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(ORIGINAL.)

ST. LAWRENCE.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN AT MONTREAL.

I gaze on thee!
Path of a thousand streams, which, wandering, seek
A home, where ocean's mighty crested waves
Dash round the sea-god's car—the common bourne
Of the "wide waste of waters," and the sire
Of mountain cataract and sluggish pool—
Of fount and rivulet—of rain and dew! * * * *

Alone I stand,
With God and Nature, where the giant trees
Lift their strong arms in worship mute to heaven,
While the glad sunset woos their tinted leaves
To meet the kiss of even. All is still—
The waters, gilded with departing day
Reflect the purity above—around—
Or for a moment crest their mimic waves
With feathery spray, mocking ocean seas
When the wild winds run riot with the storm,
While ever and anon they calmly sink
In placid beauty into rest again,
And tiny barks, whose freight is love and youth,
Dance on the river's breast as though they joyed
In the glad hopes of this most jocund hour.

My heart is stirred
With thoughts tumultuous, when thus I gaze,
From the proud mountain's crest, on earth and sky,
And the wide range of forest, field, and vale,
While in its mighty course St. Lawrence bears
His sea-bound tribute on. Surpassing fair
Majestic stream, art thou! I love to trace,
As with a visioned eye, thy devious path,
Though solitary wilds, from that lone spot
Where first the gen'rous earth is oped to give
Thy babbling fount to Heaven. Methinks I see
Thy nameless brooklet, in its fated course,
Gathering its tribute from its kindred streams
Till, rich in borrowed power, it speeds along,
Father and king of waters. Anon ye sleep
On the broad breast of the untrodden plains,
In all the attributes of seas, save those
Which human lips bestow.

Thy shores are fringed
With gorgeous trees, that dip their pendant arms
In the cool waters, while beneath their shade
Disports the playful fawn. The mother deer,
Guarding the gambols of her much-loved young,
With timid ear erect, is watching there,
Lest danger come with stealthy footstep nigh.

The scene is one
My fancy loves to dwell on. Peace is there
While man, the spoiler, comes not! In the wild
And generous rangers of these forest homes
I trace a type of what our lot had been
Had not the sin of disobedience come
To chase our Faith away! But, ah! e'en here!
Where none whose ear hath ever drank the sound
Of Revelation, is the withering curse
"Written in sunbeams." On my senses thrill
The echoing shout of those whose sight is death
To the weak habitants of wood and wild.

* * * * * *

Nearer the hunter's come—their yells awake
The sleepy echoes that so late reposed
In happy solitude—but methinks their cries
Break on my senses with the voice of song!—

The wild woods are *ringing*,*
With hunter and hound—
The fleet elk is flinging
The white foam around!
His broad chest is heaving—
In vain—we are near!
See, our keen shafts are cleaving
The heart of the deer!
Oh! none are so dauntless—so bold, or so free
As the braves of the forest—the warriors—as we!

For warring and hunting
Are games that we love;
With the free breeze around us—
The bright sky above!
When foemen are near us—
Our question is "Where?"
And we follow, *for pastime*,
The wolf to his lair!
Oh! none are so dauntless, so wild or so free
As the warrior whose couch is the turf or the tree!

Our fathers were mighty,
Their sons are as brave—

*Formerly published in the *Garland*.

And our war-whoop shall wither
The nerves of the slave!
It boots not—we heed not,
Who comes as foe,
His bones shall lie bleaching
In sunshine and snow!
Oh! none are so dauntless, so free or so wild
As the red-tinted rover—the warrior's child!

The startled deer,
Roused by the far-off peal, with trembling speed
Wiles to the water's lip her heedless young—
And now the cleave the chrystal lake to seek
The shadow of a leafy isle which lies
Cradled amid the waves. List to the dam,
There's something in her heart akin to that
Which human mothers feel—affection, love,
Nature or instinct—it boots not what
Men have been taught to name it. Words are vain
To limn the heavenly feeling. List! she calls,
With her low bleatings, and the fawn replies
With a yet greater effort—now 'tis won—
The twain have reached their covert!
'Tis well! they come,—
The warrior-hunters!—and their wearied prey,
With antlered brow upturned, to turn aside
The overhanging boughs, is struggling on,
Life gaged upon his bounds. His heaving chest,
And nostril wide distent, proclaim that soon
The weary race will end—while on his trail
Come the whole pack of lean and famished hounds!
The stag has gained
The margin of the lake, and stoops to lap
A moment of its waters. That "drop is death!"
A dozen arrows, from unerring bows,
Are quivering in his flesh. Triumphant shouts
Tell the wild gladness of the hunter-band,
And the late solitude with darkling forms
Is peopled.

* * * * * *

How changed the scene
From that which lingers in the storied past,
When in these solitudes the red man roved,
Ere from a far-off land the pale face came,
In all the panoply of art, to wile
Or war his home away. These ocean lakes,
Which in majestic indolence reposed,
Coquetting with the winds, or mirror-like,
Giving to upper worlds a mimic sun
Are now the path of white winged fleets, which bear
The golden fruits of the rich harvest field
To far-off climes. The woodland shores—
The towering pine-tree—the stern hearted oak—
Have owned the sway of man, and waving grain
Speaketh of home and plenty. Towering spires
Of temples dedicate to him whose word
Is life eternal, dot thy verdant banks,
And grateful strains of gratitude are hymned
Amid the Sabbath stillness.

Alas! the tales
Which chronicle the change, are not as free
From the dark stains of cruelty and blood,
As, while we gaze upon the change, we feel
'Twere well they had been! The sands are steeped
With the life-flood of the free forest braves,
Untutored though they were, the proud and great
Whose deeds will "gem tradition's hoary page,"
'Till the broad waters of the mighty lakes—
Superior, Huron, Erie,—all have ceased
From their enduring founts to bear
Fertility and wealth throughout the land
So cherished, loved, and lost!

* * * * * *

"A change comes o'er
The spirit of my dream." I hear the swell
Of the big waters, breaking from their bonds
And as the steed, which late impatient owned
The warrior-rider's curb, now urged to join
The maddening din of battle, rusheth on
To the fierce contest, so the prisoned waves,
Weary of indolence and smiling peace,
Break into torrents, and, disporting, wreathe
Their foam crests round the crusted rocks which seek
To check their giant gambols.

On—on, it sweeps,
The mighty pathway of the glorious lakes
Is narrowed to span—a lake no more—
And in the tumult of their whirling rush
The waters bear their swelling course along,
Chafing, in angry or in playful mood,
The forest trees, that, clustering on their shores,
Hem in a river's tide, in splendour—power—
Magnificence and beauty, far beyond
The reach of parallel. On, they come—
Gathering new vigour from each tiny isle
That vain essays to turn them from their way.
Now have they reached
The torrent's crest, and with a mighty bound
Headlong they rush o'er the unfathomed steep,
With voices loud as the loud thunder's peal—
Gambol a moment with the startled breeze,
That wails amid the heaven-rising spray—
And rocks, and hills, and trees, alike awake
A deafening echo! My phrenzied soul
Grows dizzy when it feebly—vainly, dreams
Of the unfathomable power of Him,
Who holds not this, but the whole myriad leagues
Of untracked ocean—the "great globe itself,"
Within the hollow of his hand, and bids
The foam crowned waves be still—whose word might stay
E'en this wild torrent in its mad career.

Proud Niagara, oft
Have harps attuned to noblest numbers sung
Of thy illimitable greatness—oft
Has limner's pencil vainly sought to trace

A shadow of thy ever-rolling tide;
But centuries shall pass, thou shalt be,
Unto each new-born age unknown and new
As when of yore the forest warrior gazed
With awe-struck spirit upon thee, and saw
In thy dread grandeur all his untaught soul
Had dreamed of as a Temple meet for him
The spirit whom his fearless heart evoked
As the Red Indian's God! I love to dwell
Amid the turmoil of thy surging waves,
Falling like music on my fancy's ear,
Which fashions into song most rude and wild
Thy never ceasing din.

I come! I come! in my bounding glee--
The will of my lord obeying—
And the avalanche is a child to me,
O'er the cloud-capt mountain playing!
The woods and wilds with my echoes ring,
When my sun-born ray hath crowned me—
And the eagle fears when he dips his wing
In the spray I dash around me!

The path of the whirlwind is tracked in death,
And the voice of storm is wailing,
For thousands have felt his withering breath
When far on the wide sea sailing!
But the hour is brief when the whirlwinds rave,
And the surge is no longer riven,
When the tempest-king to his dreary cave
By a mightier power is driven!

But I—with the earth into life I sprung,
And the wilds at my footstep quivered
When the ark of old on the mountain hung,
From the whelming waves delivered!
My wild billows scattered their incense high,
On the wing of the wind, to heaven,
When the glad earth shook with the joyous cry
That hope unto man was given!

And my voice shall mix with the peals that wake
The dead in their sea-graves lying,
When the buried of ages their fetters break,
From their caverned prisons flying!
And only when earth and air and seas
Are stilled into rest forever
Shall the din of my terrible thunder cease,
At the nod of my being's giver!

'Tis done!

The waters, in their terrible array,
Have passed the giddy height, and from their bed
Rise up a thousand vapour-clouds, which weave
Into a fleecy veil the myriad hues
Lent by the beam of the fast closing day—
How softly beautiful, when all around
Is clothed in terror!

* * * * * *

Again the waves
Are hushed and stirless as a "cradled babe,"
Or with their murmured cadence, gently lave
The base of cities born amid the wild,
And noble ships, with "golden commerce" fraught,
Ride on the bosom of the mirror-stream;
"The beautiful" and vast "Ontario" seems
Like the wide ocean, when no blast awakes
The angry spirit of the deep—when all
The azure arch reflected in its depths
Appears another heaven! * * Yet even here,
Where all is typical of endless peace,
The mariner has heard the howling winds
Keep their wild revel with the wintry storm,
And while his feeble barque was wildly tossed
Upon the heaving wave, his heart hath felt
The bitter pang of an unshriven death,
While shrieks of agony—"hope's withering knell"—
Lent their dread horrors to the midnight gloom.
And this is life!
Today we launch our boat upon the sea—
With mirth and gladness laughing at the helm!—
Tomorrow comes the storm—friends, kindred, all
Have perished round us, and if one survive,
'Tis but to weep for all that he hath lost!
Oh! if there were no other *home* than this,
No joys but those the weary world bestows
The birth of man, instead of joy, should be
A season meet for sorrow's bitterest tear

* * * * * * *

Hail, mighty River! Lake of Thousand Isles,
Which clustered lie within thy circling arms,
Their flower-strewn shores kissed by the silver-tide—
St. Lawrence, hail! As fair art thou as aught
That ever in the lap of nature lay;
And while I gaze on thee, my raptured soul,
With lowly praise and grateful homage, bends
To HIM, who from His bounty limitless,
Gave thee to aid the ends of busy man;—
Taught him to ride on thy translucent breast—
To stem thy currents in his fragile bark,
With its rich freightage, safely as he treads
The solid earth!

The dawn of morn—
The burning noon, and the rich golden eve—
All show thee beautiful—but when the moon
Climbs through the starry sky, when not a sound,
Save thy low murmur, mingles with the sigh
Of the glad breezes, playing with the leaves,
Methinks 'tis sweeter all thy charms to scan,
Devotion mingling with the blessed thoughts
Born of thy loveliness. At such a time
Mine eye can gaze with pleasure unalloyed,
For, dear art thou, with recollections fraught,
As ever to the gallant lover's heart
Was lovely maiden's smile!—for here I played,
In the first flush of jocund boyhood—here
My sisters and my brothers nursed the flowers
That bloomed within the garden that we loved;
And here my first essay upon the wave
Was, in life's spring-time, made.

Now is the hour—
It seems as if, of yore, I stemmed the tide,
The lone wild Indian for my guide and guard;
Methinks I see his melancholy brow,
And hear again the low breathed sigh that burst
From his pent heart—a sigh he blushed to own,
When his swart cheek grew redder than its wont.
For he was one who mourned his people's fall,
And oft he would have wept, could Indian shed
The tear which brings relief to weaker hearts.
But he, the proud and stern—the wild untaught—
Had never learned to weep.
He told me tales—
When I had wooed him into softest mood,—
Of what had been by Indian arms achieved,
When all these rivers vast—these mighty lakes—
Were the red hunters' heritage. His eye
Grew lustrous, and his sinewy frame
Grew taller when he told how oft his sires
Had battled for the cherished land where slept
Their buried fathers; and his heaving chest
Spoke to my spirit of those tameless bands,
Who, in the olden time, held wassail here!
Who, round the glaring fire, to music rude,
Danced the dread dance of death. But when some thought
That brought the present to his anguished view,
Would strike upon his heart, his eye grew sad—
His glowing eloquence was hushed, and he
The toil-worn voyageur was once again.
Oft have we sped,
"O'er the glad waters" in his shell-like bark,
Woven with patient and untiring skill,
From the lithe tendrils of the birch's rind,
And watched the fast receding shores grow dim
In the mild twilight—listening to the dash
Of the dark river on its shelving bed,
When, downwards sweeping, o'er the rapid tide,
The light canoe dashed o'er the heaving wave,
Scarce heavier than its foam!
* * * * Now have we passed
The rapids, in their wild tumultuous rush,
And once again upon the stirless lake
Our boat reposes ——. Brief the time of rest,
Already is it passed—and storm and calm—
The lake one moment, and the next, the rush
Of the proud river, in its madman-glee,
Careering o'er the fretting rocks, which lie
In its fleet path—each reigns awhile,
One little passing hour, till fancy yields
Her pinion to reality!
* * * * * * *
Again I stand
On the sky-towering mount—the verdant plains,
The swelling waters, and the forest trees,
Lie spread before me, as one giant leaf
From Nature's glorious book—the city's towers,
With glittering spires reflecting back the ray
Of the young moonbeam. A holy stillness reigns
On the delicious scene, and heaven looks down
In smiles of beauty on the sleeping world.
Methinks mine eye
Can trace the windings of the river's path,
And far on the horizon verge descry
The white sail of some ship from other lands,
Swelling in even's breeze, and hurrying on
Unto the wished-for haven! Her decks, perchance,
Are crowded with a hundred wanderers, wooed
Unto our fair and fertile shores, with tales
Of their magnificence—the teeming wealth
Poured out from Nature's ever bounteous lap.
If it be so, I send upon the breeze
A cordial welcome, from one friendly heart
That fain would see unnumbered homes arise
Amid our boundless wastes.
Yon winged ship
Hath sped, unwavering, on her destined course;
And oft, at night, the wailing winds careered
Amid her cordage, and her planks replied,
In dreary cadence, to the tempest's howl;
But, to the quivering needle true, she swept
O'er all the trackless wilderness of waves;
And many an aching eye, now strained to view
The nearing city, hath of late reposed
On naught but sea and sky—yet faith hath kept
Their spirits fearless, and their hopes hath fed—
And now they reap the fruits of their fond trust:
The breaking dawn shall see them tread the soil
On which their dreams repose!
Theirs is no joyous lot—though not all sad,
For hope is theirs! 'Twere vain to tell
To him who hath not felt the burning tear
That sears the rose upon the exile's cheek—
The agony of him who ne'er again
May see the "spot where he was born," or scan
The "old familiar faces" that he loved.
The thoughts that crowd the caverns of the heart,
Linking the future to the hallowed past,
Are snapped asunder as a brittle reed,
And the lone wanderer, in his sorrow, deems
That he, wherever he may roam, must be
A lonely one in crowds. And when the bark
Is slowly gliding o'er the noiseless deep,
The far-off hills into their ether changing,
His heart grows sick, and he would gladly brave
All human ills, so he might sleep at last
Beside his father's grave.
Yet "time will soothe
The wayward spirit," and the hopes which fill
The eager spirit of the emigrant,
Will, in his bosom, take the place of love.
A few brief weeks careering o'er the deep,
And the pent spirit longs again to see
The green and laughing earth—and when, at last,
The vessel rides upon our mimic sea,
And proud St. Lawrence, with its tree-crown'd shores,
Its verdant islands, and its frowning steeps,
Its rock-girt cities, and its iron towers,

