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CHAPTER XIX.

She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek:—she pined in thought.

SHAKESPEARE.

In a few weeks, Mrs. Douglas and Ellen became inmates of Woodbine Villa, as Madame De la Rue had appropriately named the rural cottage to which she had retired. Although in the neighborhood of a large city, the house was situated in a quiet, peaceful spot, retired from the road, and almost hid by surrounding trees.

Her mind, now relieved from that load which poverty had so long imposed upon it, and dreading no longer a life of penury for her daughter, should she be taken from her, Mrs. Douglas soon began to experience returning health. The time of their hostess was so much occupied in literary pursuits, that Mrs. Douglas and Ellen were left greatly to themselves, and might be seen together, wandering through the pleasant grounds, or seated, reading or working, upon a rustic chair, which stood before the house, under the shade of a stately tree.

This change for the better in their circumstances, and exemption from that constant labor which exhausts the mind as well as the body; even their removal to their cheerful residence, was far from being attended with those beneficial effects upon Ellen which Mrs. Douglas had so confidently hoped and Madame De la Rue had predicted. The mother saw with alarm, that she

became much thinner, and her cheek even more pale, than, when immured in the centre of a crowded city, she had toiled from morning till night. At times she appeared also to be laboring under the deepest dejection, as if some withering sorrow, which she strove to conceal, preyed upon her mind.

Mrs. Douglas tried in vain to ascertain the cause of the melancholy alteration in Ellen, who, but a few months ago, when surrounded by care and distress, was a creature full of life and happiness—merry and careless as the uncaged bird.

It was not surprising that Mrs. Douglas had observed the depression of Ellen; for she had really become another creature,—one in whom the happy, joyous being, could not be recognized, who had hitherto gladdened her mother's widowed heart.

Her mind, not occupied as formerly by those occupations to which necessity had compelled her to devote her undivided attention, was left a prey to that grief which now haunted her more strongly than ever. Of O'Donnel she had received no tidings; and her feelings at times amounted to despair, when she thought of his ominous absence, and his long-continued silence. The affectionate kindness and solicitude of her mother also overwhelmed her with self-reproach, when she reflected how she had deceived that parent who was so unsuspecting and confiding. Often, when sunk in despondency, she was about to reveal her secret marriage to her mother, and the confession, which she felt would relieve her burdened mind, was trembling upon her lips; but, repress-

*Concluded from page 444.

ing it, she would exclaim: "Why pain her now with this avowal? I will delay a little longer, and O'Donnel will join me in soliciting her pardon."

When Mrs. Douglas remarked to Madame De la Rue, that the country air did not appear to improve the health of Ellen, that lady replied:

"My dear madam, you may rest assured that inhaling the salubrious atmosphere which surrounds this little paradise is not the cause of Ellen's depression. I, who have made the human mind my study, have penetration enough to discover, that her malady has its seat in the heart. Are you aware of no affection she has contracted?"

In vain Mrs. Douglas taxed her memory, to recollect any circumstance that could confirm Madame De la Rue's supposition. O'Donnel, for a moment, presented himself to her mind; but as she thought of the brief period during which their personal intercourse had continued, and could call to memory nothing which could confirm such a supposition, she dismissed him from her thoughts.

"My dear child," Madame De la Rue would frequently say to Ellen, "you must not look so thoughtful. Nothing is so injurious to beauty as thought. You must take plenty of exercise, and become cheerful, and acquire more vivacity. I have formed a delightful plan concerning your future settlement in life; so you must carefully preserve your good looks, or you may frustrate my ambitious project. After a year passed in this delightful retirement," she continued, "I propose to travel for some time, if you, Ellen, will accompany me; and I have firmly resolved that you shall marry a foreigner. Do not smile. I do not intend that you shall proceed as I did. You shall have a German count, Ellen; and only allow me to select him for you. I have dwelt so long among foreigners, that I can easily detect an impostor. So, my love, give yourself no further concern, but leave all to my prudence."

Time rolled on, and still Ellen remained in the same state of uncertainty. At length she formed a plan by which she could effectually ascertain the cause of O'Donnel's prolonged absence, the boldness of which made her tremble, while, at the same time, she felt resolved to carry it into execution. This was no other than to proceed, in person, to Ardmore, and there learn the cause of O'Donnel's absence. She felt that it was impossible to exist longer in the state of suspense to which she had so long been a prey; and she resolved that, if his absence was voluntary, she would leave him without reproach, and pass the remainder of her days in solitude, till she should find a respite from her sorrows in the grave. If,

on the contrary, he was no more, she might at least weep over his remains, and not, as now, think of him as one who, perhaps, was false and unworthy of her love.

Ellen determined to carry this resolution into immediate execution, and circumstances favored her. A short time previous, Ellen had received a letter from a female friend, urging her to pay her a visit for a few weeks. This friend resided at a small town, situated by the sea shore, which was remarkable for the salubrity of its situation. The distance was not great, and could be accomplished in a day's journey. Ellen now proposed to her mother that she should accept this invitation, and pay the long-proposed visit to her friend. To this Mrs. Douglas acceded with delight, as she thought that the fresh sea-breeze, and bracing air, might improve the health of her daughter; and this desire of Ellen intimated an interest in every-day matters which she had for some time past ceased to feel.

Mrs. Douglas, however, proposed that she should accompany her daughter to her intended destination, and return immediately; but Ellen, urging that it was only one day's journey, objected to her mother undergoing such fatigue upon her account.

Mrs. Douglas yielded to Ellen's solicitations to allow her to proceed alone, without the slightest apprehension.

In the course of a few days, Ellen set out upon her journey, after having promised to write to her mother upon her arrival; and with many a kind adieu from Madame De la Rue and her mother, she departed.

What were now the feelings of Ellen Douglas, as she found herself travelling towards Ardmore, with a speed, which, at one moment, she thought too slow, and the next, shrunk back in the coach, as if to retard? A tumult of conflicting emotions distracted her mind; and it required her utmost self-command to maintain a calm exterior.

As she drew her veil over her face, and leant back in the coach, as if to avoid observation, she could not but tremble, when she thought what, perhaps, would be the result of this bold project of hers. O'Donnel might be dead—he might have already repented of the indissoluble tie which he had so rashly formed with the portionless girl! One consolation she at least possessed: she should know the worst at once, and be left no longer a prey to torturing doubt.

After a day's travelling, which took her through the very village which was the destination to which her unsuspecting mother thought she had proceeded, she embarked on board a boat, which immediately set sail. Another day passed, and

Ellen retired to rest at a village inn, within the distance of ten miles of Ardmore.

CHAPTER XX.

—
What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive
Unless her prayers,—whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant—reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. SHAKESPEARE.

—
THE next morning, with a resolution strong as ever, Ellen Douglas departed for Ardmore, in a vehicle which she had procured from the host of the inn at which she had lodged the preceding night. In her agitated state of mind, the distance seemed interminable; and an age appeared to elapse before she entered the stately avenue, which, rendered serpentine by the inequalities of the ground, did not permit a view of the house till close upon it.

As, by a sudden turn in the road, the ancient structure of Ardmore burst full upon the sight of Ellen, her heart beat so loudly that she pressed her hand upon it, as if to still its pulsations; and, unable to proceed, she instinctively caught the arm of the boy who drove her; and, till she could arrange her scattered thoughts, she desired him to stop. Ellen felt that the crisis had arrived; and although she had thought herself fully prepared for whatever might await her, already her heart failed. A moment she sat pale and immoveable, till, summoning her fortitude, she bade the driver proceed. A few moments brought her humble vehicle before the house, and, alighting from it, she ascended the steps, and knocked at the door.

A servant appeared, and she enquired if Mr. O'Donnel were at home.

"Yes, Madam," respectfully replied the servant, and after conducting her through a spacious hall, he opened the door of an apartment and requested her to enter.

As Ellen stepped upon the threshold of this room, an object caught her eye which made her start back, and turning to the servant, she said:

"I requested to see Mr. O'Donnel."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he replied; "but my master will not be disengaged for some time. That is my lady, Mrs. O'Donnel."

With a self-possession which astonished herself, Ellen entered the apartment, as Constance Fitzgerald, for Ellen immediately recognized the likeness which she bore to the miniature which O'Donnel had shown her, rose from the couch upon which she reclined, and saluted her with graceful courtesies.

True, it was Constance Fitzgerald whom she

beheld, more beautiful even than represented by O'Donnel. The same gentle, expressive dark eyes, shaded by the heavy fringes, the same raven tresses parted upon her brow. But nevertheless, how changed! How melancholy to look upon her youthful form, shadowy as a spirit—to gaze upon her young face, so wan and emaciated; colourless, except where upon each cheek a spot of bright hectic shone.

But the words of the servant rang in the ears of Ellen Douglas. Was it some deception which her agitated senses had practised upon her, or did she hear that gentle creature upon whom she looked with feelings of the most tender pity, called by that name which she alone was entitled to bear? For a moment she doubted her senses, and sat with eyes riveted upon the face of Constance. Far from appearing displeased or embarrassed by the steadfast look with which the stranger surveyed her, Constance in return fixed her dark, melancholy eyes, with as steadfast a gaze, upon the face of Ellen Douglas. And there they sat, those two young beings, radiant in all that loveliness which seldom belongs even to youth, with eyes bent upon each other with a look expressive of even more than mutual admiration, as if drawn together by some invisible sympathy.

Constance was the first to break the silence, and the tones of her musical voice sank deep in the heart of Ellen.

"Forgive me," she said, "but although a stranger, your face appears quite familiar to me, and linked with pleasing recollections;" and Constance musingly leant her head upon her hand, and tried to recall to memory when and where she had beheld the countenance of the stranger so rarely beautiful, as once seen, hardly to be forgotten. But, no! in vain she endeavoured to recollect, yet sure she was that she had before seen that face, although it appeared to her to have worn a different expression, another character from that which it now bore. In her memory it was connected with pleasing associations, and she thought that the pensive brow, the troubled eyes, and the melancholy mouth of the stranger, should wear a joyous expression to render her all that memory recalled.

Constance! wert thou to go to thy chamber, thou wouldst there see that winning face smiling upon thee, from where thy hands in happier days placed it. But it there wears, as thine own did, an expression of happiness which tells of a heart which as yet had known no sorrow.

But if such were the feelings with which Constance surveyed the stranger, how intense were those with which Ellen Douglas returned

them! Her heart felt sad, and she could have wept to look upon that young creature whose period upon earth must be so brief, who was fading away as a lovely flower blighted in its bloom. The form looked too fragile, the eyes too large and liquid, and the hand too purely transparent, long to belong to earth. Yet, like the close of a bright summer day, Constance looked more lovely in her decline. Everything around her accorded with the poetry of youth. The vases of flowers which were scattered through the apartment, and loaded the air with their rich perfume, betokened the presiding hand which would soon be there no more.

Ellen Douglas feared that her emotion might become perceptible, and striving to hide it, she made some remark concerning the beauty of the scenery of Ardmore.

"Yes!" replied Constance, "'tis a lovely spot, and endeared to me the more when I think how soon I shall leave it. My health has been long declining, and O'Donnel, my husband, wishes me to try the air of Italy, whether it will restore me. Ellen here started, notwithstanding all her attempts to repress her emotion. Constance, however, did not observe her, but continued, "I fear all his care and solicitude upon my account will be in vain. I know that I am dying, and it is useless to try to prolong that life which soon must cease. It is true that the air of Italy carries health upon its breath, but to me it cannot bring renewed life. But, forgive me," she added; "you are a stranger, and I only weary you with what I say. You desired to see Mr. O'Donnel; I will send a servant to inform him that you are here."

"I beg you will not disturb him, madam," replied Ellen, "I prefer remaining till he is disengaged. I merely wish to see him upon business for a few moments." And then, trying to resume the conversation, she said, "I trust that the air of Italy may prove beneficial to you, as it has been to so many."

Constance mournfully shook her head. "It is to no purpose," she said in melancholy tones. "They wish to take me from my home, but it will only be to find a grave. I will go, for it is the wish of O'Donnel, and it is all in my power that I can do to return his unwearied affection and solicitude upon my account; but I would rather breathe my last sigh in the home of my childhood. I would rather bend my last look upon the same streams and valleys as my eyes have rested upon since infancy. It is true that my mother sleeps in that fair land to which they are taking me, but I would rather repose among those familiar scenes, and beside my father. She

rests beside her family, but my father is here alone. I would rather be placed near him."

"Is Captain Fitzgerald dead?—is your father no more?" enquired Ellen Douglas, who knew nothing of the events which had occurred at Ardmore after O'Donnel's departure from her mother's house.

"Yes," replied Constance; "he was taken suddenly ill, while O'Donnel, whom he loved nearly as a son, was absent, studying at a distant University. I immediately recalled him, and, obedient to the hasty summons, he arrived here in time to receive my father's last breath and his dying blessing. It was then that O'Donnel and I were united, by the death-bed of my father. 'Twas a sad bridal," added Constance with a sigh.

For a moment the eyes of Ellen Douglas became dim, her senses reeled, and she felt as if she would have fallen to the ground, but with a strong effort she recalled her wandering thoughts. Constance continued speaking, but Ellen heard not a word. Every thought, every feeling, was engrossed by what Constance had said. Could this be the O'Donnel who had appeared to her youthful and inexperienced eyes all that was virtuous and noble,—in whose hands she had placed her happiness, and on whose faith she had implicitly relied? And was it thus that he had repaid her confidence, and returned the rich treasures of her love? Hardly had the solemn, the irrevocable words died upon his lips, which had bound him to her for life, when he had breathed them to another. Horror-stricken and indignant at what the words of Constance had revealed, the first impulse of Ellen's nature was to see O'Donnel—to reproach him for his guilt, and then to leave him to all the bitterness of awakened remorse. But as this resolution aroused her, and she was about to call upon him and expose his guilt, his violated words, the eye of Ellen Douglas fell upon Constance, and the sterner feelings of her nature melted at the sight of her whose happiness would be blighted by her revelation—the slender thread of whose existence would be broken if the awful truth were revealed to her. No! in mercy to the gentle, confiding wife, she would spare him who had destroyed her own happiness, who had withered the joy of her young heart. She would depart without beholding him, and return to her mother, to whom she would now unbosom all her griefs, and to whom she would devote the remainder of her life; and though it would be impossible ever to forget the sorrow which had darkened her early life, she might yet find a solace in performing those duties towards her parent which her declining years demanded.

Supported by those lofty and generous resolutions, Ellen Douglas rose to take her departure, and said that she could not remain longer, but that she would send a messenger concerning the business upon which she had come.

Constance would have sent for O'Donnel, but Ellen would not permit her.

As Ellen was about to retire, Constance rose from the couch, and going to a vase, she plucked from it a flower, which she placed in the hand of Ellen.

"Take this," she said, "from one who feels in you a deep, an unaccountable interest,—to whom, although thou art a stranger, her heart warms with affection, and who will often think of thee when far distant. 'Tis said, that at the approach of death the perceptions become clearer and less clouded. If such be the case, I feel that some secret link connects us which neither can know."

"Alas! did'st thou but know it," thought Ellen, "the slender thread of thy existence would be broken. To me alone that withering secret shall be known, and rather would I die than cause thee to shed a tear, than do aught that would hasten thy steps to thy early grave. For him who has been guilty I will nightly offer prayers. To me, it is only the punishment due to my hasty, imprudent marriage, contracted without the sanction of a parent. But if my transgression has been great, my punishment is heavier than I can bear."

"Preserve that flower," added Constance, with a sad smile, which accorded ill with her youthful face, "as an emblem of her who gave it. Like it she is fading, and ere the chill blasts of autumn scatter the beautiful buds which are left on its parent stem, she will lie low as themselves. May some kind hand strew them over her grave!"

"Farewell," said Ellen Douglas, as she pressed the hand of Constance within her own; then bending her eyes full upon the fading lineaments of that youthful face, as if to engrave them deeply upon her memory, she stooped forwards, and imprinting a kiss upon the marble brow, she hastily turned away and left the mansion of Ardmore.

CHAPTER XXI.

Oh! bear me, when dust, to the land of my birth,
And lay me quietly there;
For not to rest in another earth,
Hath ever been my prayer.
I wished to live, to see once more
The place where I was born.
My soul hath yearn'd often before
My frame was so weary and worn.

A LEGEND.

"CHARLES, I cannot rest longer in this land, balmy

though its air, and cloudless though its skies may be. I must home again; and I feel that life will not forsake me till I look once more upon the grey turrets and familiar haunts of Ardmore. Wherefore should I linger here? The damp wings of death already fan my cheek, and his icy chill creeps over my heart. Even your care and affection, Charles, cannot prolong my life. Take me home again, and I will die happy."

Next day they departed from Italy; and Constance returned to her home to die.

It was the night of their arrival; and as she neared Ardmore, Charles supported her head while she looked from the carriage window upon the scenes which she had so greatly desired to behold. She once more entered the house of her childhood, and, though fatigued by the long journey, which O'Donnel had feared she would have been unable to sustain, she appeared to have received new life.

In the evening, as Charles and she sat together, she requested him to accompany her to the apartment in which her father had died. Charles hesitated to comply; for he feared that she would tax her feeble strength too much by such an exertion, and the emotions she would feel, upon re-visiting that chamber, would prove hurtful to her; but she looked so imploringly at him, that he could no longer refuse, but rose and supported her thither.

This was the first time that O'Donnel had entered this apartment since that evening upon which he had witnessed the death of Fitzgerald; and a tide of painful emotions swept over his mind, as he thought of that night of horror. Everything within the chamber had remained undisturbed. The antique furniture, the crimson drapery of the bed, the light of the solitary candle which he held in his hand—all served to recall to O'Donnel the scene of that night; and he almost expected to behold the dying face of Fitzgerald, as, clothed with a ghastly smile, it had looked upon their bridal; and he wondered why that face did not rise to reproach him for his guilt. One thought afforded him consolation in that hour: he felt that, if the spirit of Fitzgerald were to rise before him, it could not reproach him with one act of unkindness—for one neglect, or for one harsh word towards her who had been so solemnly confided to his care. Towards Constance he had been all that even Fitzgerald could have desired; and her happiness had been his only desire, since he had received her from her dying parent. The memory of Ellen Douglas was now to him as a bright but troubled dream, and he had striven to banish her from his mind.

He had watched over Constance as she had once tended him; and he had mourned over her declining strength, and sought, by every means within his power, to win back health to her pale cheek; and when he found this attempt was vain, he had soothed, by his tenderness and love, the path to her early grave.

With a deep groan, Charles sank by the side of Constance, who knelt by the couch upon which her father had expired, while her lips moved, as if in prayer.

At length Constance arose, and taking the hand of O'Donnel, conducted him to a seat.

"Charles," she began—and her voice sounded solemn in that melancholy chamber—"you remember that night when last we met together in this apartment, where my father expired, and where I became your wife. Charles, I am dying: in a few days, at most, I will be no more; and here, in this chamber, I would say a few words to you before I depart. With you, dear Charles, I have been happy; you have ever been to me all that I could have desired—always kind and affectionate; and when sickness and sorrow have depressed this weary frame, you have ever been untiring in your devotion to me. Let this affection console you when I am gone. One doubt alone has ever risen to disturb my happiness—to cloud the serenity of my wedded life. Our hurried marriage, in which my dying father, perhaps, did not consult your feelings, has often raised a doubt in my mind as to whether you loved me, or whether another had already possessed your heart, and that I was but a creature who stood between you and happiness. Even your unwearied kindness—your watchful tenderness towards me—have served to confirm this doubt. You were too anxious to please me in all things—too fearful of neglecting me, I thought; for there is a carelessness in secure love which makes us at times apparently cold and neglectful. Charles, if I have stood in your path—a dark shadow between you and happiness—I trust you will forgive me; for, if such be the case, I have been more sinned against than sinning. My father's intention in marrying us was unknown to me till he was about to carry it into execution. Even then, I would have remonstrated; but I felt it would be cruel to tear from him the thought which appeared to lend him such consolation upon his death-bed. Charles, in this chamber, in which two solemn scenes took place, when last we were here together, I ask you whether you have ever loved me, or whether your wedded life has been but a term of bondage, from which you will soon be set free?"

"Constance," replied O'Donnel, "ask me not

whether I *have* loved thee. From my earliest years I have found happiness in thy presence; and when absent from thee, thine image ever has had power to chase sadness from my heart. To win thee for mine own—to become more worthy of thy love—was the motive which made me leave my home, to seek fame and fortune, which were to be shared by thee. Ask me not, dearest Constance, whether I *have* loved thee. I love thee now as fondly—aye, more fondly—than in happier days, when grief had not quenched the light of thine eyes, or taught me to appear gloomy and estranged. But, no! I cannot longer conceal within my breast that withering secret! Constance! my injured wife! hear me. Here let me kneel before thee, wretch that I am!—unworthy of such love as thine!—I, who have blighted thy happiness! Constance, pardon me the guilt!—"

But Constance heard him not. Suddenly she raised her hand and pressed it upon her heart, as if some inward spasm convulsed her, and when O'Donnel raised his eyes to her face it was rigid, while the large dark eyes still looked upon him with their melancholy, motionless gaze, and her gentle smile beamed upon him. He took her hand in his, but the pulse had ceased to beat—the fingers lay cold and motionless within his own. And this was death!

O'Donnel rose and seized a bell which lay upon the table, and rang it violently for assistance. The bewildered servants, ignorant that he and Constance were in this apartment, terror-stricken at a sound they had not heard since the room had been occupied by Fitzgerald, hesitated to enter. At length, one more courageous than the rest opened the door, and revealed the melancholy sight within. O'Donnel supported the form of his wife in his arms, and her cheek, cold and lifeless, was pressed to his. Every eye was moved to tears at the sight of their young mistress, so beloved, so gentle. They advanced to carry her to her own chamber, but O'Donnel, with a commanding gesture, waved them back, and lifting her in his arms, laid her lifeless form upon the couch which had last sustained that of her father. Then desiring them all to withdraw, he was left alone.

Hours passed away before O'Donnel left that chamber, and though none knew what had passed through his mind during that space, none knew the remorse, the anguish which he endured as he kept his lonely vigil beside the lifeless form of his gentle wife, when he left it, he looked as if years had passed over his head, and stolen from him every trace of youth.

