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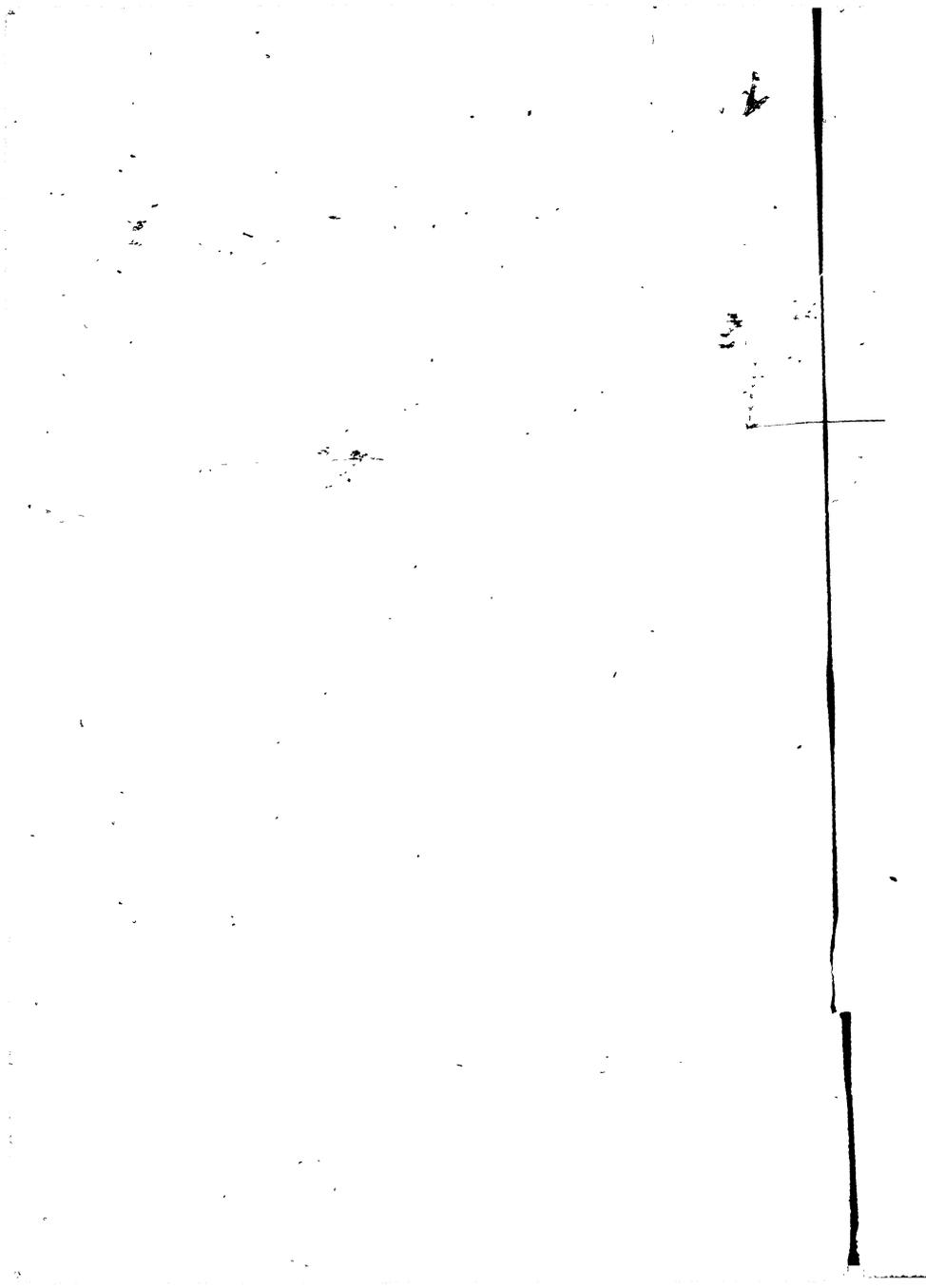
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TALES

OF

THE CANADIAN FOREST.

BY

ANDREW LEARMONT SPEDON.

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"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."

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*Montreal :*

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TALES  
THE CANADIAN FOREST.

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REMINISCENCES  
OF  
THE FRENCH CANADIAN REBELLION.

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CHAPTER I.

'Twas the land of the forest and deep sylvan shade,  
Where the red man and beast in their wildness once stray'd ;  
Where the smoke of the wigwam arose 'mid the trees,  
And the song of the Indian was heard on the breeze ;—  
But now 'tis the land of the white man and free,  
Whose greatness is stamped upon all that we see :  
The forests have bowed to the rude sons of toil,  
And treasures untold are unlock'd from its soil.

DURING the last twenty years few countries have improved or become populated in greater ratio than Canada. In many parts it has immensely developed itself. Forests which seemed as impenetrable barriers to improvement, have been swept away, and towns and villages arisen as if

by magic. Thus, in infancy it has assumed a dignified maturity, with presumption enough to out-stride its parent, and crow as loudly as its brother Jonathan. Innumerable were the difficulties experienced by the first settlers. Having left country and kindred, and braved the dangers of the ocean, they wandered into the wild solitudes of nature, amid the denizens of the forest, and there built a rudely-fashioned hut they called their home.

Far from the noisy haunts of men,  
They sought a place to toil,  
Where art and science ne'er had stray'd,  
To rouse the slumb'ring soil.  
In penury they lived and toil'd,  
Still combating with time,  
Till from their plastic hands arose  
A new and fertile clime.

Every man, whatever may have been his lot, whether in the forest or the city, is desirous at times of reviewing his past life. Although there may be much of a repulsive character, there are certain inseparable associations connected with himself which he loves to peruse. If man's fortunate or unfortunate career is effected by chance, or a partial disposer, I would consider myself to have been born under a very unlucky star. Happily it is otherwise disposed. Providence pencils the outlines of life, and our business is to interline it, but frequently we do it very imperfectly.

Strictly reasoning, the difference in character and condition of men must be attributed to themselves, their ancestors, or others; for nature is impartial in her disposals. Defective results are the natural consequences of ill-timed causes; therefore the great study of our life

should be in learning how to make our actions harmonize with connected circumstances, so as to produce good results.

Either from personal or local causes, or from both, every feature of my life has been checkered and deformed. Although I have become naturalized to Canada, and familiar with its forest scenes, there are but few interesting incidents connected with them; and therefore I reflect upon much of my past existence with detestation and regret. Though born amid favourable circumstances, I was taken from my native soil in early years, and transplanted as an exotic among the rugged wilds of a forest, where my parents—who being tired of a city, and, like many others, unacquainted with bush life—effected the hazardous attempt in finding a home.

Many parts of the surrounding country had been inhabited for years; but the settlement into which we retired was newly formed, and bore all the original features, with the exception of a few openings hewn out of the dense woods, and was characterized by huts of the rudest fashion; whilst the appearance of things indicated a famine, and the uncertainty of fortunate results. Well do I remember the rude fabric into which we entered. Its previous possessor having been discouraged by a fruitless attempt to satisfy the demands of necessity, had sold out, and removed to a more genial part of the country. It was built on the latest improved model of forest architecture, and therefore was considered a fashionable dwelling-house. The floor consisted of movable slabs, interlined with clay, and the walls were emblazoned with smoke-work. From the rude basement of a hearth, the vapor curled in graceful columns about the room, and found an exit by a hole in the roof. One grand feature of its economy was a

window, whose stained glass admitted only a dim unhallowed light; yet, like a lonely beacon to the bewildered traveller, it transmitted a cheering ray into our benighted home.

Neither was the general aspect of external objects more attractive. The encircling woods wore a dark and formidable appearance, made more terrific by the nocturnal howls of prowling monsters; but often have I listened with child-like pleasure to the bird of night and the restless whip-poor-will; and in melancholy musing fancied myself in the land of the sylvan shades,—

Whose limpid streams and balm perennial groves  
Are hallow'd and endear'd with plaintive songs  
Of nymphs and satyrs pouring forth their loves,  
Or hoary minstrels wailing virtue's wrongs.

Rude though my early home was, it is dear to me still. Its innocent associations are for ever-enchained around my heart; and its hallowed enchantment, as a halo, encircles my soul.

Paternal scene of innocent existence,  
Made sacred by the ties of early years,  
Familiar friends, and joys that never fade.

Well do I remember how often I used to wander alone in vernal morn, amid the ancestral trees,—

To dream of the past in my boyish mood,  
And pensively muse on my passing hours;  
To gaze on the trees and their opening buds,  
And cull from the forest its choicest flowers;—

Where fluttered the dove, and the partridge drumm'd,  
Whilst squirrel and chipmonk in frolic would start;  
Where the warblers sang, and the insects humm'd,—  
Whose melody gladden'd my boyish heart.

And when Boreas had dismantled the forest, and the cold winds whistled amidst the drifting snows, then was that little home dearer to us than ever. Our long evenings glided pleasantly away, when our social group was gathered around the old fire-side, where the burning back-log sent out its cheering influence.

There childhood played its joyous games,  
 And every pleasing hope was mine,  
 That still infuse in memory's dreams  
 The sweet enchantment of "lang syne."  
 'Twas there I knew a mother's love,—  
 A father's care that did provide ;  
 There, kind companions nightly met,  
 And blithely cheer'd the "auld fire-side."

And many a form now hid in earth,  
 Has met around its cheering blaze,  
 To lend their smiles to friendship's mirth,  
 And tell the tales of other days.  
 Dear shall it be to memory still,  
 Tho' life in higher circles glide ;  
 And time that has effaced those scenes,  
 Can ne'er deface the "auld fire-side."

Although there were some comforting influences to lead us on, our reflection upon the contrasted change drove us frequently into despondency, and as often we resolved to quit the forest ; but hope, the poor man's comforter, re-inspired us for the conflict ; and, against the opposing armies of adversity, we fought, and gradually gained ground upon the battle-field. No better were the circumstances of our neighbours, but in many cases worse. Necessity, and not fashion, was consulted with respect to clothing :—

And the strong arm and brawny chest  
Expanded 'neath a home-spun dress ;  
With health, amid their hardships, blest ;  
And growing, seldom to grow less.

There was no shirking from labour in those days,—no hangers-on for secondary chances. The stern demands of necessity had to be complied with, and all had to bend their back for the burden. Purseless gentlemen had no chance to live ; for non-existence was the ultimate result of idleness, or procrastination. Aristocracy had little to support it, and therefore grew weak between meals ; and, when reduced to a mere skeleton, existed upon only an anticipated diet.

Each shared the humble fare that nature gave,  
For which the hardy woodsmen daily slave ;  
And while they in that lowly sphere were placed,  
They ate for strength and health, and not for taste.

Our neighbours were few, and widely separated. They consisted chiefly of Scotch Highlanders ; a strong, hardy race, and excellent material for the wear and tear of a forest. English was a dead language to many of them ; but we soon learned to hold friendly converse by a gibberish of high and low Scotch.

And when our thoughts surpass'd what words we knew,  
We tried by signs what language fail'd to do.

Adjoining us lived a family of Irish. They generally conversed in English, and many a long " confab " we had with them. Ned was of middle age and stature, with sanguine temperament and of favourable appearance. Peggy was rather of a corpulent and parallel structure, with dark open countenance, a flattering courtesy, and

REMINISCENCES OF THE CANADIAN REBELLION. 9

possessed of an excellent fund of native wit, which, with smile and gesture, she could fire off very ingeniously without hurting any one. Jim, their eldest and only son, was a stout chubby-faced chunk of a boy,—

With laughing eyes and bulby head,  
Enclosed by hair of scarlet red.

Ned's shanty would be quite a curiosity of art at the present time, had it been allowed so long an existence. It consisted of alternate layers of barked logs notched into each other at the ends; interlined with moss, and covered on top with hollowed slabs.

The roof its ceiling, and the earth its floor;  
A hole that served for window and for door:  
A few rude stones its chimney and its hearth,  
Where back-logs burned, and vapour issued forth.  
No costly furniture its grandeur form'd,  
Nor fashion's pageantry its walls adorn'd;  
No architectivè skill its form design'd:  
Room, kitchen, parlour,—all in one combin'd.

It was a fitter place for cod and haddocks, than human beings. A dense atmosphere of smoke everlastingly hovered around its walls, that were thickly coated with fire-mist. Although disagreeable to the senses, it served an invaluable blessing as a preventive to the myriads of blood-thirsty insects that ever and anon played their fantastic tricks around the cabin during the summer months: the moment that a mosquito entered, down it dropped as dead as a roasted maggot.

And hush'd for ever was its humming,  
That told the piercing spear was coming.

Ned's home-made furniture showed that he was not over-burdened with the art of mechanism; nor was Peggy's domestic arrangement based upon niceties: nevertheless, they were good-hearted souls, and agreeable neighbours. Their ever-ready and never-failing kindness and hospitality merited the respect and favour of our forest community.

CHAPTER II.

To arms! to arms!—prepare to meet the foe :  
Mars summons all his loyal sons to go.

SHORTLY after our arrival in the forest, the French-Canadian Rebellion of 1837 broke out, and threatened inevitable destruction to the loyalty of Canada. Fortunately it was soon suppressed; but the smouldering embers of discord were again kindled in 1838, and rapidly burst forth with renewed energy. Demagogues ran riot, and rebels mustered in vast armies. The avalanches of a civil war were about to be hurled down, to crush into atoms the rising power of England's boasted Britannica. In order to withstand the impending shock, the loyal foresters were marshalled immediately, and stationed at the prominent positions of the country. Our local division was concentrated in a large building, known by the name of the Norton-Creek Mill. It being too inconvenient to contain all, women, children, and invalids were left at home, many of whom convened into groups and secluded themselves in the woods. Shanties were evacuated; cattle were left possessors of their own will; and the whole country assumed a dead and desolate appearance.

History and experience tell us that Irishmen possess the attributes of daring soldiers;

And fight as heroes when the foe  
Attempts to strike the fatal blow ;  
And stand until the battle's won,  
Or fall, before they'd cringe or run.

But Ned, though possessed of many excellent qualities, seemed deficient in martial courage,—the most essential element of war ;

And would have run a coward's race,  
Rather than meet the rebel's face.

By feigning illness, he procured the liberty of remaining at home ; but Ned's position was more hazardous than he was really aware of. Had the rebels made their appearance, he would undoubtedly have been the first to be popped down.

Never shall I forget that eventful morning on which it was rumored that the rebels were coming, and laying desolate all before them ; nor can I forget the undefinable expression that flitted over my mother's countenance, as neighbour MacIntosh hastily approached our dwelling, rubbing his hands as if they had been smitten with the fire-itch ; and with a sort of wish-to-be-pitied look, exclaimed in broken English :

“ Och, Mustrish, Mustrish Mac-In-Speighdon ! thae raibals she be commin tae kilt us a' ! Tak thae shildren tae thae booshk, an leive thae hoose be himsel. Och, Mustrish, hersel be glad noo Mustrish MacIntosh deid ; she'd be nae able tae gang tae booshk. Poor Mac a' alane noo ! ”

“ Mr. MacIntosh, d'ye really think they're coming ? If so, it is time we were leaving here,” said my mother, apparently alarmed.

“ Och, Mustrish, it be owre trugh. Hersel hear thae big gun thunner nae lang syn gae, bang, bang ; an' see thae smohk on tae booshk.”

This was enough to decide the question. Several of our neighbours were summoned to a council of war. Con-

sequently, Ned yoked his steers, Rough and Ready, to a sledge, and drew into the woods such articles as were considered presently essential; whilst a scouting party kept a good look out for the rebels. The day, though the season was far advanced, was exquisitely fine. The golden beams of an autumnal sun gilded the gliding footsteps of Indian Summer; and the forest, though divested of its leafy honours, assumed a rich and lustrous appearance.

Our camp was of rather a complicated texture; having been erected by a number of inexperienced builders, under the superintendence of Ned, MacIntosh & Co. The walls consisted of slabs, boxes, barrels, &c., and the roof was composed of bark and brushwood. The most ingenious feature connected with it, was its proximity to the but-end of a pine log, which had cavity sufficiently large to contain a dozen persons, and intended to be made available in times of emergency.

Day passed, and night and nature became enveloped in pitchy darkness. The voice of the screech-owl echoed in doleful numbers among the murmuring boughs; but the gloomy forebodings of that eventful night were for the time forgotten in the consoling thought, that God had sent his sable shadows as an assurance of our safety.

It is needless to relate the many incidents connected with our forest encampment; however, one in particular may merit an insertion here. In the first place, let us fancy for a moment the strange medley within. Around a bark fire in the centre of the dwelling, clustered our domestic group,—

Of different families into one converted;  
 All homeless, hapless, 'danger'd, and deserted;  
 Cherishing our hearts with every hope we borrow,  
 Yet dreading, doubting, what may come to-morrow.

One of the principal members of our party was a Highland widow, known by the name of "Old Kate,"\* whose father was killed by the side of General Wolf, in the victorious charge at the battle of Quebec. She had been afloat upon the world for many years, and had learned to speak the English language with considerable fluency. Her strong hardy form, and the wiry texture of her skin, gave her an ever-durable appearance.

Within that woodland temple,  
She sat as queen of Mars;  
And cheer'd our social circle,  
With tales of Briton's wars.

Old MacIntosh sat by the side of her, smoking a black stumpy pipe, and eyeing her gallant gestures as gracefully as a young paramour. I was too young at that time to be versed in the dictionary of Cupid, or to know that love had a language of its own; nevertheless, I believed there was an under-current of mutual affection; at least, there was a desire to please, and shape appearances to the best advantage.

Mac in his younger life had been active and robust. For many years he had been engaged in one of the island fisheries of Scotland, and had seldom wandered beyond the boundary of his own isle until the date of his emigration to Canada. Two years previously to this event, his wife had died, leaving him the only survivor of the family;

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\* This individual still lives, enjoys good health, and is capable of enduring an almost incredible amount of physical exertion. She has entered upon her 110th year; and is supported at present by the St. Andrew's Charitable Society of Montreal.

but to all appearance he was about to dismantle the title her death had conferred upon him.

Peggy was well versed in the witch and fairy legends of Ireland; and could testify from experience to many of them as indisputable facts. Legions from the paternal world had visited her on momentous occasions, and myriads of the light-heel'd tribe had performed their fantastic feats around her.

Witch, fairy, devil, ghost, and elf,  
 Were well acquainted with herself;  
 Subjects of many a horrid tale,  
 That would have made a saint grow pale.

Peggy was busily relating one of her best creations of imaginary superstition,—one that possessed power enough to have raised the hair of a Samson into bristling terror, and even to have caused a shaking amongst the dry bones of departed saints. A summons from the other world could not have occasioned greater sensation among us. The younger ones crowded more closely into space, and tried to conceal themselves among the elder group, which began to feel uneasy with consternation; when suddenly all were startled into wilder feelings by sounds like the guttural snort of a misconducted bugle, followed by a noise like the tramping of a thousand feet.

“Och, thae raibals! thae raibals!” shouted Mac, seizing a cudgel in defence.

“By troth! an’ thave come, avry one av ’em!” frantically exclaimed Ned, skulking backwards, and peering over Mac’s shoulder.

Old Kate flourished the poker with a sturdy grasp, and swore inevitable annihilation to the first rebel that entered.

Peggy prayed with miraculous energy. The other women and children chorused with such an uproarious din, that the armed heroes of our camp became confounded, and lost courage. Mac seized his intended spouse, and hastily retreated with her into the hollow pine, followed by the rest of the party. The charred interior of our cell resembled an engine flue, and very appropriately suggested the name of the "Black Hole." Being no further molested, we made our exit after a short interval. Had we remained long there, we would have suffered considerably from suffocation; and being so

Promiscuously and closely cramm'd,  
We ran the risk of being jamm'd.

Indeed Old Kate, who was farthest in, had a serious difficulty in helming around her old hulk. Had the rebels beheld us at our re-appearance, they would have hastily retreated without firing a shot. The black carbon of our dungeon gave us the uniform appearance of a gang of Sepoy deserters, or a skulking party of run-a-way "niggers." Next morning we discovered that the formidable disturbers of our peace were none other than a group of the neighbours' horses wandering about at random.

The brutes, as if by instinct taught  
To shun the universal foe,  
In groups the gloomy forest sought,  
And seemed to share the public woe.

The chilling elements of an approaching winter rendered our position extremely disagreeable. The lingering beauties of the season had disappeared, and the assemblage of nature was emblematical of our condition. The sky was enveloped in fleecy shrouds; and the sun, like a timid

school-boy, struggled through its task as if in mockery of its powers. At length we were happily relieved by the tidings of several fortunate engagements, and a decisive victory over the rebels. We immediately left the woods and concentrated ourselves in one of the most commodious of our dwellings, being determined rather to hazard the consequence there, than die a chip-monk's death in the woods.

The day verged into a gloomy and foreboding night. The rain was rapidly descending, and the fallen snow disappearing as if by magic beneath its touch. We had flattered ourselves with the prospect of a comfortable night's rest, but our fears were renewed by the sound of gun-shots in the distance, and conflagration in the horizon apparently approximating, and bespeaking destruction, the supposed work of the rebels. We made every preparation for our defence, as we expected every moment to be surrounded by the treacherous fiends; and our hearts, like a pendulum, oscillated betwixt hope and fear through a long and sleepless night.

Next morning unveiled the mysterious events of the preceding night. The rain had subsided, and the sun indicated a pleasant day. Our party had just partaken of a rude repast, when, at a short distance upon the road, we beheld a band of rough-riders approaching rapidly, whom we supposed to be rebels. To avoid them was then impossible. Ned and MacIntosh primed their old muskets, and Kate flourished an iron poker over her head.

"Arrah, ye spalpeen, shut up wid yer scraiching, or by troth an' I'll flake ye," shouted Peggy, as poor Jim, with a face like a physic'd monkey, bawled out a pitiable solo. I believe myself to have been the greatest coward amongst

them. The others made some sign of preparation for defence, but I, like a petted boy, crept into a corner and mumbled out a prayer, and shut eyes and ears to avoid feeling. It is only in such trying moments as these, when death is staring into our affrighted orbs, that the fluttering soul leaps instinctively into the very presence of its Maker and implores divine assistance without formality. More earnest ejaculations than mine at that moment never issued from the lips of mortals.

It was a prayer of feeling and of word,  
That the most distant angel might have heard.

Instantly the noise of feet and the clanking of fire-arms were heard from without, our fears were increased; for in reality our murderers, as we supposed, had dismounted, and were ready to force an entrance upon us.

A rough blow with the but-end of a musket upon the door disarmed every resistance except that of Old Kate, who stiffened her stern more determinedly against it. The others of our party that had sprung back, stood with uplifted weapons in order to pop them down like beech-nuts at the first attack.

"What the devil are you holding at, you old bloody hag?" exclaimed one of the rough fellows who was forcing an entrance. "Let us in, or by gun-shot and arms I'll swamp you immediately."

At the sound of English she instantly withdrew, and a half dozen of fierce-looking fellows entered without further opposition. "An' shure an' I hope yer all Mr. Papineau's men, avry one av ye, an' the Lord bless yer souls!" exclaimed Peggy, who still supposed them to be rebels.

"Dry up, you old she-rebel, or by St. Peter I'll soon trans-

“mogrify you into a rum-casket,” retorted one of the rough fellows, unsheathing his bayonet. However a good hearty blessing from Peggy settled all, and they went off laughing at the incident.

These were the fore-riders of an approaching army that was annihilating fugitive rebels and their dwellings—pillaging the spoil—scouring the country of its fermenting ingredients, and riding with rough-shod triumph over the cringing victims of a boasted rebellion.

Then came the vast army, and for several hours it continued to pass by. A more noble and impressive sight I have never beheld. The road for miles presented a complicated mass of men and horses. There were the hardy Highlanders of Glengary, and the sturdy yeomanry of the surrounding country. There the Indians of St. Regis and Caughnawaga, with their faces painted in the most frightful and grotesque fashions, their chiefs riding in martial panoply, with feathered coronets upon their heads. Then followed a guarded troop of insignificant-looking beings, whose very appearance indicated them to be prisoners. The whole scene was indeed agreeable to the observers, particularly on that occasion, but it was a laborious task for the poor fellows, especially at that season of the year; many of whom were completely exhausted, and to the knees bedaubed with the mud and water of the almost impassable roads.

Next day a detachment of the 71st regulars, and others in full uniform, passed by, all of which gave a brilliant aspect to affairs, and removed from our minds every doubt of danger and destruction.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years have passed, and with them many a sad change has

transpired. Old Mac has gone away from the busy tumults of this life; Kate is still hanging to her parent earth like a withered leaf; Ned and Peggy have removed to distant parts; and others are no more. When I reflect upon these thrilling adventures, scenes, and the companions of my early life, together with the many changes since; or when circumstances cause me to re-visit the old grounds where, some vestiges of those scenes are still visible, I cannot restrain my heart from dropping a tear of sorrow upon those first pages of my life.

## A NIGHT ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

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Short-sighted man, with all his boasted skill,  
Lives on the dim uncertainty of fate ;  
Time's future depths with life's eventual ill  
Are dark indeed for him to penetrate :  
Yet, mortals live on speculative dreams,  
And from the future half their pleasures borrow ;  
To-day they frame their life-concerted schemes,  
Themselves and all may lie a wreck to-morrow.

If nature had given man a prospective faculty capable of observing the varied incidents and events of his future life, many, very many even of the most reckless and daring would fall beneath the overwhelming anticipation of the reality.

Man, it is said, is born to trouble ; his life is a continued series of hopes and disappointments, that rise and fall like the waves of the ocean ; but all are not equal sufferers. Some are wafted along without ever reefing a sail, others are tempest-tossed, and for ever beaten by the waves of adversity ; whilst many are fatally overwhelmed.

When I consider the events of my own life, short as it seems to be, I am ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, "yea, I have been sorely afflicted." The most unfortunate

and appalling event of my life, and one from which, in remembrance, I still shrink with horror, is the subject of the following narrative.

Having lost my father when young, and being the eldest of the surviving family, I was early initiated into the cares and turmoils of a bush life. Many were the vicissitudes with which I had to contend. I was ever at variance with my circumstances, but necessity had no choice. My only aspiration was to obtain education for some literary pursuit, but every means was beyond my reach. I was still under the shadows of adversity; yet hope at times would point her finger of futurity to the clouds, and tell me there was a sun beyond. As I grew older, I felt the more eager to be liberated. Diligence and economy were used, so as to enable me to enter upon my intended course as soon as circumstances would permit. None but those who have tested by experience, know in reality the toils and embarrassments of bush life. I consider it not worthy of a higher title than "Forest Slavery;" where man is the very slave of necessity, whilst poverty, like a negro-driver, stands over its toiling victims, ready to apply the lash if action for a moment is suspended.

Slowly but surely we crept along, and the gradual development of things betokened an auspicious future. But we had yet to learn wisdom from Solomon—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

At length having become the owner of two horses, and being desirous of making them useful, I attempted the laborious task of conveying timber to Montreal, a distance of 30 miles, for the purpose of obtaining the means to discharge the expense of equipping them. I was then young

and active, but not robust. Nature had not designed me for hard labor; but necessity never consults the laws of physiology, or shows lenity to the rankling ills of humanity. It was indeed a hard task-master to me; and from stern experience I soon learned the maxim of old Richard,—

“That he who by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive.”

Early on the 17th of February, 1852, a day ever memorable to me, I started for Montreal with my team. The roads were hard, though considerably defaced by a thaw on the previous day. The morning indicated favorable weather; but ere many hours had elapsed, the sky began to assume an angry and foreboding appearance. I entered the city about four o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately disposed of my load. A flurry of snow had already fallen; and dark hoary masses of clouds were mustering in formidable array, threatening an immediate storm.

I hesitated whether to remain, or recross the river; but apprehending a storm, and having previously experienced the necessity of waiting for several days in town, on account of the danger in crossing, I preferred the latter, and immediately directed my course towards La-Tortue, a distance of nine miles; where I intended to remain over night. Before I had reached mid-way over the river, I began to experience the danger and difficulty of my position. The shades of night had gathered around, made darker by the impending clouds, and the snow was rapidly falling. A cold breeze was sweeping over the surface, and driving the snow in murmuring eddies around me. It was difficult to keep the track, as the late thaw had levelled the surface; and the guide-bushes had disappeared. I stopped my

horses occasionally to ascertain my position, and then drove onward, assured that all was right. Having calculated the distance travelled, in ratio with time and speed, I flattered myself with the certainty of being near shore. I drove on, but discovering no land-marks, became apprehensive. I again halted, and could not discern any reliable signs of a track. I gazed in every direction, but all to no purpose. I listened, and heard nothing but the solitary drift. I began to suspect that I had gone too far up stream, and a tremor of foreboding fear crept over my heart. At that moment I caught the glimpse of a light. Exultingly I grasped the reins, and urged my horses towards it, assured that danger and difficulty were now past,—

But oft when we dream that danger's flown,  
And feelings swell with joys elate,  
Our strongest hopes are prostrate thrown,  
O'erwhelmed by unsuspected fate.

I had driven only a few paces, when a crashing of the ice brought me to a sudden halt :—Alas, one of my horses had broken through. I sprang forward to detach the other,—'twas but a moment's work,—but in the act of removing it, the ice under us gave way, and we fell into the fearful chasm. I threw myself upon the neck of the poor animal, and escaped the danger of being trampled under, or swept away by the current.\*

When I now consider my critical position at that moment—suspended over the yawning chasm,—upon the very

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\* Two pairs of thick woollen trousers, tied at their extremities around my boots, rendered me almost proof against water, as it froze upon the outer pair ere it had time to soak through, and very fortunately served as a preventive to the cold afterwards.

confines of eternity,—a moment 'twixt life and death, the very remembrance of such thrills my heart, and sends a death-chill through every nerve. Merciful God!—what a miraculous intervention of providence;—I threw myself upon the ice—I know not how. The first horse without a struggle had disappeared; the other was making every effort to extricate itself. As it forced up its head upon the ice, I seized the bridle, and drew until it broke. Fearlessly I grasped the mane, and brought every muscle into action. Again it threw itself against the ice; which gave way, and with some difficulty I escaped. I could do no more, and in vain called for aid. Poor brute;—it struggled eagerly for life;—but its powerful nerves soon relaxed, and the strong current swept it beneath the cold ice. All, all had gone,—disappeared forever,—and the dark waters sent up a death-like murmur from that dismal yawning gulf;

Upon its brink I trembling stood,  
 My heart with deep emotion heaved;  
 I gazed upon the dismal void,  
 And from my heart these accents breathed,  
 Farewell my team, no more I'll curb  
 Your willing heads and stately forms;  
 Alas! no more we'll toil and trudge  
 Thro' summer heat and winter storms

The disagreeableness of my condition impelled me to seek for shore immediately; but being completely bewildered, I scarcely knew in what direction to go; however, I started forward, with all possible haste. Having gone some considerable distance, I again beheld a light, to which I directed my course. My nearness to shore appeared certain. I beheld through the drift a dark streak, which

seemed to be a thicket of evergreens along the bank, and distinctly heard the wind murmuring among the boughs. I hurried forward, and, when distant only a few yards, a hoarse gurgle, as of water, startled me, and brought me to a halt. I drew back with horror. Astounding reality: How fortunate the discovery! The trees were converted into an expanse of water, and the murmur of the boughs was only the hollow moaning of the stream. Never do I remember of being so deceived in perception as then. I could scarcely give credence to the reality. The prospect appeared so much like a forest of shrubbery, and the muffled voice of the waters, mingled with the murmuring of the drift, imitated the sighing of the evergreen so accurately, as would have baffled the practised ear to distinguish. I still saw the glimmer of the light before me, but hesitated in resolving what to do. To turn back seemed a hopeless retreat. I then walked for some distance along the water's edge, expecting to find an access to shore around it; and had partly succeeded, when I discovered my position to be exceedingly hazardous. Open spaces became visible around me; yea, the very graves appeared to be opening their icy jaws, and over them a thousand spirits seemed to flutter on liquid wings. Ridges of ice, like marble monuments, upon which the finger of Boreas had written his ghostly epitaphs, were scattered around me as formidable barriers; yet, every obstacle had only a tendency to excite energy and resolution the more. I soon discovered that my daring attempts were unavailable; and the only alternative was to return, and keep down stream, for in reality, I was entering upon the Lachine Rapids. I could hear their muffled sounds. I had no fear—I was resolute—yes, desperate,—but not hopeless.

Wrapt in the horrors of my fate,  
'Mid the rude storm, and frozen waste,  
Trusting to find some outlet path,  
Those dreary wilds alone I paced.

Hope struggled with the cheerless gloom,  
Yet only shone to mock my woe ;  
It seemed as if I sought my tomb,  
'Mid shoals of ice and drifted snow.

Bewildered—lost—'twixt life and death,  
Strange fancies revell'd in my brain ;  
And pausing oft with stifled breath,  
I gazed—then hoped—and strove again.

The attempt of effecting a return route was attended with as great danger and difficulty. I was completely involved in a labyrinth, from which I could see no way of extricating myself. My trousers to the knees were coated with ice, which rendered motion difficult ; and my hands were bare, having lost my mitts whilst attempting to save my horse ; however, I used every available means to supply heat, and sustain that resolute spirit, which under less fearful circumstances would have fallen prostrate.

I will not tire my readers with a prolonged narrative of my windings amidst the icy labyrinth. Suffice it to say that two full hours elapsed before I set foot upon shore. Miserable as my feelings of mind and body were, I felt a thrill of joy within my bosom as I stepped upon the bank. Distant a few rods, stood a stately-like edifice, apparently a dwelling-house. I hastened towards it, assured that all my troubles of the night were gone ; but, alas ! I was again deceived. No person was there. All seemed desolate within. The snow lay in drifted columns upon the floor ;

and the cold wind whistled through its broken windows,  
and fell with melancholy murmur upon my ear.