Crowned with the banners of his own loved isle,
Burst on the wanderer's eye—their grandeur seems,
Akin to that of his own blessed home,
And he forgets his sorrow in his awe,
E'en as, of old, the ocean pioneer,
When he had gained the coast before unknown,
Gazed in rapt wonder at the glorious scene,
Undreamt of, save in some few godlike souls,
Chosen from out the multitude to do
Their mighty Maker's will.
Itself a world—
No clime than this hath prouder, brighter hopes,
With its innumerable and untrod leagues
Of fertile earth, that wait but human skill,
And patient industry—by commerce fed—
To win their way to eminence as proud
As any nation on the varied earth.
O'er other climes,
The balmy winds may breathe more fragrant sighs,
And rarer flowers may in their gardens bloom;
But, in stern majesty and grandeur, none
May bear the palm away. Our waters wide
Enrich ten thousand leagues of choicest earth;
And songs of praise arise where late the wild
Had never fel the tread of aught beside
The roving hunter and his panting prey;
And while we shed the unaffected tear
For those who could not share their fathers' homes
With the rude stranger, but had rather died,
We trace the hand of Him, the Mighty One,
Who bade his ministers to seek the caves
Where dwelt the heathen—there to preach His word,
And teach all nations of the earth to know
His name and His omnipotence—we feel
That all is ordered for one mighty end,
And willing bow to His all-wise decree!

G. J.

Montreal.

PRESENT POSITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF ENGLAND.

THERE is no subject of more momentous interest to every civilized nation, than an inquiry into the *present position of England;* there is no topic of higher importance (socially speaking) to the whole family of man, than an endeavour to ascertain the *future prospects of England.* The first branch of inquiry would involve an investigation of proximate and remote causes of almost indefinite extent, and, on this occasion, an exposition of results is all that can be expected, reserving for a subsequent period, more minute, and perhaps, more satisfactory details.

One of the most prevalent existing opinions is that England has witnessed the acme of her power and, having passed the meridian, now hastens to decay. This inference is erroneously drawn, from observing, 1st, that individuals of the animal and vegetable kingdoms have their periods of youth, age, and death;* and, 2d, that all the great nations of antiquity have perished, leaving scarcely a vestige of their name; the antiquary with difficulty tracing the spot on which the metropolitan cities of vast empires once stood.

But the inference is unsubstantiated in its premises, and not fairly supported in its conclusions. Examine one of the primeval forests of America—it has existed there for ages; its limits, defined from the adjacent prairie by a broad and clear savanna, on which not a shrub is seen. True, the individual trees of the forest perish, but their place is immediately filled up; ages roll on—tree succeeds to tree—the forest never becomes the prairie—and at the end of centuries is found in all its beauty, denseness, and vigour. The same principle is applicable to herds of animals, and to congregated masses of our fellow creatures. Thus, also, is it with a nation: individuals die—the nation lives, and will continue to flourish for ages, so long as the elements of moral diseases are subdued by virtue. The analogy, therefore, between the existence of an individual of a species, and the aggregate of a nation, is incorrect; so also is the conclusion drawn from the supposed analogy.

Empires, kingdoms, and republics have risen from infancy to maturity, and then perished. No form of government, whether that of absolutism or democracy, has been found sufficient to save a nation from final extinction; the seeds of dissolution were sown at birth, and were evolved when the physical and intellectual structure began to wane. Babylon and Nineveh—Egypt and Jerusalem—Tyre and Carthage—Athens and Rome—have all in succession risen from insignificance to power, and then vanished like the "baseless fabric of a vision;" leaving scarcely a "wreck behind." But because these memorials and records of *mere human greatness* are before us, does it necessarily follow that all nations must also have their rise and fall? Sacred Writ most fully informs us of the cause of the destruction of kingdoms—because the people forsook the worship of the only true God, became idolaters, and were consequently destroyed by the very effect of their own vices and crimes. If Jerusalem, once the ark of a pure religion on earth, was destroyed, as oft foretold by the prophets, when the measure of its iniquity was full, is it reasonable to infer that any heathen nation could long uphold mere temporal power? Rome, the mistress of the world, debased by the grossest idolatry, demoralized by the most fearful extent of slavery, corrupted by

* "The world, like the individual, flourishes in youth, rises to strength in manhood, falls into decay in age; and the ruins of an empire are like the decrepit frame of an individual, except that they have some tints of beauty which nature bestows on them."—*Consolations in Travel. Dialogue I. by Sir Humphrey Davy.*

wealth, devoid of even the semblance of morality,—could no more expect perpetuity, than that city which was once the temple of the chosen people of heaven.

As a wicked man is frequently cut short in his career of crime, so was the fall of Jerusalem and of Rome; both were alike the persecutors of Christianity and the enemies of truth. The downfall of Jerusalem was essential to the spread of moral freedom; that of Rome, to the extension of civil liberty. Natural causes, therefore, produce natural effects, as regards a man or a nation; and when we find a nation running on in a career of vice and infidelity, we can no more be surprised at its destruction, than at the death of a man who has drunk deep of the cup of sin and wickedness.

Let us examine, if there be any resemblance between Rome and Britain.—The one a constitutional free state—the other a military empire, where the sovereign power was sold to the highest bidder;—the one a nation where all are personally free—the other, where nine-tenths of the people were bondsmen, serfs, and slaves;—the one an insular-maritime power, whose colonial possessions serve to augment its resources, and to increase its oceanic supremacy—the other a territorial state, whose very extension of dominion served but to weaken its strength, and to diminish its capability for defence; the one enjoying all the arts and elegancies which adorn and refine social life, traversing land and sea with a celerity and certainty hitherto unknown, and using its wealth in the construction of immense works, which tend to benefit mankind—the other restricted chiefly in its mental efforts to architecture, and the showy and specious arts, making war its chief object; and destitute of that extraordinary instrument for the extension of knowledge—the press. Finally—the one a *Christian*, the other a *Heathen* people.

In a future number, we shall endeavour to enter more at length into this important question, because no man of a reflective mind would struggle to advance and elevate his country, if he thought that he were hastening the period of its ultimate declension and death. The glory of a nation would then be similar to the fleeting fame of a selfish individual, both transient—useless to their possessors, and incapable of transmission to posterity. He who loves his country for the sake of the good which she accomplishes, and by reason of her Christian principles, will not, cannot, think that the meridian of her existence is passed, while there is aught of good to be fulfilled, and while Christianity exists on earth. Most certain is it, that a nation without true religion, is like a house built on the sand, which the winds and waves destroy; and if England be that house constructed on a rock—which Revelation predicts—then may she defy the tempest, and the not less sure but more insidious effects of time.

We may now briefly advert to the present state of the British Empire. It is certainly one of peril, and fraught with imminent danger; but still not without a bright and clear vista. The domestic condition of England, Ireland, and Scotland betokens the struggles of an industrious people to raise themselves from poverty, and to provide for those who are to succeed them. We behold a denser population in proportion to the soil, than is to be found in the aggregate in any other nation; in some parts 300 mouths to the square mile. We see that soil entirely pre-occupied, and brought to a high pitch of cultivation by the accumulated capital of centuries; yet year by year less capable of producing an adequate supply of food, to meet the demands of a rapidly augmenting population. Steam-machinery—the efficient instrument for raising man from the condition of a mere beast of burden—while it lowers the price of labour, lessens the number of labourers required; and if brought successfully into use in agriculture, it will tend still more to cause the evils of a redundant population to be more and more severely felt. With this reduction in the means of employment, and in the wages of industry, we find an increasing aptitude for intellectual and social enjoyments, and an unwillingness to submit to physical suffering and privations, which were heretofore silently borne.

The recent extension of political rights has left a large mass of the people dissatisfied, because they find themselves precluded from the exercise of those immunities to which they look—as a means to an end—namely, the benefiting of the social condition. Extreme democratic opinions are, therefore, rashly advocated, and the balance of a constitution, which it has been the efforts of ages to keep equipoised, is in danger of final overthrow; the sword of physical power being, in fact, ready to be cast into the scale: while education, in itself a blessing if accompanied with religious instruction, will but lead to further desire for change, unless food, raiment, and an abundance of all the necessaries of life, become easier and easier of attainment.

Let us now glance at the condition of the transmarine provinces of the empire: where do we find peace and contentment? It was the sarcastic remark of a nobleman who filled, within the last few years, the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies, that the "*only Colony in tranquillity was Heligoland!*" We pass without comment the questions of the state of Canada—of the West Indies—the East Indies, &c. they are well deserving of the most serious attention, and, calculated to excite the most anxious solicitude; but we do not desire to make such topics mere party questions, and our future numbers will contain ample discussions respecting their political and social wants. The condition of our Colonial possessions, as well as that of our domestic state, is not the result merely of yesterday,

but the sequence of causes, some of which are of long standing. and the effects of which, though often predicted, have always been neglected.

The unfriendly bearing of our foreign relations, is what may naturally be expected from rivals jealous of our political power—thirsting for our territorial wealth, and desirous of enriching themselves at our expense. There is not a kingdom in Europe, nor a republic in America, in actual friendly alliance with us; and were a genaral war to occur, England would not possess an ally, unless self-interest prompted a co-operation. Many indeed, of the continental nations would rejoice in the destruction of the British Empire, as if they expected to rise on its ruins.

In the midst of these surrounding perils, we see no efforts made by genius and wisdom, to avert impending evils; temporary expedients are resorted to, and the energy and abilities of the country are wasted on acrimonious strife, and directed to no grand or definite principle for the preservation of the social edifice, and the maintenance of the integrity of the empire.

Yet, however gloomy may be the present, there is no real cause of alarm for the future; from the very nettle danger, we may pluck the flower safety; and out of the destructive elements around, we may gather the means of advancing, securing, and establishing our power for ages. It is true that we are endeavouring to pay in gold, at £3 17s. 10½d. an ounce, a debt of £800,000,000 contracted in a depreciated paper currency; and that £30,000,000 of annual taxes are required to pay simply the interest of that debt, without the accumulation of any sinking-fund towards its final liquidation. But the property in the United Kingdom is almost incalculable. That of land alone is estimated at *two thousand millions sterling!* England is not, therefore, insolvent; and whenever an ale financier chooses to grapple with this vital subject, there are ample means for its adjustment.

Of the 28,000,000 inhabitants in the United Kingdom, nearly 20,000,000 are unfortunately living from "hand to mouth," by precarious labour, and scantily supplied with the necessaries of life. Yet this very abundance of labour may be rendered of the utmost value, were there perfect freedom of commerce, and no monopoly of the money which legitimately represents trade; in other words, were there equal laws of freedom for the transfer of commodities, and of their representative value. This great reform is now in process of accomplishment by the joint-stock system of banking, by means of which, if gradually and cautiously brought into operation, trade will be saved from future panics, and the country from ruinous vicissitudes in its monetary affairs. Thus steadiness of employment, and remunerative prices, will raise the value of property, and spread plenty throughout the land; and when 20,000,000 of now half-fed, ill-clad, and imperfectly educated beings shall have been raised in the social scale, we shall daily find fresh sources of employment, and means will be multiplied for deriving the full benefits of the industry of intelligent, and morally disposed millions.

But if we turn from the vast resources which England, Ireland, and Scotland possess in the fertility of the soil, and the highly civilized condition of the country; in the coal, iron, copper, lead, and tin, beneath its surface; and in the productive fisheries around our shores; if, while not overlooking these and many other elements of wealth and power, we view the transmarine possessions of the empire, "wide as the poles asunder;" under nearly every parallel of latitude, and beneath almost every meridian of longitude, we behold myriads of human beings, of every creed, colour, and clime, and an incalculable immensity of every thing that can tend to promote individual comfort and social prosperity.

Do we require corn, whether wheat, barley, oats, maize, or rice; the vast plains of the Canadas, of Australia, and of India, offer an inexhaustible supply, independently of foreign countries, and of the casualty of adverse seasons. Every species of timber, may be obtained from our American and Asiatic possessions. The widely expanded downs of Austral-Asia, now covered with flocks of sheep, are becoming the wool country of the world. In the West and East Indies we have the means of supplying sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa, spices, &c. for all Europe.

Cotton, flax, silk, indigo, and dye-stuffs, are ready in limitless quantities, and at the cheapest rate. Tobacco, gums, hides, ivory, furs, &c. are among the staples of our African possessions: fruits, oil, wines, and spirits, are obtainable in the colonies of Europe, as also in those of the southern hemisphere. India teems with gold, iron, copper, lead, and coal; and in almost every settlement the grand adjuncts of commerce, coal and iron, abound.

We dwell not at this moment on the innumerable advantages which our colonies present: we advert briefly to them, merely to indicate the riches that are at our doors, if we will but wisely use them, and thus advance the happiness of mankind. With such unminded wealth—with such untasted abundance, it is folly—nay, it is wickedness, to talk of England's decay; she is but in the morning of her existence, bursting into light, and betokening a golden harvest, not only for those of her own race and lineage, but for all who desire the inappreciable blessings of a Christianized civilization.