* * * * *

Ardmore was without a lord. He had gone to foreign lands; and when his name was mentioned, village gossips shook their heads, and said that he would never return. The mansion was closed up; nettles grew in the court, and the spider wove his web in the banquet hall.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I tell the tale as it was told to me."

Six years had been added to the world since our last chapter was concluded—six eventful years to some, six long, dull years to others—six years which had seen many a fond hope blighted, many a proud action achieved—which had beheld many a light heart broken, many a sad heart healed.

Gentle reader! were I to follow the prescribed form in tales such as this, I would close the scene by telling how O'Donnel had remained in foreign countries, and never returned to his native land: that he died young; and that the stately trees of a strange clime waved over his head; how Ellen Douglas watched over the declining years of her mother, and, that pious duty fulfilled, sank into the grave, a victim to that too frequent disease—a broken heart.

For once, I will abandon the prescribed rule in such cases. I will lift the curtain, after six years have passed, and faithfully represent all that is passing.

The shutters have been removed from the windows at Ardmore, and the long-excluded daylight rejoices once more to peep into the deserted halls from which it has been so long obscured. The nettles are trodden down by busy feet, or torn up by the roots. The spider starts back, and becomes motionless with surprise, to find himself disturbed in the hereditary corner where his industrious sires have woven their airy fabrics from generation to generation. The desolate appearance which Ardmore has worn for six long years has vanished, and it looks as if it could once more become the abode of happiness.

It was known in the neighboring village that O'Donnel was about to revisit the scenes of his early life, and that he would not return alone. Who was to be his companion, none could tell. It was said that, while abroad, he had met one whom he had known in the days of his youth, and that she had pitied the stranger, who stood aloof from all—who shunned human sympathy,—and in loneliness, indulged a grief which had subdued the fiery temperament of youth, and clothed with gloom a forehead over which few summers only had passed.

It was ascertained that O'Donnel might be

shortly expected; but none knew the precise period at which he would arrive. It was probable that he did not wish it to be known, and that he desired, without noise or boisterous welcome, to revisit a place which he had left in sadness and gloom.

One moon-light summer night, when the household fires were extinguished, and the humble inhabitants around had sunk to calm repose, the wheels of a chariot were heard proceeding towards Ardmore. A travelling carriage drove up the avenue, and stopped at the hall door.

First, there alighted from it a man not yet in the meridian of life, whose striking countenance was rendered yet more interesting by the pale complexion and thoughtful brow, over which some deep grief had passed, and left its ineffable lines, but whose dark eye was lighted up with an expression such as it had worn in former times, when he turned towards his companion, and assisted her to alight.

Another, over whose fair face six years have passed since we last beheld her, stepped forth, and for a moment, ere she entered the house, turned round, and cast a glance over the moon-lit hills and dales of Ardmore. As her countenance is revealed, by that silvery light, we will take another glance at it, and see what changes time hath wrought upon its lineaments. It was Ellen Douglas; and six years, with their trials and sorrows—the tears she had wept over a mother's grave, and those she had shed over her own early griefs, had passed away; but, like her companion, they had left their traces upon her still youthful brow. Beautiful she still was: lovely to look upon, as when O'Donnel first beheld her beside the ruined chapel. Though the laughing eye was gone, an expression of heart-felt—of quiet happiness, had taken its place. The arch expression had left the lip, but it could still smile kindly as ever.

But another traveller steps forth, whom we have almost forgotten, and whom we can with difficulty recognise as Madame De la Rue, since her Parisian costume has been exchanged, at the suggestion of Ellen's better taste, for a simple, becoming dress; and upon whose smiling face six years have apparently forgotten to trace their flight. In her hand she carefully holds a large portfolio of papers; and an exclamation of delight bursts from her lips, as she looks up and beholds the ancient structure before her, whose outline, shadowy and uncertain in the pale moon-light, appears, to her imagination, some haunted castle.

It was the morning after their arrival. O'Donnel was closeted with his lawyer, and Ellen had thrown a shawl around her, and wandered forth

among the grounds, ever and anon pausing to admire the beauties which each advancing step revealed to her eye. At length, she came upon a little bye-path which followed the course of a small rivulet. Onward she wandered, till suddenly the woods terminated, and she found herself close by the village church. The churchyard, with its humble inhabitants, lay before her; and, opening the small gate, she entered. She wandered among the graves, reading the simple records of departed worth, till a tomb-stone caught her eye; and she stood looking at the plain marble slab, which supported an urn of the purest white, and admiring the taste which had reared such a simple memento of a departed friend. But the words—"Constance Fitzgerald," caught her eye; and, arresting her steps, she leant against a neighboring tomb-stone, while she called to mind the last—the only time—she had ever beheld the young and gentle being who slumbered within that grave. But an approaching footstep caught her ear, and an aged man, bowed by years and infirmities, approached, and stood, like herself, gazing upon the simple memorial of departed youth. At length his eyes wandered from the grave of Constance, and rested upon the face of Ellen; and, as he saw her tearful eyes, and melancholy countenance, he addressed her:

"Perhaps, you knew her, lady," he said, pointing to the grave.

Ellen bowed assent, while he proceeded: "And I also knew her well, since her mother brought her a lisping babe from foreign countries. I saw her grow up the darling of her mother, the pride of her father's heart. But she was always the same, from her earliest years, too gentle, too good for this sinful world; and she stayed not long in it. See, lady, they yielded to her dying wish. She said that she would not sleep in the vaults among her kindred, but she told them to lay her where the dews of heaven might fall upon her, where the stars would look kindly upon her, and the winds nightly sing a dirge over her grave. And they laid her there. So young and fair!" and with a deep sigh, and wiping a tear from his dim eyes, the aged man proceeded on his way, while Ellen still remained with eyes riveted upon that grave. Long she stood there, and her heart was sad as she thought of her who slumbered beneath. But a hand was gently placed upon her arm, and as she looked up the expression of her face became changed, and with a smile she greeted the intruder.

O'Donnell, for it was he, also looked long at the lowly grave of her who had possessed his earliest love. At length he broke the silence.

"Ellen," said he, "now that you have known all, now that you have looked upon *her* grave, can you forgive me?"

"Ellen replied not, but turned upon his face a glance so full of forgiveness, so full of love, that his doubts vanished, and placing her hand within his arm, they turned away and followed the path which conducted to Ardmore, their bosoms filled with a quiet, a true happiness, which their earlier years had not known.

THE MANIAC.

BY * * *

They say that the light of her eyes is gone,
That her voice is low, and her cheek is wan;
That her looks are sad, and strange, and wild,
Yet meek as the looks of a sinless child.

For the melting glance of her soft blue eye
Is chill'd by cold insanity;
And the beauty that once her bright form wore,
Is the shrine of a living soul no more.

And her words discourse not music sent
From reason's govern'd instrument;
But, borne like her troubled fancies, stray
Like notes of the harp which the wild winds play.

I would not look on her alter'd brow,
Nor her eyes so dim and soulless now:
I would not view her pale, pale cheek,
Nor hear her in her madness speak;

Nor see her smile, she knows not why,
While her tears flow down unmeaningly;
Nor her vacant gaze, the piteous token
Of a brain o'er-wrought, and the young heart broken.

No—on these things I could not look
For the brightest gift in fortune's book;
For she was join'd with the fairest things
That rose in my youth's imaginings.

And oh! how oft have I turned away
From a brighter eye and a cheek more gay,
That my soul might drink, to sweet excess,
The light of her pensive loveliness.

But her languid eye shall charm no more,—
Her smiles and her tears—they are nearly o'er;
For fond hopes lost, and a heart o'erladen,
Have crush'd in her bloom, the guileless maiden.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR.*

BY DR. DUNLOP.

CHAPTER IV.

WE took up our ground on the left bank of the Chippawa, in the hope that we would be attacked in that strong position; but nothing was further from the intention of the enemy than such a flagrant absurdity. They, from time to time, sent small parties to look at us; and there was some very distant skirmishing, which proved very harmless amusement; but they withdrew at last, and we were ordered into winter quarters.

Our regiment, with the 100th, took up their quarters at Queenston, where we were soon strengthened by the recovered wounded and sick from the different hospitals. We were particularly happy in a commanding officer. The then young and handsome Marquis of Tweeddale, who was Lieutenant Colonel of the 100th, commanded our brigade: he had been educated in a good school, under the "Great Duke;" and, like his master, with an unceasing regard to the essentials of the service, he had a most sovereign contempt for those adventitious parts of it, which weaker minds are apt to consider as of the highest importance. Should his lordship, in the present high and responsible situation which he occupies, have an opportunity of displaying his talents, I am much deceived if he will not add one more to the numerous band of soldiers who have raised their own and their country's name in the fields of Hindostan; therefore, God send him a good war! I have no great faith in him as a politician: he is too honest a man!

But whatever he may be, as a soldier or a statesman, he was a wretched bad patient; for he was wounded, in a way that I had every fear would result in a permanent lameness; and nothing could save him but rest. I recommended him, therefore, to spend most of his time on a bed—for sofas were rather scarce in Queenston at that time;—but he persisted in riding a pony, with a crutch over his shoulder. Whether his mode of management has induced lameness or not, I do not know, for I have never seen him since; but if he is lame, it is no fault of mine.

Queenston, though in ruins, having, like all the rest of the frontier, been wantonly destroyed by the enemy, was then, as it is now, a very prettily-

situated village; and the rest our men obtained, after their severe fatigues, began to have a most salutary effect upon them, so, as my senior colleague had recovered to such an extent as to attend to the diminished duties of the regimental hospital there, I was dispatched to York—now Toronto—to take charge of about thirty of my own men, who were in general hospital in that garrison.

Toronto was then a dirty straggling village, containing about sixty houses. The church—the only one—was converted into a general hospital, and I formed my lodge in the wing of the Parliament buildings, which had escaped, when the Americans had burnt the rest of that fabric.

Our accommodations were comfortable, by comparison with what we had lately been obliged to put up with. At all events, we had a tight roof over our heads, a clean floor under our feet, and the means of fire enough to keep us warm; and a soldier who is not content with this, on a campaign, deserves to want. My own regiment soon came down to form a part of the garrison of Toronto; and there I remained till the month of December, 1814.

At this time, it was proposed to build a large ship on Lake Huron—we having then so many on Lake Erie—that would be able, from her size, and the weight of her metal, to cope with the small vessels that composed the American flotilla on Lake Erie. As there is a channel through Lake Saint Clair, and the Rivers Detroit and Saint Clair, by which she could pass from the one lake into the other, an inlet, called Penetanguishene, was selected as the proper site of a new dock-yard, and a better site could hardly have been selected, in this, or any other, part of the world. It was a narrow-mouthed, deep bay, with plenty of water for any size of craft, and a fine bold shore, easily defensible against any ships that could approach; but unluckily, at this time, Penetanguishene was in the woods, thirty miles from Lake Simcoe; and before a ship of the line could be built, a road must be cut, and stones broke along it.

This, at mid-winter, in one of the northernmost points of Canada, was no easy matter. But when Government, in the time of war, determine on a

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measure, the word impossible, as we used to say in the army, is not to be found in Dundas—and done it must be.

Accordingly, in the early part of December, I volunteered my services, and, as nobody else envied the job, they were accepted; and a company of the Canadian Fencibles, with about the same number of militia, under the direction of Colonel Cockburn, of the Quarter Master General's Department, was despatched up to the north, with instructions to have the road cut at all hazards.

When we arrived on the banks of Lake Simcoe, we found it just in such a state that it could not possibly be crossed; for the ice was formed, so that a boat could not get through it, but not strong enough to bear a man's weight. But, as there was a keen frost, we knew that this obstacle would soon be overcome; so we took up our quarters in farm-houses along the margin of the lake.

In two days it was considered practicable to cross, and I volunteered to try it. I equipped myself with a long pole, with a chisel at the end of it, to try the ice with, and an axe slung across my shoulder, and skated across, about twelve miles.

The ice, though not very thick, was good, and quite sufficient to bear men at extended order; so, on my return, I reported it practicable. Next morning the men were drawn out at the point at which it was considered the most eligible for getting on the ice; but the moment we were ready to start, a noise, like that of very loud thunder, was heard, which ran round the lake, and across it; and, in an inconceivably short time, the whole ice was broken into fragments, some of some acres in extent, others of only a few yards. What the cause of this phenomenon could be, I never could form even a probable conjecture of, for there was no visible rise or fall of the water; but I was told, by the inhabitants of the neighborhood, that they had more than once seen the same thing before.

The question now arose what was to be done next? The country people recommended that we should wait till next day, when not only would the broken ice be re-united, but the water which had risen upon it would be frozen into one solid mass, rendering the whole twice as strong as on the day previous, when I had passed it.

All this was undeniable, but the season was so far advanced, and heavy snow storms might be expected, so that even one day was of consequence. After due deliberation, it was resolved, that having a coil of rope with us, it should be stretched along, and each take hold of it, and drag his hand sleigh, on which was his knap-

sack and provisions, as well as divers tools, implements, and stores, requisite for the expedition. In this guise we proceeded across the lake; the disasters were numerous but none of them serious. A fellow in stepping on a fracture of ice in the shape of the letter V, would plump in and then be dragged out again by his comrades, amidst shouts of laughter. In this mode we progressed for upwards of six hours, until we reached the opposite side, where a huge pile of logs was kindled; a space swept clear of snow, and we sat down to a late dinner. As the night appeared clear, we scattered some hemlock boughs, and raised a few of them to keep us from the wind, but upon learning that the militia, who, being from the neighborhood, had got over three weeks before us, had left a regular shanty, within a mile, we broke up our camp, and, deep as the snow was, and late the hour, we proceeded till we arrived at the spot, where trees were cut down, a fire lighted, and we betook ourselves to rest; our previous fatigue securing us from any apprehension of a sleepless night.

Next day we started along the road the militia had cut, and in two hours came up with them. As they were sufficiently numerous for one party, it was resolved that we should get on some miles in advance of them, and commence further up the line. The snow was about three feet deep, and made the marching, heavily-laden as we were, toilsome; but like Columbus' egg, everything is comparatively easy when people know how to go about it. One mode of proceeding was this: six or seven men led on snow shoes in Indian file, taking care to tread down the snow equally; then followed the column, also in Indian file. At about every thirty yards, the leader of the column stepped aside, and letting the rest pass him, fell into the rear. By this means, after the fatigue of first breaking the snow, he could march on a beaten path, and thus, alternating labour and rest, the thing was comparatively easy. By sun-set we had made about five miles beyond the militia camp, and it was counted, considering the road, a very fair day's journey.

It would be tiresome to detail (even if at this distance of time I was able to do so,) the journal of a three months residence in the woods, one day being an exact counterpart of another. I shall, therefore, only mention the mode in which we got on.

Our first care, on coming to our ground, was to shovel away the snow, which latterly was six feet deep; we then cut down as many bass-wood trees (a species of the pine,) as we required, and then proceeded to erect our shanty, (*chantie.*) This was done by fixing four forked sticks in the

ground, the higher in front, from which we constructed our roof. The bass-wood bark was peeled and placed upon the roof, one layer lying in the trough of the other, after the manner of a tile. The trees were then split into rough boards, which formed the back and sides of the mansion, the front being open. The snow was then shovelled up so as to render all secure. Hemlock boughs were then strewed on the frozen ground, and blankets and buffalo skins over that. In front was a long fire, composed of six large logs, three at the bottom, two upon these, and one on the top, on the principle on which shot is piled in a battery; in front, and within a yard of the fire, was placed a log to prevent our feet being scorched by the intense heat, and if, during the night, our feet got cold, we had only to place our heels on the top of the log, and in a few seconds they were often more than comfortably warm.

Two shanties were always placed opposite each other, and this had a double advantage; they sheltered the wind from each other, and one fire did for both. In the case of the officers of the party, their servants occupied the opposite one, so they were always within call.

The labour of cutting the road in deep snow was great, and the expense proportionately enormous. Our provisions had to be carried in on men's backs, for the snow had not been broken in time enough to admit of horses or even oxen, so that one half of our men were employed in carrying, or, as it is technically termed, *packing* provisions for the other. The want of oxen produced another enormous source of expenditure; when a log was cut it had to be drawn by drag ropes out of the way, and thirty men could not perform, in the deep snow, what a yoke of oxen could easily have performed in light snow or none at all. When the snow got very deep, too, we had, before felling a tree, to dig a pit round it of sufficient diameter to allow a man to stand in it and swing his axe. The expense of a war surprises John Bull, and he only grumbles; were he to enquire into the causes, it is to be hoped he would be shy of so expensive an amusement, where after all he does not get his fun for his money. I would undertake to-morrow to cut a better road than we could possibly do, for forty pounds a mile, and make money by it,—give me timely warning and a proper season of the year, whereas I am convinced that £2,500 to £3,000 did not pay for the one we cut.

Our amusements consisted in shooting partridges and snaring the Canadian hare, which, as it comes out of its hiding place chiefly at night, can only be apprehended, as the game laws style it, in that manner. The mode of so doing, being

caused by the necessities of the country, is worthy of remark. These animals inhabit the swamps, and make roads through the snow for the purpose of coming out to where they can browse. In these roads a spring is set, by bending down a young sapling, and two pegs are driven into the ground on each side of the path, and notches are cut, in which a yoke is neatly set, from which the noose hangs down, much on the principle of a mole trap. The hare jerking the wire, relieves the yoke, and the sapling resumes its erect position, carrying the hare eight or ten feet above the surface of the snow, and this secures him from becoming the prey of the wolf or the fox, who, if he was within their reach, would inevitably secure him before his legitimate captor arrived in the morning.

In this manner passed the winter, monotonously enough it must be owned, but as we had full employment we had no time to weary. When we were about six or seven miles from the end of our task, I started along the line to view the harbour. In Canada, the line is marked through the forest by what is termed a Surveyor's *blaze*, (a corruption of the French *balise*,) seeing that boughs are stuck in the snow to guide travellers. The blaze consists in marking the trees on the line of the road with an axe, and except to a practised eye, it is easily lost. I had proceeded along it some miles, when a covey of partridges crossed my path; I immediately followed them, and after shooting several and losing sight of the rest, I took off in the direction in which I thought I should again cross the blaze. All my efforts to find it, however, were unavailing, and as the sun was fast declining, I had no other shift than to go back on my own steps in the snow. I had every motive to exertion, and about sun-set I found myself about a mile and a quarter from the camp; but it soon grew so dark that I could trace my way no further. I therefore halted, and having beat a path of about twenty yards in length in the snow, I walked backward and forward, determined to keep moving all night. This resolution I kept for some hours, I believe, but at last I got so sleepy that I could persevere no longer, besides I felt that stupor coming over me which makes men indifferent as to their fate. I therefore determined to use my remaining energies in giving myself every chance of life that circumstances would admit of.

I took off my snow shoes, and poured a quantity of rum into my moccasins; I buttoned my jacket, secured my fur cap about my ears, drew on my fur gloves, and calling a little dog I had with me, and laying my hands over my face, I made him lie on the top of all.

I slept most intensely sound, nor did I awake till the morning sun was at least an hour high. After two or three attempts I managed to rise; my feet were frozen, and one of my hands slightly so, but both were so benumbed that I could not fasten on my snow shoes; I therefore had to stick my toes in the holes of them, and shuffle along as best I could. It had snowed about four inches during the night, which was all in my favour. I managed to scramble on towards the camp, but could not manage more than quarter of a mile an hour. On my arrival there, some old French Canadians undertook the medical treatment of my case. They stripped off my moccasins and stockings, and commenced rubbing my feet with snow. If there was any pain in being frozen I was insensible to it, but of all the tortures this world can devise, the resuscitation was the worst I ever experienced. It was that abominable sensation called tingling, in an extreme degree, to such an extent, indeed, that it more than once produced fainting, which unpleasant symptom they combated by pouring down my throat a tin cup full of rum. When the pain abated, they enveloped my feet in poultices of boiled beech leaves, which they conceive "the sovereignest thing in life" in such cases.

I was confined to my bed for three weeks, and then was only able to go abroad by swathing my feet in numerous folds of blanket. In a few weeks more I was as well as ever. The poor little dog, Moses, the companion of my sufferings, was not so fortunate. He reached the camp with difficulty, and died the next day.

I thought at the time and since, that this was the only instance of a white man sleeping out in a Canadian winter night, without fire or covering of any kind, but whatever it might have been then, we have had an instance here of a Canadian French woman, who slept out under similar circumstances two consecutive nights this winter. She, however, did not get off so cheap as I did, for she has been confined to bed for four months and lost both her feet, and from the extent of the injury it is probable she will be some months yet before she is out of the doctor's hands.

It might be supposed that this kind of life would generate disease, but the very reverse was the case. In this, as well as all my other doings in the woods, I have always found that where it is possible to take proper care of the men, and not expose them to wet, they are more healthy than in quarters. It is only on military duty, or when men who cannot or will not take care of themselves, that disease takes place. I have slept in the woods more than a year, at one time and another, in the course of my life, and with

the foregoing provisos, never was better in health or spirits under any circumstances. Except casualties such as cutting feet, (a very common accident, even among experienced choppers,) and bruises from falling trees, I had not a single case worth noticing on this expedition. I ascribe this mainly to the beneficial effects of the open air on the constitution, a cause which, however much has been said about it, seems yet not to be practically understood by the generality of mankind. Things went on pretty much the same till we had nearly completed our business; no labour had been spared in perfecting our work. Bridges had been thrown across streams in the depth of winter, when officers and men had to stand for hours up to the middle in ice-cold water; ravines had to be bridged when the logs had to be dragged out of swamps through four feet of snow. The month of March was far advanced when we promised ourselves a pleasant summer in the comfortable quarters that we meant to build for ourselves at Penetanguishere, when all our anticipations were set aside by the arrival of the appalling intelligence that peace had been concluded between His Majesty and the United States. This shewed us half pay staring us in the face; however, soldiers have nothing to do but obey—we were withdrawn—all the expenditure incurred went for nothing; we were marched to Toronto, (then York,) and sent to join our respective regiments.