My trembling frame with cold and grief  
Forbade me there a lengthen'd stay ;  
And, still resolved to find relief,  
I onward trudged my weary way,  
Along the wild and dreary shore,  
Where shatter'd ice like mountains rose,  
And rapid streams with mournful roar  
Disclosed themselves through mantling snows.

I kept along the bank, not wishing to hazard myself in the interior, which appeared to be covered with timber. Although ignorant of where I was, I entertained the idea of being upon an island, or in the vicinity of Lower Lachine. However, I was determined to test the locality by experience. The snow was exceedingly deep ; still I persevered, and, after a laborious task of two hours, returned to my starting point by the opposite direction, which proved the place to be only a solitary isle. I entered the house alluded to. Apparently it had been an excellent structure, and probably of no small note ; but, like many things of this world, it had served its day and generation. One half of the floor was gone, leaving a dark chasm beneath. No feature of the interior appeared so attractive and consolatory as the hearth. It really seemed worthy of a complimentary address. I sought shelter in its nook among the cinders, which designated fire at no distant period.

I crawl'd upon the dingy hearth,  
Almost of every hope bereft ;  
The ashes from their place I stirred,  
But not the slightest spark was left.

My wearied limbs I there reposed  
Where many had been warm'd before,  
And happy ones perhaps disclosed  
Their social joys in days of yore.

My novel situation afforded me but little comfort. The vitality of my system demanded action, to which my restless spirit gave immediate consent. I had previously seen the island from a distance, and knew in what direction La Tortue lay from it. Thither I resolved to go. The snow by this time had ceased falling, occasioned by the intensity of the air; but the cold west wind was sweeping the drift in fearful whirl about me; nevertheless my determination impelled me to go, choosing rather to die in action, than freeze up in hopeless stagnation. From the lower point of the island I started on my intended route—to be guided by the wind. The ice assumed a favorable appearance, and I flattered my hopes with a fortunate result; but, alas! the consequence of every effort that night was laden with disappointment. Misfortune seemed to rule the hour. Had I possessed any faith in Mythology, I would have assuredly believed in having offended the great Neptune, who had sent his Fates to curse me like Balaam, and torture me with mockery. I had gone but a short distance, when an open space, several feet in width, and apparently extending to a great length, intercepted my course. The water was rushing down with tremendous fury. In opposite directions I travelled for some distance, but discovered no means by which to effect a passage. To jump over it was no easy task, and I dreaded the awful result of slipping in the attempt; nevertheless, I flattered myself of being able to spring over it. A school-boy when mastered in a standing leap, retreats a little to increase

power by a race. I had recourse to the same means, but courage failed as I approached the fearful barrier. Reason then suggested the expediency by stretching over it, but this had greater presentiment of a fatal consequence. I then returned to the house for a plank to throw over it; but did not succeed, as everything appeared to be immovable fixtures. Again baffled, I resolved to travel into the interior of the island, to ascertain if any person really inhabited it. I traversed it in every direction, but discovered no signs of animal existence. It seemed to be nearly a mile in length, and chiefly covered with small trees. Again disappointed, I started back to my "House of Refuge;" and whilst doing so, and deliberating upon some new scheme, my ears were attracted by the bark of a dog, from the Lachine side. The tones sounded familiarly, and, though distant, conveyed friendly and inciting encouragement. Believing the intermediate channel to be narrow, and the ice passable, I flattered myself with the certainty of securing comfort ere long; and avoiding the inevitable consequence of being frozen to death, were I to be exposed for many hours longer. Elated with the prospect of success, I started thitherwards, and had to pass over a small island of mean pretensions, closely parallel with the other. A few scraggy specimens of shrubbery were scattered over it; but it seemed to be more partial to one particular species of plants,—a luxuriant nursery of the burdock, if I may infer from the almost impenetrable dry masses of them through which I had to force my way.

My clothes became totally coated with burs, so much so that they resembled garments of the coarser fur. I then started forward upon the ice, the drift rising fearfully before me; and had only gone but a short distance when I

discovered myself to be again amongst the icy quagmires, and was again prevented from plunging into one of them. I saw that danger was dogging me at every step, and death opening his jaws before me. Good God! what was I to do?—Oh! the anguish of defeated hopes. My very soul began to reel with overwhelming grief. My indomitable spirit for the first time sank within me, and my very heart burst into tears.

Overcome with emotion, I fell upon the ice, and from my very soul wished to God that I might die. Where was all my boasted independence then? Where my cherished hopes and the fabrics of futurity?—Alas! gone—gone—blighted like the gourd of Nineveh. Well might I say with David of old—“Yea, truly has my lot been cast upon slippery places.”

For several minutes I lay there, the tears freezing upon my eyelids, as they issued out; but they gave great relief. A little snow which I ate also revived me.

My face and hands were suffering from the cold; but I rubbed them with snow to prevent their being frozen, a process to which during the night I had frequently resorted. A cold preventive indeed. And having aroused my energies into action, I hurried back to the old building. I saw then the impossibility of realizing my anticipations. It was folly to attempt further. My only alternative was to remain until morning, and use every available means to prevent the cold from making a further inroad. Hunger and exhaustion were preying heavily upon me; so much so, that I doubted the possibility of sustaining vital energy much longer. “The spirit was willing though the flesh was weak;” and I strove to console my mind with the hope that God, who had rescued me from previous danger,

would continue his beneficent providence toward me. For several minutes I suspended motion to regain strength; but the cold denied me a prolonged indulgence. Life, when deprived of external remedy and nourishment, feeds upon its own elements; and motion alone is the all-important method of supplying it with heat. However, I was not inclined to resume such means, until I had tried others. The Indian method of fire-making suggested itself. Having procured a couple of dry sticks, I began to rub them violently together, and continued the operation with hopeful dexterity, until I had exhausted the power of every muscle, but after all I produced not a single spark of fire. My next attempt was with harder material. Having torn off a part of my vest lining, and beaten it into tinder, I tried what virtue there was in stones. This was decidedly an improvement, but was also destined to a wretched failure. The sparks flew vividly around me; but like all my previous hopes, were too volatile to be realized, and, meteor-like, flashed only in mockery of my presumption. My only alternative then to excite heat was to resume natural means. By a broken stairway I found access to the garret, the most comfortable part of the old house, and there, like a sentinel of the night,

I paced away the dreary hours,  
Dejected and forlorn;  
Yet strove to aid my wasted powers  
To meet approaching morn.

In these moments a thousand fancies flashed over my soul. I thought of poor Selkirk upon the island of Juan Fernandez. Like him I was the ruling monarch of an isle, to which no one disputed my right, or title; and I had a

palace at command ; but all were unavailable. The very thoughts of my condition rendered me despicable to myself. I felt as an outcast from society ; and, in the repinings of my heart, gave expression to these sentiments,—

Whilst thousands sleep on downy beds  
 And taste of sweet oblivion's dreams,  
 This wretched prison I must tread,  
 Where neither hope nor mercy beams.

Oh, solitude, how poor thou art,  
 If this is all that thou canst give  
 To cheer the sad bewildered heart,  
 And aid the life that strives to live !

What signifies this lonely isle,  
 Tho' I should here its monarch reign,  
 Whilst nature's woes I'm doom'd to feel,  
 And cannot break my icy chain !

Weak as my system was, I succeeded in sustaining action until the early dawn of morning ; but human nature could withstand it no longer, and from real exhaustion I sank upon the floor. My strength was completely gone, but I anticipated a short rest to be of service for further action. One of the chief symptoms of being overpowered by the cold, is a predisposition to drowsiness. Sleep steals slyly over the fancy of the storm-benighted traveller, consequently he sinks upon the couch of death, and slips unconsciously from the world. Aware of this danger, particularly at that moment, I endeavoured to keep awake ; but our propensities become obstinate when tantalized, and retaliate powerfully when incensed. However, I fell asleep, and for one short period forgot my sorrow. I dreamt that

I had wandered home, and was again in the circle of domestic happiness, as if nothing had happened to me.

There unmolested friendship reign'd,  
In peaceful joy with blessings stored ;  
Affection every heart sustain'd,  
And comfort crown'd the bounteous board.

As change the actor's tragic scene  
To some horrific form at last,  
So changed this life-domestic dream  
To the cold tragic of the past.

And o'er the icy gulf I hung,  
Its waters bubbling from the deep ;  
With death-like grasp for life I clung,  
And shrieking burst the bonds of sleep.

On awakening I felt as comfortable as if lying upon a feathered couch. For a moment I was bewildered by imagination, but soon recognized the reality of my position. The welcome rays of the appearing sun were entering my chamber, and cheerfully soliciting me to depart. I was lying upon my back, my hands folded across my breast. I then made an effort to move, but failed to do so. Not a part of my body would act submissively to my will. In a word I was perfectly paralyzed, soul and body seemed to be disunited, and powerless to re-act. I made several desperate internal efforts to start motion, but my whole body appeared to be dead, and every member refused to perform its office. I gazed upon the objects within view, saw in reality it was my very self, but entertained doubts as to my natural complex existence. In fact I began to believe I was dead, with the exception of my soul's final exit. The perfect mechanism was there, but the cold had

clogged its wheels, and the motive power was suspended. The long wished-for light of day had come that I might depart; but, alas! I was more firmly chained than ever to my destiny. Oh! the appalling thought. Fear took possession of my heart, for I dreaded the immediate flight of my soul into the eternal regions. Every nerve instinctively quivered, as if touched by some galvanic power, and the first act of physical motion became visible. Gradually the vital essence diffused itself, until its presence in every part of my body was felt. I then made the attempt to raise myself upon my feet; but fell down. I felt as if my body were under the control of some other agency than my will. No person diseased with St. Vitus's dance effected more fantastic and grotesque gestures and motion than I did. Every limb felt as if disjoined, and every muscle seemed to fashion motion for itself, independently of the systematic harmony which nature had designed. After a long series of child-like exercise, I succeeded in the attempt of walking to and fro in the chamber, supported by its walls. Finally, my whole system became subservient to my purpose; but from the morbid stiffness of my hands and feet, I felt suspicious of a fearful consequence.

It was a calm, clear, frosty morning; the sun was shining cheerfully. I took but a hurried glance over the marble features of the appalling scene that presented itself around me. I discovered my position to be identical with the presupposed locality.

To my right I beheld with horror the treacherous labyrinth in which I had wandered in wild bewilderment. Beyond these unmerciful realms, on the main shore, stood the "Dunn's Mills." Ah, better for me had they never been, for I have reason to believe, it was the light in them

that had allured me so far up stream. A few miles below lay the bay-like shore of LaTortue; and further down stood the village of Laprairie; I knew it by the commanding form of its fan-like cathedral. The opposite side of the river presented a less regular appearance, owing to the intervention of the Nun's Island; yet the hoary summit of the Royal Mount gave a romantic feature to the landscape, and threw an enchanting gracefulness over the whole scene, whilst

O'er Monkland's Isle the city spires  
Were glittering with the morning smiles;  
And curling clouds from cheerful fires  
Arose along the shores for miles.

I then took my final leave of the old house, wandered down to the lower part of the island, and bade adieu to my "ice"-olated residence, to which I gave the title of "Neptune's Isle." I came immediately to the open stream that had debarred my progress on the previous evening. Fear and reason forbade me to assent to bold necessity at once, by attempting to jump it. I saw it was the extenuated form of a lake-like chasm further up, and occasioned by the rapid whirl of the water around the lower point of the Island. I could have evaded it by starting from a higher part; but in doing so, would have endangered myself among the barbarous regions from which I had made my nocturnal ingress to the Island. By following the stream for some distance, its narrow limits availed me of a safe and easy passage. I made but slow progress, partly on account of the hazardous route, but chiefly from the weak state of my body, and the stiffness of my limbs; however, I succeeded in reaching LaTortue, distant only a few

miles, after having been exposed for the long period of sixteen hours to the ruthless elements of nature, and the icy jaws of appalling danger.

Oh, how my heart warmed with the joy of heavenly gratitude as I placed my *foot upon shore* ! I felt like the retiring hero in his martial triumph, weak, yet strong.

On entering the inn, where I had intended staying the previous night, the host and others startled back, and stared at me with astonishment. The burs upon my clothes, together with every dejected feature of my person, presented a savage and unnatural appearance, which led every one present to suppose at first that I was a fugitive from Bedlam. When my real condition became known, every assistance for my comfort was rendered, but, alas, my hands and feet were badly frozen. Every means available for their restoration were used. For two hours I was absorbed midway to the knees in snow-water, and subjected to the most powerful antidotes to extract the virus element.

On the following day I was removed home ; but I will not burden my readers with the afflicted state of our family, nor the connected details of my subsequent suffering. Be it sufficient to say, that for three months I was confined to bed ; during the first part of which time I experienced all that human nature is capable of enduring. I suffered a thousand deaths, more horrible than the real. Inflammation tortured me with its searing fangs, and fever with its wild delirium. If sleep for a moment closed my eye-lids, I fancied myself struggling over the boiling, bubbling chasm, and clinging to its slippery edge, whilst a thousand furies appeared to be dragging me under. The best of medical skill was procured, but death seemed for a while to baffle the physician's art. God be praised for his merciful

and marvellous providence. He who rescued me from the dangers of that hazardous adventure, effected my miraculous restoration.

In my system I still suffer the effects of that awful night ; for since that unfortunate event, I have scarcely experienced for a day the cheerful feelings of that invaluable blessing, health, and a highly excitable temperament renders me subject to many a melancholy feeling ; but, perhaps, it is well for me in some respects that I have been afflicted. I have every reason to feel grateful to my Maker, "that he willed not that I should perish, but rather to come unto him and live."

To thee, my God, all praise I breathe,  
Whose mighty arm, so strong to save,  
Withdrew me from the jaws of death,  
An icy tomb and watery grave.

When frenzied fever shook my brain,  
Thy fingers cooled my burning brow :  
Nor have I cried to thee in vain ;  
Thy strength'ning hand sustains me now.

MARRIAGE IN MIDDLE LIFE;  
OR,  
TWENTY YEARS' PROMISE FULFILLED.

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CHAPTER I.

How strange are the events of life,  
Laden with pleasure or with sorrow;  
To day's bright sun that cheers our strife,  
May be obscured by clouds to-morrow.

In the spring of 1818, the Ship Lady Mary left the quay of Leith, Scotland, for Quebec, with 150 passengers, among whom were a Mr. Symington and lady. Mr. S. was the only son of a wealthy merchant in Glasgow. Having lost his mother when young, he had grown up under the care of a stern, yet indulgent father. Being of a susceptible temperament, he was easily influenced by vice or virtue. As he increased in years, the early impressions of a pious mother wore off. To gratify his lively imagination he associated with the gay, and fashionable; and finally sought enjoyment in the sparkling bowl and the haunts of dissipation, whose polluted atmosphere soon blighted the lingering beauties of his soul. The rigid authority of his

father to remedy the evil, only irritated the wound it was meant to heal. He fled from his parental home, embarked as a sailor on a vessel to the Bermudas; thence to the West India Islands. The hardship of a seaman's life was too much for him; he returned—sought forgiveness from his father, and promised a reformation. Old habits deeply rooted, are not easily eradicated. Like the sow to the mire, returned our hero to his vice. To avoid parental admonition, he removed to Stirling, to spend a winter with an uncle, under pretence of avoiding his old companions and attending to his studies. Although he had many advantages there for improvement, still he sacrificed the golden opportunities for the giddy whirl of life. The lively fascination of a Miss Homesley, an orphan girl, captivated his capricious fancy. His uncle heard of it, and discountenanced their intercourse: he suggested to him to leave or resign his unequal choice. To triumph over the stern commands of his uncle and gratify his propensity, he absconded with her to Leith, having extracted 150 guineas from the rich coffers of his relative. To avoid discovery, he immediately embarked on the ship *Lady Mary*, with his favourite paramour, promising to enter into matrimony with her on their arrival at the *Western World*.

Weeks passed on, and no barrier impeded their progress; the very elements seemed favourable to the voyage. All was lovely and animating; and every soul cherished its brightest anticipations. Finally, appearance of land almost insured their safe arrival, and preparations were being made for their exit.

The human heart is a thermometer; and every man has a little atmosphere of his own, in which he lives. The rising and descending of his internal spirits indicate the

temperature of life without ; frequently the variations are premature ; expose it to cold, adversity, or danger, and the warmest imaginings will instantly descend, leaving a vacuum in the heart. Such unexpectedly was the case with our happy voyagers. In the very dawn of a promised sunshine, the sky of their prosperity became clouded, and they were plunged into the dark adversity of fate.

'Tis night—the moon, that cheers the traveller's way,  
Behind a curtain holds her mystic sway :  
Dim shades of land like misty spectres seem,  
While from the strand the midnight beacons gleam.  
The billows lash the vessel's stubborn sides,  
As o'er the deep triumphantly she rides ;  
The lonely helm-men at their duty ply ;  
The pilot's guide is his unerring eye :  
A hundred lives are under their control ;  
Though Providence can sink or save the whole.  
In peaceful slumber sleeps the silent throng,  
And hushed the busy seaman's rousing song.  
Perchance their inward visions lead the way  
To some sweet home and scenes of brighter day,  
Where youthful friends and fancies love to roam,  
And never dreamt of worlds beyond their home,  
Or, aught we know, before their inward eyes,  
In vision their protracted future rise,  
Far from the city's din and noisome life ;  
Unknown to earth's distracting ills and strife  
They see a home, enclosed by towering trees,  
Whose fragrant gems inspire the gentle breeze,  
Or spread their arms to the voluptuous sun,  
That lends enchantment to the charms he won,  
Where nature's self their simple wants supplies,  
And forest beauties in abundance rise ;—  
With thousand tongues to cheer their souls by day,  
And flowers to carpet their embroidered way.

Whilst thus enriched by life's profusive dreams  
Or 'sorb'd in fancy's complicated schemes,  
A fearful shock vibrates through every heart,  
And from their shapeless dreams they wildly start.  
A murderous crash reveals the vessel's fate,  
And clanking pumps assure their sinking state.  
Amid the din the captain's voice commands  
The nimble feet and busy bustling hands ;  
The boats are lowered, and human kindness strives  
To buoy the ship and save the tender lives.  
But who can paint that scene of mortal strife,  
Where checkless passions struggle hard for life ;  
Where frantic mothers in their midnight shrouds  
Search for their own among confusive crowds,  
And husbands seek their little ones and wives  
To soothe their fears or save their sinking lives ;  
Whilst mingled cries of anguish and despair  
Are borne aloft upon the midnight air,  
Yet still the vessel hangs upon the tides ;  
And human beings cluster round her sides,  
To fill the boats that ply with skillful haste,  
To some lone isle amid the watery waste.

## CHAPTER II.

'How strange a compound is the human heart!  
How soon a cause can joy or grief impart!  
Touch but a single chord and all is bright;  
Another touch, and all is dark as night.'

WHEN the last boat had landed upon the strand, and the beams of morning dispelled the shades of night, it was discovered that several passengers were missing, among whom was Mr. Symington. The others were safely moored upon the shores of a bleak and desolate isle, where stood a light-house, and a few dirty hovels, inhabited by a set of dingy fishermen. The aspect of things was neither inviting-nor conducive to health, or comfort; but rescue from imminent danger, and hospitable entertainment savored the coarsest fare, and tempered the feelings which, under different circumstances, would have been disagreeable.

Several days passed before all were removed, during which time no intelligence of the missing was received. They were principally young men unaccompanied with relations; and, although the event had a melancholy effect, yet few were there to lament long their untimely fate.—Although some hope of their discovery was entertained, it was generally believed that in the frenzy of excitement they had leapt over board, and in their effort to reach the shore were drowned.

None experienced the result of this calamity more than did Mrs Symington,—properly speaking still Miss

Homesley. Unsupportable was the anguish of her soul when she found *him* not. In the bitterness of her heart, she exclaimed,—O would to God that we had died as one;—for him would I have sacrificed all that earth could bestow;—for him, endure the severest trials and the hardest destiny. Here upon a foreign shore—among strangers,—exiled from my country that may spurn my return, am I left a homeless, friendless orphan. Good God—father of the fatherless—forgive the errors of my sanguine heart:—protect me;—and be thou my solace in adversity; and and when this fluttering spirit leaves its clayey tenement may it arise to meet his in those celestial regions where beams of love and felicity are never shrouded by clouds of sorrow.

Frequently did she wander along the cold and barren strand of that unfavoured isle, where the angry billows,

With fury dash'd against the stubborn shore;  
And backward roll'd with melancholy roar.

Eagerly did she gaze over the dim distance of the restless ocean, as if she would have over-reached the limit of her vision, and rival the telescope in its distant view; grasping at every straw that floated upon the ocean of hope; and in the reveries of imagination fancying that she heard the drowning echoes of his voice, which seemed loath to die.

The cherished tones still lingered in her ears;  
And frantic fancy leapt through boundless scope:  
In vain she strove to chase away her fears,  
And chain the sighs of disappointed hope.

Having remained a few days in Quebec, to which place the passengers had been removed, she proceeded directly

to Montreal, where she obtained employment as housemaid in the family of a respectable merchant by the name of McKenzie. Her gentleness and assiduity rendered her very agreeable and merited respect and favor from all who became acquainted with her. She stated the circumstances to which we have alluded; and regretted her misconduct, the fruit of which was a beautiful boy.

McKenzie and his wife were persons of a genuine stamp; inheriting those principles upon which morality and religion are based.

They had a ready sympathy for every heart, that felt its sorrow, and were ever willing to aid the needy.

And when the sufferer's cry assail'd their ears  
They bathed the rankling wound with pity's tears.

Having no children of their own, they exercised a parental care over Miss Homesley and her little one; who became part of their own household. Little Arthur—for so he was called—grew up in all the simplicity of childhood; and daily imbibed from his mother all those noble qualities which distinguished him in after life.

Time rolled on and she was happy—but there were moments when fancy loved to wander to the days of other years, and call forth the many events of her past life.

The clouds which cover the ashes of some loved one, cannot envelope the ideal of our affection; or hide the enchantment from the vision of a hallowed remembrance; neither could the surges of the ocean absorb the cherished imaginings of her soul. Some smile or jesture of her lovely Arthur would recall a similar expression of his father; and with it the ideality of these happy hours, when in the sunshine of her happiness she dreamt not.

That life is toss'd on time's tempestuous sea  
As oft in danger as from danger free.

The claim which the departed have upon our sympathy is no reasonable plea why we should not impart as true affection to others; neither is it reproachable to honour to effect a re-union with another, if death has prevented a fulfilment of our first promise. Miss Homesley realized marriage, but not the result of her first love. She became the wife of Mr. Cameron, McKenzie's book-keeper,—a very sober and industrious young man. The McKenzies, with whom she resided, manifested their affection, by giving her a splendid wedding; and to her son Arthur a purse containing £50,—no false certificates for a praiseworthy reputation.

Eight years glided away: they were years of happiness and prosperity. Arthur grew up to be an active and intelligent lad; and entered into the employment of McKenzie. Mr. Cameron still held the situation entrusted to him; and his endearing wife exerted her influence—

In making home a happy place,  
Where thornless roses grow;  
While cheerful heart and smiling face,  
A mutual bliss bestow.

But there is no morning, bright though it be, without its eve—no sunshine without shade—no Eden without its serpent; neither is there in life continual pleasure without sorrow. A cloud, unsuspectedly, gathered around their sky, and dimmed the luster of its meridian. Suddenly it burst;—swiftly flew the lightnings of fate, and pierced the heart of one of that happy circle—

MR. CAMERON WAS NO MORE.

The clammy hand of the fell destroyer was laid upon him, when health appeared as a safe antidote. Three days passed away, and a little bright-eyed boy followed his father to that bourne—

“From which no traveller returns  
To tell what’s doing on the further side.”

Alas—that fearful pestilence of 1832, that effected such direful ravages in Europe, and elsewhere, had broken out in Montreal, and was committing its outrages upon suffering humanity. Hundreds were flying from the contagion, which, like a blood-hound, followed closely at their heels. Fear settled upon the vitals of business, and clogged its wheels. Houses were vacated, and cemeteries were being filled; which places appeared to be the emporium of the public trade.

The young—the old—the healthy—beautiful and gay,  
Like hay before the scythe were swiftly swept away.

The vials of God’s wrath were being poured out. The world appeared to be suffering from its iniquity; and the universal aspect of things assumed a desolate and melancholy appearance.

Among the victims of that fatal calamity were McKenzie and his wife—another sudden shock to poor Isabella. From the summit of their prosperity they were summoned to the bar of God; and well might they approach that bar with assurance of eternal glory. They had richer treasures laid up in heaven than those of earth. Death came—and in the midst of prosperity they had to go. Wealth is no preventive to disease, or death; neither is the boasted energy of youth. Age, tottering upon the verge of life, may boast as

safely of to-morrow as the gamboling school-boy. Beauty with its enchantments has not learnt the art to allure the grim cannibal from his fatal design; nor can the man of medicine prepare an antidote against his mortal-enemy—death.

## CHAPTER III.

In forest wilds and nature's solitude,  
Alone, the widow's humble cottage stood.

THE city having lost its charms for the fair Isabella, now a lonely widow, she resolved, with Arthur, to seek a new home in the country. An acquaintance of hers residing in the flourishing little village of Beauharnois, above Montreal, offered her assistance to set up a small grocery in that place. She purposed removing thither, but Providence had it otherwise ordained.

Malcom McKenzie, a resident in the vicinity of Glengary, C. W., came to Montreal to settle the affairs of his deceased brother. He knew the character and circumstances of widow Cameron and her son, and in order to show respect to them and the deceased, he felt charitably inclined to exercise fraternal sympathy. He promised them assistance, and assured them of a home and happiness at his forest residence. They assented thereto; and never for one moment had they to regret their removal to the green wood-lands of Glengary.

That country, now rich and well cultivated, was then in many parts rough and thinly settled. The Indian had disappeared, but the voice of the wild beast still lingered among the shades. Nature was becoming subservient to art. The tomahawk was giving place to the axe;—the wigwam to the cottage, and wherever the whiteman found an inroad,—

From him the savage brute and barb'rous man  
Back to the depths of wilder nature ran.  
To him, the forest with submission bowed,  
And rose on fiery wings a smoky cloud.  
By him, the stagnant pools received their force.  
And circling waters changed their native course:  
Thus, nature smiled with beauty's lovelier hue,  
When from her face her ancient veil he drew.

A contrast, beautiful as it is astonishing, now presents itself to view. Toil and perseverance have done much to improve the soil and enhance its value. Forests have been swept away, and fertile fields supply their place. The corduroy roads of that primitive age are nearly buried out of sight, and the iron horse now sweeps along with magnificent velocity,

Where jogg'd the bull cart and its slow ox-team,  
Forced by the blue-beech-rod in stead of steam  
To draw the traveller o'er the rugged waste,  
Thundering on stubs and stones at snail-coach-haste.

From the stock and property left by the deceased, there being no hereditary heirs, Mr. McKenzie realized as his share to the amount of \$4000. This enabled him to triumph over poverty, to which he had been subjected, notwithstanding the frequent aid of his brother. Being of a jovial and generous disposition—fond of company and the bottle, he had frequently over-taxed his means with injury to himself and family. To make this little fortune subservient to himself and others, he opened a store in a central place, which formed the first grand feature of improvement in that locality—now a thriving village.

At a short distance on a by-way leading to the stage road, stood a little cottage. Its flower-embroidered win-

dows, and whitened walls gave it a delicate and beautiful appearance. A number of little trees and variegated flowers grew around it, and the woodbine decorated it with interwoven tracery. The background assumed a different aspect. A newly-formed field—studded with a thousand stumps and unshapely stones—lay beyond the cottage. The primeval forest cast its broad shadow over it, as if unwilling that the light of day should enter, and frowned as if to say to man—*Intrude no further upon our rights.*

Nevertheless, the sweet simplicity of the cottage threw a halo of enchantment around the scene, and appeared as an oasis in the forest. This was the humble home of widow Cameron and her little ones. McKenzie and his family showed every respect, and aided them in all their little wants and difficulties.

Arthur was taken into the store as a salesman: Mrs. Cameron found employment at the needle; and health and contentment made their little sphere of life pleasant.

Although the appearance of the country at first afforded her but little pleasure, she became gradually reconciled to her condition. Still she experienced many a lonely feeling. When memory reverted to the past, a thousand varied images started up in direful array. Years of sorrow had passed, and with them many a loved one. Oft did she ponder over life's young days, when a mother's voice responded to her lisping prattle; and whose soft hand had plaited her glossy ringlets. Or, when a lightsome girl, she had strolled in native simplicity,—

'Mong the deep mossy glens and the heath-covered hills,  
The sweet sylvan bowers and the clear gurgling rills;  
Or, roamed with the bees and the gay butterflies,  
To kiss the wild flowers of a thousand bright dyes.

These were the day-dreams of her youthful innocence—the pristine beauties of life—the poetry of the soul. As the vernal world grows dim beneath a clouded sun, so did this fair prospect of her soul lose its brightness. A cloud sailed over life's fair disk, and all was gloom. Her very infancy of life was clouded by her father's death. That with other sorrows hastened her mother to a premature grave, and the young and beautiful Isabella Homesley was left upon the world a lonely orphan girl. Her's was a checkered life, to which, at times, death seemed preferable; yet there were some green spots where grew the olive, from which the dove of peace might cull a leaf; and there was happiness in tracing the providence of God through all her ways,—

Whose light illumed her darkest scenes of life,  
And gave her power to brook the earthly strife.

True, she had to labor economically for her support, which was but a comfortable poverty, and suffered many little inconveniences; yet in other respects she was amply blessed. The filial love and piety of her son gave her a mother's bliss. The Bible was her treasure—Nature her study—Providence her guide. In the rude forest as in the splendid city, she found her God, and was spiritually happy.

If vice be the absence of God's presence, and nature his material garb, then must his power be more intensely felt in the deep solitudes of nature, where myriads of sinless creatures dwell, from the pawed monster to the wingless insect, scampering their native wilds in freedom, boring amid the earth, or soaring among the branches and hymning devotional gratitude to their Creator. And where

the vital principle of Deity arises in countless complicated textures, every tree is a volume of mysterious divinity, every leaf a lecture, every root a sentiment,—

Flowers are his poetry—the trees his prose,  
Each tint, a beam from his all-radiant eye,  
Each stem a vein thro' which his essence flows,  
Leading the living earth towards the sky,  
To seek the sun, from which it does assume,  
Form—beauty—color—richness, and perfume.

## CHAPTER IV.

Man's life appears a complicated scheme,—  
A drama in eternity designed ;  
Heaven the immortal author,—Earth the stage,—  
Man the false actor of th' Eternal mind.

In the afternoon of a fine day, towards the latter part of June, in the year 1840, a well-dressed, genteel-looking man, about forty-five years of age, carrying a travelling bag, walked up toward the cottage, where Widow Cameron was busily watering some of her out-side flowers; and having very politely addressed her, exclaimed, gazing upon the plot of flowers,—

'I am happily astonished, madam, to behold such lovely flowers in so new a country.'

'I think, sir,' said she, 'the scarcity of them, and the wildness of the place, not only augment their value, but increase their beauty.'

'Very true, indeed: but I really fancy these are extremely beautiful; and their healthy appearance indicates that considerable care has been bestowed upon them.'

'You flatter me by saying so,' said she, smilingly; 'nevertheless, I am happy to learn that my labor—I should rather say pleasure—has not been exercised in vain.'

'By possessing a love for these innocent beauties of the Creator,' said he—to which Solomon and all his glory were not to be compared—we are amply repaid by the pleasure we derive from the duty we owe to God, by cherishing them as he has done for us. His fostering care preserves

us; his blessing is a moisture to our hearts; and by his providence we are sheltered in the storm of adversity. The beast of the forest, and the lily of the field, are with us, the daily recipients of his impartial bounty.'

'He paused, and—having wiped the moisture from his face—asked the widow for a bowl of water to drink.

'Please to step in, sir, and I will bring some fresh water,' said she, and hurried away to the fountain. The stranger seated himself.

'Your house, though small, appears comfortable,' said he, having partaken of a cooling draught; 'but I suppose the distance from town, and the newness of the country, subject you to many little inconveniences.'

'True sir, we labor under many embarrassments and disadvantages; but it is our duty to prize the comforts and privileges we possess, and feel grateful to the disposer of all things.

'That is a part of our creed, madam, and it is a principle that every bosom should cherish. Happy am I, indeed, to find that the forest is not void of God's true worshippers.

'The forest is our only temple here in which we worship God,' said she, 'and the voice of nature is our preacher.'

'The psalmist says, God dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' said he. 'Hagar found him in the wilderness—Elijah did—so did the Israelites—and, wherever there is true faith, there is a true God. All nature speaks his praise—the forest breathes his inspiration—every flower impressed with the stamp of heaven—and every leaf impregnated with divinity. What the poet says is true—

"There is a soul in all things, and that soul is God."

'Very true, indeed, sir,' said Mrs. Cameron, gravely.

'I understand you have preaching but seldom,' said he.

'Occasionally we hear a sermon from some itinerant preacher. The poverty of the place, and scarcity of its inhabitants, have denied us a stationed preacher; but, exertions are being made to get one to preach in two localities.

'Having learnt on enquiry that this, and other parts were without a preacher, I considered it my duty as a minister of the gospel to visit such places. I was directed to a Mr. McKenzie, hereabouts; and God willing, I shall preach to-morrow.