And this brings us to a consideration of the hostility of continental Europe. What has France, or Spain, or Portugal to gain by the downfall of England? Do they think that constitutional freedom would be more secure against the encroachments of northern Europe, were the freest and most powerful kingdom on earth destroyed? Were there even

no Autocrat to threaten the people of the south and west with swarms of cossacks, Portugal would soon become an appanage of Spain, and Spain, in turn, would be added to the sovereignty of France, until the Gallic nation, incapable of maintaining so great a territorial dominion, would split into petty republics or oligarchies, and civilization would retrograde far more rapidly than it has advanced. On the other hand, would the despotic states of northern and eastern Europe long withstand the onward rush of a crusade for political liberty, if England were not at hand to check the misguided zeal of rash theorists for freedom. The determined enthusiasm of Germany, and the reckless courage of Poland, would afford the means for kindling the flames of foreign and civil war in Russia, Austria, and Prussia. There is no longer a Holy Alliance in existence, to band nations together in self-defence for some common purpose—the balance of power among the different sovereignties of Europe is becoming daily less and less effective for the preservation of the rights of each: and if peace is to be preserved in Europe, and that war of opinion which Canning predicted is to be avoided, it must be by England preserving her puissance, and acting as the arbitress of the destinies of mankind.

In the confederacy of nations, as well as among the constituency of a kingdom, there must be some chief acknowledged, for the better upholding of the rights and privileges of each. To which of the nations of Europe can that power be more safely entrusted than to England? She belongs to Europe, although not on its continent; she forms a part of the family compact of nations, yet has no personal interest in the connexion. Were the whole of Europe instantaneously engulphed by an earthquake, England would be no loser, territorially, *commercially*, or socially. But it is for the honour and advantage of England that Europe should be in peace —that its sovereigns and governments should, by every possible means, extend freedom, knowledge, and commerce. She has a common interest in the welfare of Europe, as it contains the most civilized portion of the human race; but she can have no views adverse to the internal prosperity of France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Russia, Prussia, &c.

England can never become a great continental power: even if it were possible, the attainment of such would be foreign to her objects and interests: her dominion is on the ocean,—with her fleets and colonies she can command and control, as she has before done, the coasts and commerce of all who proclaim themselves her enemies. But in no instance has England ever waged an offensive war in Europe; whenever she has been provoked into contests, it has either been for the maintenance of her principles, or in self-defence. France may desire to extend her boundaries to the Rhine, Spain to re-annex Portugal to the ancient thrones of Castile and Arragon: Austria avariciously grasps Italy: Russia daily augments her territories from the dislocated provinces of Turkey, but England seeks nothing in Europe. Whatever may be the extent of her acquisitions in other parts of the globe, the white nations have assuredly no reason to fear an encroachment on their territories and rights; and by the extension of her colonies among the dark-coloured races of the tropics, she is cheapening the luxuries of life, and enabling all Europe to profit by her exertions.

Nations should be above the petty jealousies of shopkeepers in provincial towns. The merchant of an expansive and just mind, feels that it is for his interest to have rich and enterprising neighbours, whether at home or abroad. Thus also it is with kingdoms: whatever improvement England produces in the manufacture of cotton, silk, wool, &c., or in the preparation of machinery, Europe soon feels the benefit of her skill and capital, and, without the previous labour and expense, derives the full measure of advantage from her insular neighbour.

We have thus shown that there is no just ground for the hostility which the continental powers have expressed towards England; and our future pages will develope how little England has to dread from the united hostility of every nation of Europe, were it possible for them all to combine against her. Foreigners never comprehend sufficiently our social state, or internal resources. If, by any madness, England were to be plunged into war, party feelings would soon subside, and the energies of this mighty country would be put forth with tremendous effect. We should, as before, strip every hostile nation of their colonies, sweep the seas of their vessels, and blockade their coasts. Autocrats or despotic sovereigns would soon find that their domestic condition would not be favourable to the maintenance of their present power; and that which would but consolidate our internal strength, would, if necessity required it, be made an instrument for breaking their rule.

We desire not to dwell on this subject, and have not the least intention of using minatory language; on the contrary, we wish to prove that it is the interest of every nation in Europe to be at peace with England, and it is for their direct personal good that she should maintain her colonial power and oceanic supremacy; and when we come to discuss, at a future period, our political and commercial relations with our European brethren, we shall endeavour to show how little England has to fear or to care for the hostility or friendship of her continental neighbours, apart from those general considerations which we trust will ever sway a Christian kingdom.

There will arise so many occasions for an examination of each and all the points adverted to, and for a minute inquiry into the basis of our structure, as the oldest kingdom on the earth, that we pass on

to shadow forth a brief vaticination of the future prospects of England.

Two proceedings, now in their infancy, are destined to exercise a most important influence on the future condition of this empire: the one is, the stream of emigration in the direction of the Southern Pole; the other, the flow of our commerce towards the Eastern Hemisphere; the one containing millions of acres, in a genial clime, ready for the plough; the other, myriads of comparatively civilized men, ready to supply in exchange for our manufactures, all the valuable and varied products, of the tropics. These two circumstances, in connexion with a sound monetary and fiscal system at home, will make England young again, with all the wisdom of mature age, and all the benefits of advancing science and accumulated capital. There will thus be a new spring to her existence--whatever she has before accomplished will be trifling compared to her future efforts; and with 28,000,000 of free, educated, industrious, and religious inhabitants at home, this small island in the German Ocean, will hold complete sway over the entire Eastern world.

Nor will the Western or American hemisphere be neglected; our possessions in the Northern and Southern portions of that continent, on its Atlantic and Pacific coasts; and the rich islands of its tropical seas, under the stimulus of personal freedom and constitutional liberty, will yet add materially to our resources, population, and power: and when the immense anvantages of the vast countries watered by the Orinoco and Amazon are developed, England will be prepared to participate in their enjoyment.

While our native land is intersected with railways, the wide ocean will be traversed by our steam-vessels, reducing the distance of months to weeks, and connecting by our floating bridges the continents of both hemispheres. Sooner or later, the Anglo-Saxon language will become the universal medium for communication between foreign nations, and thus give to England a perpetual presence and identification with those who now perhaps deem themselves our rivals.

By the aid of machinery, physical toil will be lessened, man, in ceasing to be a machine, will become more and more an intellectual being, and, with a full perception of the duties, as well as the enjoyments of life, political privileges may be gradually conceded, and the progress of society will be equable and happy.

England, even now, may claim the designation of the queen-mother of nations; by a just policy, the offspring of her loins will become the sinews of her strength, until like the banyan-tree of the East every fibre and shoot more effectually shields, upholds, and adorns the parent stem.

Amidst the thousand million of human beings that now inhabit this earth (independent of the myriads it is still capable of containing,) there cannot be one uninterested in the future progress of England, if England act up to the Christian principles which are the foundation of her religion. Those principles are the preservation of peace, the liberation of the slave, the judicious extension of rational freedom, and the permanent establishment of Christianity.

It was doubtless for these great and holy objects that this small island has been permitted to rise from a barbarian colony of heathen Rome, where her children were sold as slaves, to her present exalted state; and if she be but true to the dictates of that divine creed which has been revealed to man for his temporal as well as spiritual welfare, we cannot contemplate an end to her power, nor a boundary to her happiness.

It is not, therefore, for the sake of the small territorial speck called Britain, that we seek the extension and the permanence of her supremacy; it is because we believe that the destinies of mankind are intimately blended with her weal or woe, and that an awful responsibility rests upon the course which, in the exercise of a free agency, she may for the future pursue.

Cheerfully do we confess, that we feel no gloomy forebodings, there are within even this small island too many good Christians to suffer despair to creep with its noisome weeds around the heart; we believe that the salt of the earth is in Britain, and that it contains the little leaven which will yet leaven the entire mass of mankind—among whom our reverend ministers are everywhere spreading the light of a pure gospel, and preaching its comforts and blessings in every known tongue.

Finally, we desire to be actively useful in aiding towards the fulfilment of the high behests to which we believe England is called; we wish to cast our mite into the general treasury for the advancement of human happiness—and, invoking the blessing of the good upon our labours, with perfect confidence we commit the result to the disposal of that Almighty Providence who watcheth ever and governeth the universe.

ANTIQUITY.

THE outworks of the temple of God were built by the ancients, and they still stand. Our present age would sink to a fearful depth, if we did not lead our youth through the holy shrines of the antique world, the still temples of a race gone by, before we take them into the market-places and booths on which the scene of our practical life is played.

PREMATURE DEVELOPEMENT.

NOTHING is more fatal to a great mind than the too early indulgence of passion and strong emotion. A poet should keep his feelings in ice, so to speak, till he wants to use them in his writings.

(ORIGINAL.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY B. F. M.

Man is ever the most interesting object to man, and perhaps should be the *only* one that interests.
Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.

——————— a minute narrative of his sentiments and pursuits—not with study and labour—not with an affected frankness—but with a genuine confession of his little foibles and peculiarities, and a good-humored and natural display of *his own* conduct and opinions.
Expositor.

AN eminent author remarks, that the highest powers of mind are very often deficient in the only one which can make the rest of much worth in society—the power of pleasing. To this assertion, but few exceptions can be found. The possession of genius, by no means does away with the necessity of severe and rigid mental culture, although men of talent, who imagine themselves to be possessors of the *mens divinior* are apt to harbour this absurd idea. In all instances the early life of genius is a life of labour and intellectual privation. The richest soil requires the warm sun to beat upon it, and the rain to descend, in order that beauty may cover it, and vegetation abound. The noblest oak needs the dews to water, and the winds to cradle it, that the branches may spread forth their arms, and its top lift itself towards heaven. Strength and beauty to the limbs, expansion to the breast, and grace to the whole person, is not obtained by dull and listless inactivity. We have need to go forth, and breathe the vital air to shake off sloth, and train ourselves to gentle exercises—

"Like the young eaglet that its eyrie leaves
On unfledged wing, prone falls it to the earth,
Too weak to rise, till oft-repeated effort
Gives it strength, when lo! it boldly spreads
Its broad dark pinion fearlessly for flight,
And in the sun's bright blaze, with eye unblenched,
Soars upwards to the skies."

The man of genius gains strength by intense and continued mental effort, to break through the bonds which the world and its fashions throw around him, and to enter the pure and cloudless realms of bright *creation*. For the more complete manifestation of the ideas of genius, the understanding needs to be thoroughly enlightened. The mind must be "freed from all the *idols* enumerated by our great Legislator of science, (*idola tribûs, specûs foci, theatri,*) that is, freed from the limits, the passions, the prejudices, the peculiar habits of the human understanding, natural or acquired." While, then, he is disciplining himself to produce artist-like creations, he is too liable to forget the vain formalities of the fashionable world—the etiquette of the day; and while there are many more flippant tongues than his in the parlour, many who can furnish amusement to pass away a listless hour, he is content to be esteemed dull, by the butterflies of society, if thereby he may pursue, undisturbed, such studies as he deems best calculated to bring into play those vivifying powers of the mind necessary in educing the rarest and brightest gems of intellect. When relaxing from the agreeable occupations of literature and philosophy, he is better satisfied with his own familiar fireside, or in intercourse with congenial minds. "A man of letters," as Dr. Johnson observes, "for the most part, spends in the privacies of study that season of life in which the manners are to be softened into ease, and polished into elegance, and when he has gained knowledge enough to be respected, has neglected the minuter acts by which he might have pleased.

As a *poet*, he cannot pursue his vocation when surrounded by the jarring noise and tumult of this life; when he sees around and about him the busy multitude engaged in mutual strife, for selfish and base ends. It is in solitude that creative genius frees itself from the thraldom of society, and surrenders itself to the impetuous rays of an ardent imagination. There is no fear of his joining in debasing occupations, or in trampling under foot the image of God, planted within him. But in order to occupy his mind with that train of reflexion, which shall be useful and serviceable to other minds, with that intense reflection, which is the natural mood of the poet, he finds it indispensable to retire to the quiet of his own heart, to place in the back-ground the evil of his nature, and to contemplate the characters of goodness, inscribed within him. "He must live wholly for himself, wholly in the objects that delight him. Heaven has furnished him internally with precious gifts; he carries in his bosom a treasure that is ever of itself increasing; he must live wholly with this treasure, undisturbed from without, in that still blessedness, which the rich seek in vain to purchase with their accumulated stores." As the lovely and lamented L. E. L., he forgets every thing in the

world, but the subject which interests his imagination. Poetry is to him its own exceeding great reward: it soothes his afflictions, and multiplies and refines his enjoyments.

It is not surprising, then, that such men oftentimes possess no friend capable of giving the world an exact picture of the *inward springs and relations of their characters*. Very seldom do we find that the character of one engaged in preparing materials for the intellectual culture of man, and who scarcely holds with others "communion sweet and large," is so venerated and perfectly comprehended, that what is there delineated can be mirrored forth with that earnestness and simplicity which usually characterize the relations of those who unfold their own inward and outward experience. Occasionally, it is true, gratitude for favours conferred, or admiration for lofty genius, may exert over some mind a spell sufficient to excite all its efforts in setting forth and ennobling the character of a great man. The writer may be in that happy state, "when one cannot understand, how, in the woman whom he loves or the author whom he admires, any thing should be defective." Yet what appears fair to look at will not unfrequently be found to be filled with unavoidable inaccuracies.

It is rare to meet with one, who, in the calm spirit of philosophic insight, can understand a character in all its details and peculiarities, can transform himself, as it were, into the feelings of a master mind, and attain that intimate presence with a special object, which an artist must long continue in if he intend to effect any thing approaching to perfection. For such a purpose, there is need of a clear-sighted, open-hearted man, one who has himself trodden the solitary path of mental inquiry, and in the delineation of character "shall manifest, not so much his literary skill as his own beautiful nature, which can take in every object, in all its greatness and purity, and reflect it back like a clean, spotless mirror.

In such a manner alone, with the earnest inquiry wherein they excelled, and how they reached that excellence, should the characters of such men be examined. The work should not be approached in the spirit of detraction or calumny, with the desire to become acquainted with their infirmities, to know how far the lustre of their high natures was dimmed, to see in what they failed: the object and aim of all inquiry should be, what have they accomplished? have they been stimulated by the desire to advance the interests of mankind by hastening on the bright-day of intellectual refinement? Do we find in all their labours this one object—the elevation of man?

Such, then, being some of the many difficulties to be encountered by those who enter upon the perilous path of authorship, who is so well able, and with such superior hopes of success, to go forward and prosper, as he who is thoroughly acquainted with his own successive stages of youth. It may be true that most men are unacquainted with themselves; still, if such know not their own inward and outward endeavours, is it reasonable to expect that others shall? From the harmonious combinations of their faculties to promote the intellectual advancement of mankind, they have themselves participated in the benefit. Their efforts have been to render the existence of man one of complete harmony, and the influence attendant upon such endeavours has returned into their own bosoms, increased and purified, to shine forth again with redoubled brilliancy.