My regiment had marched down the country on its way to embark for England; I followed it, and after remaining for two months at Sorel, embarked in June, 1815, to go to Waterloo, but so many unnecessary delays had taken place, that though we did not sail till the sixth of June, we might quite as well have left Quebec on the sixth May, in which case we should unquestionably have figured in the greatest action of modern times, and his grace, the great Duke, would have been none the worse of from 15,000 to 20,000 of his veteran troops on whom he could depend. It was fated otherwise, however; thank God he managed to do without us. We heard of his victory at sea, and a frigate was sent out to order us to Portsmouth instead of Antwerp. We were some of us sent to augment the Army of Occupation in France, others to various quarters at home, where, after spending eighteen months to my own great satisfaction, but of which a narration might not interest my readers, I was placed on half-pay, and as I only propose to treat of Canada, I shall leave in oblivion the memorabilia of the next eleven and a half years, and in my next chapter take up Canada as I found it in 1826.

MONMOUTH; OR, THE KING'S SON.

BY T. D. F.

No one can have read the history of the Island Empire without being struck with the ever-fluctuating state of public feeling, the short-lived popularity of its monarchs,—so easily won, and so lightly lost,—the ever-restless desire of change—the cry of “Reform! reform!” which has marked its pages, even down to the present day. Never did this love of novelty, and desire of change, show itself more strongly than at the time of the Restoration, when the eager multitude, who had but a few short years before called upon their own heads the blood of their amiable and much-injured sovereign, with savage joy hailed his dethronement and death, now, with equal enthusiasm, shouted their acclamations at the return of his son, to take possession of the throne which had been crushed beneath the iron tread of him who had usurped all but the name of king.

It was, indeed, a proud day for England; and warmly must the young king's heart have beat at the tokens of attachment which marked his progress. Triumphal arches were thrown across the streets through which he was to pass, flowers were scattered, by the young and beautiful, along his path, and blessings were showered upon him from all ages and sexes: the different civil and religious parties vied with each other in loyalty and submission. The general joy was increased by the knowledge of its being the birth-day of the young monarch, as it was considered a happy omen of a long and prosperous reign. But, though the spirit of joy seemed so generally diffused, there were some hearts it could not warm, and whose sadness was increased by the hilarity which marked the day.

There were many who looked, with a prophetic eye, forward, and feared the consequences of the unlimited and dangerous prerogatives which had already cost the nation so much blood and treasure, and which were now yielded, with a lavish hand, to the young monarch. And well might the sage and prudent fear the effect of this self-abandonment of the nation; for this reign, so brilliant in its commencement, was not only fatal to the family of Stuarts, but the most nationally-discreditable one in the English annals.

Among the sad ones, on this happy day, were the inhabitants of a pretty cottage just without

the environs of the city. It was situated in the midst of a beautiful park, and so embosomed by trees that the careless passer-by on the main road would scarce have noticed it. The grounds back of the house sloped down to the River Thames; and it looked like the abode of peace and tranquillity, and as if no unquiet or unhappy thought could linger near it. No one had been seen about it on this busy day, when the neighboring mansions had poured forth their throngs to swell the triumphal procession; and it might have been supposed the residence of one opposed to the return of the king, and too truthful to go forward with the homage of the person, when the heart went not with it. But such conjecture would have been wrong. The cottage owned no master; and the heart of its mistress had gone forth, though in trembling sadness, to bid the young monarch welcome. She had, in secret stillness, traced each foot-fall of his progress; and her fancy had been busy picturing that scene she dared not trust herself to witness. She had seen his smile, and had felt his joy, as the welcoming shouts and greetings of his people fell upon his ear. But why was she sad, when she knew he must be happy? She could not analyse her own feelings, nor shake off the gloom which oppressed her.

As evening came on, she seated herself in a balcony, which looked towards the lovely Thames, whose unruffled surface reflected the gorgeous hues of the setting sun,—that sun which had seemed to shine even more brightly than ever on this auspicious day—giving a good augury for the young monarch. Soon her attention was attracted by a small boat, which darted down the stream, and was guided into a cove just below where she was sitting. A fine-looking boy, of about ten years old, sprang from it, and, hastening up the bank, threw himself at the feet of the lady. His face was sparkling with animation and excitement.

“Oh! mama! mama!” he said, “why should you not let me go to London to-day, to see the new king? I have heard the music and the shouts of welcome; and Hugh tells me he is so handsome! Methinks I should have said ‘God bless him!’ so loud that he would have heard me,

and, perhaps, chosen me as his page, and we would have lived at court then, mama; for I should have shown you to him, and he would have loved you too. Oh! mama, don't you wish I had gone?"

"No, my fair boy," said the lovely mother, as she stooped to kiss his smooth cheek; "I would keep you ever with me, far from the tumult and temptations of a court. It grieved me to deny you the pleasure you so much coveted to-day; but, believe me, it was for the best: and now, tell me, had you a good sail? and have you caught any fish?"

Oh! yes, mama! and Hugh told me such beautiful stories about the king and the court, and how he lived at Cologne with King Charles. Oh! I wish I was a man; but," said he, pausing, and looking earnestly in his mother's face, "why are you so sad, mama? There are tears upon your cheek: did you miss your boy? Oh! James shall not be such a truant again: he will not wish to leave his own dear mama."

Throwing his arms about her, he tried to soothe her with all the graceful blandishments of childhood, and he succeeded: his mother became more cheerful, and, as she walked around the grounds with her boy, she looked almost happy. No one would have believed them to be parent and child: she might have passed for an elder sister; for a striking resemblance was to be traced in the open forehead, and soft blue eye, and auburn hair, which curled over his head, close around his temples; but the lower part of the face was not hers, and one was tempted to ask, whose they were like? The bloom and grace of girlhood had not left the young mother; and she would scarce have been thought to number more than twenty years.

They walked together for some time; the mother apparently wishing to say something which was upon her mind, but it seemed a hard task. At last, complaining of the chilliness of the evening air, she went into the house and, bidding James follow her, entered a small room, exquisitely fitted up: the walls were adorned with paintings; vases filled with rare exotics, and bijous of art, were scattered around; a small lute lay upon the table, and richly bound books and illuminated missals were scattered about on the marble slabs. She seated herself in a large fauteuil, and bidding James take a cushion at her feet, and lay his head upon her lap, she said to him, with a trembling voice:

"James, do you remember your father?"

"Oh! yes, mama, I think I do, though it is long since I have seen him; but did you not say he was coming here with the king?"

"Yes, my child; I trust we shall see him soon."

"Will he not come and live with us, mama? I should so love to have a father that I could talk to, and who would make a man of me. Other boys have fathers to love them, and to be with them."

As he spoke, he felt a tear drop upon his forehead; and he found he had said something which wounded his mother's feelings.

"But," he added, "I have so good a mama, it makes but little difference whether I have any father."

The mother felt the delicate kindness of the boy; and, checking the tears which his unwitting remark had called forth, she said:

"You shall see your father, my dear James; but I fear he cannot live with us: there are circumstances which prevent his acknowledging us at present to the world, and his situation obliges him to live a public life; so we must be content to live without him, and to see him only now and then. I had hoped he could have come to us to-night; but I suppose he cannot leave the king; and we must wait a little, till he finds leisure. He will not know you, my boy, you have so changed. You were but a puny child when he last pressed you in his arms; and now you are almost a man, and so like him."

"Tell me, mama, about him—how he looks. I love to hear about my father. Has he ever been in a battle? and will he teach me to fight?"

Answering these questions, and satisfying the young inquirer, whiled away the hours, till it was time for the child to retire. After he was gone, the pent-up emotions of the mother's heart could no longer be restrained, and she gave way to a passionate burst of painful emotions; and it was a long struggle with herself before she could compose her feelings.

The next day was as bright and auspicious as the preceding for the young monarch. The rejoicings were continued: the officers of the city presented their formal congratulations; and every moment of the king's time was engrossed, in a manner too which he little liked, for business was extremely irksome to him; and had it not been for the witty Buckingham, who was ever by his side, and who seasoned the dullest speech of the dullest officer, with a spice of his racy humor, it would have been insupportable; but Charles possessed that rare gift an excellent tact; and wearied as he was by the formalities of the time, he was too wise to permit it to appear, and every moment served to increase his popularity; for no one came to him without receiving a kind word and smile; and the ready tale of his generosity

and courtesousness passed from tongue to tongue, losing nothing in its passage. He was eminently handsome, too; and personal beauty has more weight upon our minds than we are willing to allow. His figure was commanding; and his whole appearance would have been in the highest degree kingly and dignified, but for a sensual expression which played around the corners of his mouth, and shot forth from his full dark eye.

Thus passed to the king, the first of his reign, almost as heavily as to the fair inhabitant of the cottage, who had not yet been cheered by seeing him who had received her earliest and fondest affections; but she controlled her feelings, and checked the impatience of her boy, whose daily wonderings and questionings about his father had been most painful to her. She had received a few lines, in reply to a note she had written to welcome the long-expected one to his home. They were few; and as she read them again and again, the burning tears which fell from her eyes almost obliterated them.

"No, dearest Lucy, I have not forgotten you, but will visit you as soon as the heavy duties which have devolved upon me will permit. You must forgive me if I seem negligent. Think of my present position, and make due allowance for your still adoring

C."

There was a want of feeling, and a chilliness in these few words, which seemed to freeze the lady's inmost heart, and she would have welcomed the cold hand of death; but she roused herself to shake off this feeling, and to believe that all was right.

"I have deserved it," she murmured. "Oh! my father, could you now see your daughter, you would pity and forgive her, erring as she has been."

It was many days, indeed weeks, before the promised visit was made. It was towards evening, as the mistress of the mansion was sitting in her before described *boudoir*, that a slight knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a cavalier, whose person and features were concealed by the short Spanish cloak and hat, with long drooping features, which seemed put on to disguise rather than to become the wearer; as he entered the lady rose hastily from her chair, as if not pleased with so abrupt an intrusion, but before she could question the comer, his hat was thrown aside, and she recognised the father of her boy; pale and faint with agitation, she would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms; he gallantly imprinted a kiss upon her fair brow, and then replaced her in the chair from which she had arisen.

"Forgive me, dearest Lucy," he said, "for so abruptly intruding myself upon you, but I could not wait to be announced, and besides I had no ready-coined name to give the knave in waiting, so telling him I was your brother, and had not seen you for many a long year, and giving him convincing proof of the truth of my assertion in the form of a doubloon, I bade him show me your apartment; have I your forgiveness?" he continued. "But why are you so pale? I had hoped to find you as bright as when first I won that love which was the only bright spot in what were indeed dark days. Say, Lucy, that you have not, that you do not regret having been my solace and comfort?"

"What I have been, my liege, I can be no more; to the expatriated, friendless prince, Lucy Walters was the devoted, loving wife; she deemed not then, in those happy days, that ought could occur to break the tie which bound her, for she seemed a fitting mate, as he often assured her, for the friendless, landless, scorned prince, who had not even hope for his birth-right; but well does she know the marriage which united them in the hour of adversity, will be as nought to the King of England. Pride, ambition, and the hope of strengthening his power by a foreign alliance, will induce him to dissolve the tie, and Lucy Walters must be replaced by a Queen of England."

Charles of England, for he it was, seemed moved and surprised by these words; he leaned his head upon his hand for some moments, in painful thought, and then, making a great effort, he replied:

"You say truly, dearest Lucy, the King of England is in a far different situation from the hopeless prince, and new duties devolve upon him with his new station; the parliament are already talking of a queen, and I suppose I must choose from the titled of the earth to share my throne. But why, dearest Lucy, need this separate us? Another can share my throne, but you can be to me as you have ever been, and your throne shall be in my heart. Will not this content you?"

He took her hand, and playfully pressed it to his lips. The colour mounted to her cheek as she withdrew it from the familiar touch.

"From henceforth," she said, "you are the King of England, and I will forget we have known each other, and will so tame and school my heart, that it shall learn to hear your name from other lips without remembering that when England gained her monarch I lost him who had been life's load-star. But, my boy! Our boy! Oh! Charles, how can I tell him that his mother is no wife? Deceived though I was by your specious reasoning, will he deem it any excuse, will he

not curse his mother's name, when he finds himself without any legal right to a father?"

The king was deeply moved at the mention of his boy.

"Where is he?" said he; "my heart yearns to him, and I would fain see him and bid him call me father, and father I will be to him; he shall be the link that will still unite us in heart, my Lucy, even if adverse circumstances concur to separate us. Is James not at home? I must see him, and I cannot remain much longer, for I stole away in this disguise, with none but my faithful Buckingham with me; he is waiting without, and I must not try his patience too long."

Lucy touched a small silver bell which lay upon the table near her, and its clear, musical summons, was immediately answered by the appearance of an attendant, whom she bade send her son to her.

The boy soon appeared, his manly face glowing with exercise; he had been told that a strange gentleman was with his mother, and something within whispered it was his father. He had not seen him for many years, and could scarce have remembered his features; he hesitated a moment near the door, as if fearing to advance, but the king said:

"James, come hither, I wish to see you."

The tones of the voice are often remembered when all personal recollection is lost, and those which have been familiar to our childhood's ear are never forgotten, and in after years they come upon our heart like sweetest music, awaking all these hallowed associations of a mother's devotion and a father's love, which consecrate the first few years of our mortal pilgrimage. As the full-toned, melodious voice fell upon his ear, James sprang forward.

"It is my father, I know it is!" and threw himself into his arms.

The king received his caresses with a father's warmth; and, after his first joy had subsided, James seated himself on a cushion at his feet, and gazed intently on his face.

"Oh! papa! I am so glad you are come back again; mama has been so weary watching for you, and has looked so sad and pale, even her boy could not cheer her; but you will stay with her now, will you not?"

"No, my son, I cannot. My duties are such that I must sacrifice my inclination, and leave this sweet spot for a court."

"But, surely, we can live with you there, dear father. Mama will comfort and soothe you, as she does me, when I am ill or tired; and we shall be so happy."

"Alas! my child! would it could be so; but

there are circumstances, which you cannot now understand, which prevent it. You must be satisfied that your father knows what is best for you and your mother;—but I must loiter no longer."

He raised his cap from the table, and taking from it the diamond aigrette which confined the long white plume, he gave it to James, and bade him keep it for his father's sake.

"And should you, dearest Lucy, require anything till I see you again, send your trustiest servant, with this signet to the court," and he put a seal ring upon her finger: "he will always find me; and your wishes, whatever they may be, you shall ever find me ready to attend to them."

He raised her hand to his lips, pressed one long kiss upon the forehead of his boy, and bidding him be dutiful and loving to his mother, he turned to the door and was gone. We will leave Lucy Walters to the sad reflections suggested by this most painful interview, and give a glance backwards to her early history.

Colonel George Walters, the younger son of a noble Scotch family, was one of King Charles the First's most devoted adherents; he had, when a mere child, been brought from Scotland by Queen Anne, and was the pet and plaything of the young prince, and his attachment to him became extreme; as he grew in years he was intrusted with many offices of trust and value about the prince, but he was not ambitious, and when Charles ascended the throne, he did not use his influence over his affection, to obtain a seat in the privy council, or to hold the keys of state, but was content with the rather humble office of gentleman of the bed-chamber. During all Charles' troubles he was ever with him, and proved himself truly loyal, he remained with (or rather near, for he was not allowed to share his imprisonment,) the unfortunate monarch till the last act of the fatal tragedy was closed, and that martyr head laid in the dust by the very ones whose good he had most at heart. Walters then escaped from England with his only child, a beautiful girl, the only pledge of a happy but short union. He arrived at the Hague about the same time with Sir James Douglass, who came to bring Prince Charles the intelligence that he was proclaimed king by the Scottish Parliament, and to urge him to head the armies which were waiting his command to enforce his claims to his father's throne. Charles hesitated for some time whether to obey the summons, for by the hard conditions annexed to his compliance, it assumed that form, rather than the attitude of humble supplicants, which is usually taken by subjects; and it was not till he heard of the fate of the Earl of

Montrose, who, in defence of his Sovereign's rights, fell into the hands of the Puritans, and was put to death in a most ignominious manner, that he consented to go to Scotland, and place himself at the head of his subjects.

Colonel Walters accompanied him, having first placed his daughter under Queen Henrietta's charge, who was quite willing to repay the debt of gratitude she felt to Walters for his devotion to the husband she tenderly loved, by the promise of protection to his child. During the disastrous Scottish campaign, which so blighted for the time the hopes of the young king, Walters was ever by his side, and did not leave him till the poor hearted monarch found himself obliged, as the only chance of escape, to separate himself from his companions, and flee alone to Boscabel, where the royal oak and the four high-hearted and intrepid brothers so long sheltered him from his pursuers. Walters in his flight was arrested and put to death by the infuriate Puritans.

Charles after great sufferings made his escape to Normandy, and remained there and in the Lower Countries, till the abdication of the son of Cromwell, without making any other serious effort to establish his kingdom, though cabals and conspiracies were constantly formed by his adherents, but he contented himself with the shadow of a court, by which he was surrounded, and became engrossed by sensual pleasures and amusements. Lucy Walters had always been with the Queen, and had passed many years in France, where the dethroned and destitute Henrietta had sought refuge, hoping to find in a brother's court that support she so much needed; but it was denied; cold and grudging endurance was all she could obtain, for Cardinal Mazarin, who was the star of the ascendant, looked coldly upon her, and sought the friendship of the Protector. Wearied with the heartlessness of those from whom she expected, perhaps too much, she gladly accepted the invitation which Charles gave her to preside over his mimic court. Lucy accompanied her, and the first glance at her pure and lovely face won the embryo king's regards. He had always trifled with the fair sex, and had found too many to listen to his oft-repeated suit, to feel much respect for them. But there was a holiness and purity in Lucy Walters' look and mien, that made him almost fear her; he dared not approach her with the light word and jest, but he strove by respect and devotion, and more than all by exciting her pity, to win her affection.

Too soon did the innocent girl, unknown in the ways of the world, yield the keys of her heart to the fascinating prince. She listened to

his words of love, and at last, with much fear, consented to a private marriage with him. She did not think he would ever be restored to his kingdom, and she believed his fond words, that she was his all; that, scorned by others, he could find no more fitting bride, that he was in fact brought down to her level. She would have asked why he wished the marriage private, but she well knew the Queen mother, proud and haughty in her nature, dearly as she loved the gentle Lucy, would never consent to her marriage with the son whose restoration she hoped to see soon effected, and her darling project was to unite him with a Princess of her own line.

Lucy could not resist the arguments the prince urged upon her, and she was therefore united to him at the dead of night, the only witnesses being one of his gentlemen and her own maid; the ceremony was, as she supposed, duly performed, and the marriage certificate placed in her hand, and it was not for many years she learned the bitter truth, that she had been deceived by him in whom she placed her confidence, and that the man who performed the ceremony was a minion of the king's, hired to perform the inhuman part.

The quick eye of Henrietta was not slow to perceive that there was a better understanding than she liked, between the young prince and her *protégé*, and she became harsh and unkind to her, till Charles, irritated by her injustice, and wishing probably his intercourse with Lucy to be more unrestrained, removed her secretly from the court. Ere long she gave birth to a son, and in the cares and pleasures of a mother, and the constant though sweet devotion of her husband, as she fondly considered him, she was happy.

A year or two before Cromwell's death, a plan had been formed by a few of those who were weary of the usurper's reign, to reinstate Charles; the scheme promised well, and a good opportunity offering, Charles, confident of his success, sent Lucy and her child to England, that they might be ready to welcome him on his arrival; but the plan from which he hoped so much was a mere bubble, like the many others of the same kind which had been before attempted, and it burst before it had time to come to perfection.

Lucy found herself almost without a protector in a strange land, for she had left it so young that she had but slight remembrance of the place of her nativity; she wished to return to the Hague, where Charles was, but no immediate chance offered, and Charles wrote, urgently requesting her to remain where she was, as his hopes were still strong, he should return soon to his rightful home. Lucy, caring only for

quiet, and a place where she could escape observation, purchased the beautiful cottage which she still inhabited. Here four years had passed over her head, silently but mournfully; she had learned by accident the stratagem which had been played upon her; she had written to Charles to reproach him for his perfidy, but he had soothed and flattered her with the vain assurance that he considered the marriage as binding upon him as if it had been pronounced by mitred priest or crop-headed puritan, and he begged her not to feel uneasy; he only waited a proper time to acknowledge her to the world.

It may be imagined with what interest she watched the tide of political affairs,—what a thanksgiving ascended from her heart when she found Cromwell was dead; then came the short reign of his feeble but virtuous son, and then the glad news that Charles had been proclaimed king, not only at Charing Cross, but throughout the kingdom. Lucy's heart, bent with undefinable emotions, she almost feared the coming of the king, for suspense would then be at an end. Henrietta, the one she had supposed the greatest obstacle to her happiness, was dead, but Charles had not written to tell her of it; she had not heard from him for a long time, and report had whispered that the silver cords of pleasure were about him, binding him to the enjoyments of sense.

The effect of his arrival we have attempted to describe; there was nothing in their first brief interview to reassure her, and when the sound of his retreating footsteps had died upon her ear, she felt she was alone in the world. Months passed heavily on. Charles visited her again and again, but she saw she had lost all hold upon his affections, and she scorned the outward show he paid her. He was most anxious to procure from her the certificate of their marriage, which she still possessed, and which, in Scotland, would have been quite sufficient to legalize it; but she refused to give it to him.

"It is the only proof I have," she said, "to convince my son of his mother's purity, that I was deceived, not wilfully erring. Wrong I was, I know, to return the Queen's kindness by such ingratitude, but my affections and your artful sophistry misled me; but never will I be unjust to my child, though he cannot take his rightful place as head of the kingdom, and successor to his father, he shall at least be able to revere his mother."

Charles, finding all his arguments vain, ceased to importune her.

Now that the country was settled, it became an object with the people to have their sovereign

married, and proposals were sent to the French monarch for the hand of his sister, but obstacles on both sides arising to this union, an ambassador was sent to the court of Spain, to demand the hand of the young Infanta. Spain was too generous to remember the insult which had been offered by the king's father to the aunt of the young princess, and the proposals were accepted, and arrangements immediately commenced for the royal betrothing. The news was received with mingled feelings by King Charles' subjects, for though they wished much to see him married, they dreaded the influence of a Catholic princess, and one so completely under the dominion of the Pope, who had at first refused his sanction to the marriage, and was only brought to yield a reluctant consent, by Charles' ready promise, that she should enjoy all her religious privileges, have her own chapels, confessors and attendants.