'Oh, I suppose then you are the one they intend getting—a Mr. Parr, if I remember rightly.

'Not at all, madam—not at all. My name is not Parr. I am neither brought nor sent—I have come voluntarily.'

At that moment three beautiful little girls, with school satchels, rather shyly entered the dwelling.

'Pardon me, madam, in asking you are these a part of your family,' said the minister, eyeing them as they entered.

'These, and one son,' said she, 'comprise all that are alive.'

'Then your answer suggests the bereavement of some.'

'Yes, God in his wise providence has seen fit to deprive me of my husband, and one dear little boy. Yes, and others that were near and dear to me.' Here her heart filled with sorrow. She paused, and a tear trickled from her eyelids.

'A loss,' said the minister in a consolatory tone, 'that earth can never supply—a vacuum that none can ever fill—a grief that never dries up; and a wound that never heals. God gives only to take again, yet he never acts without an eternal object. We suffer for our good as the patient

suffers for a cure under the surgeon's knife. Earth is only our shadow—heaven our sunshine—eternity our day.'

'The many sad events of my existence,' said she, 'have learnt me in a great measure to subdue my feelings, and trust myself to the control of providence. Well might I say with David of old—Yea, truly have I been afflicted: My eye mourneth by reason of sorrow,

'As curiosity is a sort of insatiable propensity, I hope, madam, you will allow me the liberty of asking, from what place you originally came?'

'From Stirling, sir.'

'Yes——Long since?'

'Over twenty years ago—in 1818.'

'Then I suppose your hardships and afflictions have been chiefly in Canada.'

'In both, sir. In Scotland I lost my parents; in Canada, my husband and child. I have been homeless and hopeless—family wrecked, and ship-wrecked; yet God has supported me through all.'

'Ship-wrecked!' did you say?' said the minister somewhat astonished.

'Yes, I was ship-wrecked in the St. Lawrence gulf, when coming to this country. The ship ran against an iceberg, and sank. Several of the passengers were lost, among whom was one near and dear to me.

'Please pardon me once more—the name of your Captain and ship?'

'Captain Greenshields; and ship Lady Mary.'

'Captain Greenshields and ship Lady Mary!' repeated the minister excitedly, and gazing intently upon her.

'Your name, if you please?'

'Mrs. Cameron.'

'Your maiden name I mean, please?'

'Isabella Homesley.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed the minister, frantically.  
'My wife! my wife! I am Arthur Symington, your long lost one.'

'Oh, Arthur!' she exclaimed, and fell faintly upon his bosom. He clasped her by the hand, and drew her more closely to his breast; and in the fond embrace of a long, though never forgotten love they sobbed their sorrows into excessive joy.

## CHAPTER V.

Tho' lost in life's mysterious maze  
We erring mortals stray,  
The polar star of providence  
Still points the heaven-ward way.

BEFORE a writing desk in McKenzie's store, sat a young man of good countenance and intelligent appearance, busily arranging some papers: this was Arthur, widow Cameron's son. Whilst thus engaged he was addressed by a sweet child-like voice; and looking around, beheld his little sister Agnes by his side.

"Well Aga, want me for tea, I suppose?"

"Yes, brother, and ma' says you must come right off, *for papa has come!*"

"*Papa has come!*" repeated Arthur, staring. "Whose papa?"

"Our papa, so ma' says," said the innocent creature.

"It must be the fat man you saw yesterday," said Arthur jokingly.

"No, no, brother, its not him any how. Its papa for sure. He took mamma by the hand, kissed her, and they both cried, and we all cried."

"Oh, how foolishly you talk, sissie," said Arthur, and he hurried away homeward, rather confusedly astonished.

It is unnecessary as it is impossible to relate minutely the sudden and absorbed emotions, the affectionate looks, the bewildered ideas, the impassioned gestures, and the ideal and real of this mysterious re-union.

The first gust of passion having subsided, and all sensibly recovered, it was necessary to disclose the mystery; to fill up the blank of so many years, and to close the link of that chain of circumstances which connected the past with the present.

The following explanation was then given by the Rev. Mr. Symington:—

\* \* \* \* \*

Amidst the noise and wild tumult of that eventful night on which our ship was wrecked, after having assisted you and others into the small boat, I considered it a duty to try to save my own life. The ship appeared to be sinking fast, and the boats had all gone with their living freight. To remain betokened inevitable death, to depend upon the boats was a hopeless uncertainty; therefore, in company with others, I leapt upon the ice-berg against which the vessel had struck. It started from its fastenings, and whilst wheeling around, dipped suddenly, and we were plunged headlong beneath it. One or two others and myself arose; they clung to the vessel, I heard them call for aid, but could not assist them. Being an expert swimmer, I followed the ice-berg, trusting rather to it than the sinking ship. I clambered upon it, and away I went. The mingled noise upon deck grated upon my ears, and I fancied I heard the screeches of drowning females upon the mid-night air. Further and further I was removed, until the vessel appeared as a grim spectre in the dim distance. Never did I experience such a night of mental and physical suffering, I may add spiritual also. I was alone, and away from all that was dear to me, tossed upon the billows of a reckless ocean: wet, cold and sad, I clung to my icy boat. Fortunately, the sea was calm; nevertheless, I expected

every moment to be thrown over-board, or dashed against the rocks. I was in the very midst of danger and death, but my hard and icy heart was too stubborn to pray. I said I will trust to chance as God has dealt so harshly with me. Poor foolish soul that I was; had I died then, I would have died in my sins, and would have now been suffering greater torments in hell-fire. God be praised for his tender mercy and forbearance, "*for He willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come to Him and be saved.*"

In this sad and lonely condition a thousand dreams fluttered over my reckless soul. I thought of the gay companions of my past career, the merry days, and the carousing nights. I upbraided myself for cowardice in flying from my country for fear of man. In my heart I cursed God for the premature annihilation of our anticipated felicity, and the inevitable fate to which he had consigned me.

Fancy then led me to the parental region, the home and the bright associations of early days: a halo of enchantment encircled my heart, I breathed the domestic atmosphere, I felt its influence. Whisperings of a voice long dumb crept within my soul, and dead feelings assumed a vitality. I listened, I heard, I felt; it was the ideal voice of my mother, like the shade of Samuel, coming up to me through the dim mist of years, years of vice, pages of iniquity, an autobiography written with the devil's pen. I felt the force of her admonitions, and the out-pourings of her heaven-enregistered prayers. I remembered that she had taught me to pray; the words like the fancied relish of some once-tasted viands, returned to my mouth, and involuntarily escaped my lips. I felt ashamed of such child-

ish breathings, and was about to reproach myself for such folly, when a small still voice whispered to my soul: "*My son, pray and thy sins shall be forgiven thee, and thou shalt be saved.*" I hesitated, I reflected. A strange sensation, stranger than I had ever felt came over my soul, and I beheld as with other eyes. My voluptuous passions became loathsome, and my carnal idols unshapely monsters. I felt that I had deceived a mother's faith, blasted a father's hope, shaken an uncle's confidence, deflowered a virgin's reputation, perchance ruined her for ever; and had brought myself soul and body down to the unfathomable depths of hell. Like Jonah, for my wickedness am I pursued, and God has taken vengeance upon me; the ship could not hide me; his justice has sought me out, and for my iniquity alone has this catastrophe befallen. Oh! Lord, *I am guilty.* Horror stricken with remorse I fell prostrate, and from the utmost depths of my soul cried to God, and he heard me. "Great is his goodness and long suffering and his mercy is past finding out."

Early next morning I was discovered by some fishermen. They conveyed me to a rude hut, and treated me with hospitality. My exposure during the night caused a dead sickness to spread over my whole frame: cold chills were succeeded by fever: I became delirious. Aid seemed unavailable, every moment appeared to be my last. Life struggled in the clutches of death. Providence interfered, and I lived. "*Blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

Having received intelligence of the wreck that all were lost, and believing you to be amongst that number, I embraced the first opportunity of a home-ward-bound vessel; and after an absence of three months, was safely landed upon the shores of my native isle. I flew directly

to the bosom of my father, related my adventures, re-promised a reformation, and received forgiveness ;—my uncle forgave me also.

The following winter, I entered college for the ministry. Six years from that date, I was ordained a minister in Pebbles. Subsequently I was married to a pious young lady of that place, with whom, for five years, I lived spiritually happy ; but providence saw fit to unloose the sacred tie—she died, leaving no children.

Shortly afterwards, on account of my loss and infirmity of body, I resigned my charge, and withdrew from mental exertion. I spent several months in the country with my relatives ; but had to return home, my father having died, another sad shock to me.

My youthful stubbornness and ingratitude were no barriers to paternal kindness :—My father had forgot and forgiven all ; he had made me possessor of his property with the exception of a few hundred guineas to my sisters, and a life-competence to a maiden aunt, who had ruled supremely over our domestic affairs since my mother's death.

I remained in Glasgow for four years, during which time, I occasionally assisted other ministers, and preached the gospel to the poor, the widow and the fatherless, the hopeless and the depraved, that “ by the grace of God, sinners might return from the errors of their ways.”

Sickness again compelled me to relinquish my ministerial duties. Fancying that a change of climate would be conducive to my health, I went to the south of France, and remained there for some time. My health gradually returned ; and after an absence of two years, during which time I had travelled over many parts of the Continent, I came home.

Having acquired a love for travel, and being desirous of visiting the "New World," of which I had only a glimpse, I resolved to spend a summer in North America. Two weeks ago I arrived in the city of Montreal. Thence I proceeded towards Upper Canada. Being desirous of seeing the original state of the country, and its inhabitants in the interior, and, in my wanderings, to preach to those destitute of a minister, I halted at some distance from here; and having made inquiries respecting the nature of the country, I was directed to this part. And now my betrothed wife,—recipient of my first love—by the providence of God are we now met—strange—yet true. By the same power that separated us are we united. The same hand that governs the universe governs life. Years have passed—like a dream the interval appears. We have had our joys. We have had our sorrows. Thy image, like a spirit has ever haunted the inner chambers of my soul, and my heart has wept over the past with sadness. Never did I anticipate our earthly re-union. Life is a magician's chain—forged in heaven—linked together on earth. How strange; how mysterious have been ours! For our spiritual good have we been separated; and, for heaven's glory I trust that we have met.

## CHAPTER VI.

That marriages are framed in heaven  
Is frequently repeated ;  
If so, they 're handed down to earth,  
To be by man completed.

ON the afternoon of a fine day about the middle of July of the same year, a group of well-dressed, respectable-looking persons were seated on the upper deck of a steamer as she was threading her course up the St. Lawrence river. The sun was excessively hot, but a gentle breeze cooled the perspiratory organs, and regaled the feelings. Every feature of that happy group seemed radiant with smiles, every tone breathed harmony, and every soul, enjoyment. Well might some of them feel happy, if happiness be the realization of blighted hopes. The promise of twenty years had been fulfilled, the love of youth had been renewed, and the fond hopes of a cherished future were re-animated with the vigour and vitality of riper years. It was the Rev. Mr. Symington's wedding party on a visit to the "Grand Falls." Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie accompanied that happy pair, and seemed to participate in the sweet enjoyment of united friendship; and the beauty of the variegated prospect around—the opening landscape of the river banks—the neat little cottages smiling from beyond the jutting crags, or peeping through the forest trees, and the rudiments of a forming town or village, all of which had a lively and promising appearance, and showed that a world of vast fertility and power was fast emerging from

the dark ages of nature into the full effulgence of civilization.

As the vessel glided along this magnificent panorama, a prospect more attractive and picturesque appeared—

A lovely group of twin-born isles,  
Where unassisted nature smiles.

These were the "Thousand Islands," in their romantic loveliness, nestling upon the bosom of the stream, like sister virgins sleeping upon the beds of innocence, whilst the enamoured waters rushed forth to kiss them in their ravishing embraces. Among them might the wearied and reflective soul find an isolated residence—away from the stifling din of the busy world; and feast upon the rich repast of nature amid her listless solitudes. And thence in the reverie of imagination, to soar to the nocturnal isles of the azure canopy—the only visible creation that the finger of sin has left in primeval purity, and which the beams of our sun have never visited.

Whilst our tourists were regaling themselves in the Land of Lakes and Cataracts—along its majestic river, and the magnificent Ontario, or where Niagara,

Hoarse with the clangor of a thousand years,  
In awful form and majesty, appears;  
Whose floods are hurl'd into the depths below,  
Whirling like some huge avalanche of snow,  
Whilst from the struggling wreck of waters, rise  
A rain-bow cloud of vapor to the skies.

There were other hearts in their absence, breathing congenial feelings; other springs of the soul were in motion, other minds were laying schemes in anticipated life. These

were no other than that of Arthur Symington and the loving and beloved Lucinda, youngest daughter of Mr. McKenzie. Although she possessed not those bewitching charms that fascinate at first sight, she was lovely; and inherited nobler qualities than the mere expression of a material form, or fashionable apparel,—

They were the beauties of the virtuous mind,  
For ever faithful, and forever kind.

Shortly after the arrival of the tourists, another scene took place. A number of persons were collected under the roof of the paternal McKenzie. There was a hurrying to and fro, and merry voices again echoed in the hall. Happy faces betokened gladness; and bright eyes sparkled in the twilight of a refulgent day. It was the festive meeting of happy souls on the event of another wedding, that of Arthur Symington and Miss McKenzie, and the second ceremony of life's union which the Rev. Mr. McLauren had performed under the same roof in the short interval of one month.

Fondly cherish'd hearts united,  
By the mystic knot of love,  
Souls at Hymen's altar lighted  
By a torch-light from above.

In less than one month from that date, the Symington family had breathed adieu to their friends and the forest scenes of Glengary, and were on their way to the peaceful shores of old Scotland,—

Land of the heathy hill and thorny brake,  
Ambrosial glen, and flower-encircled lake,  
With mouldering abbey, and with ivy'd tower,  
Thrones of ancestral greatness and heroic power.

Two years afterwards, McKenzie sold out ; and returned with his family to Scotland. In company with Arthur he set up a large wholesale establishment in Glasgow, which was attended with prosperity. A happier group of friends could no where be found. In all their business they forgot not their God ; and the words of Solomon were truly verified in all their actions—"that he that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honor."

\* \* \* \* \*

Years have passed—and the ceaseless hand of time has wrought changes among that happy family. Rev. Mr. Symington has been called away to a happier land to enjoy the rewards of his labors. McKenzie and his wife have also gone. Mrs. Symington still survives, and is enjoying old age in the family of her son Arthur, who is now one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the city of Glasgow.

## MY LAST VISIT TO A MILLERITE MEETING

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EVERY age of the Christian era has been characterized by theological expositors and impostors, many of whom have arisen from obscurity, and by presumptuous ambition forced themselves and their systems to a prominent position among mankind.

Even in this golden age, when art and science are advancing with gigantic stride, and the phantoms of ignorance and superstition are becoming annihilated, we have our *Joe Smiths*, our *Millers*, and *Spiritualists*, like *Oriental Magi*, vending their impositions to the public, and converting the world into a mad-house of maniacs and desperadoes.

Although the brutal and licentious acts of Mormonism have grated upon my ears, and the irrational and deadly effects of Millerism passed before my eyes, I do not attempt at present to analyze or condemn their systems, but merely to give an account of the actual proceedings of one night at a Millerite meeting.

Miller, an obscure farmer in Vermont, after many years of biblical study and calculation, publicly announced as an infallible prediction, the dissolution of all earthly things at a certain given time. Many readily coincided with his

views and became his votaries. Preachers of various denominations embraced his doctrine and proclaimed it openly. Like a fire among combustibles, it spread over a great portion of North America. It confined not itself to the thoroughfares of life, but, like a venturesome explorer, made inroads to the remote recesses of the forest. As the predicted time drew nigh, business became suspended, and every necessary preparation for a heavenly ascension was being made. This world and all its appendages dwindled into shadow or mere insignificance before the presence of a new heavens and a new earth when the head of the fiery serpent would receive its final bruise, and the apocalypse be realized in a terrestrial Millennium.

Two weeks previous to the *Grand Finale* the tidings were announced that a Millerite preacher had made his appearance in our neighbourhood, in order to conduct a series of nightly meetings in the old school-house. I was then in my thirteenth year, tall and nervous, the makings of a first rate Millerite. Having naturally a curiosity to peep into places of novelty and amusement I was tickled with the desire to go. My parents being strict Seceders, discountenanced such innovation, and therefore with much hesitation granted me liberty. Like all fantastical enthusiasms, the novel system had effect. New converts were initiated nightly. Men, women and children threw down the budgets of this world, and lifted up the celestial banners of Millerism. I was a regular attender, and although kindled as easily as gunpowder, was, by a shrinking delicacy of feelings, and a desire to live longer, prevented from making an explosion.

Finally, the last night came—the last that this world was ever to behold :

Tomorrow comes—that awful day appears,  
T'unmask the ruins of six thousand years.  
As God is greater than earth's highest kings,  
The sum and total of all living things,  
So is that day with other days replete,  
When the two vast eternities shall meet—  
When the entomb'd shall rise to people earth,  
And heaven and hell shall send their armies forth.  
Once, only once—the solar orb shall rise,  
To warm and lighten our ethereal skies ;  
For nature's self will back to Chaos run,  
And earth and heaven transmingle into one,  
And from the rock of ages will arise,  
New earth and heaven, new orbs and skies.

The school-house being too small to accommodate the vast number expected, a large unfinished building was procured. At one end of the house a rough, rickety pulpit was erected, around which were seated the celestial converts in their ascension robes. The rest of the building was occupied with a strange variety. There sat the rough woodsman in his home spun garb—there the ruddy virgin and the wrinkled matron—the thoughtless school-boy and the man of many years,

Spell-bound with strange bewilderment,  
As if some supernatural vision  
———Sat upon their eye-lids.

On a seat opposite one of the back corners, where stood a collection of stove pipes, sat two jolly farmers, who had been paying their last visit to their old Spiritual friend Bacchus, and on their return, had strolled in among the crowd.

At length the preacher entered, "A regular six-foot Yankee" and a native of the "Green Mountains." His

appearance indicated nervous energy and physical exhaustion. His orbs, like dying candles, flickered in their yawning sockets, and his cheeks appeared as if they had been consumed by the Spirit fire. In fact he seemed as if he had newly issued from the tombs, where he had been feasting upon the scattered husks and fragments of mortality. Having adjusted his apparatus, he stretched himself up in his hemlock box and commenced the following introductory address ;

FELLOW TRAVELLERS,—You are aware that this is the last time I shall stand afore you in my mortal garbs. Tomorrow, we will shake off our filthy tatters, and creep into the diamond shells of immortality ; therefore, 'ere that momentous crisis shall arrive, gird up your loins with the sackcloth of righteousness, and shoulder up the weapons of your faith, and sweep one fatal blow at the head of the black monarch, as he makes his last attack to storm the battlements of your hearts. 'Amen ;' shouted a score of voices.

'We will, we will,' was responded with lusty cheers. "Hurrah, for jolly Bacchus!" shouted one of the toppers, who was beginning to steam up. "For he's a right good fellow," &c., responded the other. The preacher stared into the dark corner, as if he had been all eyes, but hearing nothing further, proceeded :

"Down with Beelzebub ; down—down with him, throw the stinking pots of Jerusalem right up into his nostrils, and I'll bet you he'll snort louder than Balaam's jackass, and feel meaner than Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Down with Samson and the Philistines into the gulf of Gomorrah," ejaculated one of the Bacchanalians. The other struck up chorus in a rough drunken tone :

" We are nae fu'—we're nae that fu,  
But jist a drappie in oor ee."

(*Abruptly*) " Hurrah, for Jock o' Hazelden !"

The preacher, thinking it was the spontaneous outburst of religious feeling, continued, ' The images of prophetic vision will be no longer a terror to the nations. The Babels of Baal, Beelzebub and Babylon will fall tater smash like the Samsonic pillars of the Philistines. Shout gloriously over the downfall of the Babylonish Beast with the ram's horn in his forehead ; and triumph over the apocalyptic dragonic monster that swept away the two thirds of heaven with his tail, and blinded the solar lamp with his extenuated side wings. .

No longer shall the Nebuchadnezzars of superstition eat grass like the oxen of Padanaram ; or the foxes of hypocrisy run with fire brands upon their tails to destroy the corn and taters of their neighbours. No longer shall the dry Cedars of Lebanon bow before the altars of Paganism, or the Bulls of Bashan snuff up the incense of false worship. No longer shall Mount Tophet smoke with the Volcanic fire of voluptuous Carnalism, or the vultures of Ararat gather around the carcasses of homicide, patricide and all the ' sides ' of Cainism. No longer shall the wicked run to and fro ; or false prophets, as wolves in sheep's clothing, deceive men : for behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be stumble, and to-morrow shall burn them up and leave them neither root nor branch, &c."

With all the energy of a madman he raved and gesticulated—turning from the prophets to the apocalypse, and *vice versa* until he was puffing and sweating like a fiery charger,

or a railroad engine setting the whole audience into fidgets. On still he went like an automaton upon wires, mesmerizing the audience with spiritual electricity.

"He that hath ears to hear listen to my voice. Ye righteous, exult for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Ye wicked—I say unto you, repent—repent, for the jaws of hell are opening for you. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees, ye blasphemers, ye drunkards, and ye Mammon worshippers. Again, I say, repent; for the last trumpet shall sound immediately, and he shall come in the twinkling of an eye; yea, at this very moment that I speak unto you *he may come.*" These last words were spoken very emphatically and followed by a sturdy rap upon the pulpit desk, accompanied by a host of Millerites arising as if in the act of flying and shouting with stentorian lungs, *Amen! Hallelujah!*

The loud rap, and the sudden outburst of emotion, aroused the two jolly bipeds from their stupor, who, attempting to rise suddenly, lost balance and fell backwards over the bench bringing a whole host of stove-pipes about their ears. Bump, bump, bump, like the first burst of a brass band, went the stove ware, followed by a most unearthly bull roar from the two toppers, who had imagined that the stove pipes were a gang of rowdies nail and knuckle upon them.

"Hallelujah," shouted the preacher,—He comes;—He comes;—the trumpet sounds; Prepare; Prepare to fly;—Ho!—Ho!—Ho!" And up went the Millerite with a spring.

Three heavenly shouts the preacher gave  
Responsive shouts were given;  
He broke the terrors of the grave  
And almost jumped to heaven.

But such a jump from life to birth,  
Broke not his mortal chain  
Tho' spirit like he left the earth,  
He soon returned again.

When the outraged todyists had gathered up their *understandings*, they very vehemently accused Mr. So-and-so, for having upset them; and were determined to kick fire and brimstone out of him for so doing. At this moment the door keeper attempted to turn them out; they retaliated, and a furious combat ensued. Friends of both parties interposed. Haranging and accusing resulted in grappling and dry knocks. The mob waxed stronger and the noise thickened. Women and children bellowed as if the world was on fire. A chain of boys, like a troop of mice, were making short steps up a rickety ladder to the garret. The elder saints like a group of chickens, were clustering around their affrighted rooster, who was crouching behind his hen-coop, and wondering if the "Second Advent" had really come. The candles one after another became extinguished, and the whole mass was thrown into utter darkness, where there where knuckling and knocking and gnashing of teeth.

It was neither a time nor place for reflection; nevertheless, I really believed that prophecy was being fulfilled, and the Millennium was at hand. Every thing around me indicated that it was the "*little season*" when the devil was to be let loose, when Gog and Magog were to muster their armies from the four corners of the world, when family was to be divided against family, and nation against nation, when wars and rumors of war were to terrify the nations of the earth, and false prophets like Egyptian locusts, were to

stalk over the land, and demagogues, like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour.

Somehow I managed to make my exit from the crowd, more frightened than hurt, and I can assure my readers, that I made every muscle of my system contribute to the advantages of a coward's flight, and felt double happy that was still an inhabitant of *Terra Firma*.

## LAURA'S GRAVE.

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First love is like the opening flower,  
That gently bides its blushing face ;  
It smiles in some secluded bower,  
And spreads its charms with modest grace.

But bloom of blighted love expires,  
By him whose frowns were smiles before ;  
Its fluttering leaves but fan the fires,  
That burn away its faded core.

WHILST lately on a tour through Western Canada, I had occasion to stay for a few days in the village of C—, and, according to my usual custom, strayed into the burying-ground on the Sabbath afternoon, to view the resting place of many of my fellow creatures. I spent considerable time in reading the inscriptions upon the tomb-stones, which gave but a short narrative of those for whom they had been placed. At the outskirts of the burying-ground, a beautiful white marble over-shaded by some trees, attracted my attention. The inscription upon it told of one who had died in the bloom of womanhood. Whilst reclining against the marble, and solemnly reflecting upon the uncertainty of life in every stage of existence, as seen by the varied ages of the dead around, I beheld a venerable-look

ing person coming toward me. His appearance showed that he had reached the natural limit of human life, and perhaps for the last time he had come to behold the place where he might shortly become a resident.

With familiar language he addressed me, and, after a few preliminary remarks, I inquired if he knew anything concerning the young lady who reposed here. He drew a long sigh, and with excited feelings exclaimed, Ah yes! Poor Laura! My dear Laura! She was ——, and a sob stifled the expression, while with the sleeve of his coat he brushed away the big tears as they rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

There was a pause.—I saw that I had touched the tenderest chord of parental emotion. The very moisture of feeling crept into my own eyes, and various suggestions arose within my mind. I turned my eyes obliquely towards his face. I saw that it was the index of a good and tender soul. I regretted that I had caused such a flow of feeling, for I felt for the poor old man, and my heart melted with compassion for him, yet, I was desirous to know more about Laura than he or the tomb-stone had made me acquainted with.

We seated ourselves upon a grassy hillock by the side of the grave. He saw that I felt a mutual sympathy for the departed one, and a desire to be informed of the cause of her early fate. He drew from his hat a handkerchief, and pressed it lightly over his thin features—passed his fingers through the few silvery hairs that hung over his forehead—replaced his hat—gave vent to a few stifled coughs, and composed himself in a solemn yet graceful attitude.

“Stranger,” said he clasping my hand affectionately in his, and gazing intently upon me, “she who reposes here

was my daughter, my once lovely Laura, whom misfortune blighted in the bloom of youth."

"Please sir," said I, "if your feelings are not too impressive, will you favour me with a short narrative of her life?"

"The history of my dear Laura," said he, "is one that is too common with many of her sex,—one that has arisen from the unguarded innocence of a warm and sensitive heart that deserves pity rather than condemnation."

"Laura," continued he, after a solemn pause, "was the youngest, the most lovely, and beloved of my family. She was the living image of her mother, who died, and left her in tender years. Nevertheless, like a fair flower, she grew up in the parental nursery, and became the pride and beauty of the neighbourhood. My family as they increased in years left the domestic circle, and at length, Laura and I were the only undivided links in the golden chain of home. For years she attended the village school, by which means she obtained a favourable education. Nature had bestowed upon her a tender and generous disposition, and her heart, like the softened wax, was susceptible of every virtuous impression. Early in years a mutual intimacy had sprung up between her and the only son of a poor but respectable tradesman. As they advanced in years their attachments grew stronger. I discountenanced his visits, as they became too numerous and troublesome, at least I thought so; not that I disliked poor Henry, for though poor, he was honest and good-hearted. I did not want to have Laura change her condition for a while; and when she really intended to do so, I deemed her worthy of a wealthier suitor. I used every precaution and means available for their disunion, but the silken ties of affection were too

mysteriously interwoven to be thus unraveled or disunited. Laura became disaffected with me for my *ungenerous feelings*, as she termed them. "Father," she exclaimed, one evening as we were sitting together, "you may deprive me of every earthly thing you have bestowed, but you cannot pluck from my bosom that deathless love that the despised of my father has planted therein."

"Daughter," said I calmly, "I am really afraid that your romantic sentiments will live to wither in a colder climate."

"It may be so," she replied, "but if Henry be permitted to share my lot, I shall feel reconciled to my condition; for without him, paradise itself would seem to me but a cold and barren solitude. You despise him because he is poor, an unreasonable objection, as I am willing to hazard myself upon the future with him. Riches alone cannot purchase contentment; and if poverty is the only barrier to our happy union, I trust the day is not far distant when it shall be removed: Henry has purposed going to California, he has been offered assistance."

"Then you will soon forget him," ejaculated I: "*out of sight, out of mind.*"

"No father, never—no, never while the life remains within my bosom. My heart at first, like the tender sapling, might have been easily bent; but since it has grown strong by years, it will break beneath the power that attempts to change its position."

Here was a pause—a long sigh—and I gazed upon the face of the old man, and beheld tears trickling from his eyelids.

"Sir," resumed he, "I can never forget her remarks. Being stunned by her irresistible replies, I abruptly left

the room with resentment, yet half regretting that I had followed the subject so far.

“ Laura became more restless. A pale languor began to settle upon her countenance. She appeared more than usual to shun my presence, and avoid conversation. I availed myself of every opportunity to regain her favour, being fully determined never to enter upon that distressing subject again. One of her many suitors was a tall, handsome young man, who had lately come to the place in the capacity of school-teacher. In his external appearance I considered him a gentleman, but he wore a sort of idle, ill-defined expression that I never could countenance. Laura professed nothing more for him than a courteous friendship; but as she was naturally polite, his fancy led him to believe that she had formed a real attachment. His visits became intrusive, which finally compelled me to forbid him further indulgence. Finding himself unexpectedly defeated, and attributing it to a light purse, he immediately resolved to accompany Henry to the mines, and solicit fortune in her golden temple. Laura was then in her 17th year, a tall, lively, and interesting girl. Her amiable disposition merited respect and favour from her numerous acquaintances. For several weeks after Henry's departure, she appeared thoughtful and disconsolate, for which reason I became more familiar and sympathizing, and even ventured to speak favourably of him. I saw that there was magic in his name—the very sound of which, had sweeter melody than a father's precept, and an influence greater than parental authority.

Time passed on, and occasional letters intimated their progress in the mines. The then uncivilized state of society frequently interrupted their expectations or relieved

them of their golden treasures, nevertheless they were determined to remain until they had accumulated something worth returning with. Finally all intelligence of them became extinct. Week after week glided away in silence. Laura became more restless and irreconcilable, for she dreaded that some foul wretch had wreaked his malicious spirit upon them.

"Father, I had a very peculiar dream last night, which has given me considerable uneasiness," said Laura, after she had seated herself opposite to me at the table. It was a cold, raw evening in October. The winds were whistling dolefully around our dwelling, and a dreary, ghost-like vision, like a resurrection of past events, had crept into the gloomy chambers of my mind, and lulled my senses into such a deep reverie, that her words at first fell faintly upon my ear. "What, my dear Laura," said I, peering through my spectacles at her seriously affected countenance. She repeated the expression. "Build not your faith upon such baseless visions," solemnly said I: "dreams are but the nocturnal vapor of our day-realities."

"I hope to goodness, then," she exclaimed, "that mine is not the demonstration of a reality."

At that moment a sharp rap was heard at the outer door. Laura startled from her seat, and hesitatingly walked across the floor. "Miss Laura, a gentleman wishes to see you, muttered the servant maid, as she abruptly poked her head through the opening of the room door." Laura affectively left the room.

"Alfred, is it possible 'tis yourself? How are you? These words started me to my feet. I stepped forward; and with surprise, beheld my daughter in the embraces of the

rejected teacher. A few moments passed, and we were all seated.

"Alfred, what about Henry, earnestly implored Laura?" He appeared indifferently inclined to give particulars, only that he had left him in California, and much doubted if ever he would return. Laura, like the sensitive plant, shuddered at the last echo of the sentence. There was something so indefinably strange about his manner and expression that caused her to suspect the worst.

"Do tell me if he is still alive?" she nervously implored. "If he is dead, keep me not in suspense."

"Laura," he slowly and solemnly began, drawing a daguerreotype from his pocket, "here is the miniature you gave him: I was requested by him in his last moments to return it to you with his blessing. *Henry is no more.*"

"Sir," said the old man, turning to me, "I will not pain your ears with the sad details of that evening. My daughter became almost frantic; and for days and nights felt all the pangs that the human heart is capable of suffering.

Alfred became a frequent visitor of ours, and for Laura's sake alone I encouraged him. For hours she would sit and listen to his adventurous exploits, that were embellished with the golden trappings of imagery; which had such a lively effect upon her mind, that she became attached to him, and more reconciled to her condition. Alfred's appearance indicated a prosperous adventure for him, while but a few dollars were all that remained of Henry's gatherings, which, he said, had been so exhausted during his long illness and death.

One evening as I sat poring over some old papers in my sitting room, Laura entered and seated herself by me. She

appeared kinder than usual, yet there was a sort of uneasiness about her, and a desire to arrest my attention, as if she wished to speak seriously with me.

"Father," she began hesitatingly, "Alfred departs next Tuesday for Niagara, and wishes me to accompany him thither, to remain a few days with his friends; which, he says, will be very conducive to my health. Father may I go?"

"Such an injudicious step," my child, "may prove injurious, and perhaps ruinous to your character," said I, in rather a serious tone.

"Why so, father," said Laura; "I'm sure that no one will be so cruel as to censure me for merely a pleasure trip; and as for Alfred, he is too good and generous to deceive me."

"Daughter," said I, "trust not yourself too far. Your experience of human nature is but superficial yet. The eye of the world is like an unsheathed sword: the very blade that glitters has an edge to cut. Do not believe that the heart of man always speaks with the tongue, or the tongue expresses the feelings and intentions of the heart; and as for pleasure trips, I abominably detest them, they are frequently converted into trips of sorrow; therefore, Laura, I firmly withhold my consent."