If such renovating duties suffice not for self-experience, this kind of knowledge will fail of ever being attained. But such is not the case. They do know better than any other the origin of their intellectual endeavours, and are usually capable of distinctly exhibiting it. They know the point at which they have aimed, and can point out to others wherein they have failed, and how far they have succeeded. They are acquainted with the particular history of each period of their literary career, the feelings and opinions which have held sway over them, and the interests and passions which have caused their intellectual activity to converge to one point.

How pleasing, as well as improving, such a self-record of deep and earnest feeling of a deservedly great man, of his high aims, his enlarged views, and the energetic manner in which he accomplished his duty, is, may be seen in the faithful and fascinating autobiography of the lamented Galt. What ecstacy of feeling, in beholding the gradual developement and upward growth of genius, to see, one by one, errors cast off and excellencies developed, the idols of the understanding laid aside, and the noble truths of reason embraced—this, too, amidst the many vicissitudes of his chequered career.

We are aware that the first productions of great minds are, very frequently, their weakest; that they afterwards conceal the imperfect and irregular efforts of their youth as unworthy of their maturer fame; and in no case can contemporary genius be better employed than in supplying the vacancy occasioned by the scrupulous nicety of the autobiographer. Not one but delights to trace their upward course; not one but could be profited by such an exercise.

We very naturally desire to become acquainted with the circumstances in which these men have been placed; the difficulties to which they have been subjected; the influence, too, which these have had in the retarding or promoting of their mental developement, and the unfolding of their creative art. If they have explored the broad view of truth with its countless rills, issuing from the purest fountains, adding their mite to the vast expanse of waters, not for the purpose of gratifying selfish curiosity, but with the noble wish to guide others to the head-spring of genius, where the mind may truly feel sublime delight, they are to be held in the highest

estimation, and to be regarded as those generous spirits

"Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That make the path before them always bright."

But if, on the contrary, their inspirations are drawn from an impure source, where the "fat weeds of sensuality are rotting," which is overhung with nightshade for ever distilling her drops into its bosom, then the avenues of open-hearted sympathy should be closed upon them. Such men justly deserve the universal detestation which awaits them. However great their mental qualities may be, however beautiful their mental creations, if they deliberately prefer to draw their inspirations from a defiled source, rather than from purity, from nature, and universal reason, they deserve to reap that corroding bitterness which it has been their endeavour to scatter in the paths of love like serenity and repose. But to have the origin of this hullucination placed vividly before our minds, to know its deleterious influence, to observe the total destruction of all generous impulses, all god-like qualities, and this, too, described by him who has openly felt the folly of the course pursued, and who, at the same time holds himself up as a warning to others, is of exceeding interest, as well as of incalculable benefit. This cannot be done by a mere observer with that openness so winning to all, with that earnestness requisite for success in such details. In another, the work must necessarily be cold and listless, wanting depth of feeling, but in the narration of one who places *his own* heart open before us, and shews us the misery caused by wrong feeling, or the anguish produced by the remembrance of vicious sentiments inculcated, will fully explain the reasonableness of his demands for attention, and benefit to be derived, as well from his warning example, as from his counsel.

May not these be, in part, the reasons for the loud demand of Lord Byron's memoirs, written by himself, at the time they were destroyed by his friend T. Moore.

Do we not feel, when reading Johnson's glowing description of the persecution endured by Savage, from his own heartless, unnatural mother, that we should like to know—not the heart-burnings occasioned by such conduct—but the influences which it had upon his literary efforts; how and in what particular instances he was stimulated to excel; how all the trials and troubles he experienced, the mortifications he endured, worked upon his mind, to compose some one particular production; to commit some specific act; to lead the life imposed upon him by bitter necessity, and to join his name to those with whom he will be ever remembered. Our curiosity must be slight, indeed, if we wish not to inquire, "how did existing circumstances modifying him from without? how did he modify them from within? with what endeavours and efficacy rule over them? with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him? What and how produced was his effect on society?"

It is pleasing and beneficial to look upon the literary man in his hours of solitude, when the enticements and blandishments of the world, its cares, deceitfulness, and unthankfulness, are all forgotton; when the social fire-side is deserted for the quiet of the study, with its attendant labours; to see the devotion with which he applies his whole powers to the execution of the work before him; to observe the pleasure which lights up his countenance, when inspired with noble ideas; he concentrates the rays of his intellect upon their perfect developement; to contemplate the character of one who, like Zimmerman, passed every hour of his life as a man who is determined not to be forgotten by posterity; of one who, like Cicero, in all his actions conceived that he was dissiminating and transmitting his fame to the remotest corners and latest ages of the world; of one who, with Milton, has reason to say, "I began thus far to assent to an inward prompting, which grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, joined with strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die." It is delightful to go with Petrarch to his celebrated retirement at Vaucluse, to enjoy with him its natural beauties, and to follow him in his enrapturing intellectual pursuits; we would rejoice to see the study, from which, though a kind friend thought his application too severe, he could not be debarred three days without endangering his health. Circumstances and events such as these, though aimed to be given in all lives, are nowhere so vividly drawn as in autobiographies.

Carlyle's Life of Schiller we think to be a genuine biography—not facts thrown together *en masse*, without any connecting link, but a series of pictures, drawn by a master hand, which bring the man, as he lived and moved among men, so clearly before us, that we cannot possibly mistake his true character. We have not, as the daguerreotype, to place the features in a particular light, that they may strike us as familiar. They immediately recur to us as *living* pictures of a *real* man. From this life we know the object and aim of this celebrated German dramatist's indefatigable perseverance and untiring efforts, the incitements attendant upon his career, and the enjoyments reaped from his incessant labours; in it, we look upon him in his retreat—not with the prying curiosity of those who watched his midnight toils—but with the wish to emulate his zeal and devotedness to literature.

Excellent, however, as is the work—and we are bold to say there is no biography superior to it—written, too, by one who entered into the feelings of this eminent author—we do not find in it the bright

sketches of circumstances connected with youthful days, the unaffected simplicity and earnestness which eminently characterize the *autobiography* of Goëthe. "To linger round the scenes and well-spring of genius, to make the accession of tributary streams, which widen and deepen the intellectual current, is the best part of mental geography;" and in this life we are enabled to watch the gradual unfolding of the mind of this great man, and to trace from hidden sources the humble rill which in time became a mighty river. The perfect simplicity of the work, and its truth to nature, attach us to the author. While we reverence Schiller, as a guide and instructor, we love Goëthe as a friend and companion. The many incidents in his life—his different loves, and other captivating memorials—are related to us in a manner so familiar, that we cannot but follow him, with increasing interest, as we proceed.

Equal to Schiller's is Godwin's life of Chaucer; we could not bestow too much praise upon this, and the biographies of Lord North, Nelson, Josephine, or Coleridge's sketch of Sir Alexander Ball, in the latter part of the Friend. But in none of these do we discover the unaffected sincerity, so many pleasing details, or such open-hearted disclosures, as are every where to be found in the autobiographies of Sir Walter Scott, Gibbon, Coleridge, Galt, Cellini, or Goethe. It is unnecessary to speak of each of these. While perusing any one of them, we almost imagine ourselves to be in the author's position. We participate in his joys and share in his sorrows; we revel in the same intellectual delights; we feel at home in his study, and become acquainted with the labours of great minds which adorn his library; we follow him when transcribing his thoughts for the benefit of others, and feel the delight which fills his breast, from the diffusion of elevated conceptions.

The interest we take in the life of Robinson Crusoe, proceeds from its possessing the characteristics which we mentioned belong to autobiographies. The manner of relating one's own adventures, in the first person, seems to level all distinctions, to make the author a personal friend, or at least an agreeable companion. Upon this principle, the life of a sailor or common soldier becomes of interest to us; we think not of his station, we remember that *he* also is a *man*. Such we conceive to be the reasons for the avidity with which all such memoirs are read by the public. Samuel Johnston, or perhaps another, used to say, there was no man on the streets whose biography he would not like to be acquainted with. No rudest mortal walking there who has not seen and known, experimentally, something, which, could he tell it, the wisest would have willingly from him. Nay, after all that can be said and celebrated about poetry, eloquence, and the higher forms of composition and utterance, is not the primary use of speech itself this same, to utter *memoirs* that is memorable experiences to our fellow creatures?"

The biographer has already discovered that his work meets with a warm reception, when filled with the author's letters, diaries, and personal memoranda. Look at that mammoth biography of Sir Walter Scott. Does it meet with fewer purchasers because it contains the Ashiestiel fragment, the letters written to his son and literary acquaintances; because it has the journal of those days, when the clouds of misfortune overshadowed him, and the bright sun of prosperity was obscured. Is not the interest heightened, and does the public scruple from its increased size, to pay the additional cost. We would ask, if Boswell's life of Johnson be the less read, because it comprises the letters to Mrs. Thrale, and others; because parts of the manuscript were occasionally placed before him to correct; because Boswell was, as some suspect, merely an amanuensis. It is as true as it is natural that men in general are of the opinion expressed by Carlyle, that if an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, the public should be made acquainted with *all the inward springs and relations of his character.*

Sparks of the same bright flame which kindled the labours of the great and good, excite within us generous sentiments and exalted ideas. The life of one such man, when conveyed by him who has experienced the difficulties and hardships, the pleasures and enjoyments recounted, usually affords the mind the richest repast. When given with openness and sincerity, and when irrepressible feelings spring up from the heart of the author, they serve to confirm, in wavering minds, the perfect truth and candour of what is recorded. Passages, such as these, are like wells of living water, springing up, and diffusing perpetual joy and gladness; they are like those "beautiful passages, out of which the pure spirit of the poet looks forth, as it were, through open sparkling eyes." The interest is heightened, too, when the writer possesses that enthusiasm, displayed in tracing from its minutest source, the advice or passing thought, or the particular action which has issued in producing invaluable benefit to himself, and through him, to the world. Thus, what would otherwise be detailed particulars, or facts in themselves of no value, would become, by the living breath of a master spirit, a perfect and perfectly combined whole. It would have the intellectual strength given it by superior mental capacity, and that coherent unity, derivable from him only who has deeply felt what he says, and wishes others to feel as deeply, that what he says is true.

By such autobiographical relations, we are enabled to "place ourselves in the author's position, and view the passing current of events with the same eyes. We become a party to his little schemes, share in his triumphs, or mourn with him in the disappointment of defeat. His friends become our friends. We learn to take an interest in their char-

acters from their relation to him. As they pass away from the stage, one after another, and as the clouds of misfortune, perhaps of disease, settle around the evening of his own day, we feel the same sadness that steals over us, on a retrospect of earlier and happier hours."

COMBATS OF ANIMALS.

At one of those sanguinary exhibitions of animal combats, I witnessed a contest between a buffalo and a tiger; the buffalo was extremely fierce, and one of the largest of its kind. It commenced the attack by rushing towards its adversary, which retreated to a corner of the arena, where, finding no escape, it sprang upon the buffalo's neck, fixing its claws in the animal's shoulder, and lacerating it in a frightful manner. It was, however, almost instantly flung upon the earth with a violence that completely stunned it, when there appeared a ghastly wound in the side, inflicted by its antagonist. The conqueror now began to gore and trample upon its prostrate enemy, which it soon despatched, and then galloped round the enclosure, streaming with blood, the foam dropping from its jaws, its eyes glancing fire, occasionally stopping, pawing the ground, and roaring with maddened fury. A small rhinoceros was next introduced, which stood at the extremity of the arena, eyeing its foe with an oblique but animated glance, though without the slightest appearance of excitement. The buffalo, having described a circuit from the centre of the ground, plunged forward towards the rhinoceros, with its head to the earth, its eyes appearing as if about to start from their sockets. Its wary antagonist turned to avoid the shock of this furious charge, and just grazed the flank of the buffalo with its horn, ploughing up the skin, but doing no serious mischief. It now champed and snorted like a wild hog, and its eyes began to twinkle with evident expressions of anger. The buffalo repeated the charge, one of its horns coming in contact with its adversary's shoulder; which, however, was protected by so thick a mail that this produced no visible impression. The rhinoceros, the moment it was struck, plunged its horn with wonderful activity and strength into the buffalo's side, crushing the ribs and penetrating to the vitals; it then lifted the gored body from the ground and flung it to the distance of several feet, where the mangled animal almost instantly breathed its last. The victor remained stationary, eyeing his motionless victim with a look of stern indifference; but the door of his den being opened he trotted into it, and began munching some cakes which had been thrown to him as a reward for his conduct in so unequal a contest.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO A FALLING STAR

BY JAMES HOLMES.

I ONCE saw a Lunatic Maiden looking up of a clear night at a brilliant sky; suddenly a falling star attracted her attention; she struck her hands wildly together, and *looked* the words which follow:

Oh! hasten hither thou falling star,
And bear me away with thee;
I care not where, so it be but far
From Earth and its misery.

The moon is up, and the sky is bright
With numberless orbs like thee,
Say why, this lustrous and lovely night,
Do'st fly their gay company?

Perchance art doom'd through the realms of day
A wanderer lone to roam?
Companions, then—let us cheer the way,—
For neither have I, a home!

But ah! thou'rt gone? As the human-heart—
As cold—are the Stars above!—
As sharp the pang, and as barb'd the dart,
As though 'twere an Earth-scorn'd love.

'Twas always thus! Ah! in mercy, Death!
My thread of existence sever:—
The only pray'r of my parting breath
Shall be, to sleep on, forever!

But hush! calm, calm, this querulous plaint:—
Proud Heart! bid thy pulse be still!
Let not the eye of the spy see faint
The sternly resolute will!

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

She glanc'd around with a moisten'd eye,
Then sought the umbrageous shade—
But not unheard was a deep-drawn sigh,—
Alas! for the Lunatic Maid.

ORIGIN OF POETRY.

POETRY must have its origin in life and in experience, not in schools. Like Cervantes and Shakspeare, the poet must go through all stations and employments, and mix among all conditions of men, and then take his colours and paint, not colours themselves, that is, his own ideas of the world and of poetry, but what he has seen and heard.

EFFECTS OF ARTIFICIAL LIFE.

LIVING much in artificial society reminds me of a country-dance, in which you keep moving up and down, and give your hand to every lady for a moment, and withdraw it.

PHŒBE MAY'S DREAM.

A FAERY TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LION."

There's pansies—that's for thoughts!

Hamlet.

O gentle one's! come back, we need your smiles
To lighten our night wanderings.

Fairies on the Seashore.

The angel hath not left her!

The Duchess De Vallière.

