder why none of the sighers propose—gets a little peevish—becomes a politician—rallies the whigs—avows toryism—all women are Tories except two or three who may be anything—gets praised beyond measure by her party—discards the Italian music and sings party songs—called charming, delightful, and "so natural."

21.—Enraptured with her new system—pursues it with redoubled ardour—takes to riding constantly on horseback—canters half way every day to the House of Lords with the dear Earl, through St. James' Park, by the side of her uncle—makes up parties and excursions—becomes a comet instead of a star, and changes her satellites for a tail, by which she is followed as regularly as the great agitator is. Sees her name in the papers as the proposer of pic-nics, and the patroness of fancy fairs.

22.—Pursues the same course—autumn comes—country house—large party of shooting men—juxta-position—constant association—society in the evenings—sportive gambols—snug suppers—an offer—which being made by the only dandy she did not care about in the melée, she refuses.

23.—Regrets it—tries to get him back—he won't come, but marries a rich grocer's widow for her money. Takes to flirting desperately—dresses fantastically—tries a new style of singing—affects a taste—lives with the Italians, calls them divine and charming—gets her uncle to give suppers.

24.—Thinks she has been too forward—retires, and becomes melancholy—affects sentiment and writes verses in an Annual—makes acquaintances with the savans and the authors and authoresses—wonders she is not married.

25.—Goes abroad with her uncle and a delightful family—so kind and so charming—stays the year there.

26.—Comes home full of new airs and graces—more surprised than ever that she is still single, and begins to fancy she could live very comfortably, if not in a cottage, at least upon a very moderate scale.

27.—Thinks the conversation of rational men infinitely preferable to flirting.

28.—Looks at matrimony as desirable in the way of an establishment, in case of the death of her uncle—leaves off dancing generally—talks of getting old.

29.—Same system—still ineffectual—still talks of getting aged—surprised that men do not laugh as they did, when she said so a year or two before.

30.—Begins to enquire when a spinster becomes an old maid.

31.—Dresses more fantastically than ever—rouges a little—country house not so agreeable as it used to be—goes everywhere in town—becomes good-natured to young girls, and joins in acting charades and dumb proverbs.

32.—Hates balls, or, if she goes to them, likes to sit still and talk to clever middle-aged gentlemen.

33.—Wonders why men of sense prefer flirting with girls to the enjoyment of rational conversation with sensible women.

34.—Uncle dies—break up of establishment—remains with her aunt—feels old enough to go about without a chaperon.

35.—Takes to cards, where they are played—gives up harp, piano-forte, and singing—beaten out of the field by her juniors.

36.—Quarrels with her cousin, who is just married to the prize marquis of the season—goes to Wales on a visit to a distant relation.

37.—Returns to London—tries society—fancies herself neglected, and, "never goes out"—makes up little tea parties at her aunt's—very pleasant to every body else, but never satisfactory to herself.

38.—Feels delight in recounting all the unhappy marriages she can recollect—takes a boy out of an orphan school, dresses him up in a green jacket with three rows of sugar-loaf buttons, and calls him a page—patronises a poet.

39.—Gets fractious—resolves upon making the best of it—turns gourmand—goes to every dinner to which she either is or is not invited—relishes port wine; laughs at it as a good joke—stays in London all the year.

40.—Spasmodic—camphor julap—a little more rouge—fancies herself in love with a captain in the guards—lets him know it—he not susceptible—she uncommonly angry—makes up a horrid story about him and some poor innocent girl of her acquaintance—they are eternally separated by her means—she happy.

41.—Takes to wearing a "front"—port wine gets more popular—avows a resolution never to marry—who would sacrifice her liberty?—quite sure she has seen enough of that sort of thing—umph!

42.—Turns moralist—is shocked at the vices of the world—establishes a school out of the produce of a fancy fair—subscribes—consults with the rector—excellent man—he endeavours to dissuade her from an extravagant course of proceeding which she has adopted—her regard turns to hate, and she puts herself under the spiritual guidance of a rauter.

43.—Learns the Unknown Tongues, and likes them—sees none of her old friends—continues the whole season enveloped in her new devotions.

Her page having outgrown his green inexpressibles, is dismissed at the desire of her new pastor.

44.—Renounces the Oly Oly Born school of piety, and gets a pug and a poodle—meets the man she refused when she was two-and-twenty—he grown plump and jolly, driving his wife and two healthy looking boys nearly men, and two lovely girls nearly women—recollects him—he does not remember her—wishes the family at Old Nick—comes home and pinches her poodle's ears.

45.—Returns to cards at the Dowager's parties, and smells snuff, if offered her.

46.—Her aunt dies.

47.—Lives upon her relatives; but by the end of the season feels assured that she must do something else next year.

48.—Goes into the country, and selects a cousin, plain and poor—proposes they should live together—scheme succeeds.

49.—Retires to Cheltenham—house in a row near the promenade—subscribes to every thing—takes snuff, and carries a box—all in fun—goes out to ten in a fly—plays whist—loses—comes back at eleven—camphor julap, and to bed but not to sleep.

50.—Finds all efforts to be comfortable unavailing—vents all her spleen upon her unhappy cousin, and lavishes all her affections upon a tabby cat, a great, fat, useless Tommy, with a blue riband and a bell round his neck.

And there, so far as I have traced it, ends my Spinster's Progress, up to fifty.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The soul has a language the lips cannot learn,
Emotions and feelings no words can impart;
The spirit within us may tremble and burn,
But who shall unfold the deep thoughts of the heart?

The waves of that torrent still restlessly roll,
Though all from without may be silent and dead—
No waters oblivious, give rest to the soul,
From Eternity's ocean its fountains are fed.