"Oh, I just thought so; another specimen of your old fashioned stubbornness and self-aristocracy," said she. "If I am your daughter, why should I not have a daughter's privilege? why should I not exercise my freedom in innocent indulgence, and not be condemned to sacrifice myself as a slave to the selfishness of a stern and rigid authority. It was *you* who blighted the first hopes of my affection; and now *you* have stretched forth your hand to pluck from my bosom the last bud that has started into being. No

longer shall I —— I heard not the last sentence, for she hurried from the room in wild excitement, and left me to my own reflection, whose spirit, like a wounded conscience, stared me with reproach. Nevertheless I endeavoured to console my mind with the idea that I had only performed a parent's duty.

"Alas!" said he and pointing to Laura's grave, "behold the sad result of that fatal night. Cruel as she imagined me to be, it was kindness in its natural element, and tenderness in its homely garbs. Cold as she believed my parental love to be, she soon discovered to her sorrow that there were colder feelings in the world."

Poor Laura! that was an unlucky night for her; and attempt too rash and hazardous to be commended to fly from her aged parent and her parental home under the feigned guidance and protection of a "*villian*"—a "*seducer*"—yea a "*murderer*." *Heaven forgive him for I cannot*—He not only robbed me of my daughter, but he robbed her of her virtues, yea, her life; and has left a stain upon my family that all our tears and sorrow can never wash out.

A month passed on, and vague rumors were afloat. Two months, and no intelligence. The neighbouring gossips had found many other stories to keep them awake, and the last sound of Laura's had almost died upon their lips. One evening as I was walking down the street, I beheld a confusive crowd clustering around the door of the public man, and numbers hurrying forward from every direction towards it. The whole village appeared in a startled condition. Clerks and merchants were peering around the corners of their shop doors, and women and children poking their heads through the doors and windows of almost every house. I made inquiry from those around me, but without effect;

and fearing it to be some riotous mob, or drunken rabble, I considered it prudent to retreat; and was in the act of doing so, when I heard a boy shouting behind me,—*“Henry Abbot has come alive again, and has come with the stage. He is down at Thomson’s tavern.”* A nervous twitch, like an electric shock, thrilled every nerve in my system, and stunned me with a momentary unconsciousness. I hurried forward to the crowd. Numbers were pushing and elbowing each other in forcing an entrance. An undefinable look of fear appeared on the faces of many; and a vague expression of anxiety passed over the features of those who were endeavouring on tip-toe to get a peep into the noisy interior of the building. By the aid of some friends I found an entrance and was ushered into the presence of a robust, dark-complexioned, long-bearded fellow, whom after a moment’s gaze I recognized to be the person of the real Henry Abbot Laura’s first lover.

“Oh Henry!” said I, bursting into tears. “Good Heavens, is it you?” he exclaimed, seizing me by the hand. He could speak no further—there was an overflow of feeling and we sat down together and wept over our sorrow.

“Such an excitement as that,” continued the old man, has never been experienced since in our village. Indignation was breathed against Alfred—that degraded wretch—that vile impostor, whose actions at the mines were then unmasked by Henry. Alfred, as I said before, had accompanied Henry to California. They in company with others purchased a piece of ground in the diggings. Mining was too hard labor for Alfred’s idea of money-making: he became a nuisance to his squad, and feigning illness had frequently avoided labor. He was then appointed to take charge of their domestic affairs, with the understanding that

he would receive a share in the profit; while in this capacity he extracted from Henry's trunk, the daguerretype; and several hundred dollars from others, and had so carefully adjusted every thing in the trunks that the theft was not discovered until several days after his departure. He then directly steered to our village, and there shortened his visit lest Henry or a letter would arrive.

Weeks passed, and no intelligence of Laura, or her vile seducer, although every possible means that might lead to their discovery were used. Five months elapsed. It was a blank still. I believed her to be dead, or so far degraded as to be ashamed to either write or return. Six months, and a letter came which brought intelligence of her, but it was written by a stranger's hand. It told me that my daughter was lying dangerously ill in the hospital at Albany, and desired me to come immediately, if I wished to see her in life.

I almost fell prostrate by the shock, and had not providence supported me, human nature would have fallen by its own weakness. Henry and I left immediately. We hastened every possible means thitherward; but alas, all was in vain. *Laura was dead.* She had breathed her last only a few hours previous to our arrival. *There she lay, cold and lifeless, like a fallen lily by the garden walk. We approached her, but she saw us not—dim were those eyes that would have once brightened to behold us. We spoke, but she heard not our voice, for the tender cords of the ear were untuned. We laid our hands tenderly upon her, but she felt them not, for the spirit of feeling had departed, and a sad change had passed over her once lovely and animating face, and in a deep calm slumber she silently reposed—“that sleep was death.”* Henry turned his tearful

eyes solemnly upon me,—they spoke volumes of silent meaning : I never can forget their look. It seemed as if to reproach me for my errors.—Perhaps it was imaginary or a false twitching of conscience. I know I would have acted otherwise had I not been influenced by a sense of duty.

I have erred may heaven forgive me. If I have not, I hope Henry will forgive me.

Over the sad history of her absence a shade still rests. Where she had lived and wandered I know not. She had been in the hospital for three weeks ; and in expectation of a recovery, had to the last deferred writing, or making herself known. She told her physician that she had been seduced by a young man, under promise of marriage—that the first symptoms of her illness had been occasioned by the heat and chill of that night's hurried elopement.—That after three months, he had left her in a homeless and destitute condition, having carried off all that was valuable,—also, that she had striven to support herself by her own labor, being ashamed to venture homeward until sickness and bare necessity compelled her ; and finding it impossible to proceed further than Albany, was obliged to commit herself into the hands of strangers in a strange land : and only when recovery appeared hopeless, had she requested him to write to me, that she might ask forgiveness ere the last spark of life's fire became extinguished.

To this sequestered spot, continued the old man (pointing to Laura's grave) we brought all of her that earth was capable of retaining. This marble has been erected by Henry with my consent, as a token of affectionate remembrance ; and behold," said he arising, and proceeding to the stone, and sliding back a marble cover above the in-

scription, "here is the daguerreotype to which I have referred, the miniature of my dear Laura."

I stepped forward and with astonishment beheld encased within the stone the likeness of an apparently intelligent and beautiful young lady.

"Is it really possible," I exclaimed, "that this is the miniature of Laura?"

"Sir," said he, pointing to the likeness, "this is the very image of her reality. Its intrinsic worth is more valuable to me than gold. Although time has considerably diminished its expression, she appears lovelier to me than ever. Almost every sabbath of the last eight years have I visited this spot to gaze upon these shawdowed features that have survived the real,—and to drop a tear of parental sorrow upon "POOR LAURA'S GRAVE."

By this time, the sun had nearly measured his ethereal arch—a calm, holy expression had settled upon the face of nature, and the chill damp of evening and its approaching shadows forewarned us to retire. Once more I gazed upon the dim features of "POOR LAURA."—A strange feeling—stranger than I had ever experienced, crept into the remotest chambers of my soul, and I almost fancied all to be an ethereal dream. -I accompanied the old gentle man to the gateway—thanked him for his kindness, and we parted,—perhaps forever—but never can I forget him—neither can I ever forget "POOR LAURA'S GRAVE."

She silently sleeps in her lowly bed,  
By the side of the old oak trees,  
Whose foliage hangs o'er the hallowed shade,  
Or drops by the rustling breeze.

She bloom'd like the roses that deck her tomb,  
And withered at last like them,  
When rude hands playfully seize their bloom,  
And recklessly break their stem.

Ah! little thought she when that shade was impressed  
That it would be framed with stone,  
To tell where her youthful form would rest,  
When the spirit of life was gone,

While weeping friends o'er her grave still mourn,  
And gaze on that sacred gem,  
Her formless spirit perhaps may return  
To mingle and gaze with them.

## THE MIDNIGHT MISTAKE.

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IF imagination had wings to have carried me soul and body, whither and wherever I desired, I would ere now have visited almost every region of creation. But, though nature has given me a desire to travel, she has counterbalanced it by a light purse, so that I have been denied the indulgence, with the exception of a few recreational adventurers.

On such occasions I have been in the habit of noting down any remarkable or amusing incident that occurred; and as the following partakes of these qualities, I have committed it to paper, that the reader may be amused by a perusal.

It was a fine evening in Autumn; the sultry heat of the day had abated, and nature like a fond mother stood gazing in deep reverie upon the sun in his course towards the western horizon. The surrounding fields were glowing with a golden harvest—the hoarse voice of the busy rustics floated along the humid atmosphere,—the little grey bird was chirping its closing song for the day—and the chattering squirrel was scampering homeward with the last budget of his stolen fruit, while onward I was hastening my speed, in order to reach my destination that even

ing; and, though much wearied by travel, I was exultingly-animated by this grand autumnal panorama of nature.

At length the celestial car of Phœbus passed over the verge of *terra firma*, and slowly the dim curtains of night descended. At intervals were heard the harsh notes of the grain-gatherers as they prolonged their toils amid the rustling sheaves, or the crusty yelp of some unmannerly cur at a gate-post, as I glided along. A film at length began to gather over the sky; and the moon that had arisen brightly, became darkened. A solemn stillness gathered over my mind; and becoming much fatigued, I resolved to remain at some farm house for the night. Nigh to the road, I beheld the appearance of a neat little cottage: thither, I directed my steps, and tapped gently upon the door. A rough voice from within commanded me to enter: I did so, —and was accosted in a familiar style by a middle-aged woman, who was busily engaged in making a mess of the old-fashioned "*stir-a-bout*" for supper, while a young lad, apparently her son, was seated at a table, reading a newspaper. Her accent revealed her to be a native of the "*Emerald Isle*," and her appearance indicated her to be an active, industrious, and good-hearted matron. I immediately told her I was a traveller, and desired to remain for the night, adding that I would recompense her liberally. "Och, shure! and don't ye be talking about pay, sir; throth, an' yer welcome to all I can give ye," she exclaimed,—with all the frankness and familiarity for which the Irish nation is distinguished. I politely thanked her for her kindness; and we immediately entered into familiar conversation. At length, the "*humble fare*," as she termed it, was announced; and like Esau of old, I fared lustily upon the reeking porridge. During my conversation with her, I

learned that she had immigrated several years ago,—settled upon the place now occupied; that shortly afterwards her husband died, leaving a large family, who had since married, with the exception of the two youngest. “Now, friend,” she exclaimed, after a continued conversation, “as you look sleepy and wearied out, I’ll show ye to bed; for ye’ll feel better after a night’s rest.” I acquiesced in her proposal, and immediately followed her up to an apartment in the chamber. Its interior was neat: and its contents which consisted of a bed, toilet, writing desk, &c., were artfully arranged. Several paintings and the dress of a female were suspended from the walls, all of which told that finer fingers than those of my benefactress had made the arrangement. “You’d as well sleep here for the night, sir.” “This is where my daughter sleeps; but she’s over at her brother’s to a party, and am certain will not be home to night.” Our beds below are swarming alive with bugs; and every one o’er us sleeps up garret, and nare a one o’er ’em has found us out yet.” Pointing to the pictures, she said, “them is my daughter’s: she was at the ’Cademy two years and learnt to draw.” I gazed more intently upon them; they were well executed. I admired them, and praised them highly, and was sorry I had not the pleasure of seeing the living artist. After we had taken a minute survey of every prominent characteristic in the room, she wished me a good night’s rest, and withdrew into her own apartment.

While making preparation for bed, I discovered the underslide of the window to be slightly raised, whence proceeded a current of chill air. Being unable to close it, and afraid of the exposure, I considered it prudent to cover my head. Not having a suitable article with me, I investigated the clothes’ department in the room, and drew therefrom

something in the shape of a woman's night-cap. World of wonders! What an enormous cap! The dimensions of its posterior could have contained a half-grown baby. Its frontier displayed a trio-circle of magnificent ruffles. When or where it came into existence I knew not, but it was a perfect specimen of architectural extravagance. It appeared to have belonged to some other century than the 19th, and might have been mistaken for a mummy's head-dress, or an ancient relic of the dark ages. More for curiosity than convenience, I placed it over my cranium and stood before the mirror. Good heavens: what a figure! Instinctively I startled back. Had I been exposed to the public eye of the 18th century, I should have been condemned and burnt as a wizard before morning. I fancied myself an equal to "*Cervantes' Knight of the Rueful Countenance*," and being unable to sustain myself any longer from a tremendous outburst of laughter, I blew out the candle, and tumbled night-cap and all, into bed. 'Twas then I considered the position I was in and whose bed I occupied. 'Twill be a strange affair, thought I, if the fair damsel should return before morning and find the room tenanted; and stranger still to find a stranger's head in her mother's night cap. With these ideas in my brain, I sunk into a slumber, from which I awoke at intervals, imagining I heard the light heel'd artist entering the room. But reality came at last. I was awakened by the sound of mixed voices in the lower apartment. But, alas, my ideas were changed. "Lord preserve me!" I cried. I'm going to be murdered; that old hag has thought I have money about me, and here come her assistants. The story of "*Burke the murderer*," and "*The Cobblers Wife*" occurred to my mind, and a deep death-like thrill vibrated through

every nerve in my system. I felt my very hair bristling beneath the night-cap, and my heart oscillating against my ribs like a pendulum. My mirth had turned into anguish; and like Jonah in the whale, I prayed mightily for aid. In the adjoining room I heard my expected murderess snoring as if Niagara had been pouring from her nostrils, which I believed to be a mere counterfeit slumber. Fortunately the scales were turned in my favour. I discovered by the discordant clatter and the giggling laugh, that the fair one had returned, accompanied by others. Finally I heard part of the company retire, leaving, as I supposed two of the opposite sex. I felt that I was in a dilemma still, assured that the fair Diana would navigate directly to my port. I was hesitating whether to remain at anchor or steer ashore, when, hark! there were footsteps upon the stair; tip, tip, tip, they come; slowly, but nearer. I curled myself up like a cabbage leaf, and buried myself within the bed-clothes. At that instant the room door opened, and there was a pause, then a whisper followed by the words, "Aunty! Aunty! Aunty!" but without answer. "Step forward and waken her," said a gentle voice. Next moment a tender hand was laid upon me, with a delicate shove, accompanied with the words "Aunty! Aunty! are you asleep?" I could not sustain my equanimity any longer, as I was almost bursting with internal laughter; and, in order to carry the joke further, instantaneously I threw the clothes from my face, which I had metamorphosed into the most hideous and unearthly shape, grinding my teeth, and throwing up the white of my eyes like a dying calf, accompanied by a sort of maniac growl. Before me stood one of the most angelic creatures I had ever beheld, but it was but a momentary glimpse that I received. A shriek, that might have pierced

the universe was heard: and the candle dropped from her hand, and down,—down stairs they both ran, screeching as if they had been pursued by the “King of Devils.”

“Bridget! Bridget! Bridget! my darling, what’s the matther wid ye? I say, Bridget, what’s all the matther? won’t ye spake to me, Bridget?” was vociferously thundered from ould Biddy herself, who had been unceremoniously aroused from her bed, and was standing at the head of the stairway, whence she hastened downward to ascertain the cause of the miraculous event.

“Arrah, Bridget, a-storah what’s the matther wid ye?” was loudly vociferated at the base of the stairway.

“Oh! mother, mother, there’s a crazy man in my bed,” tremorously exclaimed Bridget.

“Och, mavoorneen! an ’tis ye that’s crazy. Away wid ye; ye scraiching giffer!” ejaculated Biddy.

“Oh, mother! the man’s crazy, for sure, for sure——!”—continued Bridget.

“Arrah, child! dont ye be spakin’ so much nonsense. He’s only a dacent bit of a travelling boy that I gave lodgings to for the night.”

“He’s crazy! he’s crazy!” continued Bridget. “He’s a-grinning his teeth, and rolling up the white of his eye like old crazy Murphy. And oh, mother! he’s got his head into old granny O’Shauhorthy’s night-cap!”

Arrah, child! and d’ye say so? Whist, and spake aisy,” muttered ould Biddy, who began to feel uneasy.

The fact was emphatically confirmed by the other female, and immediately the whole family huddled themselves into a lower apartment and barred and baricaded the door with every possible haste. The laughter and excitement I had experienced caused such a twitching sensation in my nerv-

ous system, that Somnus fled from his nocturnal dominions for the rest of the night. When Aurora had fairly smiled upon the eastern horizon I started from my couch. Believing it to be utterly impossible to obtain a rational interview with the imprisoned inmates, I considered it prudent to move off as quietly as possible; I did so, leaving upon the writing-desk, as a memento of the event, the following verses, and a daguerreotype of the crazy man:—

## FAIR ANGEL.

Pray do forgive me, tho' you ne'er forget  
The only, first and last time that we met;  
Forgive my faults, forgive my features too;  
Forgive those orbs that wildly gazed on you:  
Nor let their impress dwell upon your heart,  
As the real index of my inner part.

You have me still although you cannot trace  
In me the features of my crazy face;  
And may it serve an axiom to believe  
That real appearances oft-times deceive.

Tho' man assumes a thousand varied shapes  
From those of angels to inferior apes,  
He ne'er was formed in mind, in form, and features,  
To frighten or deceive earth's loveliest creatures.

P. S.—Please in mine absence, think of the real personage,  
and forget the fictitious one.

Yours with respect.

CRAZY NIGHT CAP.

# KATIE CAMPBELL.

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## CHAPTER I.

In nature's depths of solitude  
The shepherd's lowly shieling stood.

Scotland is noted for romantic and variegated scenery as well as for antiquity or the martial achievements of its valiant and patriotic people. Every rill and river swims along with majestic grandeur, amid flowers and foliage; whilst the heath-clad hills look down with venerable solemnity upon the sylvan glens and the luxuriant plains diversified with a thousand homes, from the turf-clad cot of the lowly peasant to the gilded palace of the distinguished nobleman; while here and there remain the ruins of some lordly castle, or the shapeless structure of a moss-tuft abbey that still whisper from their ivy cells the echoes of ancestral greatness and unfading glory.

At the base of one of these romantic hills in the north of Scotland stood the humble shieling of a shepherd: a row of ancient elms concealed its grey-worn head from the solar heat, and gave it an ancestral and picturesque appearance. There the lark carolled his matin hymn; and

the plover his gratuitous song:—there the bustling bee,  
and the busy butterfly,

Revell'd among the sweets and rich perfume  
Of hawthorn-blossoms and the heather bloom,  
Where artless nature smiled with modest grace,  
As if fair Eden half unveiled her face.

In this humble shieling lived Arthur Campbell and his little daughter Katie. It had been his home for many years; and the birth-place of many a sad and happy event. Around it he himself had gambolled in his boyish years—the tender nursling of a father's hope and a mother's pride. Many a fond heart had kindled into joy around its old hearth, where the turf-fire sent out a glossy heat. Many a romantic legend and traditionary tale had been told there; and often had its walls echoed with the warblings of some artless Gælic song. There, he had witnessed the last fluttering of a father's spirit; and listened to the final breathing of a mother's heart. Within its sacred walls he had welcomed his fair bride. Beneath its roof had a family grown up—now all away, inhabitants of other homes, or the grave; and in his elder years he was left in the lonely shieling with only his youngest daughter.

Katie Campbell was a gentle and loving creature—a real picture of unadorned beauty—a mountain flower of Grecian mould—innocent, yet noble—poor, yet rich in nature's graces. Frequently did she accompany her father to assist him in his labors, or to gather the mountain flowers to transplant around the shieling. There would he repeat to her many a bright story of the past about Scotland's chieftains and its clans, of ancestral greatness and heroic deeds. There point out many a nook and

cavern, rife with tragic; and many a lonely cairn half over-grown with moss and ivy—

Ancestral piles that grow with growing years,  
Rear'd by the hands and watered by the tears  
Of those who reverence the sacred dead,  
To crown a hero's or a martyr's bed.

From such inspirations as these her young heart drank deeply, and inhaled the feelings of true dignity almost amounting to a romantic spirit of chivalry. Often in these moments would her dark eyes roll with expressive grandeur, and flash with the lustre of a noble soul, like the moonbeams playing upon the gentle curls of the waters; while her raven tresses hung in patrician folds:

Which lent heroic grandeur to a face  
Whose every feature had a heavenly grace.

Uneducated as she was in the love of art and science, she inhaled deeply the inspiration of nature, and improved her mind with the limited education she had received.

'Tis not in knowledge we so much excel  
As 'tis in what we know to practise well.

One vernal evening as Katie was driving home the flock to the fold—her father being absent—she beheld a person approaching her, apparently a stranger, and therefore, hastened her fleecy charge. He came forward, accosted her with becoming courtesy, and very kindly assisted her to dispose of the flock. He accompanied her to the shieling, into which he entered to get a cup of water. He was a young man of stately appearance, exceedingly handsome, and very politely spoken. Katie eyed him with sly modesty, and felt awkward in his presence. A rude simplicity

affected her voice, and a pleasing timidity crept over her heart, yet she appeared as politely and affable as her feelings would allow. Having seated himself, he resumed the conversation in a very familiar and fascinating manner; and after a preliminary intercourse continued. "My dear girl" I am more than astonished that you would allow yourself to live in such an out-landish place as this when your beauty would ensure you of a better." "My father must be attended to" modestly whispered Katie.

"But," continued he, "your home can be your father's home; this humble cottage may be dispensed with for a better. You live here unknown to the world—unknown to its society—its pleasures—its luxuries—and all that makes the human soul great and good."

"My father would not exchange the shieling for a palace; we must abide by our condition since our circumstances are such as cannot assure us of a better," said Katie.

"My dear girl, your affection for your father gives me a higher opinion of your virtue, and a deeper respect for you. Katie smiled—he eyed the kindling glance, and continued, "Allow me to ask you to forgive my familiarity in thus addressing you. One hour has scarcely passed since I first beheld you, and yet I have felt more in that short space than I have done through all my life. I saw you through the mountain thicket with your flock. I caught the glances of your beauty—I gazed with admiration; a holy inspiration entered my soul—*it was love.*"

Katie blushed—and glanced at him with a sort of bashful and bewildered air. He saw that he had touched the proper cords of her heart, and felt assured that another attempt would bring them into unison.

Eyeing her father's bag-pipes lying upon a shelf, he suggested his desire to examine them. Katie handed them to him : he attuned their notes, and forth gushed volumes of purest harmony, Never had such music pealed through the old shieling before. The love-stirring pean and soul-enchanting pibroch filled the very air with more than earthly animation. The sylvan glen responded with exulting chorus until the sounds died away like a heavenly echo among the mountains.

That was enough—Katie gazed upon him with an intensity of feeling—she admired his manly graces—inhaled his gentle breathings ; and felt with ecstasy his thrilling strains. It was love—fresh from the fountain of her heart.

At length the beams of day began to retire. Katie awaited with anxiety the return of her father. The stranger seeing her uneasiness, occasioned as he supposed by her dislike of being alone with him at that hour, arose, bade her farewell, promising to see her again in a few days.

## CHAPTER II.

Base and inhuman is that wretch of earth,  
Who would attempt to give an action birth,  
To snatch the bliss that modesty restrains,  
And blast the flower that innocence maintains.

The glittering pageantry of a regiment is an attractive ornament to the young mind. The stately step, the martial music, and the nodding plumes are sufficient to inspire enthusiasm, and procure votaries, independent of foreign spoil, or immortal honors. Such were the objects that had fascinated the mind of Dougald Frazer, the young man alluded to in the previous chapter. He was naturally active and prepossessing; and having an excellent taste for music, he had enlisted as a piper to a Highland regiment, then lying in the town of Inverness. Two years subsequent to his enlistment, the regiment received orders to leave for Canada at a given time. Dougald feeling anxious to see his friends before leaving, obtained a furlough for a few days. Whilst proceeding on his homeward journey he followed a near path over the mountains, and when descending the opposite side, effected his first interview with Katie Campbell.

On the second afternoon after this event Dougald appeared at the shieling in the habiliment of a hunter. He introduced himself to Arthur Campbell, who, being acquainted with his parents, entered into lively conversation with him. Dougald knew how to appreciate the interview.

with advantage to himself. Katie appeared to him more lovely and loving than before. He felt that he had captivated her heart; and he longed to be alone with her to whisper the feelings of his bosom. The evening passed away pleasantly. Old Arthur related many a legend of his native hills, mixed up with traditionary lore; while Dougald at intervals enlivened their heart with the life-stirring strains of the Highland pipe.

Dougald left, promising to call again.

On the following afternoon he returned. Katie was alone, he resumed a very affectionate conversation and finally solicited her hand in marriage.

"Your request has been unexpected," she replied after a few moments of surprise, "I know not how to reply to it. If providence have willed that we should be one, I would offer no objection; but my father must be consulted with. After Arthur Campbell had returned from his labors, Dougald requested him for his daughter.

The old man drew more closely to where Dougald sat, eyed his manly form; and having ascertained his intention of removing with her, he exclaimed, "It is impossible that I can part with her: this heart of mine that has braved the storms of more than three-score years would perish without her, she is the source of my life, and the joy and comfort of my heart. My daughter and my property will be yours if you remain as one of us: on no other conditions can I give her." Circumstances were such as to prevent Dougald, even if willing, from presently agreeing therewith; however, he was determined to exert, if possible, a more effective influence upon the unwary heart of the young girl, and induce her to abscond with him. Their subsequent intercourse was principally in the

absence of her father. As the spider weaves his airy threads with artful, yet apparently careless assiduity, to entrap some unwary victim, so does the man-seducer lay his foul schemes to ensnare the artless and unsuspecting female. Although love is one of the noblest principles in woman, it is dangerous to the young and in experienced. Sympathy and sensibility are inspired by it; but modesty, the guard of innocence, in an unwary moment may become inebriated, so as to allow the counterfeit affections of man to assert their sway.

Woman's frailty is an unsuspecting love,  
A ready faith and self-reposing trust  
In man, first-born of earth in human shape,  
Made to sustain her rights, and share her bliss ;  
But, often with a base and selfish heart,  
Turns traitor to her love ; with vile intrigue,  
Pilfers her virtue for a transient joy.

Poor, innocent, unwary creature that Katie was ; insensibly was she led by the influence of a resistless power, like the benighted insect to the candle—a victim to her sensibilities. By the artful expedients to which he had recourse, he, at length, prevailed on her to abscond with him, promising marriage with her at Inverness. For some time she had hesitated to give consent on account of the pain she felt in the prospect of leaving her father : but he insinuatingly allayed her anxiety by assuring her, that her father would get one to supply the vacancy ; and by leaving a note stating her departure with him to a distant relative, all would be right, and soon forgotten. The time of Dougal's departure having arrived, he purposed leaving with her at midnight, in order to avoid discovery. It was a

lovely night in early spring. The varied hum of the day had ceased, and man and beast had lain down to partake of nature's balmy repose. Arthur Campbell had retired to his humble couch, and was fast asleep.

Ah, little do we know, while we slumber, how many a source of sorrow is being opened up, and how many a dark deed and deeply laid stratagem are being formed and fulfilled.

The hour of their departure had nearly approached. Katie arose from her couch, adjusted her garments in order to avoid detection, and in readiness awaited the signal of her lover. This was a serious moment for consideration. The good and the evil spirit contended alike for the mastery of her affections. "Shall I leave my father, or shall I not?" whispered the voice of her heart. "Oh! I cannot go," she exclaimed to herself. At that moment a gentle tap on the window was heard, and a voice more soft and musical than the singing of sylvan waters, whispered affectionately to her ear. It was that of her lover. His very presence strengthened the weaker parts of her heart; with him she resolved to go; and with the hope of visiting her father at no distant day she endeavored to allay for the present the anxiety of her mind.

She stepped softly into the room to take a silent farewell of her sleeping parent. There he lay in calm, heavenly composure, the moonbeams, from the window, playing gently over his care-worn features, around which hung the hoary locks of three-score years. She gazed for a moment upon him; her heart filled with emotion. Fain would she have impressed his lips with her own, and imbued them with the fragrance of her heart. Ah, little thought he that his angel of life was about to extinguish

the lamp of his heart forever; oh, that some holy angel had lifted the slumber from his eyes, or carried the tidings to his soul, perchance it would have dried up the fountain of future sorrow. Again she lingered to take the parting look. Another fond gaze, and she was gone, need I say forever? It was then the mid-hour of night. All in nature was calm, beautiful, and romantic, a scene that the eye of fancy becomes enamored with. Not a breath ruffled the verdant foliage, through which the moonbeams played with elysian loveliness. Not far below, murmured the crystal rivulet, skirted with thorn and hazel. Above

Arose the strong embattlement of hills  
Against which long the elements had warr'd,  
And on their cloud-encircled summits, wreaked  
The thunders of their wrath.

With all possible haste the fugitive lovers glided upon their journey, and early next morning, arrived at a small village upon the mail-road. There they refreshed themselves, entered the coach, and in a few hours were landed in the town of Inverness.

To the young and inexperienced observer, a city appears at first, as a vast treasure-house of complicated wonders and curiosities. The varied din, the bustling crowds, the magnificent buildings, and a thousand novelties of art and science strike the eye with bewildered astonishment, and afford ample scope for the tender and imaginative mind. Irregular and insignificant as Inverness is in some respects, such was the effect produced upon the mind of Miss Campbell. She felt as one transported into a new world among beings of a higher order, herself not excepted. To recognize her would have baffled the practised eye. The

simple maid of the coarse garb was converted, as if by magic, into the fashionable belle. Deluded creature that she was; little did she know that her joy was but a glimpse of the early sunshine before a cloud; and she, a winged insect sporting in its beams.

Or butterfly on flowery wing,  
Revelling amid the sweets of spring,  
Dreaming not of a future day  
When she and they would pass away.

Like our ancient mother in her happiness, she dreamt not that there was a serpent in the garden—a thorn beneath the rose, and a worm gnawing at its root; nor did she imagine—

There was a world beyond fair Eden's bowers  
Where thorns and thistles grow instead of flowers.

In an unwary moment had she gazed upon the Upas tree while the serpent was lurking amid its foliage. Had nature given her a microscope to discern the core, perhaps she would not have tasted of the fruit. Alas, there was a poison in its sweetness—a fatality in its life.

A bitterness may lie beneath the roseate streak  
Or mellow flush upon the apple's plumpy cheek.

The departure of troops to a foreign shore is a picture of no pleasing appearance, even to the mere spectator.

The stately form, the measured step,  
The glittering arms, the mingled hum,  
The radiant robes, the high-plumed cap,  
The martial pipe and booming drum.

All of which may be exciting in the highest degree

and would be pleasing, were it not colored with darker hues. No eye can gaze upon the final scene without dropping a tear, and feeling a pang of sorrow shoot across his heart.

The final clasp, the fond embrace  
The throbbing heart, the tearful eye,  
The wistful look, th' expressive face,  
The parting lips, the stifed sigh,  
The last adieu, and long "good bye."

Miss Campbell on being informed that the regiment was about to leave for Canada, felt sadly disappointed, and showed signs of reluctance in going. She regretted, for the first time, her irretrievable act. The image of her dear father flitted across her mind, and her first tear of sorrow dropped from her eyes. As the early mist disappears by the refulgent beams of the sun, so fled the dim imaginings of her soul, before the enchantments of her lover. At his command, a world of hope and happiness beyond the ocean, arose into being, and the dim present was absorbed in the anticipated brightness of the future. She addressed a few hurried lines to her father, stating their departure to Canada, and promising him an abundance of good things on their return. She stepped on board, and in a few hours, was wafted beyond the precincts of her native isle. They experienced a pleasant voyage; and were safely landed in Quebec. A detachment of the regiment to which Frazer belonged, was stationed in Montreal. Miss Campbell again desired him to have the marriage promise fulfilled. Frazer appeared indifferent, and rather evaded the subject. She urged him further. He remonstrated with her, and solicited further postponement until a more favorable opportunity. "None knows,"

said he, "but we are married, and why should we expose ourselves. Although no saintly fingers have touched the sacred knot, or breathed paternoster over us at the altar, yet are we bound by a tie stronger than that of Hymen's. I have sworn allegiance to you, and nothing earthly shall bribe me to turn traitor."

## CHAPTER III.

Deceitful wretch,—behind thy honied lips,  
Thou hast the serpent's lying tongue,  
Her artless heart the oozing venom, sips  
To heal the wound thy fangs have stung.

A little honey is relishable to the taste, but a continual diving into its sweets renders it unpalatable; so it is with the heart, whose love is not modified by any other thing than mere sensual gratification. So it was with the love of Dougald Frazer. He became less attentive to Miss Campbell, and appeared to realize more happiness in the cells of Bacchus than in the courts of Cupid. She became sensible of the change, and felt it deeply, yet strove to conceal her emotions. Love sobered down to reason, and fancy became reflection. The rays of hope lost half their brilliancy, and her heart became saturated with melancholy regret. Her feelings became visible, and he saw the change. At times he would appear exceedingly affectionate—then would a hallowed ray of joyous hope lighten the darkened chamber of her loving heart.

"My dear angel," said he one day, eying her expressive silence, "I fancy you are like the exotic; you pine when transplanted into foreign soil."

"Every flower," said she, "has its drops of dew to refresh it; but I fear that the burning sands of my heart have caused mine to vaporate."

"Never mind, my dear goddess,—cherish not such vaporous ideas. Ere long, the sun of felicity will cause every drop of dew upon your heart to sparkle like an angel's diamond."

"Perhaps they may be diamonds of lead," said Miss Campbell, gravely.