I MUST now tell how many miles west of the pleasant town of Tewkesbury stands Tranby Hall; for the last surviving members of the family—a couple of aged persons who still retain the same retired habits and love of solitude as earned for their forefathers long ago the name of the Silent Tranbys—would hardly forgive me were I to lay their ancient mansion open to the stare of the hundreds of idle people who roam about England in these travelling days. And none among the tourists—no, not even William Howitt himself, who would think nothing of walking across from Tintagel in Cornwall to Branxholm on the Border, were an antique house, visited by few, promised to him—have seen any thing so precious, so entire, so stately, as Tranby Hall. Chamber upon chamber, with oriels and huge chimnies and faded pictures and cabinets smelling of the East—staircase above staircase, leading up to that last narrowest one, which shows you Master Giles Tranby's Hole, a quaint hiding-place, betwixt a pair of chimney-stacks—here a couple of gaunt druid stones, worked up into the house-wall—there, a window traceried over by an apricot-tree, out of which Richard Lion-Heart leaned once upon a time to look upon archery in the park—beyond, the goblin-closet, walled up, when neither Miss Lettice nor Miss Abigail Tranby could tell, but ever since a Jew had there cruelly murdered one of Master Jervis Tranby's children, in revenge for a blow given him in Spain—carved settees, and chests full of old garments—book upon book of yellow papers, traversed with damps, stains, and pierced through and through by the busy worm—and the skulls of the six priests who made the vow to pluck the Grand Turk by the beard, (of all which matters another time)—with its chambers, and its furniture, and its relics, I know of nothing so perfect as Tranby Hall. Forbid it, that such a haunt of old-world gentility and tradition should become common—a thing for writers to peck at and critics to flout!

Many a good year has come and gone since the gardens of Tranby Hall—none fairer in the shire!—were kept by Phœby May's father—for Master May was only known or spoken of as being parent to the most exquisite creature that ever shamed flowers with her fresh colour, and the dancing leaves of trees by her graceful, sprightly motions. Her picture shows her not half well enough—and if so deft an artist has failed, what hope of a musty old chronicler like me that he should do better with his pen? Pass we then her looks—pass we then her blithe voice, and her heart, true and clear as the morning, and her wondrous innocence, and her shrewd wit withal—pass we all the love for her that was felt for miles and miles round, when her name was spoken—the bachelors whose eyes wandered when she was in church—the wise old men who would have been too thankful to have been shown to the world as old fools, for her sake. East and west, far and near, on this or the other side of the sea, there was never any one of such a fresh and young beauty, both mind and body, as sweet, sweet Phœbe May! Never was any one less spoiled, more thrifty, more diligent, more useful. Ere she was twelve years of age, she could beat her father in gardening—ere she was seventeen, the decay of his wits threw the whole care of the Tranby pleasances into her hands. And never, spring, summer, autumn—nay, and even winter also—had they been so fresh, so blossomy, so teeming with delicate colours and scents, with rich old English flowers and new ones from beyond the sea hard to name, as when Phœbe May was queen of them. Pity that none was at home to praise her care! The heir of Tranby still lingered abroad, having never been at his birth-place betwixt the ages of seven—when, on his father's decease, he was taken thence by a tutor—and three-and-twenty, when he was looked for anxiously, having been for two years strangely sojourning among the Moors. If neighbours, however, would say admiringly to Phœbe how much they wished the heir to return to recompense her, she would laugh cheerfully as she answered: "I tend my children," (those were her flowers,) "for their own sakes, not his; and who knows but his coming may bring with it trouble?"

The eve of the heir of Tranby's arrival was come. It was a gorgeous July night, with all the splendours of heaven and earth fully unfolded; the very weather

for revellings and rejoicings in the open air. But these had been strictly forbidden. The master's humour was to come home without ceremony or welcome—none knew by what gate or at what hour—and heads were shaken when the strict orders were promulgated, that all the tenantry should keep within doors after sunset.

"Never say a good word for him, Phœbe," said one of the gossips to our gardener's daughter, who was excusing so unwonted a privacy, after maiden's fashion, that is, out of contradiction; "never say a good word for him! A thief creeping back to his hiding place could do no worse. And they hindered thee decking the south parlour and the vast tapestried chamber (belike he will sleep there) with bowpots. A bad beginning, I say, a bad beginning!"

Now, though Phœbe had nothing to reply or answer to this contempt of her flowers, she thought all the more of the matter; and thus it was that, when nine o'clock struck, she bethought herself of some curious lilies that were haply not covered, and for which English nights are too chill—and, having crept out into the parterre, and marking how exquisitely fell the moon athwart the grass in a long avenue, which opened thence by a wicket gate, she could not but just step thither to listen for the sound of horses' feet. Should there be the slightest hoof-tramp no one quicker to fly than modest Phœbe. But no—all was still—so still, that the falling of the dew was almost heard. Never was such a lovely night. The moon was at full, and the richly clad trees gleamed like piles of emeralds. You could see the smallest blossoms among the grass, where many wild flowers had been transplanted by Phœbe. On she stole until the Hall was quite out of sight. There were none to miss her in the gardener's cottage, and she had quite forgotten Master Tranby's orders in her wonder at the beauty of the mid-summer landscape. As she crept further and further away into the lonely moonshine, she could fancy that she saw the violets springing countlessly on every side of her. Never had the great woodbine been so thickly mantled with a sheet of pale gold as that night. That early blowing fox-glove, too! how full it was of bloom! and as she watched it, a sudden breath of quicker air made all its purple blossoms wave, and nod, and whisper as it were, in gesture and sound of welcoming. "Nay, then," said she, half laughing, half trembling at the sound of her own sweet voice, "if the fairy-caps invite me to loiter, I had better pass no further." And, yielding to the pleasure of the hour—though any thing but bold amid the bright, broad, lonely silence, chequered with rich shadows—down sate the maiden at the foot of a great oak-tree.

She knew not how long she sate there, because the music that was now loud and close in her ears had approached so gradually, that she had been drawn in to listen unawares, and you all know how time passes when one is listening. It was a wild tune, with an odd, broken measure, one, nevertheless, so distinctly marked, that she, too, could have got up and marched to it. But a stronger impulse, not exactly of fear, held her still, while, sounded on tiny cornets, and with the tinkling as it were of vine tendrils, intermixed so as to support the long notes, nearer and more near came the faery music. And though Phœbe watched so eagerly, she thought her eye-strings must break, yet somehow or other, she knew not exactly at what precise moment it was, that every flower had grown a banner, crimsoned, and gilt, and scutcheoned—for the elves also have their heraldry—every green leaf a tent of the thickest-piled emerald velvet, and that pyramid of fox-glove a throne royal in its garniture, its crimson canopies all hung with diamond tears, which made a musical as well as a glittering fringe. To have moved hand or foot would have been to disturb or throw down some portion of this marvellous camp, so Phœbe refrained herself, and, though blushing with excitement till she was redder than a rose, sate still and awaited what might come next.

You will ask me of what fashion were the personages for whom these marvellous decorations were provided. Now, whether it was that Phœbe was charged with some spell never to describe the small beings whom she beheld, or whether the glistening of all their jewellery, and the sweet mingled sound of their music, so bewildered her that she could take no note of form or figure, I cannot rightly declare. Certain it was that, to her dying day, she would never own to having SEEN any being, though she repeated freely enough what talk she had heard. The voices, she said, were very small, but O! of so ravishing a sweetness! purer than any human voices, deeper than the senseless chirrup of birds, with here and there a tone of melancholy to be heard, as belonging to a wanderer far away from his own land. Answering one of these sadder speakers: "What danger can there be awaiting one so pretty and gentle?" said a pleasant little talker, with a note sharp as a trumpet's. "Look you not, how still she sits in the white moonshine, and how she smiles! Danger! I and my sisters will protect her. We Pansies are a large and busy family, and much hath she done for our nurture!"

"Alas!" was the mellow and mournful answer, "these earth creatures are not as innocent as thou! There is mischief, and evil, perhaps shame, at this moment on the highway to Tranby Hall, and may be, also, to the sweet gardener's daughter. They have a thing they call love, and alas! and alas! doleful it is for all that bear the name of women!"

"Have done with thy croaking, Iris!" cried the sprightlier and smaller creature; "since thy sisters have grown so dark-hued, thou hast never pleasanter tales than of tears and blood and sorrow! Have done! were master Tranby the Metal King himself, —and thou knowest how cruel he is to us innocent

flowers, poisoning the sweet earth till no food be left therein for us, so that we die of the harsh and acrid soil—for sweet Phœbe May's sake I and my sisters would band together, unbeliever! ay, and foil him! No wrong shall happen to her, so long as dew falls and grasses spring; and a chorus of many mellow voices went on, and replied briskly, "No wrong to Phœbe May!"

"What could ye do, poor positive flowers?" said the other voice, hoarse and melancholy as evening's complaint, "and he so dark and so wicked? Heard ye not what one of the stranger winds that passed this way a night or two ago whispered concerning the Saracen maiden, by him betrayed and destroyed in far Palestine, and how it murmured again and again, '*I talk of a nameless tomb in the desert!*' What could ye do, were he to look upon Phœbe May? for in this is he like our enemy, the Metal King, that whatever he looketh upon he withers."

"We would warn her! we would foreshow to her the danger which threatened her! One of us shall sit at the root of every pansy in her garden; and when peril is nigh, then shall the black blossoms come out and talk to her of it—and when falsehood, that sallow brown, ye know of—and white shall stand for innocence—and blue for love, constant though it be humble—and violet for melancholy—and when all shall be well with her, we will don our liveries of royal purple, which is triumph, and of gold, which is wealth. But in rank shall not be her triumph, nor in money-bags her wealth. And, thus well warned, her own pure heart and unbroken trust shall deliver her. No wrong to sweet Phœbe May!" And the elves took the word up yet louder than before, until the music of their tongues, becoming at once more intense and more lulling, subdued her into a strange dreaminess, and the glory of the Faery Court seemed to wane. Whether it had altogether passed, she could never distinctly recollect—but there was a shock, a pause, the flash of many torches, the treading of many feet, the talking of many loud men. Said a deep voice, "Do the Tranby oaks bear acorns such as this?" And when Phœbe May was thoroughly aroused from her dream, she was aware that a tall, dark, noble-looking gentleman, richly dressed in a foreign fashion, was lifting her tenderly up from the chill turf upon which she had been lying.

"Take her home, Beaudevis, saidst thou? Her home tonight shall be the best chamber in Tranby Hall. I tell thee I had forgotten how fair the cheek and lip of an English maiden may be.....and her little hand, with the flower so fast clenched in it—heartsease! O, doubtless a love tryst!—and she shall not have kept it in vain—shall she, Beaudevis?"

It was known in the morning that the Master of Tranby had come back: it was known in the morning that sweet Phœby May was missing—but none could tell where to seek for her, and none could tell by what precise door, or at what precise hour, the long-absent lord had entered the mansion of his forefathers. Nay, there were mysteries beyond these: for so large a retinue of foreign domestics appeared in his train, and the old ones were so peremptorily thrust aside by them, that it was unknown, save to some of that outlandish troop, in which chamber Master Tranby had slept—what he had eaten on his arrival—and so late as noon on the second day. the amazed and discomfitted old English servants were gathered in the stone hall by twos and threes, quarrelling how many inches tall he might be, and of what colours were his eyes and hair, so little had they seen of him. They were not even sure, some of them, that they had as yet seen him at all! that he was even yet in the mansion house!—and the men swore and murmured, and the women shed tears and crossed themselves. Little recked they, amid all their doubts and disputes, that their lord found nothing so pleasant on returning home as playing the jailor to sweet Phœbe May. His hand had conducted her to that secret chamber, the Queen's closet, meaning doubtless to lead her further, had she not nimbly bolted the door ere he could step in with her; and his eye it was that now watched that door. Having sent her in food—and disdaining for the moment any show of constraint, or any great trouble of wooing—he was still, though as I said it was noon, pacing the outer chamber, and murmuring to himself. "What next? Were I only across the sea.....and thou sayest she wept, Beaudevis, when thou tookest in to her the flask and the white loaf. My pretty shepherdess, I dare aver, never tasted such muscadelle before. She will weep for many days—and who may she be, Beaudevis?"

"Here has been an old savage my lord," answered the convenient lackey, still speaking French, "clamoring against the blue coats and red noses in the hall below, about his daughter who has run away from him—the gardener, I fancy. *Blessed are they that find*, saith the priest—should we not let her go?"

"The priest said well; for I found her, as thou knowest, Beaudevis," was the answer; and Master Tranby looked dark, though he smiled while he spoke. "A gardener's daughter, and with such a fair white skin! See she be well warded and respectfully treated; and thy head upon thy concealment of her being here from those dotards down below. I will talk with her tomorrow."

"Talk with her! this foggy English climate makes us ceremonious forsooth!" said Beaudevis with a sneer, looking after Master Tranby as the latter quitted the chamber. But Beaudevis knew not, that Martha May, Phœbe's mother, had nursed that bold, fickle, silent libertine at her bosom, else might he, too, perhaps have taken up in another tone

the Fairies' ditty—"No wrong to sweet Phœbe May!"

An assault is none the less perilous because it is carried on slowly and delicately. I cannot trace Master Tranby's step by step. Let the man unriddle why he, the desired of so many proud ladies of all countries, should be so entirely taken up with a simple untutored girl, whose only books were the flower-beds, which, with tears, she entreated to be permitted to read once more. Let the women, also, find a reason why she—true, simple, pure, beyond a thought's suspicion—could so easily be won.....to listen to the talk of Master Tranby; and why, day by day—still true, still simple, still pure—a willingness crept upon her to be satisfied by the assurances of her persecutor that all she loved were well, and received daily tidings of her, and were well content to lose her for a while, knowing that it was for her profit. Yet things were thus. O, could the rich read the thoughts of some among the lowly, and perceiving how there be those of mean estate, who are more tempted by vague imaginings than themselves by their distinct worldly desires—to whom the speech of a trained tongue is like God's words—and one pressure of a smooth hand, a persuasion more subtle than whole orations of flattery among their betters—in whom the sight and the touch of all that is beautiful, and the refined, and the pleasurable, awaken those passions and cravings which the rich, out of breeding and custom, have never known in all their fulness—would they not sometimes be more kind, more charitable, more forgiving in judging of the faults of their poor brethren? I trust so, indeed; and yet the hearts of some are hard as the nether millstone.