Lucy Walters heard with an aching heart of the proposed marriage; the arrow had already entered her heart, and carking care and anxiety had enfeebled her frame; and this last blow, though long expected, was too much for her. She sank rapidly, and the day the young Queen arrived in England, Lucy Walters' sweet eyes were closed in death. The pathos of that parting scene, between the dying mother and her boy, cannot be described; those only who have closed the eyes of a beloved parent can imagine it. Her faithful domestics were gathered about her, and by their tears and lamentations, bore witness to their attachment to their mistress. When she found how ill she was, Lucy had written to Charles, and he had been to see her, and had shown her every kindness, and had promised again and again to be a father to their boy.

"I do not ask you," she said, "to let him live at court, and bear the rank of your son; indeed I would far rather he were removed from such temptations; but give him the means to live as a private gentleman."

And in the assurance that Charles would do so, she yielded her gentle spirit in peace when it was summoned.

Few and simple were the funeral honors paid to Lucy Walters; no purple pall covered her last resting place, but she was borne to her grave unnoticed and unknown, while the shout of "Long live England's Queen!" was ringing through the air. When she was borne into the grave-yard of the small country church, where she was to be buried, a person, covered with a cloak, was standing at the head of the grave, apparently waiting her coming. The coffin was so arranged that the sweet face was exposed to view, and springing forward, the stranger gazed long and earnestly

upon it; then as the solemn service proceeded, he crossed his arms upon his breast, and listened reverently to the preacher's words. Only once he raised his eyes, and that was when the passionate sobs of the orphan boy broke the silence, and he struggled with those about him in his efforts to reach the coffin.

When the service was completed, and the coffin consigned to the tomb, and the "dust to dust" pronounced, the stranger again stepped forward, and taking up some of the new sod, threw it upon the coffin; then turning away, he mounted a horse which was fastened to the little wicket gate, and was soon lost to sight.

Even the solemnity of the scene could not restrain the wonder of the little group gathered about the grave, and many an anxious glance was cast around, as if to discover the mystery; all wondered, but none imagined that Charles of England, for a brief space throwing aside his royal robes, had come to pay his last tribute to the virtues and the love of the poor girl whose fate he had sealed.

(To be continued.)

THE LAMENT OF THE DISCARDED.

"MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you print the following lines for me? I am in the unhappy position so feelingly portrayed by the author, and have in vain attempted to "attune my woes to song." Following the example of a great Bard, I would fain address them, even at second hand, "To one who will understand them."

Yours faithfully,
A DISCARDED WOER.

Refused again! I really feel
Exceedingly distressed!
No soothing potion now can heal
The anguish of my breast.
It is a shame, upon my word,
To see another thus preferred.
And with her beauties blest,
While I am jilted, flung, refused,
Disdained, rejected, scorned, abused.

It is ungrateful, though, indeed,
This cruelty to me—
For I have been her friend in need,
When no one else would be.
I've taken her to parties—balls—
Assemblies—I've made morning calls—
I've even gone to tea;
I've been from autumn until spring
A dangler at her apron string.

I've wandered with her many a night
Along the dewy sward,
When Dian from her cloudless height
A mellowed radiance poured.
I've made her presents, rings and roses,
Perfumes, pomatums, prints and posies—
And this is my reward—
To see her thus another's bride,
Myself most rudely cast aside.

And what is worst, oft when alone,
With tearful downcast eyes,
Her soft cheek resting 'gainst my own,
Her voice half choked with sighs,
She's laid her head upon my breast,
And there in broken words confessed
Love's all enduring ties,
And said—the vixen! that to part
From me would almost break her heart.

And now, just in the very teeth
Of every whispered vow,
She wears another's bridal wreath
Upon her snowy brow—
She's yielded up her glowing charms
To my glad rival's eager arms,
While I forsooth must bow
And kiss the rod that breaks in twain
The links of love's too brittle chain.

'Sdeath, 'tis too much! does she suppose
We men were made to sigh,
And cringe, and fawn, and kneel to those
Who cast us coldly by,
And tear our very heart-strings from us,
I'll—sue her for a breach of promise—
I'll lay my damage high—
I'll teach her that these same flirtations
Are quite expensive recreations.

TO E—A—.

BY J. W. M.

Thou lingering star with brightening ray,
Now sinking in the glowing West.
Again thou callest to mind the day
When Love's pure flame first warmed my breast
That sacred hour can I forget—
'Twas Christian's Sabbath Holy eve
When in our Saviour's house we met?
O never! never whilst I live.

Still o'er that scene my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care:
"Time but the impression deeper makes,
"As streams their channels deeper wear."
No giddy thoughts sit on thy brow,
No pangs of conscious guilt prevail;
But all is calm and pure as snow.
Or as the lily of the vale.

Thou'rt formed in beauty like that night,
All cloudless as it's star-lit skies:
And all that's lovely, fair and bright,
Meet in thine aspect and thine eyes,
What nameless grace in ev'ry tress
Profusely clustering o'er thy face;
Where thoughts so heav'nly sweet, express
How pure, how dear thy resting place.

A PEEP INTO THE DOMINIONS OF PLUTO.

BY M. A. S.

In one of the inland counties of Ireland there was discovered a vein of silver, probably not sufficient to cover the expense of drawing it forth, however, for it is now many years since the search for the mineral was given up, and the mouth of the excavation closed. Whether the work would eventually have repaid those who embarked their capital therein, I cannot determine, nor is it at all necessary for me to do so, as my story refers merely to the time when the mine was being excavated; with its real value, therefore, I have nothing to do.

It was in the grey light of a morning in spring, that a party of the miners were on their way to the mine, when one of them suddenly called out:

"Hollo, boys! what have we here?" pointing as he spoke to a dark object which lay upon the road-side at some distance before them. On a nearer approach, the same man exclaimed:

"Be the powers! but it's Darby the piper:—He has been in his cups over night, an' fell asleep here on his way home."

The men all gathered round, when Micky Lynch, a wild, harum-scarum young fellow, cried out:

"Be this an' be that, but we'll play ould Darby a trick—we'll carry him off with us into the mine, an' then when he comes to, we'll have music for nothin', for we'll make him play whether he will or no.—What do you say boys?"

"Oh! faith, we're all willin' enough, for the ould fellow 'ill be in the divil of a fright when he finds himself down in the cavern, an' it was a chance, sure enough, to light upon him this mornin', for we were just in want of a good laugh."

So saying they hoisted the piper on their shoulders, and having placed himself and his pipes in the bucket, by means of which they ascended and descended, Darby was speedily deposited in the very depths of the cavern. It was no part of the plan to awaken Darby, so leaving him to enjoy his sleep unbroken, they proceeded to make fires and go on with their work. After some time honest Darby awoke, an' on opening his eyes, the first object that presented itself to his astonished sight, was a huge fire: the miners having taken care to light one in his immediate vicinity. He next cast a look around the dark cavern, whose limits were lost in the distance, and whose gloom was rendered still more intense by fires placed at inter-

vals, appearing as though they shot up from the bowels of the earth.

Darby's first care (albeit in no way remarkable for piety on ordinary occasions—but this was no ordinary occasion,) was to raise his hand and bless himself devoutly. He then began to soliloquize as follows:

"Och, then, an' is it come to this so soon? Sure enough I was often tould that sooner or later it 'id happen me, but och! murthur, murthur! sure I couldn't expect it this many a long year, because I'm not an ould man, an' I thought I'd have time for repentance. Och! och! och! but it's the sorrowful sight I see. I suppose they'll be comin' presently to put me on this big fire to roast. Och, Johnny Hannigan! Johnny Hannigan! but it was the unlucky hour that I sat down in your house to drink, for I'm sure I died drunk, an' that's what brought me here!"

It was no sooner perceived that the piper was awake than a crowd gathered around him, and as he gazed on their black faces his heart sank within him. Determined to remain quiet as long as they would permit him to do so, he looked from one to the other with such a look of terror, mingled with entreaty, that a general laugh was heard to ring through the vault.

"Och! the merciless devils!" sighed the terrified piper, "sure it's laughin' they are at the fine sport they'll have roastin' me in that blue blaze!"

Having enjoyed for some time the fears of poor Darby, one of the men (our friend Micky,) called out,

"What the divil are you muttherin' there between your teeth, you poor unfortunate wretch of a piper?"

"Och! your honor!" returned Darby, in the most fawning accents, "sure it's admirin' the fine place I am, that my good fortune brought me into, and I hope your worship 'ill take no offence, for I'm a poor, harmless piper, Darby McBride by name, an' the whole parish can tell your honor's glory that I never did ill to man, woman or child. Och! sure you'll not have the heart to burn me, gintlemen!—sure you'll not?"

"Burn you, you pitiful wretch! is it burn you we'd do?—no, faith! you're not worth the trouble we'd have. But any how, up with you and give us a tune, an' play your best or you know what 'ill happen you. It isn't every day we have music here. So begin at once."

It may well be believed that Darby instantly

complied; at first with a very bad grace, it must be confessed, but under the inspiration of his own music, he soon became animated; and, forgetting his fright in the wild excitement of the moment, he called out:

"Up an' at it, your souls! Why don't you dance?"

"Be the powers o' pewter, but he's right; it's a pity to lose the music!"

And, so saying, they all commenced dancing with might and main—the tones of the bag-pipes waxing louder and louder, and Darby himself calling out, from time to time,

"Hurra, boys! faix it's yourselves can do it. Hurra for our side!"

The dancers at length gave over, when one of them drew near Darby, with a well-filled black bottle of capacious dimensions in one hand, while the other contained a glass, which he filled and handed to Darby.

"Here, piper! we liked your music well, and here's something to warm your heart."

"Many thanks to your worship!" replied Darby, as he took the glass, which he emptied without a moment's delay.

Having wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his coat drawn across it, he indicated his approval of the liquor by a loud smack. Raising his eyes knowingly to the face of his companion, he asked:

"You call this place *hell*, don't you?"

"What the deuce else would we call it?" returned the other.

"Och! then, *musha!* if this is *hell*, where you keep sich stuff, the *sorra* heaven ever myself 'd wish for!"

A loud laugh followed, and Darby having drank off a second glass of the so-much vaunted beverage, became, under its genial influence, somewhat more courageous.

"Sure myself thought," he remarked, "that you had nothin' to do here in the wide world, but to shovel coals on the fires an' keep them agoin'—and now I see that every one o' you is busy diggin' away for the bare life. May I be so bould as to ax what your worships are diggin' for?"

"Why, you ould fool! did't you know that the day of judgment is comin' soon, an' as there is'n't room enough for all the souls that 'ill be sent here, you see we're jist makin' the place big enough to hould them all."

Darby stood aghast on hearing this announcement.

"Arrah! do you tell me so?" he earnestly inquired. "An' will your honor please to tell me will there be many sent here from the parish o' Killsheridan—because that's my parish, an' I'd

wish to know what'll become of the ould neighbours?"

"Tarnation to the one among them but'll be here," returned the supposed imp gravely; "not one from Jack McCarty, the rich meal-man, down to Owen Malone, the blind beggar-man."

"Och, murder in Irish!" ejaculated Darby. "Can that be thrue? an' do you tell me that Phil Mahony that I was drinkin' with in Johnny Hannigan's the night I died, that he'll be sent down here?"

"Not a doubt of it," replied his informant.

"Well, afther all!" went on Darby, communing with his own thoughts; "I wish poor Phil so well that I can't be much sorry for his comin' here, because I know he loves a good glass, and so if they only get some way to land him here in safety, why, myself 'ill be the first to welcome him."

When our friend Micky and his companions had sufficiently enjoyed their practical joke on poor Darby, they plied that worthy disciple of Orpheus with the contents of the black bottle, until he relapsed into the state of unconsciousness in which they had found him; whereupon they placed him again in the bucket, and having hoisted him up once more into open day, deposited him with his pipes in the self-same spot wherein he had first attracted their attention. It was then drawing towards the evening, so that Darby had every chance to pass the night where he had spent the previous one. Alas! poor Darby! His "lodging was on the cold ground."

* * * * *

It was late next morning when Darby awoke, and as it was then Sunday, the people were hurrying in crowds from every direction towards the parish chapel. Darby shook himself up, and without having any definite end or object in view, determined to follow the general example. The sight of the chapel (which name is applied in Ireland, to the temples of the Roman Catholics and Dissenters—the term Church being reserved for those of the Establishment,) recalled Darby's wandering ideas; and, entering with the multitude, he found the priest engaged in performing divine service. At its conclusion the priest turned to address his congregation. If neither endowed with grace of manner nor eloquence of speech, the clergyman of whom we speak was a man of dignified demeanor—he had a pale, thin countenance, shaded on the temples by a few scattered locks of snowy hair, and his whole appearance was rather impressive. He was heard, of course, with respectful attention, merely interrupted from time to time (as is usual in country chapels in Ireland,) by various exclamations of admiration, of fear, or

of horror, as the subject varied. Now it was "Och! och! och!" then again, "Oh! wirra, wirra!" and still oftener, that singular sound heard only (at least I think so,) in an Irish congregation, and which can scarcely be expressed by written characters, being produced by striking the tongue quickly and repeatedly against the palate of the mouth. There are few sermons in which, in one portion or another, the terrors of hell are not held up as a menace before the unrepentant sinner, and the priest in question having found it necessary to enlarge on the subject, concluded by saying:

"Oh! my brethren! have ever before your eyes the fear of that place of great torment, where there is nought but 'weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth'—where —."

He was here interrupted by a voice from the body of the church.

"Jist stop there now, Father Felix! for you've gone far enough. Now I'm listenin' to you off an' on these twenty years, an' I often had my doubts about what you tould us about heaven an' hell, an' all them things, but now I know you're not sayin' the thing that's true, because I'm only jist come from the place below, an' I tell you to your face that I never was better thrated in my life. Divil a center set o' people ever I seen than the very same divils—faith they thrated myself like a lord. So, if you were the priest over again, you should mention them with respect, for it's myself can tell you that they deserve it. An' another thing, Father Felix! I wish you may have no worse luck than to go there when you die!—and so, the back of my hand to you, for I'm entirely ashamed of you, for backbitin' the decent people in the low country."

Whereupon honest Darby (for it was himself,) marched off with a most majestic air, leaving priest and people alike bewildered, but one and all under the impression that the poor piper had lost his senses.

That worthy individual, however, if crazed he was, had at least "method in his madness"—for on leaving the chapel, he proceeded to take his station on a high wall, so as to command the attention of all who should pass. He had not been long on his "airy perch," when the congregation began to issue from the church, and as all were alike desirous to hear still more of Darby's ravings, as they deemed them, he had, in the course of a few minutes, a great part of the population of the parish assembled as his auditors.

Silence prevailed for a few minutes, during which the people awaited Darby's address, while he, on his part, was leisurely engaged in looking

out amongst the crowd for some particular person. At length a voice called out:

"Arrah then, Darby *a-hagur*, tell us what news from the place we won't mention?—you know it yourself."

"Musha, then boys! but it's myself has the great news entirely for yees all. Sure the day o' judgment is close at hand, an' because the place below was too confined for all that's expected there, why they're all hard at work makin' room for the company."

"Musha no, then, Darby! is that throe?"

"Faix it is every word throe as thruth, an' sure they tould me below there, that the sorra a man, woman, or child, in the whole parish, but what 'ill be sent down. Now maybe yees think this bad news, but I can tell you that it 'ill be the blest an' happy day that they'll let you in, for onst yees get there, yees 'ill never want a good glass or a male's mate."

"It's throe for you, Darby *astore*," returned a wag in the crowd. "The good glass or the good male's mate 'ill be but little consar to us."

"Arrah then, Paddy Phillips! sure I know well enough what you mane with your jibin', an' that's all you're good for, sure the world an' Garrett Reilly knows that.* An' in troth it's a pity sich a lazy good for nothin' fellow as you, 'id be sent to sich a dacent place, but I suppose it can't be helped. But did any o' yees see Phil Mahony, or was he at mass the day?"

An answer was returned in the negative, when Darby descended at once from his elevated position to go in search of his friend, leaving the assembled crowd in roars of laughter, for by this time the true version of the story had become known by means of some of the miners who had chanced to be present. It was long, however, before honest Darby could be persuaded that it was in the mine he had been, and even then, he was wont to say with a shrug of the shoulders:

"Troth an' more's the pity that it wasn't in hell I was, for that 'id be a far better place than Father Felix's hell."

Poor Darby! he has long since "crossed that bourne whence no traveller returns;" but of his *second* journey to the world of spirits no revelations have reached us, so that, none can say whether his notions of the happiness of a future state have or have not been realized. Alas! the times when such doings were practicable in Ireland, have now almost passed away, and yet increase of knowledge has brought but small increase of happiness or prosperity.

* A by-word in some parts of Ireland.

MISTAKES AND MISADVENTURES;

OR,

WHAT MAY HAPPEN FROM WEARING A STRANGE PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

On the second anniversary of their wedding-day, the Honourable Charles Caddy, and Lady Letitia, his high-born and beautiful wife, entertained a large party of guests at Caddy Castle. Until a few months previously to this event, the old building had been left nearly desolate, for a period of eleven or twelve years: a few domestics were its only inhabitants, except old Squire Caddy Caddy, its unfortunate owner, who had lost his wits, and was confined in one of its comfortable turrets, under the care of a couple of stout and wary keepers.

The castle had recently been put in order for the reception of the Honourable Charles Caddy, a distant relation of, but next heir to, the lunatic, who was intrusted with the care of Caddy Caddy's property. He came down to Caddy Castle, with a determination of making himself popular in the neighbourhood; and began by giving invitations to all the gentlemen and ladies of respectability, within a circuit of several miles. A number of his own personal friends, and those of Lady Letitia, had followed them, shortly after their departure from town, to spend the Christmas holidays at Caddy Castle; so that the ancient edifice was far more gay than it had ever been, even during the time when the once jovial Caddy Caddy was lord paramount in the halls of his ancestors.

Among the guests assembled in honour of the day, was Mr. Caddy Cuddle, a quiet elderly bachelor, of small fortune, related, on his mother's side, to the Caddy family, who had been one of Caddy Caddy's most intimate associates, in former times. By order of the medical gentleman who attended on Caddy Caddy, Mr. Cuddle, as well as all his old friends, had been denied access to the lunatic, from very proper motives, at the outset of his confinement. Caddy Cuddle's cottage was eleven miles distant: the castle had lost its chief attraction; and this was the first time he had been near it, for several years.

In his younger days, Caddy Cuddle was of a very active and enterprising spirit; he shared the perils of his father's three last voyages, and would, in all probability, have made as good a seaman as old Herbert Cuddle himself, had it

not been for the solicitude of his mother; who, losing her other two children rather suddenly, persuaded young Caddy that a life of ease, with sufficient to satisfy the desires of a moderate person, was preferable by far to the dangers attendant upon a chase after fortune, on the perilous ocean. Caddy then amused himself by studying the learned languages; and, as some of his simple neighbours said, had got them so completely at his fingers' ends, that it was a pity his parents had not made him a parson.

He was as simple, kind, and innocent of evil intentions, as it was possible for a man to be; but it was his misfortune, owing to his ignorance of that most useful of all sciences, a knowledge of the world, to touch the feelings of his host rather smartly, on several occasions, during the discourse that took place, over the bottle, among the guests at the castle. Cuddle was naturally taciturn; but two or three extra glasses of wine produced their usual effect upon such a temperament, and rendered him too loquacious to be pleasant. The happiest hours of his life were those which he had passed, above a dozen years before, at Caddy Castle; and he repeatedly alluded to his unhappy friend, poor Caddy Caddy,—the feats they had performed, the jokes they had cracked, the simple frolics they had enacted, and the songs they had sung together, over their ale and tobacco, in the good old days.

The Honourable Charles Caddy felt particularly annoyed at the fact of his lunatic relation's confinement in the castle—which, perhaps rather in bad taste, he had made the scene of festivity—being thus abruptly revealed to his fashionable visitors; but he was too well-bred to display the least symptom of his feelings. Watching, however, for an opportunity, when he might break in upon Cuddle's narratives, without palpably interrupting him, the Honourable Charles Caddy, adroitly, as he thought, started a subject which, he imagined, would be at once interesting to his neighbours, and turn two or three of his metropolitan friends from listeners to talkers.

"I have been looking over the common, this morning," said he, "and it occurs to me, that, in

a neighbourhood so opulent as ours, races might be established without much difficulty. The common would afford as pretty a two-mile course as any gentleman could desire. If such a thing were set on foot, I should be happy to lend it all the support in my power. I would take leave to offer a cup, to commence with; and I think I could answer for a plate from the county members. Indeed, it surprises me, rather, that the idea has not before occurred to some gentleman in the vicinity.

"Cousin Caddy, it has!" exclaimed Cuddle; "our respected friend and relation, up stairs, gave away a dozen smock-frocks and a bundle of waggon-whips, for seven successive years; and would, doubtless, have done so to this day, had not his misfortune deprived him of the power. The prizes were contended for, regularly, on the second day of the fair—which then took place on the common—immediately after the pig with the greasy tail was caught; and the boys had eaten the hot rolls sopped in treacle; and the women had wrestled for the gown; and——"

"Women wrestle!" exclaimed one of the Honorable Charles Caddy's friends.

"Mr. Cuddle is quite correct, sir," replied young Tom Horner, who had lately come into possession of a snug estate in the neighbourhood; "I have seen them wrestle in various other parts of the country, as well as on our own common."

"Never heard of such savages since the day I drew breath! Egad!—never, I protest!" said the gentleman who had interrupted Caddy Cuddle.

"Why, it's had enough, I must admit," said Horner; "but I think I heard you boast that you were a man of Kent, just now, sir; and, as I am told, the women of that county play cricket-matches very frequently. Now, in my opinion, there is not a very great difference between a feminine match at cricket, on a common, and a feminine bout at wrestling, in a ring. In saying this, I beg to observe that I mean no offence."

"I take none; I protest I see no occasion—no pretence for my taking umbrage. I am not prepared to question the fact," added the speaker, turning towards his host; "not prepared to question the fact, you observe, after what has dropped from the gentleman; although, with permission, on behalf of the women of Kent, I take leave to declare, that I never heard of their indulging in such an amusement, before the gentleman mentioned it."

"Well, sir," said Caddy Cuddle, who had been very impatient all this time to blazon the generosity and spirit of his friend, Caddy Caddy; "I was going on to state, that after the gold-laced hat was grinned for through a horse-collar: the

pig was caught, and so forth—the expense of all which pastimes Caddy Caddy bore—the waggon horse-race was run, for the whips and frocks."

"A waggon-horse-race!" said the gentleman of Kent; "I beg pardon; did I hear you correctly? Am I to understand you as having positively said—a waggon-horse-race?"