"My dear girl, you hurt my feelings by speaking so. Cheer up,—hope on,—hope ever. Despondency may be called the anchor of the soul, drop not it down so soon; the stream is not so shallow as you imagine it to be; sand-bass are only formed by conflicting waters, but the stream of our life runs smoothly yet. Do not indulge in such reflections they are but home-sick eddies which the heart in its imaginings have formed. *Cheer up, my drooping angel, and sing another tune.*"

"The mountain bird sings more sweetly in its native freedom than when encaged," said she.

"My dear Katie," said Frazer, "I purpose hiring a pleasant cottage for you by the mountain side; where you can enjoy your native element, and be free from all the din and bustle of the town."

At a short distance from the city on the eastern side of Mount Royal, stood a neat little cottage of the olden style. It was pleasantly situated amidst trees and shrubbery, and commanded a delightful view. Beneath it lay the "Island City" emerging into growing eminence; beyond which, in deep magnificence,

The then unbridged St. Lawrence roll'd  
And wash'd its tree-girt shore,  
Where 'mid the openings of the wood  
Each peasant's white-washed cottage stood,  
Where trees had stood before;

And Helen's Isle with beauty smiled  
Amid the water's roar ;  
While distant hills uprose to view,  
And lent the scene a lovelier hue.

In this secluded residence Miss Campbell experienced a renewal of happiness. The scene was more coincident with her feelings, and had a faint resemblance to her first home. Again she listened to the warbling voice of nature, and breathed the healthy air of the mountain region, Frazer appeared affectionately attentive,—

And every act was favored with a smile  
Which made her artless heart suspect no guile.

The little clouds that had thrown a dimness over her heart, were beginning to course off at rapid pace; and the sun of hope was peeping through with auspicious smiles. But the atmosphere of the human heart, like the sky above us, is liable to sudden change.

The sun to-day that gilds our sorrow  
May be eclipsed by clouds to-morrow.

One evening shortly after her removal to the mountain, Frazer visited the cottage as usual. Having partaken of a happy meal, they set out to their evening walk along the brow of the Royal Mount. It was the calm, cool month of September. The yellow foliage of the trees assumed a fairy-like appearance, and in the solemn stillness of the evening, the rustle of the falling leaves was heard. The bell of the old cathedral was swinging to and fro, and its voice arose with deep-toned pathos upon the dim air; whilst in the distance the great St. Lawrence undulated with a thousand gems, beneath the full moon, which, like some

ancient goddess, was arising from the nether world, and gazing upon the scene with venerable solemnity.

"This reminds me of that night I left my home," said Miss Campbell.

"Not unlike it in some respects," said Frazer.

"I was thinking about my father and my home to-day," said she, "It was just six months, last evening, since I left them."

"*Six months*," exclaimed Frazer, "It only seems but a few weeks. Time must have been on quick march, or else I must have slept time out of mind."

"Had you been thinking as much about home as I have done of late, perhaps the time would seem much longer."

"My dear girl, you should not trouble your mind so much with home-reflections. You must fortify your heart against such an attack, and *cannonade* those feelings that shoot across your brain."

"I do not wish to indulge in such feelings,—but,—but—I cannot refrain thinking about my poor, old father."

"Well—but you should also consider what I have done for you. You should be sensible of my goodness in doing all in my power to make you truly comfortable and happy, and then, my dear girl, you would feel more contented.

"Oh, Dougald, you know I am sensible as well as grateful of your benificent and loving heart. I do not accuse you of unkindness, nor do I love you the less because I think of home."

"Well, but I think you might easily prevent that intense impulse of thought and feeling."

"It would be just as easy to prevent the heart from beating. They who are not possessed of such feelings may easily imagine otherwise."

"Pshaw! How you do talk:—just like some local preacher. This home-sickness is just like love-sickness, I believe it all to be a mere whim," said he, tauntingly.

"Oh, Dougald!—Dougald!—You are cruel to talk so. Oh, Dougald! for you I have suffered much. Do you consider my love for you a whim?—a love, stronger than any other earthly power,—a love that has caused me to follow you, and abandon my home—my country—and my kindred—and dearest of all, my poor old father, *oh, my father.*" There was a pause—the tears gushed from her eyes,—and she wept with anguish.

Frazer saw that the feelings of her heart were too tender to be so roughly handled. He drew her gently to his bosom, and strove to console her with honied words.

"My loving angel,—forgive me—for once forgive me, I pray; my heart seems ready to burst with regret for having so injudiciously tantalized your feelings."

"I am ever ready to forgive and forget," said Miss Campbell, somewhat conciliated.

"Cheer up, my desponding angel, I shall write immediately to your father, and ask his forgiveness."

"Could I but see my dear father again, I would feel happy; and were I assured of his pardon I would feel more reconciled to my condition."

"But, my dear angel, I wish you to be reconciled to me. I trust your confidence in me is too strongly garrisoned to allow a breach to be made by another. I have done much for you,—I will do more. If you feel dissatisfied with this country I shall purchase my discharge, and return with you to our highland hills."

"Oh, Dougald, do so, and I shall be happy," said Miss Campbell, smiling through her tears—"but forgive my fretful discontent."

"My angel goddess, I shall do both, I will be your life-guard, and your shield, and should the hour of danger come, I will not turn a cowardly traitor to your heart."

Miss Campbell brightened with kindling emotion; and joyous feelings enervated her soul. "But," continued Frazer as they neared the cottage, "I feel unhappy in informing you that I leave to-morrow for Quebec, on business, and will be absent for a few days. I hope you will enjoy yourself in my absence, and when I return I will bring you a present of a Campbell tartan-plaid, and then you will out-shine the fairest lady in the town."

Katie smiled with pleasure.

## CHAPTER IV.

Oh why deceive with such delusive art  
The fond affections of a female's heart?  
Then idly laugh, and boast o'er graces won,  
Like some moon-smitten madman at his fun.

Consoling a desponding heart with false promises, is like giving sweetened poison to a patient to effect a cure. It disarms suspicion, and gives a relish to the unpalatable ingredients which are impregnated with invisible mortality.

The hours during Frazer's absence rolled tardily along; yet Miss Campbell felt more consoled than ever. She anticipated the day not distant that would realize the hope of visiting her father, and finding a quiet home among the heathery hills of her own dear isle. One week passed—and no intelligence of Frazer.

At no time is the heart so restless and solicitous as when waiting the arrival of a friend, or the fulfilment of a promise, beyond the hour appointed. Hope and fear alternately oscillate, and every moment in suspense, rolls more heavily upon the heart, while a thousand conjectures startle up—

To chase away the dubious fears that rise,  
Or dim the hopes that dance before the eyes.

Often did she gaze along the avenue, and wonder why he was so long in coming; and when the day had gone, still did she peer, with unmitigated solicitude, through the dusky veil of night, but in vain. At times would she

fancy she heard his voice; or, saw him approaching with hasty steps.

Hours passed—the waning moon went down ;  
The night seem'd dark and drear ;  
The lights, extinguished in the town,  
But Dougald came not near ;—  
Still did she gaze with anxious soul.  
'Twixt restless hope and fear ;  
The long, long night in silence roll'd  
But Dougald came not near.

In order to ascertain the cause of his absence, she repaired into town; and was informed that the regiment had left on the previous week for Kingston, in Upper Canada. Alas, what an unexpected shock, the consequence was overwhelming to her heart, a thousand hopes were shattered at once—the day-dreams of life vanished for ever; and her young heart, on its first voyage, wrecked upon the underlying shoals of life's ocean. Such a shock was sufficient to disarm the stoutest heart, and lay prostrate every hope.

The heaving sigh and tearful orbs expressed  
The hopeless anguish of her faithful breast.  
A night of darkness gathered round her soul,  
As black as chaos round the frigid pole.

What a conflicting complication of emotions stirs within the heart at that moment when we discover that we are deceived by the undermining treachery of our dearest of all earthly friends. The heart feels void, yet overflowing with grief. Hope appears paralysed, yet every other passion seems ready to burst with feeling. Every fibre of both soul and body feels. Every sound, however musi-

cal, seems discordant: and every object, however pleasing before, appears powerless to fascinate, and only present themselves in mockery to the mind.

No erring heart is so deserving of our sympathy and forgiveness, as that of the young female who has been abandoned by her seducer. There is a simplicity in confidence and sincerity in heart, at first, that are too good, too angel-like, to suspect evil in the man she loves; and only when it is too late for her own honor and happiness, is she made sensible of the vile intrigue that has engulfed her within the vortex of inevitable ruin. Infernal intrigue;—worse than the serpentine subtlety of Paradise—more hideous than Eden's crime. Oh,—would that every heart might look with hissing contempt upon such evil. Would that every soul would scorn with relentless vengeance such perpetrators, until they become as wandering vagabonds upon the earth, branded with the stamp of God's wrath, and like Noah's raven, finding no place whereon to rest their foot.

Some persons are more exposed to the vicissitudes of life than others. Katie must have been one of those. Ere she had sensibly recovered from the sad shock, another event mortified her sensitive mind. The proprietor of the house wishing to lose nothing by procrastination demanded the rent due. Being unable to cash the amount, she was obliged to sell some of her best articles for a trifle, and also to leave the house immediately. She looked upon herself as one of the most despicable creatures in the world—apparently despised by all around her.

A hapless victim to the ills of life  
Exiled upon the desert of despair,  
Where passions wrestle with perpetual strife,  
And life seems unsupportable to bear.

Having no person to interpose in her behalf, she considered it impracticable to receive indemnification from her seducer. Being desirous of obtaining the means to enable her to return to her father, which hope was her only vital support, she engaged with a family to perform domestic work.

One day shortly after her removal to her new home, the following paragraph attracted her attention, as she glanced over a newspaper, that lay upon the dresser:

*A fatal stabbing affray.—Last evening, a serious affray occurred in a house of ill fame in this city, resulting in the death of a young man named Dougald Frazer, a soldier in the 96th regiment. The perpetrator has escaped.*

*“Kingston Herald.”*

The vile seducer was no more. Although a victim to his cruelty, she did not triumph over his untimely fate. She pitied him for his follies, and would rather that he had lived to repent of his evil.

Man may deceive a human heart  
Escape a country's chastening rod,  
But with his wiles and lying art,  
Cannot allude the hand of God.

Persons who have been transported from poverty to eminence become frequently intoxicated with the obnoxious vapor of mushroom dignity and look upon themselves as of more consequence than the world will allow. Such was the case with Madam Croskey—Miss Campbell's mistress. She looked upon herself as a paragon of greatness and perfection; and considered it a duty to make every muscle in her employ subservient to her wants. Of late a monthly change in domestics had annoyed her very much,

therefore, to avoid the nuisance, she had engaged Miss Campbell for the winter season. Feeble as Katie was for physical exertion, she exercised her ability with assiduity. But anxiety of mind is a greater enemy to life than excessive muscular action. A blighted heart, like the sensitive plant, shrinks from the rude grasp of the world. Sorrow, like the wirey insect, gnaws incessantly at the core and gradually the sap relinquishes its power, and the branches their vitality.

The former graces immatured decay,  
And leaf by leaf unaided drops away.

Time passed on, but Katie experienced a very disagreeable feeling in mind and body. Her midnight moans were the echoes of a troubled heart, and tears were the frequent visitors of her eyes. Many a lonely thought arose in the dim imaginings of her soul, which, like the consuming flame of the taper, fed upon its own aliment. More and more deeply within the vitals of her heart, did the virus worm eat its way, until human nature could no longer sustain itself. The disease was inaccessible to medical remedy. More firmly it twined itself around the fibres of her soul, and exhausted the energies of the material parts. In this fragile condition her miserable existence became daily attenuated, and time apparently was pouring down the few remaining grains of her life in his sand-glass. Madam Croskey was too much devoted to her own necessities to spare time or attention to poor Katie, and too much over-burdened with her sickly charge, as she termed her, to allow a moment's sympathy to be experienced. Inhuman is the heart that would not have felt a sympathy for the poor unfortunate creature,

Her sighs might move the deaf unwilling ears,  
And melt the hardest heart with half her tears ;  
She dying lived unheeded and forgot,  
And sought for pity, but she found it not.

And when the light of hope became dimmed, and life seemed irrecoverable, she felt more restless and miserable. In compliance with her request a clergyman at length was procured. He exercised his spiritual energy in the calming of her fears; and after a few visits, a sweet heavenly composure settled upon her countenance. To him she entrusted the secret of her heart; and desired him to write immediately to her father, and tell him that her last petition, next to that of her heavenly parent was, that he also would forgive her.

## CHAPTER V.

Lonely stands the shepherd's shieling  
'Neath the mountain's rugged brow,  
Once the home of happy feeling,  
Ah, a dreary dwelling now,  
'Neath its humble turf-clad cover  
Sunny hearts with gladness shone ;  
Shades of silence round it hover  
Since its cheering light has gone.

Gentle reader, in imagination let us for a few moments return across the Atlantic, and discover what has transpired around the shieling since Katie's departure from it.

The morning after she had left, her father was somewhat surprised by not hearing his daughter stir as usual. He arose, and having discovered that she had gone out, waited patiently for some time. Finally he observed upon the table the note she had left. Alas, its contents were shockingly overwhelming to his fragile heart. He knew that she was deceived, he read it again—every feature was expressive of deep emotion ; he drew his bonnet aside, and passed his fingers through the few silvery hairs that hung around his weather-beaten brow. He gazed upon the letter with a deeper intensity of emotion. Again he looked around the shieling ; alas, its cheering light was gone. He could refrain no longer from silent feeling ; he sank upon his oaken chair, and sobbed aloud in the anguish of a distracted heart.

See the shepherd sad and lonely  
Sunk within his oaken chair  
Like a statue, gazing only  
With a wild and vacant stare  
Hark, the heart with deep commotion  
Heaves a long and stifled sigh;  
See the anguish of emotion  
Melt in tearlets from his eye.

Where's the dark bright eyes that sparkled  
In the sunshine of his heart;  
Where's the gentle voice that prattled,  
Love and pleasure to impart.  
All is gone, for ever vanished  
Like a meteor's transient light;  
And his lonely heart is banished  
To the shades of sorrow's night.

He knew that it was vain to pursue, or await her coming. Without her he could remain no longer within the shieling. Its enchantment had gone. It seemed only as a prison to his soul; and with a heart, ready to burst with grief he breathed adieu to the old shieling, and wended his steps along the hill to the residence of his eldest daughter.

Within the bosom of the mountain wood  
Deserted and alone the shieling stood:  
No vapor from its hearth uprose on high,  
No faithful dog to greet the passers by,  
No voice within its dusky walls was heard,  
No human form the faggot embers stirred,  
No feet upon its ancient threshold trod,  
Or curved a path upon the growing sod,  
No eye was there to watch the tender flowers,  
No hand to weave the vine-embroidered bowers,  
No nimble feet to seek the herds that roam  
No gentle voice to call the lambkins home.

Alas, the scene assumed a different hue ;  
Its change the very flowers and songsters knew,  
The birds seemed half reluctant to prolong  
Their little nest, or soul-enchanting song,  
The mountain flowers that graced the humble cot  
Droopt with their charms neglected and forgot.  
The rabbit sought a shelter in its nook  
When watchful puss the cooling hearth forsook,  
And grazing flocks at random, or at will  
Possessed alike the garden and the hill.

Time winged its weary flight—and many a lonely thought arose within the mind of old Arthur Campbell. Age appeared to be gaining faster upon him than by its natural course. No intelligence of his daughter had been received since the time she had written to him on her leaving for America. Dim as his imaginings were, a ray of hope would occasionally flash across his mind. Summer had passed away—winter had also gone, when a letter came ; he opened it, and read as follows :—

Montreal, February 12, 1803.

MY DEAR SIR,

I feel sorry to inform you that your daughter Catherine has been confined to bed here for several weeks by illness. The trouble appears to have its seat in the mind, and probably may be by the grace of God removed, if proper and timely means be used. Therefore, I think the only remedy for her restoration would be for you to come as soon as possible to her aid ; for the feelings of a parent's heart possess enchantments to soothe and enervate the sufferings of its child, that no other is capable of possessing or obtaining. She requests me to implore your forgiveness for her unfaithfulness ; which

appears to prey heavily upon her mind. I shall do all within my power to render her as happy and comfortable as her condition will allow.

REV. J. BURTON.

(Dorchester Buildings, No. 16.)

None can experience so intensely the reality of such an event, or hazard their existence to rescue another from imminent danger, as a parent. Neither the offered services of his friends, nor their remonstrances could dissuade Arthur Campbell from his resolution to go to America—go he must. The very idea of returning with his dear Katie gave him energy, and strengthened his determination. His stock which he had still held in possession, was disposed of for defraying expenses; and, with a heart as stern as the mountain oak he departed from his native isle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Early on the morning of a vernal day in 1803, two persons were seen winding their steps into the old cemetery of Montreal. The one was a middle aged person of respectable appearance, clothed in black, and apparently of professional character. The other was dressed in plain garbs. His whitened locks—his bent and tottering form supported by a staff, showed that he had reached the limits of human life. They entered the city of the dead—passed by many turf-clad graves, where lay the wreck of dumb mortality—the dust of years.

Each in his clayey dwelling lowly sleeps,

“That sleep that knows no waking,”

Through the drear realms of death's long night,

Whose shadows know no breaking.

At length they came to a newly covered grave—there

they paused—the old man appeared to be much agitated, and the big tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks; he gazed intently upon the dumb turf as if his eager orbs had eyed its motionless contents. This was poor old Arthur Campbell, accompanied by the minister. They had come to view the resting place of poor Katie, who had died only a few weeks previous to her father's arrival.

From life's turmoil and soul-corroding grief  
She found at length a broken heart's relief.

When our dearest relatives are withdrawn from our sight, nature prompts us to extend our readiness in manifesting our appreciation of their merits by giving them a respectable burial, and erecting some frail memorial to their memory. No decorated tombstone or monumental pile, emblazoned with escutcheons, or embellished with flattering inscription, marks the resting place of poor Katie Campbell. But if any of my readers is desirous of visiting the spot, and dropping a tear of sorrow over her grave he can do so by visiting the old English burying ground of Montreal; where a plain marble, erected by her father, bears the following inscription:—

*" This little girl that lieth here  
Had no kind friends to take her part,  
She met no kindness any where;  
And died of a broken heart.  
She was a stranger far from home  
Far from a parent's tender care,  
Who gives her all he can, a tomb:  
And lives to sorrow and despair."*

NOCTURNAL HORRORS ;  
OR,  
A NIGHT WITH THE DEMONS.

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To speak the truths and tell the horrid deeds  
Of drunkenness, that soul destroying curse,  
Would tire hell's tongue, exhaust all languages,  
And border on eternity with time.

The life-journey of every man is characterized by many incidents of a ludicrous, or appalling nature ; many of which are immediately connected with himself and in many instances contribute to his benefit.

Notwithstanding my limited experience of human nature, I have met with several occurrences in the common path of life ; some of which though detestable in their appearance have been conducive to my morality.

Although unwilling to expose the faults of my fellow men, particularly those of old age, I trust my readers will pardon me in the following narration of facts, which I have submitted to their perusal.

Having remained a few days in the village of C, on the lake shore of Ontario, I started northward to ascertain the

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interior appearance of the country. It was a lovely morning in June. Summer had joyfully walked forth, like a bride to the altar, gracefully embellished with the robes of a thousand gems; while the feathered choir were chanting their nuptial anthems with adorable praise.

Gazing upon the surrounding objects, I very contentedly sauntered along, occasionally conversing away an hour in some farm-house by the road side. Towards evening, the sky began to assume a gloomy aspect; and the condensing vapor indicated a thunder storm. Having then travelled about fifteen miles, and not willing to retrace my steps that evening, I hastened towards a small village, distant only a few miles. A team and waggon came rattling along behind me; I stepped aside, and with smiling politeness, as if wishing a returned favor, very ingeniously made a bow to its occupants, who consisted of a young man and woman; my graceful attitude attracted their attention and brought their sympathy into action. The horses were reined up to a full stop, and I was welcomingly invited into the wheel'd vehicle.

The driver was a rough-looking-fellow, with a hard head, yet seemingly, a soft heart. The female—his sister—was a stoutly-built, ruddy faced virgin of twenty summers; and a fine specimen of the good olden times,—

When woman grew by nature's fostering care;  
Clothed in the garments sheep are doom'd to wear;  
And, labor strengthen'd each essential part,  
Unknown to fashion, undeformed by art;—

And when dress was more a permanent appendage, than a fluctuating figure of fashionable formality.

In the hinder part of the waggon were several bags, and a barrel of flour, on which I very contentedly seated myself.

"I say, friend, would ye taste a little wid us afore we start," said the driver in good bottle humor, as he hauled out a large earthen jar.

"Thank you sir;" said I; "not any at present."

"An' sure an' ye must take it at present, or devil the bit o' another chance ye'll git."

"Faith an' ye must take a sup with us," said Cazzie, passing over the brown jug to me.

To woman's influence I yielded, and reluctantly kissed the poisonous lips of the earthen bowl.

"Bedad, an' ye'r jist the boy that can swallow a whole-sale swig of it," said he.

"Dick,—no more of ye'r slam shang," said Cazzie, passing over the virus essence to him after taking a respectable gurgle herself.

"Shut up, wont ye: ye know'd as well's myself that we talk as we think, in this diggins.—Here's luck t'ye."

"Luck to where it goes," muttered Cazzie,—and down went the demon spirit into that cavity, which nature never designed it to occupy. Crack went the whip, and away cantered the sweating steeds, and up went a cloud of dust from the rattling wheels.

The warring elements and the booming thunder foretold the immediate downfall of an absolute rain. The formidable array of clouds approached us rapidly, with the buzz of a distant cataract; and a few introductory drops preceded an immense volume of water.

I requested Dick to halt at a farm house. Cazzie commanded him with the voice of a general: but all were unavailable. Obediently to their request I seated myself by the side of them; and Cazzie,—poor soul—clasped my

waist with her sinewy arm; and with the other thrust up her cotton canopy in defiance of the storm—

That turn'd it inside out as quick,  
And left it dangling round the stick  
That still she held twixt me and Dick.

The waggon rattled along at a fearful rate; and its wheels dazzled as if manufacturing electricity. Not being accustomed to such animal velocity, I felt as if my spirit was preparing to take its flight.

Rough rides are recommended to persons afflicted with the gout and ague; but if there is virtue in them, I am positively sure that such a ride would cure all the dumb diseases in the world: and even raise a dead "nigger" to life.

Cazzie appeared to enjoy it. "No danger friend," said she, clasping me more firmly, yet lovingly, with her brawny arm. Bump—bump, went the waggon over clod and stone; and at length, baggerty-clash went something behind us; after a long run stop, we beheld with astonishment the barrel of flour upon the highway. After a considerable woho, geeing and turning, we were drawn alongside of it, and all descended. Having adjusted it as well as possible, we shouldered up the wreck into the waggon; while Dick was swearing volumes of gun-shot blessings upon the head of the poor cooper.

Intemperate mud and reckless shower  
Too often soils the fairest flour.

Although the storm had nearly subsided I sternly declined riding farther,—thanked them for their favor, and we parted.

Imagine the state I was in. Being enveloped with mud and paste, I considered myself in danger of being pecked by

swallows, or devoured by rats, and therefore hastened forward to a small hut by the way side. I knocked on the door, and was admitted by an elderly man and woman. Their appearance, and the state of things were not agreeable to my mind, nevertheless, it was neither a place nor time to reflect upon matters of taste, particularly when my condition was incapable of giving a favorable impression of myself.

"Come awa in mon an' seat yersel' down," said the greecy looking grey-beard.

"Ay, mon, its been a dirty, dreeping shower," drawled the matron in a squeaking tone; to which I responded as Scotch-like as possible. Having related my unfortunate ride, I requested a change of clothes, and lodging for the night.

After a few enquiries by them respecting myself, they answered in the affirmative.

The interior of the building contained nothing to promote health, or comfort. An old gaping fireplace almost absorbed one half of the house; while in the other stood an old rickety bed and smoky cupboard, by appearance, a century behind the times, and containing some broken cup-ware, a few dirty bottles, &c. A three legged stool, a table, and some crippled chairs, comprised the remaining stock of furniture. Water seemed to be an exceedingly scarce article as everything assumed rather a dingy appearance.

Having thrust myself into a suit of old garments, I sat down by the side of a smoky fire, which the old woman had prepared to dry my clothes.

"Now lad" said the old man, "as ye've been a'wat, an' for fear you sude catch cauld, I'll jist step owre tae Lowden's, an' gaet a wee drap o' something guid: It'll heat your bluid as Rabbie Burns used tae say."

"I feel thankful to you for your kindness, but sir, I should rather you would not."

"Hoot, mon, nane o'yer auld farrant nonsense, noo. Yer nae a Scotchmon ava, or, ye'd tak a wee winkie onie day. Whaur's the brown mug, Jennie? Gie's a few o' yer auld rusty baubees. (Looking to me with a slyish wink)—I've ay gien her ladyship the honor o' keepin the purse."

"Weel Tam," said Jennie, "sin yer determined tae gang, the deil wadnae stap ye noo—but dinna bide owre lang."

Haste ye then—pu oot your jingle and let us rin;—

To get a wee drap o' the barley bree,  
At Lowden's ha' wi' Jennie's baabee.

I remonstrated with him on the unnecessary trouble to which he put himself on my account; but my entreaties fell upon barren ground.

After he had gone she told me he was addicted to drunken spees, and when started, would continue for days—that he had sold them out of almost every thing: and when she attempted to prevent him, he abused her; and frequently threatened to take her life. She further told me, that the money she had just given him was her wages for that day's washing.

I really pitied the poor old woman, and with anguish anticipated the evil results of that evening. I slipped a few coins into her hand, and bade her purchase what necessaries she required for supper.

Bang flew the door at that moment; and Tam entered as sprightly as a game cock, and puffing like a whizzen'd steed.

"Hey lad," he exclaimed, looking towards me, and holding up his little god Bacchus; "here's something ill gar ye blink." [Turning to Jennie, singing,]

Jennie put the kettle on,  
 Jennie put the kettle on  
 And never mind the tea  
 Blaw the bellows up and down  
 An' let us a' sit blythely roun'  
 Tae taste the barley bree.

An old dirty, ill-dressed, suspicious looking fellow accompanied Tam, whom he introduced as his friend, Mr. Higgins. The poisonous fumes of the hot alcohol soon steamed up from the smoky bowls, and round the crazy altar of Bacchus, these votaries of "*spiritualism*" worshipped their demon god.

I soon discovered that Jennie was not a total stranger to the bottle: she tilted off her glass without either straining or disfiguring a muscle.

An' lick'd her bearded lips as fain,  
 As Collie owre a greasy bane:  
 While Tam an Higgins in their glee  
 Tried whae tae vent the greatest lee  
 An' crack't an' sang wi' might an' main  
 As if the world was a' thair ain.

Feeling so disgusted with my company and the state of things, I resolved to leave as soon as my clothes were dry, but another fearful thunder-storm came on, and the rain for hours continued to pour down, which rendered it utterly impossible to leave that night.

It being Saturday evening; and wishing to retire to rest, I suggested the idea of winding up but without effect.

After a few stern refusals to sit up longer, I was piloted through a door into a small back hovel attached to the building. It resembled a dog kennel, and had a very unwholesome atmosphere. In a corner lay some dirty rags, intended, as I supposed, for my couch. Being afraid my bed might elope with me before morning, I was about to retrace my steps, when the meagre aspect of things suggested the idea that its inhabitants had perished by famine; or, if alive, were too feeble to make an attack; therefore I discarded my *un-"lice"-used* idea as a mere "*bug*"-bear; and finally in obedience to the law of human nature I fell soundly asleep.

Having snored away a considerable part of the night, as I supposed, my sleeping propensities became disordered by some external cause: and when consciousness had awakened my senses, to recognise the position of things I was bewildered with astonishment. My ears were saluted with language, the most vile and blasphemous of Satan's vocabulary, intermingled with demoniac screeches, as if hell had unchained its infernal hordes: and the chief pillars of Lucifer's temple had fallen around me with a tremendous crash.

This hideous disturbance interpreted in this way.—The liquor having become exhausted, Tam made a resolute attempt to broach Jennie for funds, and Higgins interfering in her behalf, occasioned a brilliant display of pugilism, which resulted in a fearful close struggle; and a crashing downfall of our heroes over the table and its contents. "Lord o'mercy—ma heid—ma heid—ye've dang the deevil's grindstane through it. Gied up Tam—for onie sake gied up, an' I'll gie ye a shilling," vociferated Jennie from amid the wreck.

This entreaty and promise effected a re-union, and Tam and Higgins staggered away in quest of more ammunition, and left Jennie to arrange matters for their return.

After a serious consideration of the affair I again fell asleep, and soared away into the land of dreams to the remotest corner of creation, upon the desolate shores of time where lash the waves of boundless eternity, but my readers, be it remembered that this part of my story is only a dream, yet a true and very impressive one. Whilst gazing there upon the dim immensity before me, and the vast chasm beneath, my attention was suddenly attracted by a terrific yell, to a particular gap in the imaginary precipice upon which I stood. I hastened thither and to my astonishment recognised my drunken inmates struggling in the clutches of two skeletons, who were dragging them forward to the verge. Never can I eradicate from my mind the infernal howls that quivered upon their impious lips nor the hideous roll of their affrighted orbs. "Save us!—save us!—for heaven's sake save us," shouted the struggling reptiles of perdition, with a look as indefinable as hell: and forward I sprang to snatch them from the gripe of the grim spectres. Unfortunately they seized me also with inextricable grasp; and swift as the lightning's flash, we were hurled precipitately from the fatal precipice into the yawning depths below; and down—down—through regions blacker than the gulf of Chaos, we flew, and a voice louder than ten thousand thunders reverberated in our ears—Lost!—lost!—lost!

Finally we arrived at the capital of the dark regions: and were ushered into the presence of his satanical majesty, and an innumerable host; to await our sentence at the grand tribunal of hell.

After a lengthy trial, I barely escaped the grinding fañgs of the jury and chief justice ; and was led forth from the clusters with the sentence, "Not Guilty," tinkling sweetly in my ears. My guide willing to gratify my curiosity, led me into the presence of the damned where countless legions of infuriated spirits, in their clanking chains were branding and tormenting each other with all the infernal machines and instruments, real or imaginable.

Hobgoblins were picking out the yellow orbs of old misers, and pouring flaming oil into the yawning sockets ; while flocks of demi-devils were croaking over the mangled carrion.

The wretched fugitives of suicide were strangling in the wiry clutches of hoary fiends : and hell's infuriated hounds were crashing beneath their iron tusks, the living bones of human murderers.

The dried skeletons of drunkards were chasing each other with fiery hooks, and belching liquid fire into their frantic orbs. At that moment the massive portals of the prison grated harshly upon their hinges, and turning around, I beheld the criminals who succeeded me at the bar, led in by a gang of black constables followed by the grim monarch of the brimstone regions, who ascended his throne of fire : and hurled his thunderbolts of justice upon the writhing heads of the condemned monsters, while unnumbered hell-begotten imps with rods of lightning—

Rushed out with fury from their stygean cell  
And rolled his thunder thro' the caves of hell.

Horror of horrors penetrated the most inaccessible regions of my soul ; and with the phrensy of a maniac I startled from my wild delirium into half confused reality

with the cry of murder ! murder ! in my ears, accompanied by a tremendous splash of water, as if the great cisterns of the universe had burst open. Immediately I sprang from my couch,—jumped into my pantaloons and rushed into the other apartment.

There lay Jennie perfectly saturated with water—her grey hairs dishevelled about her neck, and streams of the crimson liquid trickling over her wrinkled cheeks : while the partner of her years, like a practised villain, stood over his prostrate victim, pouring out volleys of shameless reproach.

“Ye auld black b—— and ye’ll steal my whuskie.—Tak that noo—It il cool yer bluid tae ye,” &c. greeted my ears as I entered.

“By heavens, I’ll murder you,” said I, seizing the poker ; but ere I had time to give action to my words, the hoary monster had made his exit from the scene.

Good gracious ; and what will I do, thought I, if I am discovered, alone with the murdered woman. Fortunately she was not so seriously hurt as I anticipated.

I removed the gore from her wrinkled face, and finally hoisted her upon her crazy “*understandings*.”

At that instant she tottered towards the table, and seizing hold of the earthen jug, hurled its remaining contents down her quenchless channel and held it up with her skeleton arm until the last drop of the hellish poison, by her quivering lips, was sucked from its porous sides.

Enough, said I ; remonstrance and admonition are unavailable. Redemption will evade their reach : and the phantoms of a fiery conscience will haunt their benighted souls for ever unless they are brought to repentance by the power of God. Pity and indignation alternately suffused

my heart, and I felt as if standing upon the very suburbs of the lower regions inhaling the intoxicating fumes of their noxious atmosphere.

Having adjusted myself as soon as possible, I breathed farewell to her, praying to God that they might repent and that our next meeting would be in the regions of eternal happiness.

—Ye sons of earth who issue forth,  
To worship still the demon god,  
Dash from your lips his cursed bowl.  
And save ! oh ! save your sinking soul.  
Fly from the magic of his rod.  
For death and hell together dwell—in alcohol.  
Accursed demon, thou art still  
As darkness were the light should dwell,  
Prolific source of crime and ill .  
The scourge of earth—the fuel of hell ;  
War, famine, pestilence and age  
Are trifling when compared with thee,  
Nor can the world its ills assuage,  
Whilst man's thy slave, and thou art free.