Phœbe May was not won; but, from fearing Master Tranby much, she had began to fear him less, and, from sickening of her captivity, to content herself with thinking, "*He will perhaps talk three and a half hours with me tomorrow;*" and, from weeping when she thought of the empty chair on the right hand of the old man, her father, to contrive sweet and dutiful messages, in which was some small mention of benefits she might one day be able to confer upon him. Nothing was there in her attendance to displease her, two elderly foreign women being always with her: nay, one of them keeping close to her tapestry work, though Master Tranby was there, and all but wooing her, to listen, and to cherish her beauty for his sake, and giving her a thousand subtle reasons why it was prudent that for a while she should be secluded. There had been words abroad touching some love passages betwixt Phœbe May and a handicraftsman in the village, and these, both agreed, must spread no further, or else.... for I will not say that, for a moment's space bewildered, the gardener's daughter might not, in a dream, vision herself Lady of Tranby!

It was now the twelfth day of Phœbe's captivity—two days more, and the worn-out trick of a false marriage might be tried without much risk of failure. So agreed Beaudevis, chiming in with his lord's humor, and shrugging his shoulders the while. Nay, so sure was Master Tranby that there was now hardly left in his bird a wish to break her prison, that, trusting to the watch and ward of his outlandish followers—woe to all orderly English houses when such enter the same!—he would needs go a-riding in the park, for popularity's sake, taking with him some of his home retinue. But as the train galloped ovér dale and down—past the church where his stainless mother was lying—through the village, where the corpse of a broken-hearted old man, who had quickly pined to death for his lost daughter, had been that morning carried—it was all the same with him; and the birds need not have sung so cheerily, and the sun need not have shone so brightly, and the green trees need not have waved with so sweet a murmur. It was Phœbe May, and only Phœbe May! I will not tell you what thoughts were busy in her heart that morning.

Tranby Hall, I have said, was that morning emptied of all the old serviters, who, poor fools! in their joy conceived that the day of "those black Italians" was all but over, now that their lord called them round him again. Seeing this, Beaudevis, himself heartily tired of playing the part of head jailor, to beguile the hours, permitted the prisoner to take the air in a long portrait gallery, which divided the mansion in twain, north and south. Right glad was Phœbe of such permission; and the dangerous knave profited by her gladness, and by the respect in which, since childhood, she had held the haughty old portraits of the Tranbys, which frowned upon her as she tripped down the gallery, still further to delude her poor brain by artful suggestions of what she might do one day, were she to reign there. "And none," said he, "of those worshipful personages was one half so worthy to queen it as thine own sweet self." And Phœbe sighed and hung her head—the dream was so charming!

There were doors all down the gallery, now most of them locked, which opened this way and that into the other rooms and passages. Coming near one, a slight thing awakened the notice of Phœbe. A locksmith had been mending one of the fastenings that morning, and with a few wood shavings where he had been working, there was also still a trifle of the earth from his heavy country shoes. But it was not these she regarded. As villagers will oftentimes carry a bloom in their button-holes—a sweet custom, though with them but a habit—so, having probably fallen thence, there lay upon the floor, among the shavings and the earth a dying flower, a thing certain to catch the maiden's eye. She ran, she stooped, she raised it. It was a black heartsease!

No more than this was needed to bring her back

to herself, to awaken in her mind the peaceful knowledge of the gulph within whose circle she had already slipped. It was not only the sight of one of her garden playthings which restored to her her innocency, but it was the memory of that strange dream, so strangely forgotten, and it was a sense that guardianship was over her, because peril was at hand!—peril which she had stupidly and submissively toyed with and courted—peril leading to ineffable shame! nay, the shame of which might already be past remedy—peril which it now sickened her to look upon, near at hand, around her, not to be escaped from! And then came the more bitter thoughts of all she neglected, of all she had forgotten. Of the changes which passed over her face, as these things overswept her mind like a torrent and a doom. Beaudevis knew little, for he was admiring Master Tranby's cast-off roses in his own pantoufles. For a moment she stood as firm fixed as one of the images of Dame Lucy Tranby's tomb, whereof such account is made in the country; then, pressing her hand to her temples, as though pierced by the sharpest pain, she tottered down the gallery, praying that the earth would open and hide her folly. Then came the agony of hope. It was not all over! She was not lost! She would escape—there was time! means could not be so difficult, watched as she was. And behold! as if to answer the thought which darted through her mind, her ear, quickened by terror and conscience, caught a slight noise in the last chamber, to which a door from the eastern side of the gallery opened; and ere Beaudevis could overtake or hinder her, her hand was upon the lock, and the door gave way, and she had passed in hastily; and there, before an ancient coffer on his knees, was the help which Heaven had sent her!

He was not aware for a single second that any one was behind him, but the angry cry of Beaudevis: "Mad girl! what are you about?" made him look up, and his eye fixed itself on Phœbe May—fixed itself with horror more than surprise: till then it had never beheld her save with a worshipping deference. For this, as the Almighty ordained it, was the handicraftsman I told of, who, for so many long years, had followed her like a distant shadow, could such a thing be.

"You are angry with me, William—you despise me!" cried she passionately, breaking from Beaudevis, and falling on her knees before that homely man, in his sullied doublet; "but save me! take me hence! Before our stainless Virgin, I am innocent!"

"Keep back, painted coxcomb!" cried the man, menacing Beaudevis with the mallet he held in his hand. "As the young woman has called upon me, were she ever so lost, I will do her bidding." And then, turning rudely towards Phœbe, who lay still at his feet, not unlike the fallen flower she had herself raised but a second before, "Take thee hence!" he said; "it is now somewhat late. Thou hadst better been beside thy poor old father, in the churchyard, than as I see thee!"

"My poor old father!" cried Phœbe; "dost thou threaten me? I deserve it! I deserve it!"

"Nay, no threatenings. When he was sick was the time for those! now he is past wrath and repentance. Come along home, if thou makest no sport of me! There is no one there now to weep for thee! Once more," (this to Beaudevis,) "keep back, I tell thee! Raise the house, an thou wilt; I carry Phœbe May hence! Ye will not so easily get quit of an honest man!" and he put his left arm, as tenderly as though he had been a woman, round the waist of the stunned and weeping girl, and, with his strong right hand clenched—marry, it was weapon few Frenchmen would have loved to face—walked sturdily down the chamber, driving Beaudevis, whose courage lay but in his rapier's point, before them. The lackey swore oaths horrible to hear, and shouted for his mates, and a noise was presently heard like the stir in a hive, among all those false and foul creatures, becoming more and more turbulent as they neared the top of the grand staircase. Something, it seemed, was going on in the hall below, for, though many voices answered to the call of Beaudevis, no one appeared. The three, therefore, descended, Brown William (as he was called) with the gardener's daughter in his arms. She had now fainted!

But what a sight would she have seen below had it been otherwise! The hall was entirely crowded with the old English domestics of Master Tranby, and his foreign followers, all so engaged, that the one noticed not the re-appearing of the lost flower, nor the other interfered to prevent her escape. For there in the midst of his countrymen and strangers, stretched upon a litter hastily woven of the boughs of trees, lay the lord of the demain, so disfigured by the blood which had flowed over his face, and the dust among which he had rolled, when falling from his horse, as to look most ghastly. A priest was beside him, doing his best to make the dull ears receive a prayer and a holy word or so; beyond the priest, a leech, who, looking from the litter, said, answering some one, "Five minutes now, and all is over!"

Now it might be seen of what stuff were the old servitors of the house, of what the rabble brought from foreign lands by the misguided Lord, whose rule in his father's place was so awfully cut short. Those had prayers, and tearful eyes, and obedient ministry, for they pitied one so young, so darkly summoned away; these were already looking about for what they might purloin, or counting on their fingers the arrears of money due to them, or in noisy curiosity clamouring to be told what had happened—Beaudevis, even, no better than the rest. "Who ever heard of our Lord falling from his horse be-

fore!" was his cry with a sneer; "did a woman cross his path?"

"And who ever heard of a handful of flowers in a hedgerow side making so sure-footed a creature as his brave Pompey stumble? See, he must have clutched at them to save himself; for look, in his hand is something, I declare, Beaudevis—a *pensee!* Will he carry it yonder with him, thinkest thou," and the speaker pointed downward, "as a token for the pretty heathen he loved so well!"

"Be silent," said the aged priest severely. "Doth not God's warning rebuke your wicked talk? How know ye what is labouring on his mind? Be silent! I say. He is about to speak!"

And it was so. Master Tranby made one last effort, as if to raise himself, and was heard to mutter passionately some words in the Eastern tongue: the priest said a woman's name was among them, also the names of evil spirits. Then opening his eyes, the light whereof was fast fading, he said in English, clearly enough to be heard by all present, "Is Phœbe May there? I cannot see her. Let all know, that, as surely as I am going to everlasting punishment, she is stainless as when her mother bore her . . . . . What I would, indeed . . . . . but it is done. Salmeh! I am coming . . . . . coming!" . . . . . and with that he fell slowly, heavily back, and spoke no more. He was presently a corpse.

It was once more a holiday under the oak-tree in the long avenue, and the glorious hunter's moon lit up at elfin revel, yet more splendidly than the lamp of midsummer night had done, and the merriment of those tiny lords and ladies exceeded that which Phœbe May had listened to in her dream; seeing that the later flowers of the year are always the gayest, as if time was precious when the long sleep of cold winter was at hand. So, too, with men, the last hours of a festival are always the blithest! There was laughter enough to make dance the one or two leaves which had already fallen; and such never-ending roundelays, and such a ceaseless tripping, as, I verily believe, was never before—as I know hath never been since—in Fairyland!

"Fresh dew!" cried the odd little voice of one almost tipsy with its own merriment, "it will soon be too cold for such a draught. Fresh dew to drink the health of sweet Phœbe May and honest William Longfield! Give Iris the largest bellful! Did I not tell you, you cross, sad creature that you are! that no wrong should befall her? No pure maiden shall ever be betrayed, be the danger ever so pressing, or the flatterer a Master Tranby's self, so long as the sight of us brings back to her, her old, and simple, and holy affections."

"Hark, there! cried another voice. "How bold we are grown to be sure, and setting ourselves up, forsooth, as shrewder than other flowers, ever since our friend Will, the poet, put us in his verse: '*There's pansies; that's for thoughts!*' But never mind: health and happy wedlock to sweet Phœbe May and honest William Longfield!"

THE LONE INDIAN.

BY MRS. CHILD.

"A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again."

Bryant.

POWONTONAMO was the son of a mighty chief. He looked on his tribe with such a fiery glance, that they called him the Eagle of the Mohawks. His eye never blinked in the sunbeam, and he leaped along the chase like the untiring waves of the Niagara. Even when a little boy, his tiny arrow would hit the frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down the humming bird on her, rapid wing. He was his father's pride and joy. He loved to toss him high in his sinewy arms, and shout, "Look, Eagle-eye, look! and see the big hunting grounds of the Mohawks! Powontonamo will be their chief. The winds will tell his brave deeds. When men speak of him they will not speak loud; but as if the Great Spirit had breathed in thunder."

The prophecy was fulfilled. When Powontonamo became a man, the fame of his beauty and courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and even the distant Osage showed his white teeth with delight, when he heard the wild deeds of the Mohawk Eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous, and kind. When the white men came to buy land, he met them with an open palm, and spread his buffalo for the traveller. The old chiefs loved the bold youth, and offered their daughters in marriage. The eyes of the young Indian girls sparkled when he looked on them; but he treated them all with the stern indifference of a warrior, until he saw Soonseetah raise her long dark eyelash. Then his heart melted beneath the beaming glance of beauty. Soonseetah was the fairest of the Oneidas. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight graceful figure was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up and shake off its dew-drops, after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile disdainfully, and say, "Soonseetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?" When they offered her food, according to the Indian custom, her answer was, "Soonseetah has not seen all the warriors. She will eat with the bravest." The hunters told the young Eagle

that Sunny-eye of Oneida was beautiful as the bright birds in the hunting land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powontonamo listened to these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his fur-edged mantle, and placed his firm, springy foot forward, so that the beads and shells of his rich moccasin might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war-song. If there were vanity in the act, there was likewise becoming pride. Soonseetah heard of his haughty smile, and resolved in her own heart that no Oneida should sit beside her, till she had seen the chieftain of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate furs and shining shells to the young coquette of the wilderness. She did not raise her bright melting eye to his, when he came near her; but when he said, "will the Sunny-eye look on the gift of a Mohawk? his barbed arrow is swift; his foot never turned from the foe;" the colour on her brown cheek was glowing as an autumnal twilight. Her voice was like the troubled note of the wren, as she answered, "the furs of Powontonamo are soft and warm to the foot of Soonseetah. She will weave the shells in the wampum belt of the Mohawk Eagle." The exulting lover sat by her side, and offered her venison and parched corn. She raised her timid eye, as she tasted the food; and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny-eye would be his wife.

There were feasting and dancing, and the marriage song rang merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Oneida came among them. Powontonamo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fattest deers of the forest, and load her with the ribbons and beads of the English. The prophets of his people liked it not that the strangers grew so numerous in the land. They shook their heads mournfully, and said, "the moose and the beaver will not live within sound of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes, and the Indians must follow their trail." But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said, "the land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it." Yet, when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the strokes of the axe levelling the old trees of his forests. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought he had perchance done him much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

One day, he left his home before the grey mist of morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar star was bright in the heavens ere he returned; yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scared the beasts of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powontonamo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soonseetah; he did not speak to her boy; but silent and sullen, he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep; but the muscles of his face betrayed the struggle within his soul. The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her little hand upon his brawny shoulder, as she asked, 'why is the Eagle's eye on the earth? What has Soonseetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?" Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness deepened, as he answered: "The Eagle has taken a snake to his nest: how can his young sleep in it?" The Indian boy, all unconscious of the forebodings which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear.

The heart of the generous savage was full, even to bursting. His hand trembled, as he placed it on the sleek black hair of his only son. "The Great Spirit bless thee! the Great Spirit bless thee. and give thee back the hunting ground of the Mohawk!" he exclaimed. Then folding him, for an instant, in an almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and darted from the wigwam.

Two hours he remained in the open air, but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his noble and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad, the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees, under which he had frolicked in infancy, sported in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of battle? They formed the English boat, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the hoary sacrifice-heaps of his people? The stones were taken to fence in the land, which the intruder dared to call his own. Where was his father's grave? The stranger's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where was his once powerful tribe? Alas, in the white man's wars they joined with the British, in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home; others had joined distant tribes; and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brethren, consented to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections; and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English swarmed like vultures around the dying. "It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he. "The Englishman's God made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he is like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail."

When Powontonamo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye with more kindness than the savage generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her that she must not ask the grief

which had put a woman's heart within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle.