"Certainly, sir," said Tom Horner; "and capital sport it is. I have been twice to Newmarket and once to Doncaster; I know a little about racing; I think it a noble, glorious, exhilarating sport: but, next to the first run I saw for the St. Leger, I never was half so delighted with anything, in the shape of racing, as when Billy Norman, who now keeps the west gate of Caddy Park here, exactly sixteen years ago, come August, won the whips on the common."

"Indeed!" simpered the gentleman of Kent, gazing at Tom Horner, as though he were a recently imported nondescript.

"Billy, on that occasion, rode most beautifully!" continued Horner; "he carried the day in fine style, coming in at least seven lengths behind all his competitors."

"If I may be allowed," observed the gentleman of Kent, "you would say, *before*."

"Not at all, sir; not at all," exclaimed Caddy Cuddle; "draught horses are not esteemed as valuable in proportion to their speed: in the waggon-horse-race no man is allowed to jockey his own animal; the riders are armed with tremendous long whips; their object is to drive all their companions before them; he that gets in last, wins: and so, sir, they slash away at each other's horses:—then, sir, there's such shouting and bellowing; such kicking, rearing, whinnying, galloping, and scrambling, that it would do a man's heart good to look at it. Poor Caddy Caddy used to turn to me, and say, as well as his laughter would let him—'What are your Olympic games—your feats and fine doings at the tombs of your old Greek heroes, that you prate about, compared with these, cousin Cuddle?'"

The Honourable Charles Caddy smiled, and bit the inner part of his lip with vexation; he now tried to give the conversation another turn, and introduced the chase; thinking that it was a very safe subject, as Caddy Caddy had never kept a pack of hounds. "I feel very much inclined," said he, "anxious as I am to forward the amusement of my neighbours, to run up a kennel, beyond the rookery, at the north end of the park—where there is very good air, and a fine stream of water—and invite my friend, Sir Harry Parton, to hunt this country, for a couple of months during the season. One of my fellows says, that there are not only numbers of foxes in

the neighbourhood, but what is still better, a few—a very few—of those stags, about which we have heard so much. I think I have influence enough with Sir Harry to persuade him; at all events, I'll invite him; and if he should have other existing engagements, I pledge myself—that is, if such a step would be agreeable—to hunt the country myself."

"Our respected and unfortunate friend, cousin Caddy," said Cuddle, "had a little pack of dogs—"

"A pack of *dogs*, indeed, they were, Mr. Cuddle," interrupted young Horner; "five or six couple of curs, that lurked about the castle, gentlemen, which we used sometimes to coax down to the river, and spear or worry an otter; and, now and then, wheedle away to the woods, at midnight, for a badger-hunt, after drinking more ale than we well knew how to carry. I was a boy then, but I could drink ale by the quart."

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Caddy Cuddle. "those were famous times! 'Tis true, I never went out with you, but I recollect very well how I enjoyed poor Caddy Caddy's animated descriptions of the badger-hunt, when he came back."

"Oh! then you hunted *badgers*, did you?" said the gentleman of Kent to Tom Horner, in a sneering tone, that produced a titter all round the table.

"Yes, sir,—we hunted badgers," replied Tom; "and capital sport it is, too, in default of better."

"I dare say it is," said the gentleman of Kent.

"Allow me to tell you then, sir, that there is really good sport in badger-hunting; it is a fine irregular sort of pastime, unfettered by the systematic rules of the more aristocratic sports. The stag-hunt and the fox-chase are so shackled with old ordinances and covert-side statutes, that they remind me of one of the classical dramas of the French: a badger-hunt is of the romantic school;—free as air, wild as mountain breezes;—joyous, exhilarating, uncurbed, and natural as one of our Shakspeare's plays. Barring on otter-hunt, (and what's better still, according to Caddy Cuddle's account, who has been in the North Seas, the spearing of a whale,) there are few sports that suit my capacity of enjoyment so well as badger-hunting.—Just picture to yourself, that you have sent in a keen terrier, no bigger than a stout fitchet, or thereabouts, to ascertain that the badger is not within; that you have cleverly bagged the hole, and stuck the end of the mouth-line in the fist of a patient, but wary and dexterous clod-hopper; (an old, lame, broken-down, one-eyed gamekeeper, is the best creature on earth for such an office);—and then, what do

you do?—Why, zounds! every body takes his own course, with or without dogs, as it may happen; hunting, yelping, hallooing, and beating every brake for half a mile, or more, round, to get scent of the badger. Imagine the moon, 'sweet huntress of yon azure plain,' is up, and beaming with all her brilliancy; the trees beautifully basking in her splendour; her glance streaming through an aperture in an old oak, caused by the fall of a branch, by lightning, or bluff Boreas, and fringing the mallow-leaf with silver; the nightingale, in the brake, fascinating your ear; the glow-worm delighting your eye;—you stand, for a moment, motionless;—the bat whirrs above your head; and the owl unaccustomed to the sight of man, in such deep solitudes, flaps, fearless, so near as to fan your glowing forehead with his wings:—when suddenly you hear a shout,—a yell,—two or three such exclamations as—'There a 'ees!'—'Thic's he!'—'At un, Juno!'—'Yonder a goath!'—'Hurrah!'—'Vollow un up!'—'Yaw awicks!' and 'Oh! my leg!'—You know by this, that the game's a-foot;—you fly to the right or left, as the case may be, skimming over furzy brake, like a bird, and wading through tangled briar, as a pike would, through the deeps of a brook, after a trout that is lame of a fin. You reach the scene of action; the badger is before, half a score of tykes around, and the yokels behind you.—'Hark forward! have at him!' you enthusiastically cry; your spirits are up;—you are buoyant—agile as a roebuck; your legs devour space—you—"

"My dear fellow, allow me to conclude," interrupted Caddy Cuddle, "for your prose Pegasus never can carry you through the hunt at this rate. To be brief, then—according to what I have heard from my never-to-be-sufficiently-lamented friend, Caddy Caddy—the badger, when found, immediately makes for his earth: if he reach it without being picked up and taken, he bolts in at the entrance; the bag receives him; its mouth is drawn close by the string; and thus the animal is taken.—But, odds! while I talk of those delights, which were the theme of our discourse in the much-regretted days of Caddy Caddy, I forget that time is on the wing.—I suppose no one is going my way."

"I am," replied Tom Horner, "in about three hours' time."

"Ay, ay! you're younger, friend Horner, than I have been these fifteen years," said Cuddle; "time was, before Caddy Caddy lost his wits, when he and I have sat over midnight together, as merry as crickets; but since his misfortune, I have become a very altered man. '*Prima nocte domum claude*?'—that has been my motto for

years past. Mrs. Watermark, my good house-keeper, is, I feel convinced, already alarmed; and it would not become me, positively to terrify her: besides, I am not on very intimate terms with my horse, which I borrowed from my friend, Anthony Mutch, of Mallow Hill, for this occasion: the roads, too, have been so cut and carved about by the Commissioners—doubtless, for very wise purposes—since poor Caddy Caddy's time, that I had much ado to find my way in the broad daylight; and these spectacles, I must needs say, although I reverence the donor, are not to be depended on, so implicitly as I could wish. Let me see—ay—'tis now twelve years ago, from my last birth-day, since they were presented to me; and believe me, I've never had the courage to wear them before. I hate changing,—especially of spectacles; I should not have put them on now—confound them!—had it not been for Mrs. Watermark, who protested my others were not fit to be seen in decent society."

"Under the circumstances you have mentioned," said the Honorable Charles Caddy, "I must press you to accept of a bed. Pray make the castle your own; you will confer an obligation on me by remaining."

"Cousin Caddy," replied Cuddle, rising from his seat, and approaching his host, whose hand he took between both his own; "I rejoice to find so worthy a successor of poor Caddy Caddy, master of Caddy Castle. It would be most pleasing to me, if it were possible, to remain; and, I do protest, that I positively would, were it not for the feelings of Mrs. Watermark—a most worthy and valuable woman—who is now, perhaps, sitting on thorns on my account. But I feel so grateful to you,—so happy in your society, that I will actually quaff another bumper, previously to taking my stirrup-cup; yea, and truly, were honest Jack Cole—old King Cole, as we used to call him, in Caddy Caddy's days—were Jack here, with his fine bass voice, I would actually proffer a stave or so,—say, for instance, the Dialogue between Time and the Drinkers,—if Tom Horner would chime in, as he used to do when a boy, here, in this very room, with honest Jack, poor Caddy Caddy, and myself, in times past.—Honest Jack! most excellent Jack! rare King Cole! would he were here!"

"I should be sorry, cousin," said the Honorable Charles Caddy, "to have omitted, in my invitation list, the name of so respectable and such a friend of our family, as Mr. Cole of Colebrook. If I do not mistake, he sits immediately below my friend Wilmot, at the next table; I regret that I have not had an opportunity of making myself more known to him."

"Jack! honest Jack!" exclaimed Cuddle; "old King Cole here, and I not know it?—Little Jack, that's silent as the grave, except when he thunders in a glee!—Where, cousin? Oddsbird! eh!—Jack, where are you?"

"Here am I, Caddy," replied a diminutive old gentleman, with a remarkably drowsy-looking eye; "I thought you were not going to accost me."

The deep and sonorous tone in which these words were spoken, started those who sat near old Cole: they gazed at him, and seemed to doubt if the sounds they had heard really emanated from the lungs of so spare and puny a personage. Cuddle crossed his arms on his breast, and exclaimed, "And is it, indeed, my friend Jack Cole?"

"Don't you know me, when I speak even?" growled old Cole, "or d'ye think somebody has borrowed my voice?"

"'Tis Jack, himself!" cried Cuddle, "honest Jack! and I did not see him!—These glasses I cannot help sitgmating as an egregious nuisance."

"Well, Mr. Cole, what say you, will you join us?" inquired Mr. Horner.

"No, Sir," replied Cole; "sing by yourself; one ass at a time is bad enough; but three braying together are insupportable."

"The same man,—the same man as ever," exclaimed Cuddle, apparently very much pleased;—"begin Horner;—you know his way;—he can't resist, when his bar comes. He had always these crotchets;—begin, my boy: I will pledge myself that he falls in with the stream of the tune."

Horner and Cuddle now commenced the glee; and, as the latter had predicted, Cole, after closing his eyes, throwing himself back in his chair, and making sundry wry faces, troubled forth the first reply, and afterwards, all the other responses of old Father Time, in the following verses:

"Whither away! old Father Time!

Ah! whither dost thou run?"—

"Low—Low,

I've a mob to mow;

My work is never done."

"Tarry awhile with us, old Time,

And lay thy scythe aside!"—

"Nay!—nay!

'Tis a busy day;

My work it lieth wide."

"Tell us, we pray thee, why, old Time,

Thou look'st so pale and grum?"—

"Fie!—fie!

I evermore sigh,

Eternity, oh! come!"

"Art thou, then, tired, old Father Time?
Thy labor dost thou rue?"
"Long—Long,
Has it been my song—
'Could I but die like you!'"

"Tell us, then, when, old Father Time,
We may expect thy death?"—
"That morn
Eternity's born,
Receives my parting breath."

"And what's eternity, Father Time?
We pray thee, tell us now!"—
"When men
Are dead, it is then
Eternity they know."

"Come, fill up thy glass, old Father Time,
And clog its sands with wine!"—
"No, no;
They would faster flow,
And distil tears of brine!"

Caddy Cuddle, at the conclusion of these verses, took possession of the vacant chair, by the side of old Cole, and soon forgot that there was such a being as Mrs. Watermark in existence. He quaffed bumper after bumper with honest Jack;—an hour passed very pleasantly away in talking of old times;—and Cuddle wondered to find himself slightly intoxicated. He immediately rose, took his leave rather uncourteously, and went out, muttering something about "eleven miles," and "Mother Watermark." In a few minutes, he was mounted, and trotting toward the park-gate which opened on the high road, "A fine night, Billy Norman;—a fine night, Billy," said Cuddle, as he rode through, to the old gate-keeper; "pray, Billy, what say you? Don't you think they have cut the roads up cruelly, of late years?—Here's half-a-crown, Billy.—What with planting, and enclosing, and road-making, I scarcely know the face of the country; it's as puzzling as a labyrinth.—Good night, Billy!"

Cuddle, who was a tolerably bold rider for a man of his years, now struck his horse rather forcibly, with his heels, and urged him at once into a brisk hand-gallop.

"He has a spur in his head," said Billy Norman to himself, as Cuddle disappeared down the road; "I hope nought but good may happen him; for he's one of the right sort if he had it."

The roads were dry and hard, the air serene, and Billy stood listening, for a few minutes, to the sounds of the horse's feet; he soon felt convinced, by the cadences, that Caddy Cuddle was increasing, rather than diminishing, his speed. The beat of the hoofs became, at length, barely audible; it gradually died away; and Norman was going in to light his pipe, when he thought he

heard the sounds again. He put his hand behind his ear, held his breath, and, in a few moments, felt satisfied that Caddy Cuddle had taken the wrong turning, and was working back by a circular route, toward Caddy Castle again. As he approached nearer, Norman began to entertain apprehensions that Cuddle's horse had run away with him, in consequence of the violent pace, at which, it was so clear, from the sound of its feet, that the animal was going. Norman stepped off the pathway into the road, and prepared to hail Cuddle, as he passed, and ascertain, if possible, what really was the matter. The horse and his rider came on at nearly full speed, and Norman shouted, with all his might,—*"Halloa! hoy! stop!"*

"I carry arms! I carry arms!" cried Cuddle, urging his horse forward with all his might.

"Zauns!" exclaimed Norman, "he takes I for a highwayman!—He must ha' mistook the road, that's certain; the horse can't ha' run away wi' un, or a' uldn't kick un so.—Sailor, you be out o' your latitude."

The circle which Caddy Cuddle had made was about two miles in circumference: he went precisely in the same direction again, without, in the least, suspecting his error; and having as he thought, mastered four miles of his road homeward, and given his horse a tolerable breathing, he began to pull up by degrees, as he, for the second time, approached the little rustic lodge of Caddy Park, from which he had issued at his departure. Norman again hailed him, for he felt tolerably satisfied that Caddy carried no other arms than those with which nature had endowed him. Caddy now knew the voice, and pulled up:—"Who's there?" said he; "a friend, I think; for I remember your tone.—who are you, honest man?"

"Heaven help us, Mr. Cuddle!" exclaimed Norman; "Are 'ee mad, sir, or how?"

"Why, nipperkins! Norman, is it you?"

"Ay, truly."

"And how got you here?—I thought nothing had passed me on the road. Where are you going, honest Norman?"

"Going!—I be going nowhere," replied the gate-keeper; "I be here, where you left me. Why, doant'ee know, that you ha' been working round and round, just like a horse in a mill?—And after all this helter-skelter work, here you be, just where you were!"

"D—n the spectacles, then!" said Cuddle; "and confound all innovators?—why couldn't they let the country alone?—I've taken the wrong turning, I suppose?"

"Yeas,—I reckon 't must be summat o' that

kind :—there be four to the right, out o' the straight road, across the common ; the three first do bring'ee round this way, t'other takes 'ee home :—but odds ! Muster Cuddle ! do 'ee get off !—Here be a girth broke,—and t'other as old as my hat, and half worn through, as 'tis.—Oh ! you must go back ; you must, truly, go back to the stables, and put the tackle in order."

Cuddle seemed rather loth to return, but old Norman was inflexible ; he led the horse inside the gate, which he safely locked, and put the key in his pocket, and then hobbled along, by the side of Caddy, toward the stables. As he passed the outer door of the house, he whispered to the porter, his fears for Cuddle's safety, if he were suffered to depart again, and begged that the porter would contrive to let his master be made acquainted with the circumstances of Caddy's ride.

The information was immediately conveyed to the dining-room, and half-a-dozen, with the Honourable Charles Caddy at their head, immediately proceeded to the stables, where they found Cuddle, perspiring very copiously, and endeavouring to obtain information for his guidance, in his contemplated journey, from those who were, from the same cause, as incapable of giving as Cuddle was of following correct directions. The Honourable Charles Caddy, in spite of his good breeding, could not help laughing, when he heard Cuddle's account of the affair ; but he very judiciously insisted on Cuddle's remaining at the castle until morning. Caddy vowed that he would acquiesce only on one condition ; which was, that a servant should be immediately despatched to his cottage, to allay the fears of Mrs. Watermark ; and that such servant should be specially enjoined, not to blab a word of his mishap, to the good old gentlewoman. "If he should," said Cuddle, "Mrs. Watermark will be terrified, and we shall have her here before morning, even if she walk all the way."

It was in vain that the Honourable Charles Caddy and his visitors entreated Caddy Cuddle to return to the table ; he preferred retiring to rest at once.

"You must put up with one of the ancient bed-rooms, cousin Cuddle," said the Honourable Charles Caddy ; "but you fear no ghost, I apprehend ?"

"Nipperkins ! not I," replied Cuddle. "If I am to sleep out of my own bed, I care not if you place me in the most alarming room in the castle. To confess the truth,—but this under the rose, cousin,—I feel a touch of the influence of Bacchus, and '*dulce periculum est*,' when that's the case."

The bed-chamber to which Cuddle was assigned, still retained its tapestry hangings ; and the good man quivered, either with cold, or at the solemn appearance of the room, when he entered it. A very prominent figure in the arras actually appeared to move, as Cuddle sat down in a capacious old chair, at the right-hand side of the bed, to undress himself. After gazing earnestly at it, for a moment, with his stockings half drawn off, he corrected himself, for indulging in so ridiculous a fancy : "None of these Pygmalion freaks," said he : "none of your Promethean tricks, Mr. Imagination of mine ; and yet perhaps, I am accusing you wrongfully, and the mischievous glasses have endowed yonder figure with seeming vitality ; I hope I may not break them, in a pet, before I get home."

Caddy Cuddle was one of those unfortunate beings who accustom themselves to read in bed ; and who, from long habit, can no more compose themselves to sleep, without perusing a few pages, in their night-gear, than some others can without a good supper, or a comfortable potation. Caddy discovered two or three old, worm-eaten books, in a small table drawer, and selected that one which was printed in the largest type, for his perusal when recumbent. It was a volume of tracts, on geomancy, astrology, and necromancy. Cuddle read it with avidity, and by the time the small piece of candle, with which he had been furnished, was burnt out, he had filled his brain with images of imps and familiars. Finding himself suddenly in utter darkness, he laid down the book ; and then, turning himself on his back, very soon fell asleep.

No man, perhaps, ever kept a log-book of his dreams ; and yet, such an article would certainly be more amusing than many an honest gentleman's diary, for there are persons in the world whose waking adventures are as dull and monotonous as the ticking of a clock, while their biography in bed—their nightly dreams—if correctly narrated, would, in some cases, be exceedingly droll ; and, in others, insupportably pathetic. The happiest people by daylight often suffer agonies by night ; a man who would not harm a worm, with his eyes open, sometimes commits murder, and actually endures all the misery of being taken, tried, and half executed, in imagination, while he lies snug, snoring, and motionless, beneath a pair of Whitney blankets. It is rash to say that any individual is, or, at least, ought to be, happy, until we ascertain how he dreams. A very excellent country 'squire, in the west of England, was once told, by a person of discrimination, that he appeared to be the most comfortable man in existence :—"Your desires are with-

in your means ;"—thus the 'squire was addressed ;—" your wife is most charming in temper, manners, and person ; your affection is mutual ; your children are every thing that a parent could wish ; your life has been so irreproachable, that you must be as easy in mind as it is possible for a man to be : no one bears you malice ; on the contrary, every body blesses you : your house and your park are delightful ; you are most felicitous, even in your servants and cattle ; you are naturally—" "True, true to the letter," impatiently interrupted the 'squire ; "but what's all the world to a man who, without why or wherefore, dreams that he's with old Nick every night of his life ?"

Caddy Cuddle was not much addicted to dreaming ; but, on the night he slept in the ancient room, at Caddy Castle, he felt satisfied, as he afterwards said, that in the course of a few hours, his imagination was visited with fantasies enough to fill a volume : although he could not recollect, with any distinctness, even one of them, half an hour after he awoke. The moon was shining full upon the window, and making the chamber almost as light as day with her radiance, when Caddy opened his eyes, after his first sleep, to satisfy himself, by the view of some familiar object, that he was not among the strange creatures of whom he had been dreaming. Perched upon his nose—threatening it with whip, as Caddy saw, and galling it with spur, as Caddy felt—he beheld an imp, whose figure was, at once, more grotesque and horrible, than those which had flitted before his mind's eye, during his slumber ! The creature seemed to be staring at him with terrific impudence, and jockeying his feature, as though it were actually capable of running a race. Caddy's eye balls were almost thrust out of their sockets with dismay ; his neither-jaw dropped, and he groaned deeply, under the influence of the visible nose nightmare with which he was afflicted. For more than a minute, Caddy was incapable of moving either of his limbs ; but he summoned up resolution enough, at last, to close his eyes, and make a clutch at the fiend, that rode his nose in the manner above described. With a mingled feeling of surprise, mortification, and joy, he found the nose night-mare to be his spectacles !—He had gone to sleep without removing them from his nose ; and, by tumbling and tossing to and fro, in his dreams, he had displaced and twisted them, sufficiently to assume a position and form that might have alarmed a man of stouter nerves than Caddy Cuddle, on awaking in the middle of a moonlight night, after dreaming of more monsters than the German

authors have ever located on Walpurgis night in Hartz.

Caddy tried to compose himself to sleep again ; but grew restless, feverish, and very uncomfortable : he beat up his pillow, shook his bed, smoothed his sheets, walked several times up and down the room, and then lay down again ;—determined, at least, to doze. But Morpheus had taken leave of him ; and Caddy, at last, resolved on dressing himself, going down to the kitchen, and, as he had tobacco about him, to smoke a pipe, if he could find one, clean or dirty. He attributed his want of rest to not having indulged in his usual sedative luxury before going to bed ; and very resolutely taxed himself with the commission of an egregious folly for having drunk more than he ought. Anthony Mutch's horse, and the commissioners of the roads, he very copiously abused, while dressing himself : the spectacles were, however, the grand objects of his indignation ; but, bad as they were, he conceived that it was necessary to coax them into shape again, and mount them on his nose, previously to attempting, what he deemed, the perilous descent, from his chamber, which was on the third floor, to the kitchen below. Caddy, however, was too well acquainted with the topography of the house, to incur much danger : moreover, the moon beamed with such brilliancy through the glass dome that lighted the great circular staircase of Caddy Castle, that a man, much more short-sighted than our hero, might have gone safely from the top to the bottom, without the assistance of glasses.