## THE YANKEE OUT-WITTED.

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Old Aaron made a golden calf  
And stuck it on a pole,  
The women they supplied one half  
It might have been its soul ;  
Then Aaron raised his sacred rod  
And christen'd it the " People's god "  
From then until the present time,  
Men worship still that god of crime.

Innumerable are the means and artifices contrived by man to deceive his fellow beings, for the base purpose of pilfering their right, or property, to gratify some selfish propensity of his own.

Such events occur daily, but are checked more through fear of the public eye, and common law, than by the twitching of conscience, or the dread of spiritual punishment. Crime is of varied stamp, and should be judged and punished in proportion to its premeditation and effect. Such will be its natural consequence hereafter, although it may elude the ordeal of human authority here. In many cases has noble confiding woman been made the dupe of man's deception, and the chosen victim of his selfish propensities ; less frequently has woman, without reason,

rode rough-shod over man and triumphed over his fallen position.

Woman less subtle is than man,  
Therefore, she's most deceived :  
The flattery of man's tongue too oft  
By woman is believed.

Several years ago, in the county of Huntingdon, an incident, now partly forgotten, occurred, which I consider still worthy of being noticed, as it affords an example of the means which a selfish man unscrupulously makes use of to accomplish his end,—the unlucky end of unlawful gain, and the blighted consequence of a deeply-laid stratagem.

The subject of this story was a Miss Berkley, a maiden in the glorious prime of forty, who by honest economy had accumulated sufficient money, to purchase a small farm, that might serve as a permanent support in illness or old age, or perchance, if providence willed, be the domestic area of connubial happiness. For what reason she had lived so long in celibacy was a mystery to herself. She had and still possessed many good qualities—had received several offers of marriage, but somehow the right man in the right time and place had never appeared, and forty years, like a phantom, had glided past, and she was still alone,—dreary thought indeed for old virginity.

Alone—alone in autumn's ripening age ;—  
In life's own book beyond the middle page ;  
Still she had charms altho' her form and face  
Had lost the lustre of their former grace.  
Yet like a lonely bird that's lost its nest,  
She brooded o'er the charms she once possess'd,  
Perchance regretting life by hope mis-led  
Yet trusting still to reach the marriage bed.

In a comfortable little cottage, with no other companion than a couple of quadrupeds, lived this lonely specimen of the lovely sex. By her own exertions she was enabled to live very comfortably, and though partial to economy, she was by no means dishonest or avaricious. One little defect in her nature, common to her kind, particularly at her age, was a disposition to gossip. She could read the character and the occurrences of the neighborhood like the alphabet,—was expert in making matches and “miss”-matches, and well qualified for commenting upon the shape, size, and color of a dress or bonnet, or the fashionable appearance of a coquette: in a word, she appeared to be well acquainted with all that had occurred, or was even likely to occur in that vicinity. Notwithstanding this little freak of nature, she was strictly pious, and was well posted up in the “moral law” and all its requirements. She was a standing pillar of the church, and would with all her irregularities, have been an ornament to a manse.

Whilst struggling amid her solitary circumstances, Miss Berkley received several friendly visits from a Mr. Grundy, a Yankee mechanic, who was working in that locality. He, like herself, had passed the sunny-side of youth. Some doubted his celibacy, but Miss Berkley believed as a natural consequence that he was unmarried. Although his appearance was agreeable, many of his habits were repulsive: but by her benign influence a happy reformation became visible in him. The haunts of Bacchus lost a votary, and the church found a worshipper. The vulgar song and licentious gossip gave place to spiritual anthems and prayer. The more frequent his visits were the more pious he appeared to become. At length to the satisfaction

of both parties, the holy vow was legalized, and Miss Berkley assumed the honorable title of Mrs. Grundy.

Marriage in its true sense is the life-bond of a divine charter, and is intended as the source of mutual felicity; but like counterfeit bills, there is more matri-"money" passed as currency on earth than the "Bank of Heaven" has issued. Marriage is a serious engagement to be filed into—more so than many of the inexperienced imagine it to be. One party finds an antagonist in its life-ally,—another, like a willing steed, lays its shoulder to the yoke, whilst its unequal mate lags upon the wheels. Alas, too frequently, the previously anticipated reality assumes a degraded aspect, and the love of the eye becomes the poison of the soul. The romantic love of many a young heart is but the agency of a life-dream. Landscapes of elysian loveliness arise with ideal existence, and the soul emerges with expanded dignity, through the halo of a fairy enchantment, and not until the halcyon days of the "honey-moon" have passed does fair Luna begin to show her horns; then the vision disappears in dissolving colors, and the bewildered heart ultimately discerns that the false fabric of its life was nothing more than *love bubbles painted with the rainbow colors of imagination*. Notwithstanding these common events in life's union, marriage to many is the crown of happiness and the basis of future greatness. The soul that has found the long-anticipated object of its love with a heart beating responsively to its own, and both willing to resist the tempting fruit and the siren voice of the serpent

In every sense will realize,  
That marriage is to man  
A second sacred paradise,  
Which in the first began.

Weeks passed, and no deterioration in morals, or symptoms of a failure were visible in the marriage firm of Grundy. They appeared to be swimmingly absorbed in the mellow baths of connubial felicity, and seemed like a syzygy of Earth and Luna revolving in their own embraces around the centre of the celestial system. Scarcely two months had elapsed when Mr. Grundy, with all the gravity and logic of a Philadelphian lawyer, premised a synopsis of tangible facts relative to a total removal from Canada. He informed her that he possessed considerable property in York State. His sojourn in Canada, as he said, was only to get a peep at the "poor critters" and beetle a few "Yankee notions" into their uncivilized brains. He further urged Mrs. Grundy, his adorable angel as he termed her, to dispose of her property, and retire with him to his "home of freedom" in the "land of learning and independence." The cautious Mrs. Grundy hesitated to acquiesce in his proposal, but finally, her home-spun arguments fell motionless beneath the powerful eloquence of brother Jonathan. He demonstrated to the nicety of a syllogism, the imprudency of living in such an uncivilised country as Canada, that had'nt laws enough to keep a dead nigger alive, let alone white folks, whilst the great and glorious Republic of the immortal Washington, with all its great and glorious institutions was within a pumpkin shot of their tater field: consequently the farm and furniture were sold, from which they realised the sum of \$500 in cash. This sudden change in affairs suggested strange ideas to "party clashers" and "pic-nic gossipers," many of whom hinted the probability of a Yankee "speculation," and rather suspected that Mrs. Grundy would experience bankruptcy in marriage, whilst others imagined, that Grundy would

blacken her face, with charcoal, and sell her to the "nigger"-merchants, and thereby, make quite a speculation out of the old maid. However, her neighbours paid her a friendly visit, and showed symptoms of regret at her removal. Mr. Grundy, with the consent of his wife, invited a fraternal party to spend with him his last evening in Canada; consequently a "small drop" of the "life reviver" was considered indispensable. On the evening of the party, Mrs. Grundy feeling much exhausted by the stir and labor of the day, retired early to bed, leaving her "better half" and his jolly companions to prolong their revelry. Awakening early next morning she missed him from her side and immediately discovered that he had decamped, with several valuable articles, and most invaluable of all, her purse of \$500. A letter which had fallen from his pocket dated at Belmont, N. Y., and apparently from his former wife, gave evident proof to his departure.

*"Astonishing reality! Can it be possible that I have lain upon a bed of flowers with the coiling serpent. Have I been sipping the honeycomb unsuspecting of the living sting, and gathering the roseate blossoms that are enwreathed around the invisible thorn? Oh woman! thou hast still the simplicity of thy mother Eve, within thy heart. Still deceived by lying reptiles and tempting fruit. Again have the gates of Eden been closed upon thee, and like Cain thou art an outcast upon the un pitying world."* Thus soliloquised the sorrowing daughter of Eve, as in hurried excitement, she prepared to pursue the fugitive to his lair; and ere the drowsy orbs of her neighbours had been awakened, she was heading towards the "Grand Line" with fluttering rapidity. Having gone a considerable distance she was informed that a person of Grundy's appear-

ance had passed at an early hour. As a bloodhound pursues its anticipated victim along the windings of a flight, and urges motion in the keen pursuit, so did the little purse-pursuer follow the scented track of her fugitive husband. As the hours of the day advanced the intervening distance between the pursuer and pursued apparently became shortened; and when the dawn of evening had come she found herself in the vicinity of his supposed residence. The information she received unveiled the anticipated reality. The name of Grundy was only fictitious. The person answering her husband's appearance had a wife and family, and was known by the name inscribed upon the letter she had found. She immediately proceeded toward the residence of Squire Richie, distant only a few miles, from whom she intended to procure a warrant to have him arrested ere he had time to dispose of the money. Night had now come on, and dark clouds covered the sky. The road leading to the Squire's threaded a dense wood which assumed a very gloomy appearance. Such places are suggestive of murder and highway robbery, and in many countries are noted as being the midnight resort of witches and fairy-demons. The very heart of society seemed dead, and the hand of civilization paralysed. Further on, a little groggery by the way-side indicated symptoms of reviving existence; and from the "mouth and moisture within a stranger would naturally suppose that the democrats of York State were hoisting the annual festivities of Brother Jonathan's birth day, or arousing a tiptop celebration in favour of Yankee Sullivan having "ringed" the "proboscis" of John "Bull." Certain very judicious reasons prevented her from entering. A step over its threshold might have broken the bubble she had been

blowing up all day, or perhaps a "neck stiffer" would have closed the final act of "Grundy's tragedy." Having gone a little further on, a dense rain began falling and eventually she was compelled to seek shelter in a rude shanty by the road-side. Within its smoky walls sat a sallow faced matron and a half dozen of ashey urchins watching some corn and potatoes roasting on the ashes of a sideless hearth. They very suspiciously eyed the new visitor, who from her drenched and disorderly appearance was supposed to be some elderly pauper ; and very reluctantly a seat was handed to her. Few words were exchanged, as neither party appeared to be the object of affection or curiosity. The incessant torrent was ominous of a deluge, and denied her further immediate progress. She solicited permission to stay over night. The grinning hag, squintingly eyed her again, and puckering up her mouth like a pouch, squirted out in a sort of upper-jaw tone—"W-e-a-i-l, old woman, I reckon I haint a-bed, an' my husband aint to home; any heow I dont much like a-keeping o'poor folks over night. This was a stiffler to Mrs. Grundy. Still she urged the necessity of staying and finally procured the liberty of flooring her carcass in one of the dirty corners.

Having bolted their "toasted taters and corn," the old hag and her slovenly chirps shoveled themselves into their dingy hammocks. Scarcely had they fallen asleep when a loud rap upon the door awoke them. A hoarse voice from without struck with forceful familiarity upon their ears, and they rushed door-wards in their nocturnal tatters, like a group of infernal pigmies, shouting the arrival of their father, who apparently had been absent for some time. Mrs. Grundy awoke also ; and peering over the rug that

enveloped her, beheld by the light of the flickering faggot, the very appearance and person of her fugitive husband. Imagine for a moment the indescribable feelings of her bosom. The busy imaginings of her soul anticipated an immediate death on discovery. Fate seemed treacherous in having brought her as a sacrifice to the demon's altar. Her heart quivered, her eyes grew dim, and snail-like she drew her head into concealment, and beseeched the tender mercy of providence. Grundy in reality had come. The old hag and her little ones, chicken-like, clustered around, and almost absorbed him with cordial embraces. He too, exulted in his fortunate arrival, and to increase the tone of domestic felicity, drew from his pocket a bottle of good Holland, which he had purchased at the little groggery, where he had delayed a few hours with some of his former companions. Never, for a moment, did he imagine that his footsteps would be crossed beyond the lines; still less, that the old pauper who had sought a shelter beneath his roof, was the identical Mrs. Grundy of Canada.

How strange is fact tho' fiction may be true,  
Thrice more mysterious is life's ravelled clue;  
A swifter foot may chase our nimble heels;  
A stronger hand may check our flying wheels;  
And what we build with safety here to-day,  
To-morrow's adverse winds may blow away.

Grundy at length drew out the mysterious purse, swollen with pregnancy, the result, as he said, of a horse-speculation in Canada. These were trying moments for Mrs. Grundy. Her life depended upon concealment, yet, she could not resist the temptation of poking her head from under the coverlet, when with frantic joy they were chuck-

ling over the golden idol. She thought of her hard and industrious years—of the many instances of frugality and self-denial experienced in realizing the blighted competence of her life. She saw that she had been the dupe of a villain, and was then in danger of being murdered, bee-like, by those for whom she had toiled. Stimulated by feelings of revenge, she was ready to fly as a harpy upon them, but oh, the uncertain result, as she had no weapon to defend herself. She checked her resolution, but it was more than common power that suppressed the indignant feelings of conscious injustice. Woman is fearful when aroused, and hazardous when brave, and feels intensely with her whole soul, when any passion is brought into action. Mrs. Grundy was a real heroine; but bravery is not always fortunate, particularly when too keenly hazardous. It is sometimes better to lie in a trench than ride upon the battlements; however, it is more skilful-like to watch the movements of the enemy, and scrutinize every position available, than rush precipitately at random. There is a time to strike—there is a moment when fortune attends the brave, and when victory rides triumphantly. Such a moment she resolved to make available. Grundy having put the purse into his pocket, diverted their attention by a ludicrous sketch of the Canada folks, interspersed with his own adventures. Having spent a jolly good time, they retired at a late hour to their rickety hammocks.

'Mid fleas, and bugs, and filthy litter,  
To dream of gold's attractive glitter.

Night, in general, is that season when the mind, divested of its more alluring attractions, recalls the incidents of the past, or paves the future with speculative schemes and

hazardous attempts. At such a time, was the busy mind of our little adventurer at work, contriving an expedient to save her life and regain the purse. The heavy and continued breathing indicated that all were securely locked in the arms of sleep. The moment had arrived which was to decide her fate. To remain in her position was inevitable death, to grope for the purse a hazardous uncertainty. She gazed through the dim vault of the hovel, which by the flickering light of the embers assumed a very ghastly appearance. All was motionless and silent, except the respiratory organs of the sleepers. The purse was distant only a few yards, and she was determined to regain it or die in the attempt. Slowly, yet cautiously, she crept along towards it, making every sense subservient to her safety and motion. As she crawled towards the bed-side, and gazed upon the very spot where the foul demons lay, imagination led her to believe that the old wretch was still awake, perchance building an expected palace, and fancying herself to be the most fashionable lady in the land. As she groped around the bed, she still fancied that she beheld the grizzly eyes, like demon lamps in the Tartarean pit, staring upon her. Imagine the feelings of her heart as she stretched forth her hand to extract the purse. It was a critical moment, upon it hung the uncertainty of life and death.

Repulsive fear, tenacious hope  
Contend alike to lead the will,  
And instinct gives the feelings scope,  
Whilst reason falters in its skill.  
The idol's found—delicious grasp ;  
And fluttering with excessive joy,  
She hugs it with a firmer clasp,  
Resolved with it to live or die.

Snail-like she crawls along the floor,  
Her joys increasing with her speed,  
At length she's pass'd the creaky door,  
And from her dangerous prison freed,  
Exulting with triumphant joy,  
Away the valiant victor flies,  
Like uncaged bird in freedom's sky,  
And bears along her well-earn'd prize.

Our heroine passed the remainder of the night in an out-house, some two miles distant on her homeward route; and on the afternoon of the following day, having hired a conveyance, she arrived at her former residence, feeling inexpressibly happy that she had regained her purse, saved her life, and outwitted the Yankee, but firmly determined never to breathe again within the limits of man's dominion.

## THE MIDNIGHT UPROAR.

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We have heard of men departed,  
Bursting from their clayey cases;  
Others from their shrouds have started,  
Ere they found their resting places.  
Tho' we've spurn'd the superstitious,  
For their midnight ghosts and elves,  
Such like facts are not fictitious,  
When we see such sights ourselves.

Though there be a diversity of opinion among Christians respecting the destiny of the soul after death, all agree in a final resurrection of the body to receive the spirit, and live in mutual fellowship for ever. Be this as it may, we have frequently heard of the departed, who, unwilling to wait their appointed time, for what reason we know not, have made their appearance personally upon earth. Superstition has done much to ignore the human mind, and people our planet with some of its past inhabitants, and a vast variety of foreign spectres. Although no judicious mind will for a moment entertain such a vague and irrational belief, yet our imagination is suggestive of strange ideas when we are sitting silently by the dead, or wander-

ing over the hillocks of a grave-yard at the dim and dreary hour of night. These are "*grave subjects*" to dwell upon, and the feelings they produce are rather too appalling for human nature to claim kindred with. Gentle reader, do not imagine I wish to frighten you with a ghost-story, or to cause the Endoric shade of a departed Samuel to pass before your eyes. We have too much sympathy with your sensitive emotions to do so. Then follow me in my story, the simple facts will interpret themselves.

Some time ago an acquaintance of mine went to Montreal upon business, and having to remain over night, took lodging in one of the hotels. Tomkins—for so he was called—was a real son of the forest—a good-natured fellow, and a social companion at home; but from want of experience in travelling, he had rather a suspicious idea of strangers and public houses, and therefore on such occasions as this, assumed a secretive reservedness. However, he passed the evening in taking a comfortable smoke, and watching the bustling motions of the out and in-goers, and listening to the varied lingo of swaggering customers about the bar-room. At length feeling the fingers of sleep weigh heavily upon his eye-lids, he hinted to the inn-keeper, a fat sturdy Scotchman, that he wished to retire to bed. The landlord, busily attending to the wants of a jolly set of Bacchanals, commanded a young lad, apparently his son, to show Mr. Tomkins to a room. The boy thinking it unnecessary to go, handed him a key and candle, desiring him to steer to No. 12, in the first flat.

To give my readers a clearer idea of the sequel, it is necessary to insert the following paragraph here:

That morning, a person had died suddenly in No. 12, and was allowed to remain until his expected friends from

the country would arrive. The land lord had hinted to his hostler and Sally the cook, that out of respect for their countryman they should give the dead man a "bit of a wake." Possessing a mutual attachment, they were willing to embrace the opportunity after hours, as it would afford them an excellent chance for "spaking a bit." The boy who had directed Tomkins, committed a very serious mistake in sending him to the very room in which the corpse lay.

Tomkins on entering the apartment, discovered that it contained only one bed in the front of which a person was apparently asleep. His face was partly enveloped in the bed-clothes. A candle was burning upon the wash-stand. For a few moments he stood hesitating whether to search for an empty bed, or take part with the stranger who, as he supposed, had left the candle burning for some intended bed-fellow. Taking it for granted that the boy knew better than he where he should sleep, and fearing that he might go further and find worse, he resolved to remain. Having considerable money about him, he entertained some doubts as to the safety of his purse and person; particularly with a stranger, whose amount of destructiveness and strength he had no present means of ascertaining. However, he resolved to hazard all, beneath the benign influence of a protective providence, whom he petitioned at great length. The stranger showed no signs of wakefulness, and Tomkins, unwilling to disturb his rest, very quietly undressed himself—blew out the lights, and slipped softly into the back part of the bed, taking care to secure his purse, and give his bed-fellow sufficient elbow-room.

Having lain for some time in a sort of slumber without either disturbing his companion, or being disturbed, he

was suddenly aroused by the shoveling of feet along the alley.

"This is the room where he lays" whispered a voice at the outside of the door. Tomkins trembled all over, as if under the influence of the marsh ague; he slipped his head off the pillow, and brought up the bed clothes to a dead level.

The door was opened—feet entered—and the glimmering of a light shot through the crevices of the blankets.

"Sally, my dear," whispered a masculine voice, "I hope you're not afraid of him."

"Afraid of him"—by japers no—I was never afeared of any man, black or white, dead or alive."

Poor Tomkins—it was a critical moment for him—a criminal would have pitied his condition.

"I'll bet you a yorker, the fellow has considerable money about his old pants."

"Spake aisier, Jim, or it may be ye'll frighten the ghost into him again; an' faith an' we must go about it quietly, or p'raps we'll alarm every soul in the house."

This was a dead-shot to poor Tomkins—he imagined himself the target they intended to fire at. The word money had set him into fidgets. A thousand stories of men being murdered in such places flashed wildly across his disordered brain.

His blood ran chill—his hair bristled. In convulsive terror he made an attempt to arouse the stranger to prepare for a mutual attack, but found himself perfectly paralyzed—every limb was motionless—perspiration ran in torrents from every pore, and his whole soul seemed ready to make a voluntary exit. He imagined himself to have

lived a thousand deaths ere he had suffered one, and he fell into a deep swoon.

Some time elapsed before he really discovered himself to retain earthly existence, his reasoning faculties returned, but all appeared to be the vague mystery of a vision, and the more so when he recognized that his bed-fellow was lying silently and undisturbed beside him. Again were his ears attracted by a creaking sound and the noise as of feet within the room. Afraid, yet determined to ascertain the cause, he slowly peeped over the shoulder of his companion, and with astonishment, beheld a bearded fellow hugging a sturdy damsel upon his knee, and giving emphasis to his love by a series of very expressible kisses. The female, beholding the uprising head of our hero, and thinking it to be that of the corpse, sprang from the amorous embraces of her lover, shouting at the top of her voice—“*Lord o’ mercy the man’s alive,*” and rushed out of the room like a fury, followed by her frightened companion; who, in his hurry, struck against the door post, and fell insensibly upon the floor. Tomkins was alarmed at the sudden and mysterious flight; and the coldness of a hand with which he came in contact, sent a dead-chill into his very heart. Instinctively he threw the clothes from the stranger’s face, and with terror, beheld by the light of the candle, the ghastly visage and upturned eyes of a human corpse. More quickly than the lightning’s flash, he sprang from the bed, and followed the affrighted fugitive, leaving his purse and indispensables behind. The landlord being in the act of closing the bar for the night was overwhelmingly thunderstruck by the loud and terrific shrieks of a female, who was frantically rushing down the

stair-way, followed by Tomkins at her heels, like a hound after its victim.

"Arrah, man, for God's sake, save me," shouted the maid as the shirted spectre made his appearance; and wheeling around the portly hulk of the host, she clung to his corporation with an iron grasp.

"At-bay-yae villian"—"yae adulterous scoundrel," shouted the staggering landlord, shaking his sturdy fist at the bewildered Tomkins, and making an attempt to seize him as he absconded behind the bar.

"Police"—"Police"—"Police"—immediately shouted the landlord with a pair of stentorian lungs that shook the building, like a South-American earthquake, and brought down a host of affrighted and half-dressed inmates from every region of the house, until every apartment had emptied its living cargo into the bar-room. The ludicrous farce of "Punch and Toby" was never more perfectly performed than by the landlord and Sally, at whom the bewildered hostess stared with suspicious terror; while the host was endeavoring to whirl his unwieldy carcass, to shake off the tenacious appendage from his coat-tails.

"What the deuce is this almighty tarnation fuss abeout," interrogated a long limbery-legged, half-dressed Yankee," as he poked his head into the room."

"By dad an' they're both deringed," shouted a bold "sprig of Erin."

"Hand aff, mon, I'll bait yae a shillin, thaive got the hydrophobian colic" exclaimed a cautious Scot.

Tomkins with cat's eyes, was peering around the corner of the counter at the crowd, and believing himself to be either in "Bedlam" or a "bad-house." At that moment a pair of ferocious watchmen burst open the door, and un-

ceremoniously rushing through the crowd, attempted to seize the landlord and Sally, who appeared to have been the cause of the unexplained uproar.

"The devils behin' the bar, shouted the host, "seize him"—"seize the adulterous cannibal"—"seize him." Imagine for a moment the indescribable horror and amazement of all as the shivering ghost-like, unmentionable figure of Tomkins unwillingly appeared. The prisoner pleaded his innocence, and in vain attempted to extricate himself from the tiger grasp of the police.

"The corpse"—"the corpse"—shouted the distracted girl, and thrust her head beneath the suspended garb of the fidgety host.

"Arrah, ye villians, howld on;" *'tis the dead man that ye've got,*" shouted a voice at the bottom of the stairway. Poor Jim had just made his appearance, holding his crimson nose, which he had lacerated upon the door in his flight.

A few minutes passed—and the mysterious problem was solved. Tomkins was liberated, Sally became manageable. The landlord begged a thousand pardons for his gross and unintentional error, and treated all to a jolly bumper. The ludicrous farce was closed, with a hearty and extravagant laugh, whilst Tomkins, who had dressed himself, chuckled aloud in his sleeve, and rejoiced in his happy escape from a criminal court.

## A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

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Hark ;—'tis the wolves,—they have scented our track ;  
Let us stand in defence, ere they taste of our blood ;  
Had Noah foreseen such a ravenous pack,  
He would have destroy'd all their sires at the flood.

It was a bright, lovely morning in the early part of October. The landscape which only a few weeks before had been rich and beautiful, appeared tragically appalling, as if lamenting its fallen dignity, yet in beholding the sunny face of its friendly visitor, a glimpse of hope seemed to flash over its wan features, as if it felt the re-kindling influence of spring ; but no bright form of nature was starting into existence—no music was afloat upon the air,—none, for the sweet voice of nature's melody had been wafted to warmer climes ; and the brown woods with here and there a tuft of lingering foliage, wore a melancholy appearance. Such was the morning—a very auspicious one indeed—that an acquaintance and myself started off with gun and knapsack over one shoulder, to hunt deer in the "Marsh"—distant only a few miles in a direct line. We shortened the distance considerably by taking a foot-

path through the woods towards N—. Here we procured a canoe and proceeded up the Norton Creek, a river that traverses the main body of the great swamp. The Marsh, as it is generally called, lies between Williamstown and East Hemmingford. It consists of many thousand acres of land, and from the low and boggy nature of its soil, remains to a great extent uninhabited. It possesses much valuable timber, and has been for many years the hunting grounds of sportsmen and wood-rangers; but of late, its aboriginal species of game has become greatly diminished. This being our first visit to the place, we knew nothing about it except what we had gleaned from the crude details of others. I will never forget our pleasant sail up that river, or the many amusing sketches my friend gave me of his travels in foreign climes. Tom Moodie was indeed a fine-hearted fellow, faithful, courteous, and intelligent, and notwithstanding the many evils to which he had been exposed, was free from much of those vulgar, boasted vices which degrade many of our sex. His father, a rich merchant in Glasgow, had assigned him a large sum of money to commence business with in America; but Tom, being too fond of change to be tethered to one spot of the world, soon scattered his funds from the torrid to the frigid zone in gratifying his insatiable thirst for travel. Finally, he arrived at Montreal, and there entered into the clerkship of a rich brother; where shortly afterwards I formed an acquaintance with him.

Gently we glided up the stream, which assumed a dead level as we entered the wilderness. The water naturally black became more so as we advanced, occasioned partly by the dense clusters of evergreen which overhung its banks. No fish of superior rank is found here. Bull-

pouts, eels, and bull-frogs are the staple water-game, and furnish an excellent "fry" to the hook and line company of "PARLEY VOUS" that swarm upon its banks during summer. The sun now midway to its meridian diffused a golden lustre over the unclouded air, and threw a sprinkling of its radiance into the dense woods; but the shadows of the tall pines, and those of their less stately neighbors of the evergreen, seemed half reluctant to retire from their ancient nooks. Here and there we passed through openings of beaver-meadow, interspersed with only a few stunted trees, upon one of which, a couple of impudent squirrels were displaying some odd gymnastics. They gave us a Chinese look of abhorrent defiance, as if to say, "*you are intruding upon our hereditary rights;*" and then grumbled out such an outrageous "pur-twittering" as we passed them, that it was with some difficulty I persuaded Moodie from riddling their brains. At length we came to the outlet of a small stream known by the name of Cranberry Brook; here we anchored our canoe and found a favorable footing upon "*terra firma.*" It was now about 11 a. m. The air was mild and exhilarating. We hastily partook of luncheon, adjusted our guns and knapsacks, and started into the woods, assured there would be no difficulty in returning. Not having dogs with us, Moodie proposed taking separate routes, as we would be more likely to start game; but for several reasons I declined doing so. The object of my visit to the Marsh was principally to see it, and enjoy a forest recreation with my friend, whom I expected would have to do the greater part of the killing. I was indeed but a poor hunter, having never shot anything but a harmless rooster, and then the poor animal was unsuspectingly picking up some loose peas at the

muzzle of the musket, which I had placed there as a bait to ensure success. I was always very fond of making noise with a gun; but somehow it turned out to be all "sham-shooting," probably from the fact, that when I had taken aim, and whilst drawing the trigger, I shut both eyes to prevent seeing the poor animal fall. Unfortunately I never discovered anything I had fired at; and, consequently believed myself to be either a very poor shooter, or too good a one, by having blown my victim into indiscoverable atoms. I was also a very unsuccessful wood-ranger. Although I had been brought up from childhood in the bush, and knew but little of any thing else, somehow my organ of locality was never to be depended upon. However I trusted all to Moodie for our expected good luck, he being an excellent sportsman. We advanced northward, as silently as possible, peering forward in every direction to discover game. Meeting with poor success we became partly discouraged; and fancying we had mistaken the real hunting-grounds, we darted off in another direction. Having travelled a considerable time through tangled brushwood, a deer-path attracted our attention, we followed it for some distance; but feeling somewhat exhausted we retired behind a pine tree to refresh ourselves, and watch the first animal that fortune might chance to send along. We felt somewhat disappointed; and began to condemn the place as being destitute of game, and totally unfit for the use of man or beast, when sounds resembling those of a distant hound greeted our ears. "Hark," said Moodie, "there's luck yet; a stag's upon the wing—he comes—we'll have venison steak for supper. Now don't fire till he's near enough, and then give him a regular broad-side."

The sounds indicated a direct approach ; and the sharp and rapid barks denoted the chase to be an eager one. In a few minutes we got a glimpse of the animal at full leap towards us,—apparently a large buck. The bushes were bending and breaking beneath his feet. We squatted down like a pair of sharp-shooters, and began to prepare for his approach. A sort of nervous courage crept over me as if I were about to storm a battlement. Moodie fastened his hawk-like eyes upon the stag as it bounded forward. Unable to control our eagerness any longer we sprang to our feet, and levelled our firelocks. The deer, observing us at that moment, darted off in an oblique direction ere we had fired, and fortunately for itself escaped. Away sped the deer, faster than ever, followed by a hungry-looking spaniel. Away went we also in full pursuit, believing the stag to be mortally wounded, and would soon fall. Having given chase for at least a mile through cedar-swamps, and over fallen trees, we halted through real exhaustion, and relinquished all hope of obtaining our expected venison at that heat. As the sun by this time was bending his course towards the western horizon, we agreed to go back, in time to get home that evening ; but we soon found ourselves perfectly bewildered amid tamarack swamps, brushwood, and beaver-bogs, without any appearance of an outlet. The sun that had cheered us all day bade us at length a sad farewell. Creamy-looking clouds mingled with leaden hue, began to creep over the sky, and presage a change in the weather. Having considered a few moments, we altered our course, and trudged onward with renewed courage ; but it was only to encounter greater difficulty. The darkness of the night was a great preventive to speed and a disadvantage to our course. We

found ourselves in a deplorable condition, entangled amid copse, and leaving shreds of our coats upon the bushes, slumping into holes, that served as boot-extractors, then tumbling over logs, and scrambling on all fours in search of our appendages that were precipitated from our shoulders. Having unsuccessfully endeavored to effect an outlet, and feeling much exhausted, we resolved to call a halt, and encamp for the night. It was then 9 p. m. Having sought out the most commodious nook in the midst of a dense pinery, we kindled a fire with such fuel as we could procure, which proved an invaluable comfort as the air had become dark and chilly, our wet clothes dangling in tatters were exchanged for others with which we had provided ourselves in case of emergency; and having partaken of a hearty meal, we formed a couch of the evergreen, upon which we lay and discussed the demerits of our unfortunate adventure. The density of vapor in the sky indicated an immediate rain, which somewhat increased our uneasiness. The dread of voracious animals, of which we had repeatedly heard, haunted our fancy a little; however, we tried to lessen our fear by assuming indifference and courage, which are excellent antidotes in such cases. Unpalatable as the scene appeared to our feelings under such circumstances, it was indeed sublimely grand and magnificent to the imaginative and reflective mind. Fancy for a moment, the native elements of our lodging, and our Indian-like position.

Wall'd by the woods on every side,  
Floor'd by the earth,—roof'd by the sky,  
To form our fire, our light and bed,  
The trees their branches did supply.

The blazing element we had aroused, enlightened the massive trunks of the immediate trees, and threw a radiance over the complicated texture on high that hung over us, but vision was lost in the impenetrable depths of the dense forest, made darker in the distance by the flickering light, fit emblems of our present existence, whose little light enables us to see only immediate objects in time's wilderness, beyond is the future into which the fancy gazes only to be lost in mazes of obscurity; and not until our little light is absorbed in the full effulgence of the celestial beams, are we made acquainted with the objects that lie beyond.

Stretched upon our cedar bed, with our wallets for our pillows, we endeavoured to keep awake by a brisk and continued chat, but the finger of night seized upon our eyelids, and led us insensibly to the land of Nod. How strange and indefinable is the world of sleep. We are drifted at random, as it were, along some river that traverses its diversified region—awake to the objects that present themselves—yet, powerless to change our course, or regulate our motion.

From the slumber into which I had fallen, I was awakened with all the terrors of a stern reality, for I had imagined myself to be gliding towards the verge of some roaring cataract, but fortunately I discovered the cause to be only Moodie at my side, snoring like a molten furnace. I soon started him to his senses without ceremony, a compliment in return for his. I then stepped forward to arouse the slumbering embers, to be relieved of the cold that held at defiance the development of animal heat, whilst my companion was rubbing his eyes to ensure him

self that he wasn't on a bed of feathers. At that moment a series of barks, followed by a terrific howl, responded to by a full chorus of voices, echoed in the woods at a short distance from us.