The next day, when the young chieftain went out on a hunting expedition, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer: "Powow," said he, "your squaw has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't like it over much." It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's insolence. "Listen, Buffalo-head," shouted he; and as he spoke, he seized the shaggy pate of the unconscious offender, and eyed him with the concentrated venom of an ambushed rattlesnake; "listen to the chief of the Mohawks! These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his cursed foot-print in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of Iroquois and Abnaquis. The wigwams of the noble Delawares were thick, where the soft winds dwell. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequods; and the Illinois, the Miamies, and warlike tribes, like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man struck you then, your tribes would have been as dry grass to the lightning! Go—shall the Sunny-eye of Oneida ask the pale face for a basket?' He breathed out a quick, convulsive laugh, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips, as he shook the farmer from him, with the strength and fury of a raging panther.

After that, his path was unmolested, for no one dared to awaken his wrath; but a smile never again visited the dark countenance of the degraded chief. The wild beasts had fled so far from the settlements, that he would hunt days and days without success. Soonseetah sometimes begged him to join the remnant of Oneidas, and persuade him to go far off, toward the setting sun. Powontonamo replied, "this is the burial-place of my fathers;" and the Sunny-eye dared say no more.

At last, their boy sickened and died of a fever he had taken among the English. They buried him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks of the Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave, without a tear. "He must lie near the water," said the desolate chief, "else the white man's horses will tread on him."

The young mother did not weep, but her heart had received its death-wound. The fever seized her, and she grew paler and weaker every day. One morning, Powontonamo returned with some delicate food he had been seeking for her. "Will Soonseetah eat?" said he. He spoke in a tone of subdued tenderness; but she answered not. The foot which was wont to bound forward to meet him, lay motionless and cold. He raised the blanket which partly concealed her face, and saw that the Sunny-eye was closed in death. One hand was pressed hard against her heart, as if her last moments had been painful. The other grasped the beads which the Eagle had given her in the happy days of courtship. One heart-rending shriek was wrung from the bosom of the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately as ever a white man loved. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the necklace from her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put back the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence. Then he arose, and carried it from the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of his lost boy; laid the head of Soonseetah towards the rising sun; heaped the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people.

Night was closing in, and still the bereaved Mohawk stood at the grave of Sunny-eye, as motionless as its cold inmate. A white man as he passed, paused, and looked in pity on him. "Are you sick?" asked he. "Yes; me sick. Me very sick here," answered Powontonamo, laying his hand upon his swelling heart. "Will you go home?" "*Home!*" exclaimed the heart-broken chief, in tones so thrilling, that the white man started. Then, slowly, and with a half vacant look, he added, "Yes; me go home. By and by me go home." Not another word would he speak; and the white man left him, and went his way. A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam.

The next day a tree, which Soonseetah had often said was just as old as their boy, was placed near the mother and child. A wild vine was straggling among the loose stones, and Powontonamo carefully twined it around the tree. "The young oak is the Eagle of the Mohawks," he said; "and now the Sunny-eye has her arms around him." He spoke in the wild music of his native tongue; but there was none to answer. "Yes; Powontonamo will go home," sighed he. "He will go where the sun sets in the ocean, and the white man's eyes have never looked upon it." One long, one lingering glance at the graves of his kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade farewell to the land of his fathers.

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For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but just thirty years after the death of Soonseetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonamo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Alas! the white man's axe had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now yellow and withering was falling to the ground. A deep groan

burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years, he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boats of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war-path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed; the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited, only by stealth, during thousands and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn; the long lines of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on, the leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he. "Where is the squaw and the papoose of the red man? They are here?" As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying, he broke his bowstring, snipped his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers, and departed for ever.

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None ever knew where Powontonamy laid his dying head. The hunters from the west said, a red man had been among them, whose tracks were far off toward the rising sun; that he seemed like one who had lost his way, and was sick to go home to the Great Spirit. Perchance, he slept his last sleep where the distant Mississippi receives its hundred streams. Alone, and unfriended, he may have laid him down to die, where no man called him brother; and the wolves of the desert, long ere this, may have howled the death-song of the Mohawk Eagle.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty is the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

BOERHAAVE.

HERMAN BOERHAAVE, one of the greatest physicians, and best of men, was born in Holland, in the year 1668. This illustrious person, whose name has spread throughout the world, and who left at his death above £200,000 sterling, was, at first setting out in life, obliged to teach the mathematics to obtain a necessary support. His abilities, industry, and great merit soon gained him friends, placed him in easy circumstances, and enabled him to be bountiful to others.

The knowledge and learning of this great man, however uncommon, hold, in his character, but the second place; his virtue was yet much more uncommon than his literary attainments.

He was too sensible of his weakness to ascribe anything to himself, or to conceive that he could subdue passion, or withstand temptation, by his own natural power: he attributed every good thought, and every laudable action to the father of goodness. Being once asked by a friend, who had often admired his patience under great provocation, whether he had ever been under the influence of anger, and by what means he had so entirely suppressed that impetuous and ungovernable passion; he answered with the utmost frankness and sincerity, that he was naturally quick of resentment, but that he had, by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this mastery over himself.

He asserted on all occasions, the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures.

He was liberal to the distressed, but without ostentation. He often obliged his friends in such a manner, that they knew not, unless by accident, to whom they were indebted. He was condescending to all, and particularly attentive to his profession. He used to say, that the life of a patient, if trifled with or neglected, would one day be required at the hand of a physician.

He never regarded calumny and detraction; (for Boerhaave himself had enemies)—nor ever thought it necessary to confute them. "They are sparks," said he "which if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. The surest remedy against scandal, is to live it down by perseverance in well-doing; and by praying to God, that he would cure the distempered minds of those who traduce and injure us."

About the middle of the year 1737, he felt the first approaches of that fatal disorder which brought him to the grave. During this afflictive and lingering illness, his constancy and firmness did not forsake him.

He said, "He that loves God, ought to think nothing desirable, but what is most pleasing to the Supreme Goodness." He died much lamented in his seventieth year.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

THIS is a branch of female education too much neglected; it ought to be taught with "French, Italian, and the use of the globes." To be sure, as Mrs. Glass most sensible observes, "first catch your hare," and you must also first catch your husband. But we will suppose him caught—and therefore to be roasted, boiled, stewed, or jugged. All these methods of cooking have their matrimonial prototypes. The roasted husband is done to death by the fiery temper, the boiled husband dissolves in the warm water of conjugal tears, the stewed husband becomes ductile by the application of worry, and the judged husband is fairly subdued by sauce and spice. Women have all a natural genius for having their own way; still the finest talents, like "the finest pisantry in the world," require cultivation. We recommend beginning soon.

When Sir William L—— was setting off on his wedding excursion, while the bride was subsiding from the pellucid lightness of white satin and blonde, into the delicate darkness of the lilack silk travelling dress, the lady's-maid rushed into his presence with a torrent, not of tears, but of words. His favourite French valet had put out all the bandboxes that had been previously stored with all feminine ingenuity in the carriage. Of course, on the happiest day of his life, Sir William could not "hint a fault or hesitate dislike," and he therefore ordered the interesting exiles to be replaced. "Ver vell, Sare William," said the prophetic gentleman's gentleman, "you let yourself be bandboxed now, you'll be bandboxed all your life."

The prediction of the masculine Cassandra of the curling-irons was amply fulfilled. Poor Sir William! One of his guests, a gentleman whose wits might have belonged to a Leeds clothier, for they were always wool-gathering, confounded the bridal with one of those annual festivities when people cruelly give you joy of having made one step more to your grave—this said guest, at his wedding, literally wished him many happy returns of the day! The polite admirer of the bandboxes found, however, one anniversary quite sufficient, without any returns.

Now, we do consider it somewhat hard "to drag at each remove" such a very perceptible chain; it might as well have been wreathed, or gilded, or even pinchbecked. A friend of mine, Mrs. Francis Seymour, does the thing much better. We shall give a demestick dialogue in Curzon-street, by way of example to the rising generation.

"I have been at Doubiggin's this morning, my love," said Mrs. Seymour, while helping the soup; "he has two such lovely Sèvre tables, portraits of Louis the Fourteenth's beauties; you must let me have them for the drawing-room, they are such loves."

"I really do wonder," exclaimed Mr. Seymour, in his most decided tone, "what can you want with anything more in the drawing-room. I am sure that it is as much as any one can do to get across the room as it is. I will have no more money spent on such trash.'

"This fish is capital, the sauce is a '*chef-d'œuvre*,' exclaimed the lady, hastening to change the discourse; "do let me recommend it."

Dinner proceeds, enlivened by a little series of delicate attentions on the part of the wife. One thing is advised; another, which she is well aware is her husband's aversion, playfully forbidden, with a "my dear Francis, you are so careless of yourself—consider *les horreurs de la digestion*."

Dinner declines into dessert, and Mr. Seymour eats his walnuts, pealed

> "By no hand as thou may guess,
> But that of Fairey Fair."

alias Mrs. Seymour's very pretty fingers. Towards the middle of his second glass of port, he perceives that there are tears in his wife's soft blue eyes—which becomes actual sobs as he progresses in the third glass.

"I see how it is, Laura: well, you shall have the tables."

"The tables!" cried the lady, with an air, as the school-boy said of ancient Gaul, quartered into three halves, of disdain, wounded feelings, and tenderness; "I have really lost all wish for them. It was of you, Francis that I was thinking, Good heavens! can you weigh a few paltry pounds against the pleasure of gratifying your wife. I see I have lost my hold on your affections. What have I done? I, whose whole life has but one happiness, that of pleasing you!"

We will not pursue the subject to its last conjugal close of tears and kisses; suffice it to say, that the next day the tables were sent home, not given—but only accepted as a favour!

Now this is a beautiful way of doing business. We seriously recommend its consideration as a study to our lady readers. Scolding does much, for, as the old riddle says, "anything," is what

> "Many a man, who has a wife,
> Submits to for a quiet life."

But, fair half of the world, out of whose very remains the rose, as the eastern proverb has it, was formed at the creation—flattery, that honey of the heart, is the true art of sway. Instead of divide, our new state secret is, "flatter to reign."

UNION OF SEVERITY AND WIT.

THE Spartans of ancient and modern times, Socrates, Cato, Seneca, Tacitus and Bacon, show how often the solemn, heavy fertilizing thunder-cloud of wisdom breaks out into lightnings of wit.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ROSE FEAST.

BY E. L. C.

And dearer seems each dawning smile,
For having lost its light awhile;
And happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

Moore.

It was on a lovely afternoon, early in the month of June, 1619, that a small party of horsemen wound slowly down a wood-crowned hill, which overlooked the pretty village of Salency, in the province of Picardy. The two who rode foremost, differed as much in years, as in personal appearance; the elder being a grave and stately cavalier, who paced quietly along beside his youthful companion, listening with an air of deference to his rapid and earnest words, which he seldom interrupted, except by a brief question, or briefer reply.

Twenty summers had not yet passed over the head of the younger horseman, yet he wore an air of lofty self-possession, that showed him already accustomed to command; but whatever there might be of haughtiness upon his brow, it was tempered by the soft light of a dark and brilliant eye, and by the frank and joyous smile, which youth is wont to wear, before the cankering cares and griefs of maturer life have saddened its glad aspirations, and darkened, with shadows, the bright vista through which it looks forward to the sunny future. The remainder of the train followed closely on the steps of their leaders, making, with their attendants, a party of some ten or twelve in number.

As they advanced on their way, tokens that a gala was being held, manifested themselves continually in the throngs of peasants, who hastened past them towards the village, wearing their holiday dresses, and bearing branches of rose-trees in full bloom, or having garlands of the flowers twined around their hats. The door posts, also, of every scattered dwelling on the road, were wreathed with roses, and at intervals, white banners, shewing devices emblematic of the several virtues, waved from elevated positions to the breeze.

"Methinks we are in time for a merry-making," said the young leader of the party, reining in his steed, and throwing a look of inquiry upon his followers.

"It is the celebration of the Rose Feast,* Sire, which is annually observed on the eighth of June, in the village of Salency," said a young cavalier of the train, whose eager manner and sparkling eye, indicated a deeper interest in the scene than that felt by his companions.

At this moment, an old peasant, more gaily adorned than any who had preceded him, approached, singing a merry roundelay, and of him, half-a-dozen voices made inquiries respecting the village festival.

"Noble sirs," he said, doffing his rose-crowned hat, with the peculiar courtesy of his country, "it is the day of St. Medard, who, heaven rest his soul, instituted the festival we celebrate. Every year on this day, the seigneur selects from three of the most virtuous maidens, her, who has distinguished herself above all others for good and noble actions. She is called La Rosière, and is adorned and crowned with the fairest roses, and pronounced queen of the festival. Sometimes she is chosen from the castle, but oftener from beneath the peasant's roof, yet whatever is her rank the same honours are paid to her virtue. By a procession of the most beautiful maidens she is conducted to the church, and joins in the vesper service, kneeling on the velvet cushions, which the late baroness, of blessed memory, used at her devotions."

"And does her triumph end here?" asked one, as the peasant paused.

"Not so, gracious sir," he returned. "When the vesper service is over, she is escorted by the train of maidens to the chateau, yonder—preceded by music, and accompanied by a throng, which on these occasions, gather from all the country round. A feast is there prepared to do her honour; a goodly gift awaits her, and she opens the ball with the young Baron de Montville, who this year, I warrant me, will not complain of the task he has to perform. If she is of gentle blood, she joins the revels of the

* A festival of the kind described in this tale, is annually celebrated at Salency, at Surinne, and some other villages of France. In the church of Salency, there is a painting of the Rose Feast, belonging, it is said, to the times of Louis the Thirteenth, and a silver clasp, given by him to fasten the wreath of roses, is still used in that village, on the day of the Feast.

noble guests within the chateau, but if of lowly birth, she leads the dance upon the lawn, the grand company often mingling with the sports of the peasantry, and cheering them on by their presence."

"And who is La Rosière of the Feast today?" asked the young cavalier, who was mentioned as evincing an unusual interest in the scene, and whose voice trembled with strong emotion as he made this inquiry.

"Ah, sir, and who should it be but Mademoiselle St. Foy!" returned the peasant, with enthusiasm. "There are fair maidens in the village, and virtuous ones too, but none like Mam'selle Geneviève, with her hand always open to the poor, though heaven knows her own store is small, and her sweet eyes that bless you with their smile, and that shone as brightly, beside her sick grandmother's bed, as though she were tripping it lightly among gay wooers in a lordly hall."

"Why, what a paragon is this fair Rose-queen," exclaimed the leader of the party, gaily. "Surely she must have wooers by scores, though perchance our good fortune has not led us here in time to rank among the number."

"She has one at least, sir, whom she would gladly be rid of," said the peasant. "The young baron would fain wed her, but his wickedness is so well known, he finds it hard to win a bride from hall or cot. Some say she loves his brother, who was long ago banished from De Montville, and it is whispered has been wrongfully dealt by. Be that as it may, all know that for three years she has managed to keep herself away from this festival, on account of the young seigneur, and that now he has forced her to play La Rosière, by some terrible threat of his vengeance, if she refused. It is even said he watches to entrap her into marriage, and that this very night the chapel is to be in readiness, that if by chance any favourable moment should occur, he may beguile her thither, and force her to pronounce her vows."