It has visions of glory the eye cannot reach—
The pencil embody—the poet define;
Perceptions of beauty that art cannot teach,
Aspirations for heaven, which prove it divine.

An angel degraded, and fall'n from its sphere,
In silence it droops in its prison of clay;
The immortal can meet with no sympathy here,
Until Death rends the veil from the temple away!

FALSE or middling genius is almost always arrogant and vain. The true may be provoked to do itself justice; but it seldom overvalues itself.

THE MONSTER BELL WALTZ AND TRIO.

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

MODERATO.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo marking 'MODERATO.' is positioned above the first staff. The dynamic marking 'Mezzo.' is placed between the two staves. The music features a waltz-like melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves in the same key and time signature. It features similar melodic and harmonic patterns to the first system, with various articulations and dynamics.

The third system of musical notation includes two staves. The dynamic marking 'f' (forte) is placed above the lower staff. The phrase 'Sotto voce.' is written at the end of the system. The music concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The dynamic marking 'S^{ra}' (Sforzando) is placed below the lower staff. The music continues with complex rhythmic patterns and chordal textures.

The fifth system of musical notation is the final system on the page, consisting of two staves. It concludes the piece with a final cadence and a double bar line.

Trio.

First system of musical notation for the Trio section. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 3/4, and the key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The music features a complex melodic line in the treble with many slurs and ties, and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the bass.

Second system of musical notation. It includes the instruction "SvA" above the treble staff and "loco." above the bass staff. The notation continues with intricate melodic patterns and accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation. It includes the instruction "SvA" above the treble staff. The musical complexity remains high with many slurs and ties.

Fourth system of musical notation. It includes the instruction "Loco." above the treble staff. The notation shows a continuation of the intricate melodic and harmonic material.

Fifth system of musical notation. It includes the instruction "SvA" above the treble staff, "Rf pia" below the bass staff, and "D.C.W." above the treble staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

VIEW OF MONTREAL:

FROM ST. HELENS ISLAND.

THE plate in the present number of the *GARLAND* will, we think, be acceptable to our readers. It is a striking and truthful view of our Island City, as seen from St. Helens, or on approaching it by the river.

Montreal presents to the eye of the stranger a noble spectacle, with its massive and spacious buildings—its towering spires—and its magnificent harbour, which is unequalled in America, and probably unsurpassed in any thing but extent, in the world.

Nothing, perhaps, can better illustrate the rapidly increasing commercial importance of Montreal, than a comparison of our harbour now, with the aspect it presented some ten years ago. Then, it required no inconsiderable share of hardihood, to venture into its neighbourhood, even when obeying the call of business—now, it is the favourite resort of thousands, attracted thither by the pleasure of traversing its noble pathway, inhaling the fresh breeze from the river, in summer, and admiring the scene before them, gay with sheet and pennon, and busy with the commerce of a great and a growing country—an industrious and frugal people.

Montreal possesses all that is requisite for a great commercial city—excellent natural position; easy and rapid communication with the interior of a fertile and almost boundless country; wealthy, enlightened and enterprising inhabitants. These advantages have sustained it during a lengthened season of nearly unexampled depression, in the course of which it has continued to advance and improve so rapidly that it is difficult to believe such adverse influences have been at work. Now that the crisis is passed, and the prospects of the country—agricultural and commercial—have begun to recover their elasticity and vigour, we may safely anticipate for our favoured city a still more rapid progress. With the improvements which are yearly introduced, and the additions to the inhabitants, by emigration from the Mother Country, it can scarcely be doubted that Montreal will take a position scarcely second to that of any other city on this continent.

In addition to the numerous other advantages it possesses, it is probable that Montreal will, in the course of a short time, be made the seat of the Canadian government; a change that will impart to it additional importance; and as we believe it to be already an object of interest to the Canadian people, sufficient to induce them to prize a representation of it, we flatter ourselves that the View which we are enabled to lay before them will meet with their approbation. The

drawing is the work of a gentleman whose talents are well known, and justly appreciated by his fellow citizens, who are indebted to him for many spirited and truthful representations of Canadian Scenery.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE REGULATION,
AS IT WILL AFFECT THE *GARLAND*.

It is our duty to announce to the patrons of the *GARLAND*, the long-expected change in the Post-Office arrangements with respect to the forwarding of periodicals, and which will render necessary a corresponding change in our arrangements with subscribers.

This change, we are glad to say, will not be of a serious nature. The postage on each number will be threepence, and will be payable by subscribers; but as the yearly charge will be reduced to fifteen shillings, the difference to the reader will not be worth a thought. Some there are, doubtless, who would prefer that no change should take place. To these we have to remark that a remittance in advance of seventeen shillings and sixpence, will ensure the magazine, prepaid as heretofore. Those who have already forwarded their subscriptions will receive the *GARLAND* exactly as if no change whatever had been made, as the publishers will apply the sum remitted over the new rate of subscription, to the payment of the postage. We will be glad to see the number multiplied to any extent, of those who wish the trouble of paying postage taken off their hands!

OUR NEW VOLUME.

THE number of the *GARLAND*, being the first of the volume, will be forwarded for the inspection of persons who are supposed to take an interest in Canadian literature, but who are not yet subscribers. We invite their examination of it, and will be happy to receive their orders to continue to forward it. The expenses of the publication render necessary a large subscription list, and as it is the only magazine in British North America which has ever obtained a permanent footing, we think we are entitled to ask for it the support of the country. It has long been a labour of love with us to endeavour to make it worthy of the support we claim; and we think there are few who, if asked, would not willingly befriend it to the trifling extent desired—the more especially as it is pretty generally acknowledged to be excellent value for the small sum at which it is offered. We trust we shall have a large addition to the subscription list of the volume now begun.