In a hole in the kitchen chimney, Caddy found two or three short pipes ; he congratulated himself on the discovery, and immediately filled one of them from his pouch. The castle was now as quiet as the grave ; and no soul, but Caddy himself, seemed to be stirring. He felt rather surprised to see the stone floor of the kitchen, for above a yard from the chimney, covered with embers of expiring logs, while the hearth itself was "dark as Erebus." Caddy Cuddle, however, did not trouble himself much about this circumstance ; he had often seen the kitchen in a similar condition after a frolic, in Caddy Caddy's time ; and very gravely lighting his pipe, he deposited himself on a warm iron tripod—which had been standing on the hearth, probably, the whole evening—in preference to a cold oak chair. The kitchen was comfortable, notwithstanding it was dark, for the embers, as we have already stated, were expiring, and Caddy was without a candle, and he smoked the pipe so much to his satisfaction, that he determined to enjoy another. Kicking the bits of burning wood together, as he sat,

in order to light his tobacco, he, unintentionally, produced a little blaze, which proved rather distressing to him:—as he stooped to light the pipe, he heard a noise that attracted his attention; Caddy looked about, and, on the spacious hearth, beheld something that bore a rude similitude to a human figure!

Caddy was rather alarmed; and he uttered an exclamation, which seemed to rouse the object of his fears. It raised itself on its hands, and after staring Caddy full in the face, as he afterwards stated, began to uncoil itself, and, at length, rose and stood, tolerably terrified, to judge from appearances, gazing at the odd-looking figure which Caddy cut, with his nightcap, spectacles, and pipe, on the large iron tripod. Cuddle now perceived that his companion, although of masculine frame, was arrayed in female habiliments, which were black as the exterior of an old stewpan. It was Martha Jones, the scullion, a Welsh girl, who, whenever she could, indulged herself with a night's rest, in her clothes, on the warm hearth of Caddy Castle kitchen, instead of a comfortable bed in one of its turrets. On these occasions, she previously swept the embers from the hearth to the stone floor; as Caddy Cuddle had found them, on entering to smoke his pipe. She was indulged in these and a few other odd vagaries, on account of her excellence as an under-strapper to the cook, who frequently said, that she could and would, do more work in one day, than a brace of the ordinary run of scullions did in a week. Martha possessed a pair of immense muscular arms, which resembled, in hue, the outer leaf of a frost-bitten red cabbage: her cheeks were of the same colour when clean; and shone, after a recent ablution, as though they had been smeared with bess'-wax and turpentine, and polished by means of a furniture-brush. Caddy Cuddle, in his subsequent description of Martha, said, that her hair was jetty as a black cart-horse's tail;—her lips pouted like a pair of black puddings; and her eye—for truth to say, she had but one—was as fiery and frightful as that of a Cyclops. Martha's features were, however, though large, remarkably well-formed; and more than one ploughman in the neighbourhood already sighed to make her a bride.

After Martha had gazed, for more than a minute, at Caddy Cuddle, who ceased to puff, and almost to breathe, from the moment the scullion had first begun to move, she burst out into a loud fit of laughter, in which she indulged for some time; occasionally stirring and raking the embers on the floor together, to create a better blaze, in order that she might enjoy a full view of Caddy Cuddle, who was now quite as ludicrous in her

estimation as she had been terrible in his. Cuddle at last waxed wroth; threw his pipe on the floor; thrust one of his hands beneath the breast of his waistcoat; placed the other behind him, under the tail of his coat, which he considerably elevated by the action: and, in this, as he deemed, most imposing attitude, asked Martha how she dared to insult one of her master's guests in that manner.—“Stand aside,” continued he, “and let me withdraw to my chamber, woman!”

“Ooman!” cried the scullion, ceasing to laugh in an instant, and putting on rather an alarming frown:—“Ooman!—her name is Martha Jones, and no more a—Yes, her is a ooman, though, tat's true;—but Martha Jones is her name, and her will be called ooman by nopoty, look you; that is what her will not.—Ooman, intee! Cot pless her! To live six long years in the kitchen of 'Squire Morgan, and one pesides, at Squire Caddy's, with a coot character, and her own aunt a laty, to be called 'ooman,' py a little man in a white night-cap! look you, I sal tie first!”

Caddy Cuddle's experience with the woman-kind, as our excellent friend, Jonathan Oldbuck ycleps the fair part of the creation, was very limited: he had read of heroines, in the Latin and Greek authors; spoken to a few demi-savages, when a boy, during his nautical adventures in foreign parts; occasionally chucked a dairymaid under the chin, when *Bacchi plenus*, in the reign of Caddy Caddy, at Caddy Castle; and had a few quarrels with his housekeeper, Mrs. Watermark. He was of opinion, from what he had witnessed, that a little flattery was of sovereign virtue with the sex; and, in order to escape from Martha's clutches, of which he felt in considerable awe, Caddy Cuddle essayed to soothe and allay the fever into which he had thrown the scullion by calling her a woman, with a few compliments. But, like all inexperienced persons, Caddy Cuddle could not hit the golden mean; he overstepped the mark so much, as to make honest Martha imagine that he really admired her. Caddy was not aware to what an extent his flattery was leading him: he plumed himself on his tact and discretion, when Martha's face began to relax into a smile; launched boldly into hyperbole, as soon as she curtsied at his compliments; and, in order to effect a dashing retreat, by a bold *coup-de-main*, attacked the enemy with a brigade of classical metaphors. The scullion could hold out no longer; she strode over the intervening embers; clutched Cuddle in her colossal grasp; and, in an instant, she was seated on the tripod which he had previously occupied, with the very alarmed little gentleman perched upon her knee.

The nose-nightmare was a trifle, in Cuddle's

estimation, compared with what he now endured : he struggled, and roared with all his might ;— called Martha Jones, “ Circe, Canidia, Scylla, Medea, Harpy, Polyphemus, and Witch of Endor,” without the least effect ; she seemed to consider these appellatives as endearing epithets, and kissed Caddy, so vehemently, that he thought his heart would break.

And it was not merely the warmth of the scullion’s gratitude or affection—whichever it might be—that so discomposed Caddy Cuddle ; Martha, in striding across the blazing embers, had ignited her greasy, and consequently, very combustible apparel ; and although she seemed to be quite unconscious of the circumstance, Caddy Cuddle felt that the incipient flame had begun to singe his stockings. At length, Mistress Martha herself became somehow or other, cognizant of the fact ; and she instantly threw Caddy Cuddle off her knee, shrieked like an infuriated maniac, snatched up the kitchen poker, and flourished it about Caddy’s head, threatening him, by her actions, with immediate annihilation ; as though he, good innocent man, had been the cause of the combustion.

Luckily for Caddy and the scullion, their *tête-à-tête* had been so boisterous, as to have alarmed the castle ; and the French cook, with two or three other men-servants, burst into the kitchen at a very critical instant both for Caddy and Miss Jones. A bucket of water, dexterously applied by the coachman, quenched the blazing petticoats, and somewhat allayed the fiery heart of the scullion ; who retreated behind a pile of pots and kettles. While Caddy apostrophized the cook, Martha was loud in vituperation ; the men-servants were as noisy as Bedlamites ; and the *cuisinier* himself, a recently imported Frenchman, imprecated, very loudly, in his own language,—consigning Caddy, the scullion, coachman, and his fellow-domestics, with all other the English people, past, present, and to come, in one lot, to the care of King Pluto and his sable adherents. Alarmed at the uproar, the guests at Caddy Castle came in by twos and threes, and, in a few minutes the kitchen was thronged.

The Honourable Charles Caddy had scarcely closed his eyes, when the exclamations, from Caddy Cuddle and the scullion, reached his ears ; the lovely Lady Letitia having amused herself by giving him a curtain lecture, of some two hours’ duration, after they had retired, on his gross and most apparent gallantry to the plainest woman among the visitors at the castle. He leaped out of bed, on hearing the noise, rather to escape from the dulcet abuse of his better-half, than from any strong feelings of interest or

curiosity ; and, as soon as he could make himself fit to be seen, hurried toward the place of declamation. There he found Caddy Cuddle, encircled by twenty or thirty people, (who, though they were his guests, and had dined with him, he positively did not know in their nightcaps,) exclaiming prodigiously against the scullion, and endeavouring, by dint of vociferation, to prove that he was not at all to blame.

The Honourable Charles Caddy soon cleared the kitchen, when he found that nothing of consequence had occurred : the guests and servants retired ; and Caddy Cuddle, after making several apologies and protestations of innocence, whatsoever the scullion might say of him, to his cousin, took up a candle, which somebody had left on the dresser, and marched off to the staircase. The Honourable Charles Caddy, who had detained the cook, now inquired who and what the creature of darkness was behind the saucepans ; and while the cook was explaining, and Martha Jones was giving a most excellent account of herself, Caddy Cuddle proceeded towards his bed chamber. As he passed Lady Letitia’s door, he knocked, and whispered, through the key-hole a long string of apologies, in which he was interrupted by the lady’s husband ; who, after marshalling him to his room, made him a most ceremonious bow, and wished him a very excellent good night.

Caddy paced two or three times up and down the room, lamenting his misfortunes, and inwardly vowing never to quit his cottage for a castle again. He was so anxious not to disturb the household, he neither stamped on the floor, nor groaned audibly ; but rather “ stepped a tiptoe,” from the window to the fire-place, and thence to the window again, scarcely breathing as he moved. Finding little relief from this state of constraint, he threw himself on the old chair that stood on the right hand side of the bed, and began to recover a little of his usual good humour. He reviewed the circumstances which had happened during the night ; and they now presented themselves in so droll a light to Caddy’s mind, that he could not help smiling at his mishaps, and proceeded to unbutton his waistcoat. All at once the remembrance of the moving tapestry flashed across him, and his eye was instantly fixed on the figure that had alarmed him previous to his retiring to rest. “ Surely,” thought he, “ it could not be imagination, for it moveth even now, most palpably !— or my visionary organs are singularly impaired ; or these new spectacles lead me into very unpleasant errors. Would that I had never accepted them !” He removed the snspected offenders from his nose, wiped them carefully with the tail of his coat, and was going to put them on again,

when a tall, stout-built person, slipped out from behind the arras, and advanced with hasty steps, toward him, exclaiming,

"Soho! friend Caddy Cuddle, you're come at last!"

"What, in the name of all that's good art thou?" exclaimed Caddy, feeling surprised that he was not more frightened;—"who art thou?"

"Don't you know me, Caddy?" said the intruder, laying his hands on Cuddle's arm; who was very much pleased to feel that his visiter possessed the property of tangibility, and was, therefore, no ghost.—"Don't you know me, Caddy?" repeated the figure, in rather a reproachful tone.

"I dare say I should, sir, if you would permit me to put on my spectacles,—bad as they are," replied Caddy; "and if you'd step back a yard or two, so as to get, as it were, at the proper focus of my sight:—suppose you take a chair."

The tall man retreated some paces, and Caddy put on his spectacles.—"Now, sir," said he, "we shall see: where are you?—Oh! I perceive—Why, bless my soul, sir—is it—can it be? Are these glasses really playing me tricks? or have I, in truth, leaped out of the frying-pan into the fire?—You surely cannot be my very unfortunate friend, Caddy Caddy, of Caddy Castle!"

"The same," replied the tall old man, with a sigh:—"Caddy Caddy, sir, of Caddy Castle!"

"And how the nipperkins did you break loose?" cried Cuddle, rising from the chair, and advancing two or three steps.

"Where now, where now, sir?" said Caddy Caddy, taking a gentle hold of Cuddle's arm.—"Where now, friend Cuddle?"

"Where?—why, to the door, doubtless!—Am I doomed to do nothing but alarm the castle?"

"Alarm the castle!" exclaimed Caddy Caddy; "are you out of your senses? why, they'd lock me up, if you did."

"To be sure they would, and that's precisely what I want them to do.—My dear sir, I beg pardon; I would't give offence, I'm sure,—neither to you nor the people of the castle; but I can't help it.—You must allow me to give the alarm.—I cannot submit to be shut up with a madman."

"So, then, you join in the slander, do you?" said Caddy Caddy; "Cuddle! you hurt me to the soul!"

"Well, well.—my dear friend,—my respected friend,—I am sorry I said so;—it was but in joke."—"Cuddle," replied Caddy, "I was ruined by a joke:—somebody called me a madman, in jest; the rest of the world joined in the cry, though it was a fool who gave tongue; and, at last, they ran ran me down; proved, to their own satisfac-

tion, that I was out of my wits, for being in a passion with, and turning upon, those who were hunting me. Nothing is more easy than to prove a man mad—begin by throwing a slur on his mental sanity; watch him narrowly; view all he does with a jaundiced eye; rake up a score of facts, which occurred a year apart,—facts that are really frolics, freaks, whims, vagaries, or what you will, of the like nature; place them all together, and the business is done; you make as fine a picture of lunacy as a man would wish to look at. I assure you, Caddy Cuddle, I am no more a lunatic than you are,—take my word for it; so sit down and tune the fiddle."

"Fiddle! what?—where?—which fiddle?"

"Oh! they allow me my fiddle; I should go crazy in earnest without that. I left it behind the arras;—come—"

"Come! come where?"

"Come and fetch it," said Caddy, dragging Cuddle toward the place from which he had issued.

"Nipperkins, cousin!" cried Cuddle, "go and get it yourself."

"No, no," replied the other, with a knowing look; "if I were to do so, you'd slip out, while my back was turned, and raise the castle. I've had trouble enough to elude their vigilance during the bustle, to lose my liberty so easily again. By-and-bye, we'll go down stairs together, and break open the cellar;—it's all my own, you know, if right was cock of the walk. I'm for gambocks and junketting, I forewarn you, and we'll have a jolly night of it."

By this time, Caddy had approached the arras with Cuddle fast in his clutch; he stooped down, and drawing forth an old fiddle and stick, put them into the hands of Cuddle; who, as may be imagined, was by no means enamoured of his situation.

"Now," said Caddy, "in the first place, my friend, play Rowley Waters. I have been trying to recollect the two last bars of it for these three years, but I cannot. Do you remember how beautifully my drunken old butler, Barnaby, used to trol it?"

"Ay, those were merry days, cousin," said Cuddle; "poor Barnaby! his passion for ale laid him low, at last."

"And many a time before."

"What! was it in time of your sanity? I beg pardon. Do you remember, then, our finding him, flat on his back, by the side of an untapped vat of the stoutest beer that ever Caddy Castle could boast?—Methinks I can see him now, with the gimlet in his hand, with which he had made an aperture in the cask, and sucked the blood of

barley-corn, to such an abominable extent—the old beast did—that—”

“Don’t asperse him, Cuddle,” said Caddy; “he put a peg in the hole before he died. He was the best of butlers; if he drank a skinful, he never wasted a noggin. But now for Rowley Waters;—play up, and I’ll jig.”

“No, no,” said Cuddle, laying down the instrument; “I’ll do no such thing; I won’t, by Jupiter!—that’s resolute.”

“Well, then, I’ll play, and you shall dance.”

“Don’t make me swear,” said Cuddle; “don’t, Caddy, Caddy!—What! raise a riot again?—You don’t know, perhaps, that I have already sinned egregiously;—although, I protest, without the least evil intention. Besides, it would produce that very effect which you wish to—Eh! what was I saying?—Well, I don’t mind if I do give you one tune.”

“Thank you kindly, cousin Cuddle,” said Caddy, taking up the fiddle; “but you have raised an objection, which I admit to be of great weight. Oh! cousin Cuddle! Did you want to betray me?—I thank you for the hint:—we should, indeed, alarm my enemies. You overreached yourself, and saved me, cousin.”

“Well, I scorn a lie,” replied Cuddle; “such a thought as you suspect did occur to me: for I protest I am not very comfortable in your company, much as I respect you. Go back to your bed;—for your own sake, go.”

“Oh! what a thing self-interest is!” exclaimed Caddy; “‘for your own sake, go,’ quoth he, when it is solely for his! Cousin Cuddle, I shall not!—that’s a plain answer for you.”

Caddy now placed a chair immediately opposite to that on which he had found Cuddle sitting on his entrance; he forced the alarmed little gentleman into his seat; and in a few moments, resumed the conversation.

“Cuddle,” said he, looking very seriously, “as the world goes, I take you to be an honest man, and my friend. Now, I’ll confide something to your ear that will perfectly astonish you. The people about me don’t know a syllable of the matter; I kept it snug from them; if I had not, they would have restricted me to one room, instead of allowing me the liberty and use of three. —Draw your chair close.—About three years since I broke loose.”

“So I heard,” said Cuddle, trembling as he remembered what had been related of Caddy’s violence on that occasion. The great staircase of the better part of Caddy Castle, was circular, and surmounted by a magnificent dome, which lighted it completely down to the hall; Caddy had thrown himself over the banisters, and must inevitably

have been dashed to pieces, had it not been for a scaffolding, which some workmen had erected within the circle of the staircase, for the purpose of repairing some part of the masonry, a few days before. Caddy fell among the people on the temporary platform, and was taken up, apparently lifeless; but in the course of a couple of months, his bodily health was restored,—his mental malady remaining nearly in its former state.

“You know,” continued Caddy, “of my leap; I gave them the slip, then, cousin, in good earnest. I fell a terrific depth, and did the business at once. I recollect the near approach to the scaffolding, of the erection of which I was ignorant; but, as it happened, it did not frustrate my intentions.”

“I feel very ailing—very indisposed, indeed,” said Cuddle; “pray, cousin Caddy, permit me to—”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Caddy; “you are as well as ever you were in your life; I am sure of it; so hear me out:—of course, you heard their account of restoring me to health;—but they knew nothing of the matter, cousin Cuddle—when I seemed to them to revive, I felt that I was disembodied!”

“Disembodied!” cried Cuddle, staring wildly at Caddy.

“Ay, disembodied, cousin,” said Caddy; “and my sole wish, except for liberty, now is, to obtain a disembodied companion, who—”

Cuddle could hear no more. To describe his thoughts or feelings at this moment, would be a task beyond the power of our feeble pen. We shall attempt only to relate his actions. He threw himself back in the capacious chair which he had hitherto occupied, but by no means filled; brought his knees on a level with, and as near as possible could to, his face; and then, suddenly throwing out his legs, with all the energy he possessed, struck Caddy in the breast with his feet, so violently, as, in an instant, to turn him and his chair topsy-turvy on the floor. He exhibited a specimen of that agility for which he had been famed in his younger days, as well in this, as in his subsequent proceedings. Skipping over Caddy and the chair, he flew to the door, and made for the staircase at full speed. It is useless to conceal that Cuddle was dreadfully frightened; he heard Caddy striding after him at a fearful rate; and felt satisfied, by the evidence of his ears, that his dreaded pursuer would very speedily overtake him. People in similar situations adopt plans for escaping, which men, sitting calmly over their coffee, would never dream of. Cuddle knew that he should have no chance in a grapple with Caddy: it was ridiculous to hope for help if

he cried out; for, before any one could come to his assistance, Caddy would have sufficient time to disembody his spirit: and his pursuer was evidently an overmatch for him in speed. Cuddle was desperate: he suddenly determined on attempting to evade his enemy by a bold and dangerous manœuvre. He leaped upon the banisters, which were massive and broad enough for a man to stand upon with ease; caught hold of the rope, by which the dinner-bell, above the cupola, was rung by the porter in the hall below; and threw himself upon it—in a style which would have done honor to a thorough-bred seaman—at the moment the tops of Caddy's fingers touched his heels. We cannot wait to describe the consternation into which the ringing of the dinner-bell, at that time of the night, threw all the inmates of Caddy Castle; our hero claims our undivided attention; for, his position was most perilous—at least, in Cuddle's own opinion.

Having descended, with moderate haste, for a few yards, he felt by certain jerks of the rope, that Caddy had followed his example, and was pursuing him down the rope, with such hair-brained velocity too, as he very speedily ascertained, that he was in greater danger than ever. The rope was swung to and fro, by his own exertions and those of his enemy, bumping him against the banisters with considerable force; but the blows he thus received were beneath his notice; he thought only of escaping. Finding that Caddy gained upon him, he contrived, as the rope swung towards the side of the staircase, to catch hold of one of the stout iron rails of the banister; secure in his clutch, he quitted the rope, with considerable dexterity, and had the satisfaction, while he dangled, of seeing Caddy slide by him. He now began to roar lustily; but his efforts were needless, for almost every living creature in the house was already on the alert; the watch-dogs were barking without, and the lap-dogs within; the ladies were shrieking; the gentlemen calling the servants, and the latter wondering, and running here and there, exceedingly active, but not knowing what to do or what was the matter. By degrees the male portion of the inhabitants of the castle became concentrated in the hall; lights were procured; and while the ladies and their attendants peeped over the rails of the great staircase, in their nightcaps, to watch the proceedings of the party below, Martha, armed with the kitchen poker, volunteered to search every hole and corner in the castle: but her master forbade her on pain of his displeasure; "For," said he, "I feel satisfied that it is a disgraceful hoax of some scoundrel in the house,

who shall certainly be ducked if ever I discover him. Is any one absent?"

"All the men-servants are here, sir," said the coachman; "and all the gentlemen, too, I think?"

"No, they are not," exclaimed Martha, with a ludicrous grin; "where is my sweetheart, can you tell?—I do not see him."

"Oh! he's fast asleep, good man!" said the Honorable Charles Caddy.

"I wish he were!—I do most sincerely wish he were!" quoth Cuddle, who had released himself by his own exertions from his pendent position, and was now hastening down the lowest flight of stairs. "You may stare, my good host;" continued he, "but to sleep in Caddy Castle is perfectly impossible!"

"So I find to my cost," replied the Honorable Charles Caddy; "and if I can find out the rascal who—"

"Do not waste time in threats," said Cuddle; "but fly—disperse, in quest of my respected, unhappy friend, poor Caddy Caddy, who has been with me this half hour, and would have disembodied me, if I hadn't given him a kick in the stomach, and put my trust in the bell-rope."