"Good heavens, Moodie, we are surrounded by wolves."

"I'll bet you a sixpence," said he, starting to his feet, "tis the hound after the stag. By Jericho it is! There they come! We'll get venison for supper yet! To arms, and give him a fatal bowzer this time."

"Moodie," said I, "dont flatter yourself to death, believe me 'tis wolves. I know their sounds too well to be deceived. For life's sake let us run."

"Hold on friend, don't die a coward in flight. Be a Spartan for once. We'll tie fire-brands to their tails, and send them to the Philistines. However we'll give them a whizzer for supper," said Moodie, cocking his firelock. In order to keep up my appearance of courage, which I had assumed when no danger was near, I resolved to turn Greek for once, although sensible of our immediate danger and death. I endeavoured, but in vain, to re-kindle the fire, which is an effectual safeguard in such cases. Our voices had attracted their attention, and they dashed recklessly towards us shaking the woods with their unearthly howls. The terrible crashing among the bushes announced their near approach. Every moment appeared to bring us nearer to the jaws of death. Our life seemed to be only a few rods in length; and oh! the horrible idea, to be converted into mush-meat by the tusky cannibals. Oh, Jupiter! how my blood curdled with the thought. Never can I forget the hideous sight of their long dark forms, moving into our very presence, like the shadows of

death ; or the hungry howls and the glare of their demon orbs, while they stood gazing upon us, whetting their deadly fangs for the attack. One bolder than the others advanced a little and snapped his jaws, accompanied by a munching growl.

"Oh, Jerusalem, but this is terrible," said Moodie, apparently alarmed ; " come let us shout with all our might to frighten away the incarnate fiends," and we roared like very devils, until every atom of air within us was expelled. This only served to cheer the infuriated brutes, which gave us a response in mockery, and the very woods rang with the wild, terrific howls of the murderous pack. They gnashed and growled for a few moments, and a movement towards us became visible.

"By Jingo, I'll fire at them," said Moodie, raising his gun as they closed upon us.

"For heaven's sake don't," said I, "it will endanger us the more. Let us fly," and wheeling round, we dashed recklessly through the woods. Having ran for some distance, we halted a moment to consider what to do. The hungry wretches were at work ransacking and tearing our wallets into shreds where we had left them ; and quarrelling over the remaining crumbs of our bread. Then the crackling of the bushes told of a fresh pursuit. Believing it to be useless to run further, we hastily attempted to secure our life by climbing a tree. At that moment one of the maddened furies sprang forward to seize upon Moodie, but instead thereof grasped only his firelock, and with fierce jaws wrenched it from his hands. Merciful God, what a miraculous escape ! Instantly the furious animals were about us, snapping their infuriated jaws like steel-

traps, and growling like the fiendish hounds of the nether kennel, while we were clinging to the boughs like storm-blown mariners to the rigging.

"Hand me your gun," said Moodie, "and I will fire upon the bloody cannibals."

Down went the thundering bullet, and a hideous yell arose upon the air, and the infernal chorus burst out like a wail from the dungeons of doom.

Finding it in vain to besiege us longer, and likely to fare the worse, hungry and disappointed they darted into the dense woods, and their long howls gradually diminished in the distance, and died upon our ears like the murmurs of a distant echo.

We descended, and with surprise beheld a dead wolf at the base of the tree, the bullet having entered its skull. The clouds that had been drizzling for some time, began to rain heavily. We kindled a fire in the trunk of a dry birch, which blazed up fearfully, and there we stood between two elements, which, like angel and demon spirits, contended for the mastery of our feelings.

Morning came, and we greeted its cheering rays with a smile of true gratitude, and began to bestir ourselves. Having thrust a pole between the feet of the wolf, which we had tied together, we hoisted it shoulder high, and Crusoe and Friday-like, marched off in triumph. Never did I possess such a free and romantic spirit as I did at that moment. It seemed as if the genius of the woods had whispered to me to follow her, and become a votary of her groves. Having gone a short distance we entered upon a timber road, which led to the river, a little above where he had left our canoe. We proceeded to our an-

chorage, and stepped on board with our freight. Finally we arrived at home, hungry and exhausted, yet feeling happy that we had out-lived the dangers of the night, and thankful to providence for having prevented us from grasping with, and becoming a prey to the growling monsters.

## LIFE'S CHANGES.

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### CHAPTER I.

Amidst the unfrequented wood  
Where the tall trees their shadows brood,  
And nature nurses solitude  
    And wild beasts roam  
The woodman's lonely shanty stood,  
    His forest home.

"I wonder what keeps papa so long?" whispered a little blue-eyed girl, as her mother with apparent anxiety stepped to the window to give another fixed look upon the rugged path that led up to the rude shanty in which they lived.

"My dear child, papa will soon be here," said the mother in a somewhat positive tone, as if her longing possessed power to verify the assertion. After a few minutes she resumed her seat by the rude hearth, and fixed her dreamy eyes upon the glossy embers of the burning logs. The evening meal had been in readiness for some time, but she waited the return of her husband to share in the homely fare.

Mr. Haliday—for such was his name—had gone with his oxen to a distant village to sell some potash, with the

proceeds of which, he intended to purchase winter clothing and other necessaries. The hour appointed for his return had long passed, and the drifting storm of that night was extremely ominous. She was afraid he had lost his way among the lumber roads in the bush, or fallen a victim to the prowling wolves—But

Hope strove to keep the spectre-fears at bay,  
Which rose to intercept his homeward way.

No other dwelling was near, for few were the inhabitants of that new settlement. It was a dreary place indeed to be in with three helpless children, the eldest of whom was impatiently waiting the promised gifts of her father, and apparently sharing in her mother's solicitude. It was a fearful night to be out, particularly in the forest. The storm-king was indeed riding abroad on his pale horse, and the elements of the air were at his bidding; but the dark pines shook their bristly heads in defiance of his wrath, and sent down a dismal murmur to the ear. The tardy hours moved on, but the absent one came not. Frequently had she gazed out upon the dim path, and fancied she heard his voice, but it was only the creaking of the branches by the wind. Various suggestions were afloat upon her mind, but the only consolatory one was that he had foreseen the dangers of the night and prudently remained at some farm-house by the way. Trusting all to the wise Disposer of events, she retired to bed, and in restless slumber passed away the remaining hours of the night.

Morning came, cold and cheerless. The storm had ceased, and the elements appeared as if they had exhausted themselves. The snow that had sifted through the cre-

vices of the shanty was lying in wreaths upon the floor. The small window was furred over, and all appeared as if slumbering in the shrouds of death. The sun arose, and its struggling beams, dim as they were, seemed willing to rob the scene of half its horrors.

At length the expected ox-team, moving slowly through the snow, appeared. Mrs. Haliday felt happy, and a feeling of gratitude to her heavenly Father arose within her bosom. Another stick was added to the fire, and she busied herself in preparing a warm and comfortable meal for her husband. The lovely Jessie clapped her little hands in childish joy, and lisped the coming of her dear papa. The snow-furred vehicle approached the shanty, accompanied by two men, neither of whom was her husband. Fear-stricken she opened the door to receive them, whom she recognized to be distant neighbors. An expression of sadness flitted over their countenance as the fond wife anxiously inquired about her husband. The dread fact had to be revealed; Mr. Haliday in truth had come, not the living, loving object she had anticipated, but a stiffened corpse upon the sleigh, wrapped in the snowy shrouds of death.

Picture for a moment, the distressing scene and its consequent results. A poor, heart-broken widow, with three helpless orphans, left in the rude fabric of a cheerless home, amidst the dreary realms of a forest, aloof from comfort and society, and where even the strongest have to struggle hard to support life.

Mr. Haliday had been a man of strictly temperate habits, but, ah, the demon of the liquid hell had stolen an interview, and in an evil hour, induced him to taste the inspiring nectar, to fortify himself against the storm of

that night, nor did he leave until he had drunk deeply of the alluring bowl. Having started his team upon the homeward route, he lay down upon the cold sleigh. The snow was then drifting fearfully, and betokened a rough night. The last glass soon lulled his senses into unconsciousness, which terminated in death. The poor animals continued to struggle bravely with the storm until they had reached the stable grounds of their former owner, by whom they and their dead master were discovered in the morning. Such was the death of that good man, the result of an unguarded moment. The many evils of drunkenness arise from complicated causes, for its very effects become causes of other evils. Its stream is black with crime and misery. When will men unite as one to dry up its source? Its curses have blighted many fair hopes, embittered many happy homes, lowered the dignity of honour, and made that noble soul of man a slave to the very elements of his being.

## CHAPTER II.

Those only are our faithful friends  
Who lend their hearts to sympathise,  
And aid our wants with willing hands,  
Or wipe the sorrow from our eyes.

Mrs. Haliday was now left to her own resources, a hard lot indeed for a woman, especially in the woods. Her bush farm was of little value to her, still she wished to retain it, if possible, for the future benefit of her family, particularly her infant son. Her neighbors, though kind, were too poor to render much assistance; but soft words spoken in season are like cooling waters to a thirsty heart, and kind acts, though of little intrinsic value, may be invaluable blessings to the poor recipient. Kindness proffered to the grateful heart, like the evergreen, never loses its foliage; and when the giver of it has long passed from our view, we call him into being with pleasing remembrance.

Mrs. Haliday was of a somewhat delicate constitution, not formed by nature to endure hardship; but necessity has no lenity. Being expert at the needle, she readily procured employment from several families in the more wealthy districts, and by honest industry endeavored to obtain a poor but comfortable livelihood.

One of her most disinterestedly beneficent friends, was a Mrs. Melville, wife of an English officer. This woman was a very excellent person, and in general beloved. One of the chief sources of her enjoyment was in doing good

to others, particularly the needy and afflicted: her hand ever acted in unison with the sympathy of her heart, and by doing so, she felt she was only serving her Maker, and fulfilling one of the great duties of life.

Five years passed, during which time Mrs. Haliday had not only supported her family, but paid up the last instalment upon her farm. This was a happy relief to her; but it is frequently the case that one benefit is purchased by sacrificing another. Symptoms of declining health became visible, and her feebly constituted system gradually weakened under the blighting finger of consumption. Energy at length failed, and the deceptive promises of hope were no longer to be relied upon.

Jessie, the eldest of the family, then in her tenth year, was a lively, interesting girl, modest as the vernal rose when the eye of nature first smiles upon its opening bloom. Young as she was in years, she had experienced many of the privations of life. She had felt the early loss of a father; and now that her innocent heart was just opening to the sunny smiles of youth, was the finger of death pointing to the dust where a dear and dying mother was shortly to be laid. Earnestly she strove to aid and console her feeble parent. Often would she cling to her in innocent affection, and gaze upon her wan features with tender solicitude, and strive to console her with the hopes of recovery, but the hope of life, like the lighted taper, was consuming itself. The seeds of corruption had been sown—taken deep root in the vital soil, and the poor woman was fast sinking into the cold and solitary grave. Mrs. Melville, though distant a few miles, was very attentive to her. Such things as were likely to promote ease and comfort were procured; but she knew that the poor

woman had not long to live upon earth. Consumption may toy with its feeble victim during the sunny summer, and even permit hope to flutter in the autumnal breeze, but when the receding steps of autumn are heard in the fallen leaves, and earth itself is a victim to the same fatality, then is human nature likely to relax its grasp, and the mortal part, like the tiny flower, returns to its original.

It was a cold and dreary morning in October. The shrivelled earth had solicited a smile from the solar orb; while the tall trees, like the mock monuments of departed glory, were extending their ghastly arms to receive the feeble beams. Mrs. Melville was astir, busily preparing a cordial she intended sending that day to the sick woman, when a messenger for her, announced that Mrs. Haliday was thought to be dying. She immediately prepared herself and accompanied the messenger to the shanty. A sad spectacle presented itself as she entered. On an old bed in the corner lay the living skeleton of the dying woman. Her face ghastly and emaciated. Her thin lips slightly compressed. Her breath short and feverish, and her sunken eyeballs rolling in their sockets, in a sort of unconscious bewilderment; at times raised heavenward, as if in the attitude of prayer, until their feeble eyelids closed sleepily upon them. There sat the good old Mr. L——g by the bedside, breathing softly into her soul the spiritual "Balm of Gilead," and watching the fluttering spirit that seemed ready to take its flight. Two or three elderly matrons with sorrow depicted on their features, were leaning against the bed, watching the last flickerings of dying life; while another of the sad group was kindly endeavoring to console the weeping little ones, who were clustering by the bedside. Mrs. Melville slowly approached,

and gazed upon the changing countenance of the dying one, with a soul that melted into tears of sympathy. A languid smile passed over the thin features of the dying woman as she raised up her eyes with a death-like stare, as if sensible of the presence of a friend in need. She stretched forth her slender hand from beneath the covering, and placed it in the one that was extended to her, it was cold and clammy. She endeavored to give expression to the bursting feelings of her bosom, but the feeble sounds died faintly upon her quivering lips. The little orphans drew more closely to the bed-side, and gazed with wistful eyes upon the moving lips of their dear mother. The big tears were seen to roll down the furrowed cheeks of the good old Mr. L——, and he brushed away the few silvery hairs that hung over his forehead. "Let us again pray," said he, and the fervent prayers of the holy saint ascended up to heaven in behalf of the spirit that was about to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and also in behalf of the dear little ones, so soon to be deprived of a mother's tenderness, and destined in a few days to be widely separated. They arose from their knees, only to witness the last struggle. A meteor flush, changing into silvery whiteness, flashed over her wan features. She stretched forth her arms as if in convulsive agony, and her whole frame quivered. Her eyes rolled heavenward, and remained with fixed stare, as if fastened upon some object. A long heavy groan half stifled in its passage escaped her death-cold lips, and with it her spirit passed the narrow bounds of time, and entered upon the dark unknown.

Death in whatever shape it comes is really appalling. An awful solemnity steals over even the stoutest heart. The form that was once pleasingly attractive, becomes a loath-

some mammoth of corruption, from which we shrink with sensitive emotion, and love to cherish only with chastened remembrance. The soul is the only perfect preservative of the human form. The moment it withdraws its salutary influence, the body assumes a tendency to return to its original elements. The dark cell opens its clammy lips—the shrouded dust is consigned to the care of worms, and the clay is shovelled upon it—the pebbles rattle upon the coffin lid, and send up a hoarse and hollow murmur to the ear. Soon it is wrapped up in its clayey folds, and another grassy mound is added to the number which diversify the hallowed ground.

Such is the destiny of our mortality.

Robb'd of our earthly beauty, form, and strength,  
We to our kindred dust return at length,  
Perchance to serve some useful end in art,  
When nature has fulfilled its destined part.

## CHAPTER III

Young life is like the sapling of the spring,  
Bough after bough with bud and blossom shoot  
Becoming more a complicated thing,  
Whilst deeper and more firmly grows the root.

The death of Mrs. Haliday effected a separation in the family. Jessie became the adopted daughter of Mrs. Melville; the others were similarly disposed of—a position by no means desirable, or fortunate in all cases. However, Jessie experienced a happy change. Her kind and affectionate disposition made her the favorite of her benefactors, and procured the regard of others. Under the instructions of her guardian she profited largely; and her mind became daily assimilated to the objects and good examples before her, and like the softened wax to the stamp, it was faithful to the impression. Time moved on, and she was happy. It was then, and then only that she experienced the true happiness of early life. Her heart was untainted by the world. It was rich with the essence of love and innocence, and beautiful as the flowers that borrow their loveliness and purity from the light of heaven. No mother could have done more for the benefit of her child than did Mrs. Melville for her. Having no children of her own, Jessie was the sole recipient of her parental love: and under her kind care she grew up to be a pious young woman of no ordinary beauty and accomplishment.

Captain Melville was one of the surviving veterans of Wellington's brigade,—a real patriot of royal stamp. Notwithstanding his stern reservedness and dignity he was possessed of many good qualities, and acted as a true friend and father to Miss Haliday. He had settled upon one of those portions of land granted by Government to retired veterans; where amid the solitude of nature, he felt disposed to enjoy the calm of life's stormy career. Being long accustomed to the good old style of living, he still continued as far as circumstances would permit to partake of the creature comforts of life.

A jolly beef steak and a bottle of beer;  
Give an Englishman those and there's nothing to fear,  
He's the soul of true friendship—the heart of good cheer,  
And the earth is his kingdom—his mind is his sphere.

He's a friend to himself and a friend to his friend,  
The last to desert and the first to defend;  
The slowest to strike but the bravest to end,  
And the hand that's uplifted with power will descend.

Of kingdoms subdued and discomfited hosts  
By the strength of Old England he lustily boasts;  
But over his bumpers and jolly beef roasts,  
The ladies come in for the best of his toasts.

Old Sawnie his neighbor he eyes as a brother  
But doubts if 'tis right to claim Pat as another  
While Franco's deer forests are his and no other  
And he's sure Uncle Sam will return to his mother.

Wherever he is give him luncheon in need;  
On a hogshead of ale and a stalled ox to feed,  
He's an Englishman then in each thought, word and deed,  
And true to his kingdom, his kindred, and creed.

Such were the character of Captain Melville, and his appreciation of the good old English style of living. The expense incurred in the outfitting of his forest mansion and farm had exhausted his reserve fund; and his annual income being insufficient to supply the demands made upon him, he was at length compelled to mortgage his estate, but did not survive the consequences. At his death the property was sold, Mrs. Melville received the paltry dividend; and seeing no prospect of bettering her condition in that locality, she removed with Jessie to the village of L—, and set up a small millinery shop; by which means they endeavored to procure a livelihood; indeed Jessie labored hard to better the circumstances of her benefactress, and from a sense of gratitude exercised every faculty in her behalf.

In this village resided a family by the name of Everton; who by good fortune and enterprising economy had suddenly arisen from common circumstances to considerable power and affluence. Mr. Everton had been a grain speculator; and having made some very profitable bargains, was enabled to set up an extensive mercantile establishment in the village. He was a man of good judgment and morality. His keen sense of honour, and scrutinizing eye into public affairs, together with a liberal education, rendered him popular and influential. Mrs. Everton was a woman of a very ambitious mind; but of late her views of society had become rather exaggerated, and she began to consider herself of greater importance to the world than could be really admitted. Her chief project of life appeared to be actuated by an ambitious vanity to make all subservient and essential to her own selfish existence; and like a strutting peacock upon an eminence she looked down upon those

of a coarser feather with squeamish dignity and indifference.

Her daughters became assimilated to her in their ideas of fashionable life. Silk and satinic robes covered the forms that had grown under a coarser texture; and, like Rachel of old, they stole the golden gods of their father that they might pay their devotion at the shrine of Fashion.

The country atmosphere at length became too powerful for their delicate complexion—too unwholesome for respiration—and on the wings of vanity they were wafted to the city elements of grandeur and refinement.

George Everton was indeed a very prudent and amiable youth—he was the only son. His courteous and manly conduct merited respect. His moral and intellectual views of society differed widely from those of his mother and sisters. His external appearance was active and prepossessing, and denoted superior intellect. Close application to study had rendered him intelligent. His father had intended him for the ministry, but a nervous and debilitated system had caused him to relinquish the pursuit, and instead thereof, to follow the mercantile business with his father. He was very attentive in the shop, and was favourably patronized, particularly by the fair sex. He was naturally an enthusiastic admirer of nature's works—and the more so of that higher order of beings who stimulate and govern the better feelings of man, and unite society with the silken fibres of the heart. One in particular had attracted his attention, and generated an affection within his heart. She was a lively and interesting girl in the bloom of seventeen summers. Her very actions denoted a gentility and nobleness of mind; and a smile of unassuming affection ever

played upon her angelic features—emblems of innocence and love. This was no other than Jessie Haliday.

All nature has a language of its own. Flowers are typical of expression—so is the human heart. The features are its hieroglyphic characters—every smile is a letter in the alphabet of love. They express volumes of silent meaning. The electric sparkle of the eye is an interpreter of those feelings, which only the sensitive heart is capable of understanding. Such was the language by which these two secret lovers became acquainted with the feelings of each other. No insulated interview had taken place—no written characters of their impassioned soul had been formed—no breathings of their affection among the shades of evening, or love-sick murmurings upon the mid-night air, yet they loved to bask in the sunshine of each other's smiles—but no suspicious eye had discovered symptoms of their mutual attachment.

That felt the hopes and fears of secret love.

The Misses Everton returned from their scholastic vocation in the city, to spend their holidays at home, accompanied by one of the "City Sons of Fashion." But, what an object of contempt—we should rather have said pity—for sure either man or woman deserves to be pitied who would deviate so far from the common fashion of nature. His whole appearance was strikingly ridiculous. His attenuated structure denoted symptoms of a famine, and threatened inevitable annihilation to his own race. His features were characteristic of foreign extraction—himself perhaps the only civilized specimen of the species. Hair appeared to be the most prolific part of the animal. Dark whiskers and mustaches of a thousand bristles almost

buried his physiog, through which a pair of "*Soular orbs*" peered with voluptuous stare. His "*externalities*" were proportionable, and emitted odors sweeter than the cedars of Lebanon; or the frankincense of Egypt. And then he would scrape and bow with such affected airs of politeness, twisting himself into a thousand fantastic shapes, as would lead any rational being to suppose him to be the skeleton of a giant monkey under the power of galvanism, or an automaton upon wires. Such is the miniature of that fashionable visitor, who was distinguished by the illustrious appellation of Sir Ignoratio Vasso Rudderdom, nephew to the Prince of Venice,—and the celebrated music teacher of W. H. Seminary.

Mrs. Everton and her daughters were more than earthily delighted by his irresistible fascinations—yea, in heavenly extasies—soul and body absorbed in the dazzling lustre, which denoted their empyreal constellation to be in the meridian of effulgent glory.

Mr. Everton and George felt otherwise, and partly discountenanced this innovation. They looked upon him as a fashionable impostor, and were utterly disgusted with his apish gestures and mimicry. George was no participant in their airy rounds of pleasure: he felt sick and solitary in heart, a feasible excuse for his gravity. The canker worm of secret love was gnawing at his heart; but the fear of an opposing mother in his unequal choice forbade him to express the sympathy of affection to the object of his heart. He felt in reality that love, like the flaming element, when once kindled within the heart, demands fuel to support it; but if that aliment be denied, it feeds upon its own strength—a living victim to itself. It is and will ever be the strangest and most complicated emotion in the human

heart, but when properly cherished and conducted, is one of the most subservient and essential in the whole animal economy. Though lowest in phrenological order, it is highest in the scale of the human passions. It gives courtesy to the illiterate—civility to the vulgar—and softens the hardest heart with feelings of tenderness and care.

## CHAPTER IV.

Love is the worst disease of course,  
Young hearts have to endure ;  
No antidote can check its force,  
The cause alone can cure.

Time moved on and George became more deeply involved in the mysteries of love. He daily felt its increasing intensity, yet failed to give expression to his feelings, lest the proud eye of his mother would look down with disdainful dignity upon the object of his choice. At length unable to control his affection any longer, he communicated his feelings to the fair one; and in secret continued to cherish an affectionate intercourse. But it is easier to bottle the beams of heaven than hide affection from the eye of the observing world. Like mercury it will leak out though covered by a hundred folds; and as a generating spirit in embryo, it soon becomes a visible object of existence—so as to attract the eye of the jealous, and give food to the ready tongue of the gossip. Notwithstanding the secrecy of their love, it soon fell as a prey into the mouths of the village tattlers. Mrs. Everton raved like a demon-maniac at the startling intelligence, and hurled epithets of abuse upon the poor orphan girl. George remonstrated with his mother, but it only served the more to arouse her proud feelings, and irritate her wounded dignity.

“Well mother, but you are very unreasonable,” exclaimed George one day after a very severe rebuke from her, “Your

pride and caprice have set prudence at defiance. Had your unmerciful son, as you term me, perpetrated deeds at which morality would blush, then might you denounce me with reproach. But do not brand my soul for treason to your dignity, or censure the object of my affection. Slander her not because adversity has chained her to a lower sphere. Poverty is no disgrace when attended with morality. Many a noble heart beats beneath a common garb. Riches are only built upon the shifting sands of uncertainty; and as for proud dignity, 'tis like the vane upon the spire, liable to be turned by every breeze, or hurled from its basis by the whirlwind of adversity."

Neither the entreaties, nor the threatenings of his mother could eradicate his affection, or prevent their forbidden intercourse. True love when firmly rooted within the heart, like the oak, sinks deeper into its native earth, and becomes stronger by every storm which threatens to destroy it, and finds its nourishment only from the soil that gave it an existence. Mrs. Everton had recourse to every available means to disannul their intercourse, but in vain. Being apprehensive of other consequences, and hoping to effect their disunion, she purposed sending him to her brother—an innkeeper in Boston. Mr. Everton, apprehensive of an evil result, objected to such; but his arguments fell prostrate beneath the influence of his rigid spouse. The uncle having been written to, returned an immediate answer requesting George to come, and assuring him of success; to which the latter immediately consented, for in truth, the peaceful charms of his parental home had become defaced. His acquaintances in general felt regret at his leaving, but none experienced more bitter sorrow than did Miss Haliday. On the evening previously to his departure

He held his final interview with her, at which a thousand vows were offered upon the altar of constancy, and the feelings of their affianced hearts were written with the tears of sorrow upon the deathless registers of remembrance.

Mrs. Everton felt as if she had effected a happy result in removing him from the ominous barrier, for she had assured herself that absence is the most effectual remedy for young love. But anticipation is not always realized. Burns has truly depicted it by saying

The best laid schemes o' mice and men,  
Gang aft a'glee,  
And leave us nought but grief and pain,  
For promised joy.

For several weeks after his departure he wrote regularly home, but subsequently only an occasional letter made its appearance, each shewing a greater tendency to degeneracy and indifference. Had Mr. Everton the full power of domestic affairs, George would have been immediately recalled, for he was inclined to mistrust his morality. How absurd is the vain dignity of some mothers; ah! many a fond heart is robbed of its paternal power. Many a graceful offspring becomes deformed, many a promising family degenerates beneath the false guidance of a partial and assumptive parent.

Mr. Everton's fears were realized. A letter from the uncle informed him that George had of late contracted an acquaintance with several fast young men of the city, and by no means of his, could be deterred from associating with them, which course, if continued in, would ultimately lead him to dissipation and crime. Such a change in the character of his son produced a feeling of deep regret in

the bosom of the father, who contrary to his wife's wishes, wrote for George to come home immediately. Mrs. Everton in revenge of her husband's doings, enclosed several dollars in a letter to George, desiring him to reject his father's impertinent request. The very source of grief to her husband, gave her a bright idea of her son's fashionable career—a course, as she expected, that would soon efface the impressions of his first love.

Weeks passed and no appearance of George. Mr. Everton had written again urging him in stronger terms to come home. But a new fountain of sorrow was opened. A letter came, stating that his son had enlisted in the American army, and had left on the previous week with his regiment for the war in Mexico. Such unexpected news gave a sad shock to the feelings of the more faithful parent, whilst the other only experienced the momentary chidings of a slender conscience. A flush of greatness and military renown dazzled upon her soul; and she beheld with an ambitious fancy the illustrious insignia of the world-famed warrior emblazon the youthful hero. Mrs. Melville regretted the course that George had taken, but none lamented it more than poor Jessie. Her heart was ready to burst with the paroxysms of despairing grief, yet there was something consolatory coupled with the very sentence that told her of his departure. The deviation in his morals had effected no change in his affection. He had written regularly to his betrothed, nor did his farewell letter show symptoms of declining love, but rather a stern determination to sustain an unflinching loyalty to her heart.

Shortly after this event Mrs. Melville received a letter from England, announcing the death of a maiden aunt,

and requesting her immediate presence at the disposition of pecuniary affairs. This was unexpected intelligence; however, in compliance therewith, she disposed of what furniture she possessed, and made every preparation for her departure. Jessie felt proud at the thought of accompanying her dear mistress, yet experienced a sadness in leaving her brother and sisters, and the land where the ashes of her dear parents reposed. A few weeks passed, and they found themselves in the land of old England. Mrs. Melville was in no wise disappointed. After the winding up of affairs she discovered herself to be the owner of no less than £500, a sufficient competency for old age. A bright sunset was apparently about to throw its radiance over the calm evening of a troubled day. Hers had been a life of many vicissitudes. She had lived amid the warring elements of battle, and had also experienced the hardships and inconveniences of Canadian life, and for many years had been a stranger to her native country.

She purchased a little cottage in a pleasant part of the country; where she intended spending the remaining portion of her life. Jessie, apparently lively, was not always happy. A vague feeling of tender solicitude for her soldier lover, would at times creep over her heart in her wild imaginings. Several advancements were made by wealthy and respectable suitors, but in vain. The vow she had taken was sacred, and would remain inviolate. Two years glided away, and many had been the strange imaginings of her soul. No letter from the absent one had found its way to her, and she felt apprehensive of his fate. The silent mystery was at length solved; a letter from a friend in Canada brought the sad and painful intelligence, that George had fallen amid the carnage of war.

## CHAPTER V.

Misfortunes come to mar life's promised joys,  
From present ills successive ills arise.  
One single planet from its path displaced,  
Would warp the order heaven's own finger traced,  
So one mis-action of the human soul,  
Might change its orbit and derange the whole.

Whilst the English widow and Miss Haliday are sorrowing over the mournful intelligence, we will for a short period take a peep into fashionable life, and its consequent results. It may be asked what has become of Mrs. Everton and her gay fashionables. A few words will suffice for their biography.

Shortly after the vacational visit alluded to, Miss Elvina, the eldest, was married to Mr. Rudderdom, the celebrated music teacher. For some time everything appeared to move prosperously with them; but the illustrious son of Amphion soon discovered it to be impossible to support dignity and extravagance by the art of music. He beheld with astonishment the increasing expenditure, and his liability to be plunged into the inextricable depths of poverty, unless aided by other funds. On pretence of visiting his friends in Italy to receive an instalment of his fortune, he left, and left for ever, leaving his gay lady to play her own tune, and Mr. Everton to pay dearly for the whistle.

Our next actress upon the stage is the gay Fenessa:—her part is brief, yet expressive. A slight cold occasioned

by an imprudent exit from the ball-room, soon hurried her by consumption to an early grave. Oh, ye fashionable daughters of the gay circle, pause for a moment amid your giddy whirl of life; and reflect upon the slight cause and the untimely fate of poor Fenessa Everton.

Barbary was the youngest and most lovely. She was principally brought up at home, and once possessed marks of true dignity; but a deficiency in domestic training obliterated all. Her prepossessing appearance procured for her the brilliant title of the "*Belle of Beauty*." Conscious of her own attractions, she delighted in captivating the amorous passions of her many suitors. She was prodigal in her love, and impartial in her unremitting attentions, which gave none an opportunity to boast of preference. But like the unwary insect, she finally became entangled in the delicious sweets she had sought—a victim of seduction, like too many of her sex.

Who wear their wings by too much flying,  
In wooing every sweet-attractive flower,  
Then live in future to regret by sighing  
Their love-digression in an evil hour.

These, the unfortunate circumstances of a once favored family, seemed for a while to cool the ardor of the haughty dame. A few months more, and the death-blow to proud dignity was given. The heavy and continued drain upon the finances of Mr. Everton, together with adverse circumstances, precipitated him into a state of bankruptcy. Alas! the noble and enterprising spirit of that good man recoiled within itself. The news of his son's death gave the final stroke to the wounded feelings of his mind, and gradually he sank beneath the weight of these unfortunate

events. A few months rolled past, and his eyes were closed for ever upon these the appalling objects of his thoughts. Thus were the proud hopes of the gay Evertons inevitably crushed, and their bright aspirations for ever levelled with the dust: which truly verifies the sentiments of the wise Solomon, applicable in our day and generation, that, "*Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

Now my dear readers do not allow your fancy to dwell longer upon the ruins of fallen dignity, but follow me again over the wide Atlantic to one of the loveliest and romantic corners in the North of England; and a scene more pleasing, yet no less affecting will present itself.

It is the lovely evening of a summer day. The rugged peaks of the Cheviot hills are diffusing a romantic loveliness over the scene. The tall spires of a Gothic cathedral are reflecting the departing beams; and the grey turrets of a Border castle, are looking down with venerable old age. The wearied wights are returning from labor to their happy homes; and their little ones are gambolling around in mirthful simplicity. The air is pregnant with refreshing sweets; and the reflective soul wanders in poetic vision over the romantic elysium. A little cottage is peeping through the verdant foliage. Two females are apparently retiring from the arbor of a luxuriant garden, and gazing upon the delicious scene. At that moment a carriage is seen rapidly approaching, it enters the gateway, and halts before the cottage. Two gentlemen alight, apparently in foreign garbs. The one has a swarthy and robust appearance, and somewhat past the meridian of life. The other is in the prime of manhood, tall and graceful, yet bearing

marks of life's adversities and turmoils. The younger gentleman observing the two females in the garden, stepped to the gate, as if he wished to solicit their presence. The elder lady came forward with courtesy to receive the stranger. One look was sufficient to recognize the familiar features of her face. "*Mrs. Melville, is it you!*" he emphatically exclaimed, seizing her hand with a friendly grip, "I trust you haven't forgotten your old friend George Everton."