At the request of his host, Cuddle gave a hurried detail of what had taken place between himself and Caddy Caddy; while those domestics, who had the immediate care of the lunatic, hastened up to his rooms. They returned just as Cuddle had concluded, and stated that Caddy Caddy was undressed, and fast asleep in his bed; the doors were locked; and they found every thing about the apartments in the precise state in which they had left them. One of the party said, that he slept in the next room to Caddy Caddy, and was quite certain that he should have heard the lunatic if he had moved; and as to his having been at large, he protested it was impossible.

It was useless for Cuddle to vow and solemnly declare that Caddy Caddy had been with him, in the face of this evidence: the gentlemen shook their heads; the men grumbled; the ladies on the staircase tittered; and their maids pronounced Mr. Cuddle's conduct to be altogether shocking.

"It is a very distressing case," said the Honorable Charles Caddy; "and I protest I never was in so awkward a situation before. I feel bound to apologize," continued he, "to every lady and gentleman in the castle, for the uproar which my relation, Mr. Caddy Cuddle, has doubtless unintentionally produced. I am bound to add, in justice to myself, that upon my honour as a gentleman, I had not the most remote idea that either of my guests was a somnambulist."

"Is it possible that you can allude to me?" exclaimed Caddy Cuddle. "Is my veracity impeached? Am I to be a martyr to our poor relation's freaks?—Or, possibly, you will tell me that I ought to doubt the existence of my own senses."

"I never presume," was the reply, "to dictate to a gentleman on so delicate a point. Perhaps you will allow one of my servants to wait on you during the remainder of the night."

"I'll do no such thing," said Caddy Cuddle: "let the horse besaddled directly. I'll go home at once, and endeavour to make my peace with Mrs. Watermark, from whom I expect and deserve a very severe lecture, for so cruelly cutting up her feelings as to stay out a whole night nearly. Cousin Caddy, good b'ye; ladies and gentlemen, your servant."

Caddy Cuddle immediately departed, vowing *per Jovem*, as he went, never, after that morning, to bestride Anthony Mutch's horse—to dine at Caddy Castle, or any where else out of his own house—or to put on a strange pair of spectacles again.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

There's a magical tie to the land of my home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps
may roam.

Be the land where it may, at the line or the pole,
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.

'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,—

'Tis dear to the coward—more dear to the brave!

Ask of any the spot they love best on the earth,

And they'll answer with pride, 'Tis the land of my birth!

Oh! England! thy white cliffs are dearer to me,
Than all the fam'd coasts of a far foreign sea;

What em'rald can peer, or what sapphire can vie

With the grass of thy fields, or thy summer-day sky?

They tell me of regions, where flowers are found,

Whose perfume and tint spread a paradise round;

But flowers more bright cannot garland the earth,

Than those that spring forth in the land of my birth!

Did I breathe in a clime where the bulbul is heard,

Where the citron-tree nestles the soft humming-bird,

Oh! I'd covet the notes of the nightingale still,

And remember the robin that feeds at my sill.

Did my soul find a feast in the gay "land of song,"

In the gondolier's chaunt, or the carnival's throng,

Could I ever forget, 'mid their music and mirth,

The national strains of the land of my birth?

My country, I love thee! though freely I rove

Through the western savanna, or sweet orange grove;

Yet warily my bosom would welcome the gale

That bore me away with homeward bound sail,

My country, I love thee!—and oh! may'st thou have

The last thro' of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave;

May'st thou yield me that grave, in thine own daisied

earth,

And thy ashes repose in the land of my birth!

THE SHIP AT SEA.

A WHITE sail gleaming on the flood,
And the bright-orb'd sun on high,
Are all that break the solitude,
Of the circling sea and sky;—
Nor cloud, nor cape is imaged there;
Nor isle of ocean, nor of air.

Led by the magnet o'er the tides,
That bark her path explores,—
Sure as unerring instinct guides
The bird to unseen shores:
With wings that o'er the waves expand,
She wanders to a viewless land.

Yet not alone;—on ocean's breast,
Though no green islet glows,
No sweet refreshing spot of rest,
Where fancy may repose;
Nor rock, nor hill, nor tow'r, nor tree,
Breaks the blank solitude of sea;—

No! not alone;—her beauteous shade
Attends her noiseless way;
As some sweet memory, undecayed,
Clings to the heart for aye,
And haunts it—wheresoe'er we go,
Through every scene of joy and woe.

And not alone;—for day and night
Escort her o'er the deep;
And round her solitary flight
The stars their vigils keep.
Above, below, are circling skies,
And heaven around her pathway lies.

And not alone;—for hopes and fears
Go with her wandering sail;
And bright eyes watch, through gathering tears,
Its distant cloud to hail;
And prayers for her at midnight lone
Ascend, unheard by all, save One.

And not alone;—with her, bright dreams
Are on the pathless main:
And o'er its moan, earth's woods and streams
Pour forth their choral strain;
When sweetly are her slumbers blest
With visions of the land of rest.

And not alone;—for round her glow
The vital light and air!
And something that in whispers low
Tells to man's spirit there,
Upon her waste and weary road,
A present, all-pervading God!

HECTOR KEMP AND THE FAIRIES OF CORRYNASHELICH.

HECTOR KEMP was a native of Comrie, a small romantic valley bordering on the banks of the rapid Conan, which takes its rise among the highest of the Rosshire hills, and after running its wandering course over many a rugged rock, and through many a sequestered glen, empties itself into the Murray Frith, at the town of Dingwall, once the seat of the powerful Earls of Ross.

Hector was, at the time our story begins, of which tradition has lost trace, about thirty years of age, nearly six feet high, of muscular frame, and when arrayed in the gracefully waving tartan and blue bonnet, (then the universal dress of his countrymen,) a very handsome and gallant looking fellow. His heart was not an unworthy tenant of its fair abode, for it was a noble, open and brave one. His jovial and enthusiastic disposition made him the favorite of all who knew him, excepting, indeed, a few rivals, who envied him these qualities, but more particularly his high position in the good graces of the Laird. He was an ardent lover of the chase; and the Laird, who was himself an old man, and without issue, imposed upon him the charge of providing game for his table.

Hector's hunting excursions were frequent, both from inclination, and his having the double duty to perform of providing for his patron's household, and his own family, he being married to a beautiful woman, Mary Stewart, the object of his early love, who presented him, in due season, with a comely boy, and now with a girl. It was upon the fourth day from the birth of the latter that Hector, after the convivialities usual on such congratulating occasions had in some measure passed over, finding his larder nearly emptied of its contents, by the sudden descent of so many hungry relatives and friends upon it, had determined to make an immediate effort to have it replenished, and accordingly, taking leave, early next morning, of his dear Mary, in his usual affectionate manner, promising her at the same time a speedy return, and then caressing his boy, he slung his bow and quiver over his shoulder, and his dirk to his side, and thus accoutred, directed his agile steps towards the mountains.

Having reached the haunts of the red deer, Hector's piercing eye ranged from a commanding height, over the far extending scene of rock and moor, but no game or any living creature enlivened the loneliness of the vast field that lay before him. He therefore resolved upon penetrating the mountains, and night found him wearied and unsuccessful, in a small bothy amidst the solitudes of Corrynasheelich. The bothy was a turf hut thatched with fern. It was built as a temporary abode for the Laird and his followers, while hunting in other days, in those parts so far distant from the ordinary habitations of men. Its situation was extremely dismal, being a gully between two rocks, which formed part of a confused mass of huge crags seemingly heaped together by some past convulsion of nature. This site was selected on account of the perfect security it afforded from the storms so frequent and severe at its great elevation, and Hector acknowledged inwardly the selection a wise one, as a heavy wind howled among the neighbouring cliffs, without disturbing the cheerful fire blazing before him, as he lay extended on a rude heathery couch, after regaling himself with a slice of goat cheese and a horn of liquor, for which repast the keen desert air inhaled by him all day, had well whetted his appetite. While thus listlessly stretched, wrapped in his plaid, and waiting the visitation of sleep, his attention was unexpectedly arrested by the music of a harp, which stole gently upon his ear. The air was one he was quite familiar with, it being a favorite of Mary Stewart's, and often sung by her, at his request, in their wooing days, on the bushy knolls of Comrie. The harp was evidently fingered by a master hand, and Hector listened with little less pleasure than astonishment to its wild warblings, which, as the passing blast swept them along, were repeated in a softer key by the echoing rocks around; meanwhile, the musician was—judging from the sound becoming gradually louder and more distinct,—nearing the bothy, and Hector, whose mind was not by any means free from superstitious impressions, began reverently fortifying himself, with such charms as his education taught him to be proof against the

machinations of evil spirits, haunting mortals in similar situations to that in which he was now placed. At the same time that he was thus religiously engaged, he kept a steady gaze upon the open doorway, as if anticipating the speedy appearance of the mysterious harper.

He was not kept long in suspense, for the music soon ceased, and immediately afterwards, a female figure, of majestic form, and enveloped in a flowing robe of dark green tartan, entered slowly, and stopped before him. Her fair hair fell loosely, in natural curls, upon her shoulders; her face was pale and animated, and as she held her harp in her left hand, she adjusted with her right, the straggling ringlets which the wind had scattered over her snowy bosom; and, bending her large blue eyes upon Hector, who had, by this time, raised himself upon his elbow,

"Hector Kemp," said she, "we are, neither of us, strangers here, though strangers to each other, and I am happy, for my part, I confess, that we have, at length, forgathered, and trust that our meeting, to-night, will be the prelude to a long continued and happy acquaintance. Notwithstanding that your arrows have thinned the herds of our people, more than those of any of the mortal race to which you belong, yet your many good qualities of heart have hitherto saved your life from becoming the forfeit of your unerring aim; and from us, who are the invisible guardians of the prey you seek, and who have so often spared you already, you have nothing now to fear. You are fatigued after your day's wanderings, and I am come to offer you the refreshing hospitality of my father's rocky halls. Arise therefore, and follow me."

Hector, though bewildered, felt no fear, and at once resolved upon accepting the invitation of the stranger. He accordingly arose, and followed her. His bow and quiver he left behind him, but his trusty *bidag* still hung by his side. Having proceeded from the hut until they arrived at the mouth of a cave lighted with torches of the bog fir, Hector and his conductress entered it, and after traversing several winding passages, they reached a large open space wherein were sheltered a numerous herd of the red deer, which shewed none of their characteristic timidity at their approach.

Hector's eye glistened with delight as he viewed them, which his companion observing, she remarked, that the sight alone should repay him, a sanguine hunter, for the toils of the day. He acknowledged the gratification he felt, and then, preceded by her as before, passed from this extensive apartment into one of more moderate dimensions, in which were seated, on rough blocks

of unhewn stone, a group of men, whose uncommon size and stature, and martial bearing, strikingly pictured before his mind the ancient heroes of Ossian, and the effect was greatly heightened by an old grey-haired man, touching his harp, and accompanying its bold and various tones with a Gaelic song, commemorative of the Fingalian race. Before them, on a stone bench, stood a large bowl containing liquor, from which each filled, by means of a horn ladle, common to all, a shell with which he was provided. Hector having been introduced to the company thus enjoying themselves, and also furnished with a shell, a tall commanding personage rose and charged it to the brim, and then invited him to quaff it to better acquaintance, at the same time shewing an example which he unhesitatingly followed, and immediately all recollection of the past failed him; he found himself invigorated in body, and buoyant in spirit, as if the feelings of early youth were flowing freely through his glowing heart.

Here his guide left him; but shortly afterwards returned, and led him into an inner hall where several youths of both sexes, and of exceeding beauty, were merrily dancing to music, far surpassing in sweetness aught that Hector had heard during the past part of his life. He was, at once, requested to join the dancers, his fair friend offering herself as his partner, which honour he courteously accepted, and in a moment he was tripping it with earnest application. His oblivious state of mind caused, as already mentioned, a total forgetfulness of the past, and all remembrance of Mary Stewart being thus lost, he soon began to entertain a passion for the nymph, who led him from the bothy, and had since been unceasing in shewing kindness to him.

But not so was Mary's love for Hector extinguished. He having failed to return according to promise, she became extremely alarmed, and his unusual long stay, at length, aroused his friends and acquaintances in Comrie, who commenced an anxious search for him, which resulted, after having been prosecuted for several days, in the discovery of his bow and quiver, in the old hunting lodge in Corrynasheeich; but this was all that could be gathered of his fate, and the various conjectures, formed on the subject, ended in mystery. Mary Stewart pined away and died; her offspring became aged, and died also; so did one generation after another, until Hector Kemp's unaccountable disappearance was mingled with the traditionary tales of the days of old.

It was on a beautiful evening, in the month of June, just as the sun was setting behind the western hills, that the people of Comrie observed

a tall figure, in kilt and plaid, standing on an eminence, at no great distance, and apparently lost in thought. After a brief while, however, he appeared to have awoke from his reverie, and began to descend by the pathway which led to the hamlet. He soon approached the group, just referred to, who surveyed, with no inconsiderable curiosity, the antiquated cut of his garb. His face was worn, and betokened deep anxiety. Having saluted them, he asked if the place, where they now stood, was called Comrie, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he made enquiries after several persons, of whom the old man, William Kemp, he more particularly addressed, knew nothing.

"Have you then heard nothing," asked the stranger, "of a man named Hector Kemp, a native of this place?"

"I have indeed heard it said," returned William, "that a man of that name—one of my own forefathers—had gone to the hills, in search of game, and that he never was afterwards heard of; but that happened," added he, "a long, long, time ago."

"No matter," rejoined the stranger, "I am that Hector Kemp, of whom you heard," and it was only then that Hector became fully sensible that he was of a generation long passed away, and that his sojourn, with the fairies of Corryna-sheich, was of ages duration.

He thereupon told the modern residents of Comrie, the details of his adventures since his departure, all of which are already known to the reader, excepting the manner of his return, and that shall be briefly related.

Hector was led out of the fairies' cave by the same nymph who led him into it, and no sooner was he again in the world without, than his recollection was restored to him. Having thus become conscious of his former state, his thoughts reverted to Mary Stewart, and he hastily turned about to bid farewell to his late hostess,—but she was gone! He then went to look for his bow and quiver, but neither they nor any trace of the bothy could be found! He now hastened homewards, and was surprised to observe, as he went along, that many things were much altered, in what he conceived, a short period of time—his stay in the cave seeming to him not beyond the space of one day; and, in this state of perplexity, we find him the object of observation and curiosity, at Comrie, on his return thither, as formerly described.

As soon as the wonder, excited by his narrative, had somewhat subsided, Hector was invited, with a feeling of sympathy, not unmixed with awe, to enter William Kemp's primitive

dwelling, and partake of such simple cheer as it afforded; and he, suffering the pangs of hunger, readily complied. He still retained the same appearance of youth that he possessed when he left the hamlet, ages before. He sat down at table, but no sooner did he taste of earthly food, than he crumbled into dust. William Kemp arose, and, assisted by his neighbours, carefully gathered the dust of his ancestor into a coffin, which he laid beside that containing the dust of Mary Stewart, in the lonely church-yard of Comrie.

Kingston, October 18, 1847.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

The autumnal dresses are frequently ornamented with velvet of contrasting colour, and demi-longe sleeve-pointed cuffs, fixed by a velvet noude, and on the flounces several rows of narrow velvet. The form of dresses varies but little; corsages are always tight, ornamented in a variety of ways, revers brandenbourgs formed of cheffs in guimpe, with buttons; a new style of guimpe trimming forms a series of leaves, imitating oak, &c., placed contrariwise from the throat to the bottom of the skirt, increasing gradually in size. Among the newest materials for travelling dresses and robes de chambre is the chatoyante. A pretty novelty for walking dresses are those of cachemire, with application of cachemire on the front of the corsage, and chatelaine in rich rosaces, pines, &c. &c.

Bonnets begin to assume an autumnal appearance, capotes of crape are often ornamented with velours epingle. Capotes of taffetas are made with pinked trimmings, and noudes of velvet inside, the deep colour of which forms contrast to the light bonnet. Negligé bonnets of fancy straw are lined with gros de Naples, and ornamented inside by poppies and tulle of paille color, with double bavolet of taffetas, pinked and simple noudes and brides of pinked taffetas. Cocks' feathers will be again fashionable, one half black, the other green, blue, or any contrasting colour. Another novelty are the marabouts and follettes glacés with the natural wings of insects, the various tints have much effect both by candle-light and in the sun. New mantelets are in preparation for the autumn; the prettiest are of casimere satin, and satin de Chine.—*London and Paris Ladies Magazine of Fashion.*

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

BY ALASTER.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

“All things pass away—but thou—spirit of man, shalt never die.”

AL KORAN.

Eve sighs along the plain—the drooping eve—
Filling the air with odours and sweet tears.
The regal day, o'er wearied with his revel—glares,
Thro' the far western arch, with fiery eyes,
As if he chid his conqueror, and sinks away,
Like some bright Magian dream. What doth he leave,
And what greets here the balmy summer eve,
With its low sounds and shadows? Sweeping fields,
With their soft billowy music—and the play
Of dancing leaves, where the dark sycamores,
Bourgeon and spread above the wimpling brook.
The curfew's vesper call, and tinkling bells,
From the huge market wain, that toils and drags
Its “slow length” o'er the wolds. The eager bark,
Of cottage cur, scenting the stranger's foot,
Or plaintive bleating from the “Bughtin' fauld.”
Oh! gentle Eve! where'er thou broodest else,
O'er old Chaldean shades, or where bright streams
Silver the depths of Arcady—a lovelier scene,
More fraught with sylvan happiness, thou sees't not.

And lo! a groupe for Teniers. Hoary age,
And lusty manhood, and the quiet eyes
That mark the faithful mother. Parent trunk—
Blossom and bud, in strength and tenderness,
Lift up their humble hopes, and smile afar,
Serenely on the battles of the world.
Hark! 'tis a sound of worship—the young Sire
Draws from the sacred lore each bounteous text,
That buildeth up our faith—the boundless love,
Which, like “a great rock in the weary land,”
O'er Job, amidst his dark and deep despair,
Cast its redeeming shadow. Slow he reads,
As following up Heaven's bright sublimities,
He rests and sighs—“That all things pass away.”

Oh, mother! must our garden tree,
Whose garlands sweep the eaves—
That o'er us waves so boon and free,
Its wilderness of leaves;
Where the wild swallow to and fro,
Careers in wanton play,
And the cushat croons so soft and low,
Must all these pass away?

The Mother sighed “Away.”

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

And must the burn, whose morning song,
 Unseals the lands of sleep,
 That trails the willow wreathes along,
 Where the elfin runnels leap.
 And the lily o'er the Kelpie's pool,
 Leans like a bridal maye,
 With all its nooks so dark and cool,
 Must these, too, pass away?
 The Mother sighed "Away."

—
 And Gowrie's yellow holmes—my Sire,
 And pleasant pastoral leas,
 Where the golden corn seems lit with fire,
 Like the waves of Indian Seas;
 And Scone's green crested, princely towers,
 And the blue meandering Tay,
 And dear Dunkeld's romantic bowers,
 Oh! must they pass away?
 The Father sighed "Away."

—
 And must my grandsire's reverend head,
 And fond familiar tone,
 Low to the chambers of the dead,
 Depart in silence down.
 And must my brother turn from earth,
 His sunny eyes away,
 With all his young unconscious mirth,
 Oh! must they—Mother—say?
 The Grandsire sighed "Away."

—
 Oh! who would live where all things pass,
 Like barks o'er a shoreless sea,
 Or the breath from Beauty's looking glass,
 Or the wild wind's mystery?
 Oh! better far, e'er bloom is chilled,
 Or love hath felt decay,
 With every sinless wish fulfilled,
 To pass from earth away,
 From the hopeless earth away.

—
 My nestling—all too sad thy song;
 The smiling patriarch said:
 For brighter joys to Death belong,
 Than o'er Life's paths are shed.
 Our loved and lost, we saw them sink,
 In silence and decay;
 Yet, darling—it is sweet to think,
 They passed to Heaven away,
 To Emanuel's land away.

PARISH PERSONAGES.*

OUR BEADLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY ERASMUS OLDSTYLE, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH the gaze of our Beadle, like that of the overseer of pavements, was not directed towards the spot which indicated the silent resting place of poor Mary, yet the meek tenant of that grave was the occasion of restless motions and disquieting thoughts. He had taken every precaution to save the cold remains of the dead from violence, and exerted his utmost efforts, to shelter her name from the reproaches of those among whom it would speedily pass into a by-word. He had done what he considered his duty by the living; he now wished to do his duty to the dead. The Beadle was morally convinced that whatever of misfortune might have befallen the mysterious pauper, however much she may have been conversant with misery and familiar with sin, still he believed, and his belief amounted to conviction, that of all the lines which were mapped by care and sorrow upon her young and beautiful face, not one of them was graven by guilt, not one of them was carved by sin. No; he knew that the sad tracery which while it marred gave additional interest to her countenance, was the visible type of a heart, which has been deeply furrowed by the passing ploughshare of neglect or cruelty. He beheld as he supposed the victim of unkindness; he wished to discover the author.

Vagrants were less numerous, and paupers more scarce in England, in the days to which we refer, than they are now. Men avoided the workhouse, and refused Parochial aid as debasing and dishonourable; the recipients of Parish bounty were the sick and the infirm, and the inmates of the workhouse were chiefly the aged and the crippled. Youth avoided it, manhood shunned it. Indigence may have sought in it a temporary asylum, but old age or infirmity would only consent by the pressure of great want, to accept of its shelter as a permanent home. These circumstances conspired to add increased interest to Mary Hayworth's misfortunes, and additional energy to our Beadle, to investigate their inscrutable origin.

It was Christmas Eve, a night of joy to English hearts, of rejoicing to English homes,

Labour relinquished his child, and Toil, his slave. Grief seemed to postpone its weeping, and Care to forget its crosses, and men and women appeared in that busy city to taste by anticipation the rejoicings of the morrow, regardless of the actual sorrows which had bedewed the year that was now passing, and the probable trials which would have to be encountered during the year that was approaching; of the past all was forgetfulness, of the future all was hope—hope made luminous by the very tinsel with which it was gilded.

But Mr. Oily Crummy, who had ever been the foremost to enjoy the prologue to Christmas, and the pastimes by which it was characterised, now found himself incompetent to share its sports, and participate in its pleasures. The events of the day had wrought an impression upon his mind, which was alien to amusement; he could not be cheerful, and his inability to diffuse happiness around him, arose from the circumstance of his being unhappy himself.