"Oh George is it you!" she tremulously exclaimed. The well-known tones of his voice attracted the other female to the spot. This was Jessie. A moment's gaze—she recognized him and sprang forward into his extended arms, and in the ecstasies of overwhelming emotion, swooned in the tender embraces of her restored lover, who was supposed to have been dead. The other gentleman gazed upon the affecting scene with mute astonishment, and a tear of sympathy trickled down his weather-beaten cheek. Three of our number are now recognized by the reader. But who is this person; and how will the unexpected interview be solved? may naturally be asked. These questions can be faithfully answered, though perhaps many may be induced to regard such a complicated mystery of facts as a mere fabrication of absurd falsities. Startle not, gentle reader, when you are told that the person in question is no other than widow Melville's own brother. I will now leave you to your own imaginings of the subsequent details of that mysterious interview, and return for a few moments to trace the wanderings of George Everton through his military career.

## CHAPTER VI.

Too oft the warrior's crown is made of thorns  
Which wound the head the blood-bought crown adorns.

The regiment into which George had enlisted, having received the ordinary equipment and discipline, was ordered to Mexico to join the American forces under the command of General Scott. It was immediately brought into action at the bombardment of Vera Cruz. After a destructive cannonading of one week, the garrison capitulated, and the Americans entered the city in triumph. During this short but decisive siege, nearly 1000 of the citizens and soldiery were destroyed, whilst only a comparatively small number of the Americans was killed. This began a new era in the life of George Everton, one that his younger fancy had never dreamt of. Amidst the blaze of buildings and the roar of artillery, his spirit was aroused into martial bravery and enthusiasm. He had stood the brunt of his first conflict unscathed—merited the first insignia of his "Coat of Arms," and the young hero dreamt only of military greatness and renown. General Scott having secured Vera Cruz, marched towards the interior with several thousand men, determined to force his way to the capital. Santa Anna, the Mexican commander, aware of the design, rallied his troops, and took up a formidable position in the mountain pass, to make a resolute attack upon the invaders, and obtain satisfaction for the loss of Vera Cruz. This resulted in the famous battle of Cerro

Gordo, at which the flower of the Mexican army was routed with immense loss. In this memorable action George Everton, our young hero, received a sabre-cut on the head, which prostrated him insensible to the earth. He was carried to the hospital, and for some time his life was despaired of. Two of his companions who had enlisted with him had fallen. The other being immediately removed with his regiment to further action, and never seeing his comrades again, believed as a matter of fact

That they had died a hero's death,  
And found a soldier's grave;  
Without a stone or epitaph  
To tell that they were brave.

Such will account for the false intelligence of George's death.

Our hero was confined in the hospital for several months. He recovered from the wound, but imbecility disabled him for further service in the army. He effected his discharge, and consequently proceeded homewards; but another attack of serious indisposition occasioned him several weeks delay at Mobile. A state of convalescence again stirred up his desire to return home; but the physician, knowing the susceptibility of his patient, forbade him visiting a country so unfavourable at that season of the year, and suggested an immediate voyage to the West Indian Islands. George readily assented thereto, but a scarcity of funds appeared to be the only preventive. The physician being made aware of this, procured him the means through the instrumentality of his own brother, the captain of a West-India Trader.

The varying circumstances and the wild adventures of

our hero's life had partly obliterated his sympathies with home. Only in the trying moments of illness had the sad imaginings of the past returned. The image of his heart-affianced one had frequently haunted his soul, and conscience as often upbraided him for his protracted silence. He had denied himself the indulgence of writing, in hopes of realizing a brighter period in his life, when the victor's laurels would crown his triumph. Even in his illness he had kept silent; for if he died he wished that his fate should remain a mystery to his friends.

Disappointed now in his prospect of returning home, and trusting that a more auspicious moment was awaiting him he again deferred writing to his friends. The voyage was fortunately conducive to his health. His amiable disposition endeared him to all on board; and on landing in Jamaica, the Captain commended him to the favour of Mr. Burnet, a person with whom he had long held commercial intercourse. Under the warm but genial climate, he continued rapidly to improve in health; and in the course of a few weeks was admitted clerk into the establishment. Mr. Burnet was an Englishman by birth, and unmarried. For many years he had been in Jamaica, during which time he had accumulated abundant wealth.

George soon became a particular favorite of his masters. Every transpiring circumstance indicated for him a prosperous future. He saw that providence had favored him ~~in~~ in many ways; and he became the more deeply impressed with the influence of the divine Spirit, which led the more to regret his digressions in the past. His actions were only registered within his own mind. Not a single line had been written to his parents, nor yet to his affianced one. The very thoughts of such reckless ingratif-

tude disquieted his soul; and immediately he wrote, beseeching forgiveness for his errors; but no answer was returned. Circumstances will account for such.—One sabbath evening Mr. Burnet entered the parlor, where George was perusing his bible, and having seated himself, he took up the book, and on opening it beheld upon its title page, the name of Mrs. Melville, the gift of that honored lady to George on his departure from his home.

“Mrs. Melville,” exclaimed Mr. Burnet, somewhat astonished, as if the rays of startled remembrance had flashed across his mind, “I had a sister,” continued he, “who was married to an English officer of that name; and by last accounts had emigrated to Canada.”

George with as much astonishment related all particulars relative to her; but, my gentle readers, think it not strange when informed that in reality she was the identical person. Mr. Burnet's real sister. George having a higher appreciation of his master's honour, and feeling that he had a true friend in him, disclosed the secret of his own heart, and the circumstances connected therewith. These incidents united them the more closely in friendship. Mr. Burnet deeply lamented the unfortunate circumstances of his sister, and would have immediately restored her dignity could any intelligence from her be received. Twice had George written but without effect. However, a scheme which Mr. Burnet had previously purposed, was immediately to be put into execution, namely, that of disposing of his property, and returning to England, where he intended to spend the remainder of his life. But nearly two years elapsed before he could dispose of all, and wind up his extensive business. At length the expected day arrived. They bade adieu to the familiar objects of that sunny isle,

and were on their voyage to the rigid scenes of Canada, which place Mr. Burnet intended visiting on purpose to discover his sister, whom he intended to take with him to England.

The nearer that man approaches the object of his anticipation the more eager and restless are his emotions. Such were their feelings upon this occasion. As they entered the little village of L—— a thousand images of the past crowded upon George's mind, and every object appeared to produce feelings unknown before. The shades of evening had already fallen. George had adjusted himself so as to avoid recognition. He recognised in many the faces of his former acquaintances; and his heart quivered with the feelings of other years as the merry voices of the village youngsters floated upon the air. They hastened immediately to the little cottage which Mrs. Melville had occupied. There it stood in all its former gracefulness and simplicity. They entered, a happy family was seated at the evening meal. Smiling faces were there; but the object of their affection had no place among them. Mrs. Melville and Jessie, as they were informed, had gone to England. Without further interrogation, George in company with Mr. Burnet, hurried along the street to his old home in expectation of a happy meeting with his parents. Over the subsequent details I am forced to pause for a moment. Tears of sympathy trickle from my heart; and my pen fails to fulfil its office in attempting to describe the anguish of defeated hopes. Alas! no parent was there to welcome George, no home to gladden his heart, no gentle voice to breathe the feelings of parental love. The pleasing objects of other years had gone; and the familiar

forms and places of his youth served only to mock his sorrows.

Having placed a memorial over the sleeping ashes of his father and sister, he, accompanied with Mr. Burnet, repaired immediately to Boston whither his mother and two sisters had gone. We will now pass over the sorrowful, yet happy interview. Alas! what a change within the short interval of five years, a change that had stamped its impress upon the form and features of the fashionable Mrs. Everton, now a broken-hearted widow; enclosed in the scanty limits of a dingy dwelling, and supported by the labors of her eldest daughter, also a widow, it having been authentically ascertained that Mr. Rudderdom was killed in a spirited affray in Boston. Barbary having married, had gone with her husband to the State of Michigan. Mrs. Everton's own brother had been the means of her removal to Boston, on promising to assist her: but owing to family grievances, had ceased to do so. Circumstances, however, assumed a more favorable appearance after the arrival of Mr. Burnet and George. Mrs. Everton being made aware of the solemn vow engraved upon her son's heart, and his intention of fulfilling that vow, if not too late, readily consented thereto, for in reality she had suffered the consequence of her former restrictions. In less than two weeks Mr. Burnet and George were on their way to England. Arriving at Liverpool, they directed their course immediately towards the Border region, and on the evening of the fourth day, found themselves at the residence of Mrs. Melville.

My readers, you are now aware of the mysterious interview. You have witnessed the endearing embraces of the restored lovers; but I will not further stir your emotions

by the equally affecting scene when Mr. Burnet became known to his affectionate sister.

In less than one month after their arrival in England, George Everton and Jessie Haliday were initiated into the sacred fellowship of life. Mr. Burnet purchased an estate, and entrusted George with the superintendence of his affairs. Mrs. Melville remained in her little cottage, and was well supplied with all the common luxuries of life. Widow Everton and her daughter agreeably to George's request removed thither, and became the welcomed inmates with that very person whom they had so indignantly despised. But Widow Everton was happy, happy because that she had learned from the sad experience of her past life, that the pride and dignity of the world are but vanity and vexation of spirit, and that "better is a little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith," happy, because that she had lived to repent of her errors, and appreciate the worth of so good, and generous a creature as Jessie Haliday, her affectionate daughter-in-law. In the course of a few months Elvina became the mistress of Orange Grange, Mr. Burnet's estate. Thus by a strange and mysterious occurrence of complicated events a perfectly new organization in "Life's Changes" was formed, and from all appearance was likely to be productive of good results.

MAGGIE LEE,  
THE FLOWER OF THE IROQUOIS, AND THE HEROINE  
OF CHATEAUGUAY.

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CHAPTER I.

True valor like pure gold appears,  
Its worth the hero's claims impress;  
Time cannot dim the hue it wears,  
Or make its priceless value less.

Heroism was considered by many of the ancients as a sort of supernatural power; and the man who died in the defence of his country merited a glorious reward in the realms of immortality. True valor is characterised as a quality of noble stamp. It has received its birth in the lowly cottage as well as in the lordly castle, and merits universal applause; whilst it calls forth the energies of every philanthropic and patriotic people. Not the inglorious achievements of an Alexander, or a Nero, are characteristic of true heroism; nor are they worthy of a place in the archives of immortal fame. It is only to be found in the ample souls of those patriotic heroes who have fought against the hydra-headed monsters of oppression, and sacrificed their all for the freedom of their country. Such

daring warriors are worthy of immortal honors:—Their spirits are revived by the animation of successive generations, and will live with renewed vigor in the hearts and homes of unborn millions.

Long have the sons of Europe boasted of their renowned heroes, and the matchless achievements of their illustrious sires; and still do they proudly gaze over the mouldering fortresses and battle-grounds of their country.

Memorials of a nation's glory,  
Rife with the tragic of past ages;  
Enshrined in song—renowned in story,  
And sealed in history's deathless pages.

But what have we here in Canada to boast of? may be asked:—a region that has scarcely emerged from the silent chaos of barbarism:—a country that has no antiquity, or retrospect but the shadowed lineaments of the present:—a land whose rivers are comparatively unknown to song, whose forests have never been visited by the classic feet of the sylvan goddess; and whose mountains that have towered their shaggy summits for ages over an unbroken wilderness, have never lent their soil to the nourishment of the Parnassian laurel. Although Canada has no illustrious Past to be proud of, yet, considering its infancy, it will stand in the foremost rank of progress and civilization. Though it cannot boast of a thousand dilapidated towers, around which the hero-spirits of a hundred ages still linger, yet, there are spots, sacred to the world's history; that stand as the deathless memorials of departed glory and illustrious valour.

At the beginning of the present century, the seigniorry of Annfield, subsequently divided into the counties of

Chateauguay, Huntingdon and Beauharnois, now rich and beautiful, and densely populated, was universally an uninhabited wilderness, indented only at intervals by the rude shanties of lumbermen, or the first clearings of a few solitary settlers, chiefly Americans. One of the first families that had immigrated thither, and with whom this short history is more intimately connected will now be introduced to the reader.

Early in the fall of 1795, Anson Lee, from the frontiers of York State, in company with one or two others, made an excursion into the Canadian forest in quest of timber. Having followed the Chateauguay river for more than 20 miles they lighted upon an extensive oakery on the banks of that stream, which appeared to offer them every facility for lumbering. They erected a shanty, labored all winter, and in spring floated their timber to Montreal. The following summer they removed their families to Oakville, which name, they had given to the place,\* and formed a small settlement upon the northern bank of the river, and became entitled to the rights and privileges of British settlers.

During those early ages of the forest the first settlers suffered many hardships and inconveniences unknown to the present generation. If they had few luxuries to feast upon, their wants were also fewer.

The food and raiment which the soil denied,  
Were by the forest and the stream supplied.

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\*Oakville subsequently became more generally known by the name of the "Meadows," owing to the luxuriant grass produced there for many years by the fertile soil. At present it is better known by the name of Durham.

The rudiments of a country and its people are simple, yet, natural and ingenious, and exercise a more salutary influence over the moral and physical condition of men than does the more exalted and refined state of society.

The white man was not alone in the forest. The Indian was there also; but his was only a temporary residence. Chiefly during the fall months, large groups of the Iroquois Indians of Caughnawaga would flock to the hunting grounds of the "Technedra," that rising portion of country, now known by the name of Covey Hill, running parallel with the frontiers of York State. Many of them also planted their wigwams upon the banks of the Chateaugay; and where now the village of Huntingdon stands, a large body of that tribe established their residence, but finally withdrew on account of the menaces of their brother hunters at St. Regis.

These were not that class of savage monsters of which we have heard and read, that have unmercifully embued their hands in the blood of the white man without aggression. They had received a polish from the brush of civilization, were kind and courteous to the first settlers, and loyal subjects to the crown of England.

The settlers of Oakville soon found themselves initiated into intercourse with the Indians; many of whom may have looked upon such an innovation as likely to be prejudicial to them, yet, in general they appeared to be amicably inclined, and ever ready to return a favor for the hospitable treatment they received. One peculiar propensity of theirs, particularly of the squaws, was an extreme fondness for white children. The eldest of Mr. Lee's family was a lovely little girl. She was a particular favorite of the "Iddies" as she termed them, and in return for their

fondness loved them as a child can only do. Oneidia, an old huntress, appeared to possess an uncommon love for her. She was a perfect enchantress; and by her many attractive presents and parental tenderness, easily ingratiated herself into the innocent affections of the child, whom she looked upon as an angel of the skies, and called her by the angelic name of Oriena. But the parents were not long permitted to enjoy the company of their little angel. One vernal morning she had gone out as usual to play around the shanty; but having strolled into the woods, she suddenly disappeared. The mother soon missed her from her play-ground, but in vain endeavored to discover her. The forest and the river were thoroughly searched, but to no purpose. No signs or intelligence of the child could be found, and it was finally believed that she had been carried off by the wolves, or had fallen into the river and was swept away by the stream. A few days after the child's departure, Oneidia appeared at Mr. Lee's shanty with a beautiful present for her little favorite. On hearing that the child was lost she threw herself into a paroxysm of grief, and howled with a lamentable voice, whilst the tears ran down the furrows of her weather-beaten cheeks. Thus how accurately was the real intensity of sorrow imitated by the deceptive counterfeit. How ingeniously had the execution of an unsuspected artifice effected its result. The child was not lost, but stolen. Oneidia and her husband had lain in ambush for several days ere they had obtained their object. The old squaw had allured her by some attractive bait to the edge of the woods, and having given her a few drops of the sasog\* she placed her

\* The sasog is a liquid formerly used by the Indians to procure immediate drowsiness. It is said to have been extracted

into the canoe that Toga, her husband, had in readiness, and Maggie Lee, the blue-eyed child of the forest was borne down the winding river of Chateaugay.

Our little heroine became the inmate of a miserable dwelling in the Indian village of Caughnawaga—then a mere conglomeration of dingy huts, huddled together as if they had been a collection of debris thrown upon the beach by the overflowing of the St. Lawrence. Oneidia having no family of her own was very attentive to her adopted child, for whose happiness she exercised every available means. A few weeks passed, and Maggie Lee became reconciled to her Indian home, yet, never forgetting the remembrance of a mother, mixed up with the vague reminiscences of a mysterious past. Many of the Indians had previously seen her, and though all were familiar with the circumstance, so faithful were they to each other, that the fact would ever remain a mystery with them. Oneidia and her husband never forgot to pay an occasional visit to Oakville; neither did they ever forget to carry a rich present to the parents of their child, which seemed as if they were desirous to repay the living property they had stolen.

Years passed on, and Oriena, for so she was called, became more assimilated to the aboriginal models; and though considerably tarnished, had still the face and features of the Anglo-Saxon. Whenever she accompanied Toga or Oneidia to Syrocoga\* or the Technedra, they were particularly careful to avoid entering upon Oakville;

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from some reptile. Perhaps it is the same which causes the reptile tribe to sleep during the winter.

\* The aboriginal name of that locality where the village of Huntingdon now stands.

Lest some detective eye should trace  
The features of her former face.

She was uncommonly expert at all sorts of bead and wicker work, at which she labored diligently during summer. Having frequently visited the city to dispose of her ingeniously constructed workmanship, she became very active in trading, and was enabled to speak tolerably good English. She was apparently handsome and noble looking, and when equipped in full hunting costume, was in reality a squaw of the first magnitude, outshining all the beauty and brunettes of Caughnawaga,—nature's rude nobility—and obtaining the unassuming title of the "Flower of the Iroquois." Sagonaska, the chief's eldest son, fell deeply in love with her, and paid his addresses in the most affectionate terms. He had given her many splendid gifts, and expected ere long to enjoy her as his own. But Toga having died, and shortly afterwards Oneidia, their anticipated union was postponed for several months.

The hunting season having arrived, Oriena, in company with Sagonaska, and a large body of Indians and their families, departed for the hunting grounds of the Technedra.

## CHAPTER II.

The bugle has sounded the tidings of war ;  
The " Flag of the Union " is waving on high ;  
The voice of the Yankees is heard from afar :  
Arouse ye Canadians to conquer or die.

Like the heroes of old they appear in their might ;  
Their tramp's like the thunder that bursts in the sky ;  
Again have they whetted their swords for the fight,  
Determined to conquer the country or die.

Gentle reader, we are about to enter upon a new era in the history of our heroine. Seventeen years have elapsed since we followed her from her parental home. Ah! how often during that period has the fond mother pondered over the supposed fate of her dear child ; and in the solitary dreams of her heart has the childish prattle of the lisping tongue been heard, and the smiles of innocent affection returned. But we now leave her for the present to review the circumstances contributing to a new and mysterious development in her life. During the period we have referred to, the settlement of Oakville had increased to a considerable extent. At widely separated localities upon the river's bank, might be seen the simple rudiments of a new country emerging from the forest, and the blue smoke of the settler's shanty arising above the tops of the tall trees. Several emigrants from the elder countries had also found their way into these apparently inaccessible

solitudes, which in many parts were being transformed into a new world of industry, progress and civilization.

The ever memorable year of 1812 had arrived, and with it came the horrors of an invasion of Canada by the Americans. Already had the pent up volcano of international strife begun to belch forth its bituminous lava, and portend destruction to the neighboring countries. Already had the banners of the Union floated in proud defiance over the bosom of Lake Erie, whilst the "Sons" of Canada were presenting their bold front to receive the "Stripes" of America's illustrious "Stars." 1812 passed away, and in the spring of the following year, the war was resumed with renewed vigour. After several engagements in Upper Canada and elsewhere, latterly favorable to the Americans, they purposed invading the Lower Province, and laying siege to Montreal. Whilst General Wilkinson and his floating batteries were descending the St. Lawrence toward the city, General Hampton with a force of several thousand was proceeding on his way from Plattsburgh, to join the other forces at the St. Lawrence, and thence enter the "Island City" in martial triumph. The British and Canadians having received intelligence of this, availed themselves of every possible means to arrest their progress. While General Wilkinson was suffering from the unceasing fire of the British along the shore. General Hampton was harassed in his route by the presence of a stubborn enemy, and the rugged wilderness through which he had to pass.

Hampton having arrived at the frontiers, halted to refresh his army, and early on the following morning entered Canada by Oddelton, with a force of 7000 foot soldiers, one company of cavalry, and 12 pieces of cannon. — A

young soldier of the name of McPherson having deserted through the night to the Canada side, informed the sentinels in the guard-room of the enemy's near approach. Scarcely had they received the intelligence when the Americans appeared. They immediately discharged their muskets as a signal to the militia stationed at a short distance, and fled from the guard-house. The Americans thinking they had been fired upon, returned the compliment, and twelve of the guards were shot dead, three mortally wounded, and the rest taken prisoners. Encouraged by their first success, the enemy advanced, but were received by a sharp fire from the militia under Captain Mayo. After a brisk skirmish, the latter, being only 150 in number, was forced to seek refuge by a hasty retreat. The Americans immediately advanced upon Lacolle, but were again received by a discharge of musketry from the militia, concentrated in the "mill," then joined by the fugitives of the first engagement. The Americans opened a brisk cannonade upon the building, a strong rendezvous, but their balls, like the Dutchman's potatoes, were too softly boiled for the use of the "pounder." The incessant fire of so many muskets, together with several cannons loaded with grape-shot, gave a severe check to the approaching enemy, and for the time being rendered the position of the militia impregnable. Had the latter not been supplied with timely assistance, they would have been compelled before long to surrender. During the heat of the action, a company of regulars from "Ile aux Noix" arrived. Having stationed themselves upon the opposite side of the river, under covert of a hollow receding from the bank, they poured a well directed volley into the advanced ranks of the enemy, causing them to reel in disor-

der, and finally to fall back. General Hampton foreseeing the danger of urging the attack, very prudently withdrew his forces from the scene of action, and anticipated his march towards Montreal, by a less hazardous route. Scarcely had his troops been formed into marching order, when an adjutant from a reconnoitering party arrived with the intelligence that a force of 30,000 were advancing against him. He immediately withdrew his forces over the frontiers, leaving the Canadians masters of their own ground. Being still determined to force his way to the city, yet, foreseeing the hazardous attempt in crossing that part of Canada, he resolved taking a circuitous route through the unsettled forests of the country, and by doing so, evade the enemy, and meet Wilkinson at Lake St. Louis upon the St. Lawrence. Having withdrawn his forces to "Chateaugay Four Corners," he placed them into three divisions. Captain Purdy and his company of 500 hardy mountaineers were immediately dispatched to the lake so as to ascertain the position of Wilkinson, and prepare floating batteries for the descent. Colonel Izzard then followed with two thousand men, in order to render timely assistance in the construction of the flotillas; whilst the old general and the flower of his army came up in rear. Considering the nature of the country, it was no easy task to accomplish, particularly to the latter division. The former being only foot soldiers, unburdened with appendages, effected a passage more easily. The time and labor of making roads for the cavalry and cannon, predicted a long and laborious task; the former was therefore discarded; and the army having entered upon the Chateaugay river followed it in its circuitous course.

During this military adventure the Canadians of

Annsfield had not been idle. They had formed themselves into a body of militia, under command of Captains Lee and Johnston; and took up their head quarters at Oakville, lest a part of the invading party should effect a passage by the Chateauguay. They were shortly afterwards re-inforced by two companies of the Voltigeurs commanded by Colonel De Salaberry.

Whilst Captain Purdy and his company were prosecuting their laborious journey through the woods they lighted upon the wigwams belonging to Sagonaska and his company. The Indians had gone in search of game; whilst Oriena and a half dozen of squaws were busily preparing some venison for the hunters at their return. So vast a number of rude warriors, particularly in such a remote place, impressed the inmates with terror. Every pappoose was out of sight in a twinkling among the furs, whilst the old squaws were gabbling like a flock of geese on a rainy day. Oriena could speak pretty good English, and addressed them with a rustic air of politeness. The officers very ingeniously endeavored to gain information respecting their route, and the martial appearance of the country; but Oriena having discovered them to be Yankees, answered them very adroitly. She assured them of having mistaken the proper route, and further, that the locality upon which they were entering was swarming with their enemies, and perfectly impregnable. Such intelligence was sufficient to have chilled the ardor of a Hannibal, or a Napoleon. Unfortunate as they were, they resolved not to turn back. Poor fellows; their bravery was but very inappropriately applied, and as lavishly consumed. Having refreshed themselves, they started in the direction pointed out by Oriena, which

if continued in, would have led them to the borders of their own country.

I may here state, that whilst Sagonaska and the other Indians had been on their journey to the Technidra they had been informed of the warlike preparations at Oakville, against the invaders of their country. They immediately proceeded thither, and offered their assistance, which was readily accepted. However, in order that they might pursue their vocations in the woods, and be also ready to watch the enemy and assist if required, they erected their wigwams at a short distance from the southern bank of the river.

As soon as the Americans had disappeared Oriena darted through the woods to Oakville and gave intelligence of the enemy. She immediately returned to her own encampment, and as soon as the first party of hunters had arrived she hastened with them to the camp, leaving orders for the others to follow.

Colonel De Salaberry, fearing that his local position, particularly with so small a body of men, would render him indefensive, and liable to be easily surrounded, immediately retired with his force to a more favorable locality, placing piquets at stated distances along the bank of the river. The shades of evening had now descended. Torch fires were lighted; and every warrior was at work in constructing an abatis in the woods, so as to render their position more safe and effectual.

## CHAPTER III.

The 26th of October, 1813, dawned upon the world, and with it came the memorable event we are about to relate. Whilst General Hampton and his division were following the upper windings of the Chateauguay, Colonel Izard having taken a more northern route, had entered upon the river Outard, which he followed to where it mingles its waters with those of the Chateauguay, and there encamped during the night of the 25th. On the following morning he crossed over to Oakville, and continued his journey along the bank of the river, flattered with the prospect of a speedy and uninterrupted course. The aspect of the morning was not auspicious. A dense fog had settled upon the face of nature, and tinged the lustre of the orb of day; which seemed as if Mars had thrown his mantle of security around them. Scarcely had they entered the dense woods below Oakville, when a shot was heard, followed by others, each at a greater distance. But meeting with no further interruption, they proceeded until within a few rods of Colonel De Salaberry's encampment. Scarcely had the password been demanded, when a volley of muskets from either side was exchanged, and continued with unabated vigor, neither party feeling inclined to advance or retreat, probably from the uncertainty of the strength and position of their opponents.

Purdy's division, still wandering in the Canadian woods, being attracted by the voice of the battle, directed their

march thitherward, and at length arrived at the bank of the river, opposite the battle-ground. Having constructed a number of temporary rafts they attempted to cross over, but were repeatedly repelled by the Indians. The fighting now became more general and complicated. In the wild tumult of the battle, amid smoke and mist, the wrathful passions of the warriors became bewildered, and their bullets flew at random in every direction. A company of Purdy's division believing the right wing of Izzard's advanced guards to be a part of the enemy, opened a brisk fire upon them. This error led them into a serious affray; for those upon whom they had fired, being impressed with a similar idea, returned them an immediate response; and the battle was fought by "triangular rotation," Paddy's method of fighting a duel by three. De Salaberry seeing that his men and ammunition were becoming speedily exhausted, ordered his buglers to retreat into the woods, and then advance separately, blowing their trumpets in full chorus. This expedient produced the desired effect. The Americans believing that a fresh troop of the enemy was approaching, started an immediate retreat, and were pursued by the Indians and several of the militia to the openings of Oakville.

Here they attempted to re-cross the river so as to evade further pursuit, but in this precipitate escape many of them were drowned. A company of the fugitives having continued their course up the Chateauguay, met General Hampton and his troops; many of whom were upon rafts which they had constructed for the purpose of floating down their cannon and baggage. They communicated the intelligence that Izzard's division had been completely routed, and nearly all slain. The general dreading a

similar fate to his own by so destructive an enemy, caused his cannon to be sunk in the river, wheeled his forces about, and marched over the Lines, again leaving the Canadians masters of their own ground.

The effects of this expedition were felt severely by the American soldiers. In their advances they had been harassed and defeated by the scorching fire of an apparently invulnerable enemy, exhausted by hastened marches, on scanty rations, and exposed to the inclemency of an approaching winter; but this was not all. Their precipitate flight from the battle of Chateauguay had scattered them in the surrounding forest. Hundreds of them became completely bewildered, and traveled for days without food ere they effected an outlet. Others less fortunate, wandered amid the labyrinths of the woods until hunger and exhaustion arrested their progress, and they sank upon the cold leaves and died.

During these military adventures the Americans were the greater sufferers; but it would be very improper, and beyond our reach, to question or dispute their bravery; however, we feel confident in saying, that had they been headed by a more skilful and resolute commander, or had they fought upon their own ground, the result would have been very different.

In proportion to the amount of ammunition exhausted at the battle, the victims were comparatively few. The position of the combatants, together with the nature of the locality, had rendered the fire less deadly and effectual than might have been supposed; but the surrounding trees appeared as if perforated by an army of wood-peckers. Rude huts had been immediately constructed into which the wounded of both armies were placed, and their wounds

attended to by the squaws, particularly by Oriana, under whose skilful treatment the majority speedily recovered. She had studied physic in the school of nature, and was enabled to put into practice the medical lessons that Oneidia had given her. Be it remembered that the Indian is the most skilful of all physicians. Unknown to him are the musty volumes of Polyidus and Aristotle; neither has he trod the mythy courts of *Æsculapins*, or the dissecting halls of the modern physiologist, yet by him are the secrets of the healing art extracted from the bosom of nature, and made subservient to his purpose.

One of the number wounded was Captain Lee. A musket-ball had perforated his right thigh; but under the skilful treatment he received he began rapidly to recover. Often in his heart did he offer a prayer of gratitude to his God who had sent so good an angel to minister to the afflicted. She was indeed the good Samaritan of the camp; and for her deeds of heroism and humanity she received the gratitude and applause of all around her. Segonaska was more proud than ever of his "heroic angel," as he called her, and he sung the "Sashega" in her praise.

Being no further molested by the enemy, the Indians returned to their wig-wams, leaving Oriana in charge of the invalids. During her stay in this temporary hospital, she formed an attachment to a young American who had been wounded at the battle, and his gratitude for her kindness gradually ripened into an affection for her. She had also become much attached to the Lee family, particularly Mrs. Lee, who had chiefly remained there in attendance upon her husband. One day whilst Oriana was in the act of dressing the Captain's wound, the child which Mrs.

Lee was holding in her arms, in playful action seized upon the chain suspended from Oriena's neck, and drew from beneath the coverlet of her bosom, the medal that was attached to it. One glance from the eye of Mrs. Lee was sufficient to recognise the stamp, and the familiar name engraven thereon, and a sad remembrance of the past flashed across her mind.

"It is mine," she exclaimed, "it is mine, the very one that was upon my child when she was lost!"

Mr. Lee confirmed the chain and medal to be the identical ones. Oriena as much astonished as the others endeavoured to explain the matter, by telling them that she had received it from an old squaw, with whom she had lived since her childhood.

"And pray what is her name," hastily inquired Mrs. Lee.

"Oneidia," replied Oriena, "but she is dead now."

"What relation then were you to her," interrupted the woman.

"Not any; I believe," answered the girl. Here she endeavored to relate all that she knew of the apparently mysterious events of her early life—the dim, undefinable dream of her remembrance, and concluded by asserting that she believed from what she had gleaned from the secret whisperings of the squaws, that she was stolen from a white family, but from whom or where, she knew not.

"Oh, merciful heavens! then you must be my daughter," exclaimed the agitated mother.

"It cannot possibly be so," said the Captain, raising himself upon his couch.

"Allow me for a moment to examine your left arm,"

continued Mrs. Lee, "and if the indelible mark of my lost child be thereon, it is sufficient of itself to prove that you are my daughter."

Oriena appeared bewildered.

"Oh, gracious heavens, she is my child! my child! my daughter," frantically exclaimed the mother, embracing her, ~~the~~, and breathing the tearful emotions of a parent's heart upon her bosom.

How changed were the feelings and sympathies of our heroine when from the mysterious discovery her living parents had sprung into being. Feelings of hatred to the Indians took possession of her heart. She dismantled her graceful form of its savage costume, and disdained to be called any longer by her Indian name.

The time had now arrived that Sagonaska had purposed returning home to prepare for the happy union, and he flattered his expectations with the hope that Oriena would be waiting in readiness at the encampment, to accompany him on his journey. But ah! how soon, how unexpected were these cherished imaginings of his love dethroned in the temple of his heart, by the cold repulse which he received. She was no longer the Indian girl of the forest—no longer the loving angel of his heart. All his affectionate entreaties, and fascinations to regain her heart, or induce her to accompany him, were lavished in vain, and poor broken-hearted Sagonaska returned to his Indian cottage to weep in solitude over the cherished image of his heart.

In a few days Captain Lee had so far recovered as to be able to return to his former residence at Oakville, and Maggie Lee was again the inmate of her infant home, from which she had been absent for seventeen and a half years.

Sylvester Hamilton, the young American of whom we have spoken, was in reality a nephew of Captain Lee's. Having remained several weeks with them, he departed to his home, promising to revisit Oakville in a few months, and form a more intimate connexion with his cousin.

Early in the following spring Mr. Lee disposed of his property, as he considered himself and family insecure from the Indians, particularly Sagonaska, who, as he had been informed, intended to carry off his daughter by force, or take revenge if frustrated.

Sylvester having returned, accompanied them in their journey to the district of Niagara, C. W., and became with them a settler in that locality. A few weeks afterwards Maggie Lee became the wife of Sylvester Hamilton.

Nearly half a century has passed away since these events, and the heroine of Chateaugay still lives. Of her subsequent history I know but little. One thing in particular of which I have been informed, is, that her name was enrolled in the list of the surviving veterans of 1812, who presented their address to the Prince of Wales, on his royal visit to the Western world.

THE END