"Why, dad, you're very grumpy this evening," exclaimed young George, his father's first-born; "its agin your natur to be so on a Christmas Eve; vot's the reason?"

"You're werry right George, in asking that question," interposed Mrs. Crummy; "your father isn't hisself at all; and I'm consarned to know the cause of your melancholy appearance," she continued, addressing her husband.

"Vell, my dears, I confess I am rather flat this evening; the thought of them venturesome scoundrels, 'as violates graves, as'given me a orrid turn; they distracts the living as well as the dead."

"That needn't consarn you," returned George, "for Billikins is a going with the help of Mummerglum and Quaggy, to keep that young 'oman quiet, about whom you're distressing yourself so much."

"Vell, George, boy, it's a shocking thing that one so vell made, and vell born should die in a vurkus, unbeknown amongst strangers—its werry shocking."

"And so it is," returned Mrs. Crummy, "but birth and beauty don't go far with me. I perfer wirtue and modesty, 'handsome is as handsome does,' I say."

*Continued from June number—page 292.

"Werry true, mother, werry true," replied George, "'handsome is as handsome does!' Aint mother right, dad?" inquired the youth, turning towards his father.

"Quite right, my boy; quite right, 'handsome is as handsome does.'"

"And," continued Mrs. Crummy, who supposed that her husband, in admitting her first position, would also subscribe to her second, said, "that the good looks of that there girl, Mary Hayworth or Strayworth, or whatever her name was, should not make us forget that she was no better than she ought to be."

The observation did not produce a controversy; it elicited a sigh from Mr. Crummy, who remarked, "that, the howdacious robbers who plunder Church-yards must, in his opinion, be Jacobins, and nothin' else."

"Now, Oily, dear," interrupted Mrs. Crummy, "don't be a talking about graves, and dead folks of a Christmas eve; I declare it quite makes me creep and crawl all over," continued Mrs. Crummy while she gave herself an alarming shaking, by way of combatting the army of blue devils, which was approaching her in formidable array. "Don't be a talking of church-yards, or the children will choke over their snap-dragons."

"And I can't think," George added, "what makse father trouble his 'ead about a hunbeknown pauper as is dead, and buried, and, I'm bound, forgotten by every body else."

"Vell, boy, vot you say is werry true, but that unfortunate girl does interest me notwithstanding for she vere not a common wagrant. No, don't tell me that; for I know too vell the breed of paupers as is common in vurkuses, and I know she vas'nt vun of them. I can't make her out, neither can the Rector; she's beyond us."

"And I suspect, Crum," rejoined his wife, "if you brews and stews three times as long as you've been doing already, you von't be more the viser, and may be a good deal the vurse."

"Vell, sweetheart," our Beadle affectionately replied, "you know I aint given to moping, but visitations vill overtake us sometimes; natur vill have her vay; but howsomer I vill try and pluck up my spirits."

"That's right," exclaimed his son George, "that's right, father; there's trouble enough abroad, let us be jolly at home."

"Surely, surely," added Mrs. Crummy. "Its proper to be cheerful of a Christmas eve. All the vorld is so, and a Parochial Officer oughtn't to be otherwise."

CHAPTER IX.

AND the Beadle's family did give the rein to enjoyment. In the pleasures of the hour, all the past was forgotten; ingenuity was taxed to discover some new form in which mirth might express itself. But, lest weariness should incapacitate the household from the performance of the morrow's duties, the amusements of the evening were brought to an early termination, and the diminishing flame of the snap-dragon admonished them that the hour of retirement had arrived.

With a strong predisposition to slumber, every member of the household repaired to his bed, and a long period had not elapsed before the sleepy god had his rights fully conceded to him, for the inmates of every apartment, save one, were reposing in the arms of Morpheus.

The exception referred to, was the chamber which contained the master and mistress of the work-house. At the date of our annals, the new Poor Law Act had not been conceived, and the forcible separation of man and wife was not enacted by statute, as the penalty attached to poverty. To be poor was, indeed, esteemed a misfortune, whose poignancy it was the duty of the State to mitigate, but it was not regarded as a crime which subjected its victim to the vengeance of the Law. Our fore-fathers, simple people that they were, did not conceive it to be their duty to arrest the purposes of marriage, by preventing the perpetuation of the human family, because the parents may have been poor. They were simple enough to suppose that wives might lie in the embrace of their husbands, and that the State and the Law had no right to put asunder those whom God and the church had joined together. They thought, doubtless, that it was wrong to make men perjure themselves, by doing violence to the vow which they made at their espousals, and separate from those whom they had promised to love and to cherish until death did them part; and so, as there was no law to the contrary, our Beadle and his wife not only occupied the same apartment, but what would have seemed still more alarming to the new Poor Law Commissioners, had they lived at that day, they also slept in the same bed, thus evincing by their example that the beneficent purpose of the state, when legislating upon a question so delicate, was not decided in conformity with the views and tastes of parochial officials, however well it might be applied to those who were accused of the crime of being poor.

Now, the old fashioned practice of a man sleeping with his wife is, we are inclined to suspect, attended with a good deal of comfort. We have

been informed, indeed, by those whose experience entitles them to credit, that the time-honored custom has many advantages; but however this may be, we are still inclined to suppose that it is at times attended with inconvenience. One party may be taciturn, the other may be talkative; one may be weary, the other may be wakeful. The disposition of one may incline to sleep; the propensity of the other may induce the habit of narrating stories; and it so occurred upon the night in question. Our Beadle, albeit, upon ordinary occasions, the soundest of sleepers, seemed to be as wakeful as a cat, and as fresh as a daisy; and his wife, who was unaccustomed to so restless a bed-fellow, seemed inclined to scold and be crusty at the animation and life which her husband exhibited.

"I say, sweetheart," exclaimed Mr. Crummy, suddenly rolling round and pulling the clothes off the bed, "I say sweetheart, I wonder if that Herod, whose name Mary Hayworth mentioned when she was going off, was her husband or not?"

"And I vonder, Crum, ven you'll have done thinking of that young 'oman, and have a little more feeling for your lawful wife?" returned Mrs. C., with more anger than usual.

"Now don't be offended; the poor thing can do no harm," rejoined the Beadle.

"Yes, she can and does," returned Mrs. C., "for she has driven the sleep out of your head, and diwerted you into dragging the clothes off the bed, and leaving me all exposed to the cold of a Christmas Eve."

As soon as Mr. Crummy was made aware of the chilly condition to which his own restlessness had reduced his wife, he rose from the bed, struck a light, and proceeded to smooth the deranged bed clothes, and conciliate the good will of his disturbed bed-fellow, by tucking her up "warm and comfortable."

The operation had a talismanic effect, for it not only promoted warmth, but it induced wakefulness, and Mrs. C., in a tone free from anger, inquired what the question was which our Beadle had put to her a few moments before.

"I was a wondering whether Herod was really the husband of Mary Hayworth; its a bad name, and I should be dubersome about the man as owned it," replied Mr. Crummy.

"Herod! that wasn't the name, for I minded it well. It was He-reward."

"He-reward! and a werry odd name too; but I'm glad it wasn't Herod. Was he her husband, I vunder?"

"If that eye, as was set in the locket, belonged to him, then all I can say, is, a eye never spoke

a word if that vun did'nt say, I'm true," returned Mrs. C. with emphasis.

"Well, wife, I'm glad you think so, as you're a judge of men, veras, as I think, my opinion has greater veight in the matter o' 'oman."

How long the conversation might have been prolonged it is difficult to determine, had it not been suddenly arrested by the notes of music which arose from the street below.

"Why bless us," exclaimed Mrs. Crummy, sitting all upright in the bed, "why bless us! there's the waits!—it must be nigh to twelve o'clock, and we are awake still."

"I loves music at nights ven I'm vakeful," exclaimed Mr. Crummy, as he untied the strings of his nightcap, "'tis so rewiving."

"Sleep, I think," rejoined Mrs. C., sinking down into bed "would rewive us more."

Sleep, however is sometimes coquettish, and comes not at our bidding, and the chances are against its coming at all, if it defers its visit beyond a quarter of an hour, after one seeking for its companionship, and thus it was with Mr. and Mrs. Crummy, who found themselves much more disposed to chat than inclined for sleep.

"Why is old Swallow and his friends called Waits?" inquired Mrs. C.; "they don't seem to stop long."

"Perhaps they don't get their name in consequence of their vaiting, but in consequence of their veightness," retorted Mr. C.; "it's werry hard to determine; besides," added our Beadle, a bright idea suddenly making him energetic, "'vait' is a verb, cos you puts 'to' before it, whereas old Swallow being a man, is a noun; vait's can't be the word, it must be veights."

Once get a wrong idea into one's head, and how soon does analysis follow; how general is the practice of working out conclusions without examination, as to the soundness of the data upon which they are based.

This was Mr. Crummy's error, but as he only reasoned with himself, we are unable to give the result in his own language, and we are compelled to adopt our own less emphatic vernacular, in expressing his opinion on the question, as to whether they were called "vaits," in violation of grammar, or "veights" in violation of common sense.

CHAPTER X.

THE primary difficulty was soon disposed of, for Mr. Crummy considered that grammar should be respected. This consideration was of course a death blow to the first hypothesis. That it

could not be the second was apparent from the following considerations: Custom had conferred upon these strolling minstrels the unintelligible title of "waits," or, as our Beadle maintained, "veights," but there was nothing remarkable in their persons to justify the appellation; it is true that there were some heavy men amongst them, but it is equally certain that there were some who were light—their physical varieties would embrace both extremities, and include the centre; for there were not only light weights, and heavy weights, but there were also middling weights distributed through the order.

Their occupation was not a heavy one; on the contrary, it may with much greater propriety, be designated "light," for if either term is applicable as being descriptive of musical science, it must surely be the latter. The calling of these worthies may have been a windy, but it could not be a "weighty" one.

Again, the property of bodies is to descend, their own weight induces them to fall, and the earth's attraction points out the place of their descent. But music is not a palpable body, much less is it a dead weight. Oh, no! its spirit is too ethereal to cleave to earth. It may, it is true, touch the bosom of the waters, or kiss the ripple, ere it exhausts itself in space. It may carrol in the forest or sport in a flower, it may give notes to the leaves, or song to the branches, but it sinks not beneath the sod; it has no place in the grave, it possesses no mortal part. The air may teem with its presence. In the habitations of men it may find entertainment, or the soul may become the place of its brief sojourn. But on earth it has no enduring home, for when released from its temporary lodgment in the human heart, or when it escapes from the throbbing throats of the feathered family, it expands for a moment, and then ascends like incense to the sky. And if again it should revisit earth, the mark of its heavenly origin is visible, and the track of its journey is apparent in the joy and gladness by which care is mitigated, and evil spirits expelled from the sad and sorrowing hearts of men. Music then is not a weight, unless indeed we can associate joy with heaviness or pleasure with oppression.

If then the men are not remarkable for their weightiness, and if the music is the reverse of being heavy, Mr. Crummy would have been glad if our ancestors, in their wisdom, had left, upon record, their reason for designating those individuals who are in the habit of serenading the Cockneys, at Christmas, by the name of "weights." But, as Johnny Lovelast used to remark, the curious must be content that this

secret, like that of the Greek fire, and stained glass, should continue undiscovered to the end of the chapter, or until the new generation shall so far have acquired the sagacity of their ancestors, as to enable them to explain, not only how that, which is one thing, should be proved to be the opposite, but also, how that, which is not, should signify that which is.

But our Beadle, though somewhat perplexed by these considerations, was happy in listening to the airs of old ballads and of ancient madrigals. And while he was grateful that the dread of Bonaparte, and the fear of the Jacobins, had not occasioned an intermission of a time honored custom, still he was amazed that old Swallow, the leader of the "veights," should hold out in the "vind" so long as to be able to blow a trombone for a period of fifty years.

But the music ceased, and the Beadle's thoughts reverted again to their former channel, and perhaps brightened by the serenading they had received, he was visited by an idea, which he thought, by putting in practice, might, perhaps, lead to some discovery of the history of Mary Hayworth. In the morning, he could instruct old Jacob Bundy, the parish crier, to go around the streets and lanes, and, by public proclamation inquire, for the information after which he evinced such a laudable anxiety.

CHAPTER XI.

AND Christmas dawned, bringing joy to sad hearts, attended by rest and pleasure to many an overwrought child of labour. Blessed and thrice-welcome day! highly treasured as the jubilee of the christian church. The scowl of the schismatic, and the sneer of the covenanter, shall not weaken our love for thee, or induce us to celebrate thy presence with other hymns than those of joy and thanksgiving. Yes, Christmas broke, bearing upon its garnished pinions, all joyously arrayed in trimmings of ivy, and holly, and misletoe, the annunciation that the day was consecrated to the purposes of peace and joy, and good will amongst men of peace. And though chilly may be the breath of the north wind—and though laden it may be with its chrystal particles, leaping and dancing till they can hide themselves in the woodlands, or cling around the cornices of our dwellings, typifying by their brightness the pure thoughts, and sunny hopes which environ the clear flame of the yew log fire, impressing unalloyed joy into the heart of infancy, and gladdening the souls of our grand dames with a pleasure as exquisite as it is unspeakable. Oh! ye despisers of Christmas, be content to be pitied,

for ye know but little of the joy which even in this life may be discovered amidst misery and tears.

The period to which our sketch refers may not be considered as the happiest in the English annals, for men began to feel the heavings of that storm which was charged with vengeance and desolation to the Governments and people of Europe. Over the capital a speck, black and terrible, was apparent; its dread influence speedily extended beyond the territory of France; a wail, ominous and fearful, whose note of despair was reverberated in the palaces of many a monarch, and in the halls of many a noble—but it did not exhaust itself in echo or evaporate in sound—it was a wail whose dire demand was blood, and license unparalleled, and whose hideous response was life and treasure incalculable. The exaction was tremendous, and yet, notwithstanding its horrible accompaniment, the observing man must be impressed with the fear that there are many of this present generation who are willing to assume the direction of an experiment which has so recently been accompanied by such tragical results.

Although we have referred to political events, it is not our intention to be diverted from our humble Parish walk, or be diverted from those chronicleings which more befit our experience, and we only allude to the subject for the purpose of remarking that public events did cast a shade upon private enjoyment, for the reflecting and the thoughtful could not, without emotion and anxiety, behold the approach of a period laden with such peril and alarm to the nation; and so, while they cherished their present blessings as a prize, from which other countries were excluded, they felt some concern lest the insular position of the British islands should afford an insufficient protection against the dissemination of those principles which had brought ruin and disaster upon a neighbouring country.

The multitude, it is true, believed that the wooden walls of Old England, would suffice to repel invasion, and even if the fleet was eluded, they knew that British soil could not long be defiled by the presence of the enemy, for that there were abundance of loyal men, "hearts of oak," ready and willing to repel and destroy any foe, who should dare to desecrate the soil of England by his presence.

This was not the idea which gave disquietude to the minds of the thoughtful men of that day; they did not so much fear the assaults of angry men from without, as the insidious writings of evil men within. And in the presence of so much danger and alarm, it is wonderful to reflect how the nation escaped from the consequences of the moral corruption which was then engendered, a corruption against which the friends of order could offer no counterpoise, beyond that which was afforded by the interested class who possess

land or other property in the country; for the church, which is the only regenerator of a nation, had slumbered and slept over her high duties. Her clergy in the majority of instances were worldlings, and her bishops, it is to be feared, in some cases were drones.

It was early in the day, when children are awaking to the realities of which they have dreamed when sleeping—when happy mothers were seeking an increase to their joys, by busily preparing for the adornment of their darlings, when the occupants of the old house were preparing to honor old Christmas by shewing welcome, and hospitality to their families and friends; when grand-dads thought by the presence of their children's children, to renew their own youth; when neighbours were meditating the reconciliation of differences with neighbours; when friends who had grown cold, were dwelling on the pleasure of again renewing the intercourse of former days; when families which had been estranged, were to be at one again; when love was to revisit hearths which he had forsaken, and homes from which he had been expelled—love whose qualities were so pure and heaven-born, that it could only be induced by love and gratitude to HIM, whose loving advent is on that day celebrated by the universal church.

It was early on this day, for the good Rector was reading by the light of the lamp, that old Jacob Bundy knocked at the door of the Parsonage, and sought an interview with the Rev. Mr. Austin.

Jacob Bundy was an old man, a very old man; he did not know his age, but he was familiarly called "Old Jacob." He was the parish crier; for years he had followed no other occupation, and in those days, when hand-bills were less resorted to than now, his calling was as necessary as it was convenient. In the morning, noon and evening, Jacob might be seen, and his bell could be heard, in street or lane, or alley, complaining, by means of its iron tongue, of a loss, or inquiring for information, or announcing a discovery. We say that the bell made the inquiry for time had deprived old Jacob of his teeth, and his articulation, therefore, was indistinct and uncertain.

The old man entered the Rector's library, and raising his hand to his head, silvered by the frost of many a winter, he expressed, in language understood by the party to whom it was addressed, that

"I wish your Reverence a merry Christmas and happy New Year."

After thanking old Jacob for his good wishes, and expressing the same towards himself, the Rector enquired what result had followed his endeavour to gather information respecting Mary Hayworth.

The old man shook his head despondingly, and said that nothing could be heard of her; he had only heard that widow Plimsoll had a young woman, by the name of Baker, living with her for a short time, but as she had a child, it could not be her.

The Rector having made a note of the information, old Jacob retired shaking his white head the while—from the Parsonage, leaving the Rector dejected and depressed at the ill-success of the Beadle's effort to obtain information.

(To be continued.)

A ROMANCE,

WORDS BY ANDREW L. PICKEN,

The Music Composed for the LITERARY GARLAND,

BY FRANCIS WOOLCOTT.

Tempo Cantabile.

A Basque maid, 'tis said, loved a

gay Trouba-dour; But the fa-ther was proud, and the lover was poor. Still she

plight - ed her young troth, and scoff'd at his fears, Singing,

"Love is a coward that swims not in tears. Bold Trou - ba - dour—

Of this be sure, Our saint se - cure, is Saint A - mour!"

Colla Voce.

Repeat the Symphony.

They met at the altar, one wan winter night,
 And his cheek, like its snow-wreaths, was smileless and
 white;
 But she flung him her mantle, and scoff'd at the cold,
 Singing, "Love is bright heritage, won by the bold.
 Young Troubadour, be all secure:
 Our Patron sure, is Saint Amour!"

The sire vow'd a feud; but the lover, more sage,
 Left his bride and his viol, for far pilgrimage.
 But the lady laugh'd gaily, "No husband for me,
 That can woo like the fox,—like the leveret, flee.
 Go, Troubadour; for thee, be sure,
 No other lure, hath young Amour!"

OUR TABLE.

THE ART-UNION MONTHLY JOURNAL.

WE have been delighted by a glance over the September number of this beautiful Magazine. Its contents, literary and pictorial, are really deserving of the very highest commendation. Besides a mezzotint engraving, of "Prayer in the Desert," and which is a *chef-d'œuvre* of art, there are a great number of wood-cuts, of great beauty and variety, illustrative of a multitude of subjects. The chief literary production is a "Fairy Tale of Love," by Mrs. S. C. Hall—the remainder of the number being chiefly occupied with remarks and essays bearing upon the subject of the Arts. It is altogether a magnificent work, and one which will afford gratification to all who have a fancy for what poets call "the beautiful."

Among the contents of the number, we find the following very pretty "Fairy Madrigal," which we transcribe for the pleasure of the readers of the Garland:—

Featly, Fairies, foot the dance
O'er moss and flower;
Through the gloom the glow-worms glance,
Like a golden shower:
And in their starry light,
While the moon is hid by the shadowy trees,
Trip we our reel to-night,
To the piping of the breeze,
Or the song the skylark weaves,
Mongst the leaves,
As he hymns the dawning gleams
In his dreams.

What, ho! The Whip-fire! through the dark
Follow him fleet,
O'er the marsh that takes no mark
Of our twinkling feet.
Huzza! now hang him out
On the foxglove tael for a lamp to be,
While round and round about
We quaff so merrily,
From buttercup and hairbell blue,
Our nectar dew!
Or sip from lips divine
Sweeter wine.

Twist we, twist we, twirl and twine,
Along the green!
But see! Aurora's tresses shine,
The holes between!
Mount we the westering wind,
Come follow the steps of the twilight grey,
We will leave the morning far behind!
To Fairy-land away!
There may our charmed sleep
Be as deep
As thine, blue waning moon:
Through the noon!

The work can be seen at the Book-store of Messrs. R. & C. Chalmers, who, we believe, are the agents for this city.

SCRAPS FROM MY JOURNAL—OR SCENES IN A SOLDIER'S LIFE.—BY J. H. WILTON.

A SERIES of admirable letters have recently appeared in the columns of one of our City journals—the Morning Courier—under the above title. We are gratified to observe that it is the intention of the author to re-publish them, with the remainder of the "Scenes," in a neat volume, which is promised early in the beginning of the year. The author was actively engaged with our army in the East, in the fierce struggles which took place during the years from 1839 to 1843, and was an eye-witness to many of the stirring scenes which were enacted during that terrible epoch. Of all that took place, he has prepared a connected narrative, which, being well and vigorously written, will be read with much interest. Mr. Wilton is a soldier—one of the gallant Royal Welsh Fusiliers; he will, we hope, be adequately supported in his enterprise. Lists for subscribers are lying for signature at the principal Book-stores. We trust they will be speedily filled up.

SERMONS PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH, MONTREAL, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE REV. MARK WILLOUGHBY, BY THE REV. W. BOND, AND THE REV. C. BANCROFT, A. M.

WE have read these sermons with great, though melancholy satisfaction—read them through from beginning to end. We couldn't help it, when once we began, we were so charmed and fascinated with the plain, practical and earnest piety, so conspicuously displayed in every page of this humble and unpretending production.

The subject of these discourses, as appears from the following note, has not been the only one whose "life has been given over to the pestilence."

"The death of the Rev. Mr. Willoughby has been followed by that of four other Clergymen of our Diocese,—the Rev. Wm. Chaderton, Minister of St. Peter's Chapel, Quebec, the Rev. Wm. Dawes, Rector of St. Johns, C. E., the Rev. C. J. Morris, M. A., Port Neuf, the Rev. R. Anderson, B. A., Upper Ireland. All died of typhus fever, contracted in attendance at the Emigrant Sheds."