"Now, by the mass, but we will see to that!" exclaimed the cavalier. "Here is deeper villainy than we dreamed of, Julian La Roque, and our good star must be in the ascendant, or we should not have come just at this moment, when the fair queen of the day stands in need of champions to aid her cause. Good peasant, we have delayed you long, but accept this guerdon for your pains," throwing into his hat a handful of coins; "and now speed on your way—we too will share the evening's revels, and see that right is rendered to all. Forward, brave knights, to the Chateau De Montville; but bear in mind that for this evening you are to forget Louis the Thirteenth in the Duke De Moins."

They bowed assent to the command, and the train moved on at a slow pace towards the chateau; but he, who had been addressed as Julian La Roque, pressed forward to the side of the King.

"Permit me, sire" he said, "to spur on to the village—what I have just heard heightens my impatience to reach it, which, at this snail's pace, we shall fail to do, till after the vesper service is ended at which, for more reasons than one, I would fain be present."

"It requires not the ken of a magician to read your reasons, my bold gallant," said the King, smiling; "but there needs not this haste; the sun is yet an hour above the horizon, and when we turn off to the chateau, we will leave you free to seek the church, and it will be in time, I doubt not, to join the bright La Rosière in her devotions."

Julian bowed, and fell back to his place, but with an air of chagrin, that showed how ill he brooked the command he felt bound to obey. His companions exchanged a smile, and the Count D'Esremond, who rode by his side, said laughingly,

"It is a sore thing for a lover's heart to have ice thus cast upon its fires, but happily an alpine avalanche will not extinguish them, while they may feed upon the warmth of bright smiles, though perchance they gleam only as yet, in the shadowy regions of hope and memory. But cheer up, my brave compeer, the delay will be but brief, and as we have a half hour longer to ride beside each other, will you give me a short outline of the circumstances, which have caused our pilgrimage hither—I know only that in some way, they involve your fortunes, but as the king's ostensible object was to visit Noyon, I was surprised yesterday, to learn from the Count D'Arcy, that the main purpose of the journey was to redress your wrongs, and reinstate you in the possessions which had been wickedly usurped by another."

"It is so," returned Julian, "and thanks to the condescending kindness of my sovereign, who has generously interested himself in my cause, I hope soon to assert the rights which are legitimately mine. Though I bear the assumed name of La Roque, I am the son of the late Baron de Montville, the lord of the chateau, whose turrets you see rising above yonder wood of oaks, and of the rich demesne, which stretches around us, as far as the eye can reach. My mother died during my infancy; my father who married her for her wealth, had never loved her, and it was my misfortune also to be alien from his heart. All his affections were concentrated on my half brother, the son, as it was supposed of a former wife whom he had married, and buried in Italy, her native country. I was early destined to the church, a vocation utterly at variance with my character, and inclinations. But the more strenuously I combatted this purpose, the more resolute my father seemed to achieve it, and aided by the counsel and machinations of his confessor, a wily priest of the order of St. Francis, he at length succeeded, when I had scarcely attained the age of fifteen years, in immuring me within the walls of a cloister. And there I might have been detained for life, had not tidings of my father's death reached me, before I had passed a year

in my hated retirement, when resolved upon quitting it, I one evening, through the assistance of a lay brother, effected my escape, and repaired immediately to De Montville.

"My brother received me with chilling coldness, and loaded me with the most opprobrious and abusive epithets, and Father Philip, the priest, threatened publicly to anathematize me, unless I instantly returned, and surrendered myself to the Superior of the convent. But this, I resolutely refused to do, and when I claimed as my right, the fortune bequeathed me by my mother, they produced a paper, bearing my signature, and containing a voluntary transfer of all the possessions, which I claimed in right of my mother, to the monastery of St. Francis, of which Father Philip was the superior. The name affixed, was of course forged, but with such nicety of imitation, that it was impossible, even on the closest comparison with my own writing, to detect a shade of difference. In vain I protested against the villainy of which I was the victim, my words availed naught against the proofs which they produced; and disgusted with their baseness, and scorning to contend against it, I left them to enjoy if they could, their wicked triumph, and departed forever, as I then thought, from the home of my ancesters.

"Before quitting Salency, I sought the abode of Geneviève St. Foy, La Rosier of the Feast today, and the secret idol of my young heart's passionate worship. She was three years my junior, but from earliest childhood, a romantic and tender love had united us. When I told her the tale of my wrongs, she wept upon my bosom, and anew we pledged our vows that neither the trials nor the joys of life, should ever render us unfaithful to each other; I then bade her a tender farewell, and sought the court, resolving to carve out my own fortunes, without the aid, and in despite of my base and unnatural brother. You know, Count D'Esremond, how I have sped there. how soon I won the favour of the Cardinal, and with what generous affection the king has regarded me, making me, on the plea of similarity of age, his intimate and familiar companion, and showering on me wealth and honours, because, that in some bloody fields, my sword proved itself no recreant in his service."

"And during this interval have you not again beheld Madamoiselle St. Foy," asked the Count.

"Yes, every year I have visited her once, sometimes twice, but always secretly, and under my assumed name, knowing that she had become an object of interest to my brother, and that the slightest suspicion of her intercourse with me, as a lover, would provoke his vengeance on her innocent head. When I had earned the character and station, that authorized me to make her mine, I endeavoured by every argument to win her consent to an immediate marriage. But she was the sole dependance of an imbecile and peevish grand-parent, who was so wedded to her ancient home, and the tender cares of her gentle attendant, that the most remote hint of losing the one, or quitting the other, threw her into hysterical agonies, and as Geneviève's kind heart would not permit her to do violence to the wishes and affections of her aged relative, I was obliged for the present to relinquish the fond hope of making her entirely my own. Our correspondence, however, continued uninterrupted, till within the last two months, when its entire cessation on her part, owing as I must think, to some foul play of my brother's, has occasioned me the most painful suspense and anxiety.

"Unable to endure it longer, I craved the king's permission to repair hither, and learn the cause of her silence, and was on the eve of my departure from Paris, when a note was put into my hand, which occasioned me a brief delay. It was without any signature, and written in a hurried and incoherent manner, entreating me to hasten immediately to the Hotel Dieu, where a dying man would make me a communication of the utmost importance to my happiness. I lost no time in obeying the summons, and immediately on my arrival was conducted to a cell, where, on a low pallet, lay a ghastly and emaciated figure, with glazing eyes, and a brow moistened with the gathering dews of death. I approached, and fixed an earnest look upon his countenance, but it was unknown to me, and yet there was somewhat in the dark and frowning eye-brow, familiar to my recollection.

"While I stood, vainly endeavouring to remember where I had seen that face, marked as it still was with traces of earth's worst passions, he unclosed his eyes, and the moment their basilisk light glanced upon me, I recognized Father Philip, the terror of my childhood, and the base despoiler of my rights. An involuntary exclamation of surprise burst from me, and at the sound of my voice, he slowly turned towards me, his pale lips parted, and with an effort he pronounced my name. I bent to catch the whispered words, which he then strove to utter, but it was with difficulty I could understand him, as he said:

"'Julian De Montville, I have deeply wronged you, and I have summoned you hither, to make you what reparation is in my power, before I die. The hand of God is upon me, and I am going to my last account, with the stain of deadly sins upon my soul. But against you, have I committed deepest wrong, and I cannot go hence in peace, till I have won your pardon.' He paused for a few moments, and motioned for a drop of water. I wet his lips, and he resumed, but in a voice scarcely audible. 'I have sought you long in vain, for I felt that the grave was waiting for me—and now you have come too late to hear all I would have said, but in these papers,' and he drew forth a sealed parcel from beneath his pillow, 'you will find that I have made some amends for my sins towards you.'

"I took it, and glanced at the superscription; it was directed to Julian, Baron De Montville, and I looked towards the priest for an explanation."

"'You,' he said, 'are the rightful possessor of that title. He, who now bears it, is the offspring of one whom your father loved, but never wedded. You are his legitimate son, born in wedlock, and the legal heir to the barony of De Montville. Ask me nothing more, I cannot converse—you will find every thing explained in these papers, forgive me—pray for me,—and leave me alone to die.'

"I willingly accorded the wretched man the pardon he craved, and commending him to the mercy of God, departed, overwhelmed with astonishment and doubt. My brother, the base-born offspring of an illicit amour, yet with daring effrontery, usurping the honours and estates of an ancient and noble line! and this too, by the sanction of my father, and the base connivance of one, avowedly consecrated to the cause of truth and religion! It seemed a tale too monstrous for belief, and as I rode home, doubts of the monk's sanity took possession of my mind. But once alone in my closet, and the papers I had received, revealed a tissue of villainy, that revolted me.

"During my father's forcign sojourn, the priest had been his companion, and in his confession contained in the papers he had now confided to me, he detailed the whole history of the Italian mistress, her beauty, her fascinations, and the vow which on her deathbed, she extorted from my father, to bring up her offspring, as his legitimate heir, and as such present him to the world. Had she lived, the passion with which she inspired my father might not have stood the test of time, but her early and sudden death served to perpetuate and hallow its remembrance, and her child became the recipient of that intense tenderness, which he had once lavished upon her. I have said that my mother was never loved, and that I failed to awaken either pride or affection in the heart of my father. His one ruling wish and desire was, to leave Adrian, my brother, in possession of the family honours, and the monk found it for his interest to strengthen and encourage this purpose. It was at his instigation, and to prevent all chance of defeat to their plans, that I was destined to a monastic life, and when at my father's death, some jarring interests threatened to produce a rupture between the monk and my brother, the rapacious churchman was soothed, and bribed to secrecy, by the gift of my maternal fortune. He reaped indeed, an earthly reward equivalent to the services he rendered, but it availed him naught in that fearful hour, when, with the seal of death upon his brow, he confessed his guilt, and asked of a fellow worm that forgiveness, which he despaired of obtaining from his God.

"The moment I had finished the perusal of the papers, I sought a private audience of the king and placed them in his hands. They awakened in him a deep interest in my behalf, and he generously expressed his determination to see me, himself, reinstated in my rights. The kingdom was now at peace, he said, but as the queen mother had obtained her recall from exile, he knew not how long it might continue so. He had, however, a private object in wishing to visit Noyon, and he would avail himself of the existing quiet, to set forth immediately, taking De Montville in his route, that he might in person eject the daring usurper of my birthright."

"And pray," asked the Count, who had listened with deep interest to the recital of his friend, "how does the king propose to bring about the denouement of this little romance?"

"I cannot tell," returned Julian. "He is resolved to rest at the chateau tonight, and to leave me master of it tomorrow. I can perceive he is elated at the prospect of meeting such a throng of guests; but for my own part, I wish that all may be managed quietly."

"You are certainly most forbearing," said the Count, "since you owe this imposter nothing, and he deserves to be made a public example of, for his enormities."

"I know I am not beholden to him for any brotherly acts," said Julian, "but the retribution he is soon to meet, will be so terrible, that I wish it may be dealt by a gentle hand,—I would not have it aggravated by harshness or publicity, though I deny not that he deserves both."

"But supposing he has already transplanted La Rosière to his own garden," said the Count with a michievious smile, "and that——"

"Name it not," interrupted Julian, with a flashing eye and a burning cheek. "Let me find her fond and faithful, or the richest heritage, the proudest name upon earth, would be to me more valueless than dross!"

"Nay I did but jest," said the Count, "but list! what divine melody! And see! a train of houris brighter than ever graced the paradise of Mahomet!"

But Julian was already spell-bound, for an abrupt turn in the road, brought them suddenly in view of the floral train, who were conducting La Rosière to the church. She walked at their head, brightest, where all were bright,—an exquisite creature, radiant with the glow of youth, whose hazel eyes, and dark fringed lids, contrasted beautifully with her delicate complexion, and, with the soft fair hair which escaping from beneath her small and rose-crowned hat, fell in a profusion of rich ringlets over her face and neck. Her white dress was looped with roses, and the pale pink boddice that so perfectly defined her lovely waist, was adorned at the sleeves and bosom, with wreathes of the same emblematic flower. She moved with the lightness and grace of a wood-nymph; but the subdued emotion that alternately flushed, and

rendered pale her cheek, and at times, the startled air with which she raised her eye, and then as quickly cast it to the ground, gave evidence to many, of the violence done to her modest and retiring nature, by the conspicuous part she had been compelled to act, in the festival of the day.

All ranks swelled the procession, or thronged the way to behold it, as it passed on, over a road strewed by young hands with clustering roses, from buds and opening flowers of the purest white, through every shade, to the deepest hue, that ever dyed a royal robe with crimson. Adrian De Montville, with a troop of chosen friends, preceded the train on foot, each one playing on some favourite instrument, with a skill and taste, that made most sweet and thrilling melody. And, though merely a rural fête, there was a beautiful meaning in its simplicity,—in that it brought the highborn and the gifted, to render homage to virtue alone, since the queen of the day was most frequently selected from the peasant's cottage, and raised by general acclaim to that height, which worth only deserves to occupy.

The king with his small suite, had halted on a rising ground to enjoy the spectacle, and when it passed on, he still strained his delighted gaze after it.

"This sight," he said with animation, "is worth a journey from Paris to behold, were there nothing more to repay us for our trouble. Schedoni," he continued, addressing a young man of his train, "let the picture dwell vividly in your memory for we shall require a copy of it from you hereafter."

"Sire, I will commence it immediately," returned the cavalier, "and it shall be the *chef d'œuvre* of my art—a subject so fraught with the very spirit of beauty cannot fail to lend me inspiration."

"And I will dedicate it to St. Medard, and present it to the church of Salency," said the king. "But let that exquisite Rose-queen occupy the foreground; I would that posterity should look back with envy and admiration, to the beauty that adorned our brighter age. And now, let us on; there is no more to be seen at present, and we would be at the chateau to greet the coming of the revellers."

All obeyed this command except Julian, whose emotions at again beholding his betrothed, and under circumstances so peculiar, the respect due to the presence of his sovereign, had alone enabled him to control. As the king now marked his reluctance to follow to the chateau, he smiled, and graciously waving his hand.

"Go," he said, "we will not constrain your inclinations, and we wonder not at the direction in which they point. But, hark ye, let there be no ruffling between you and the falcon, that watches to make your pretty dove his prey."

"Fear nothing on that score, sire," said Julian, as bowing his thanks for the king's indulgence, he struck his spurs into his good steed, and dashed forward to the door of the church. Hastily alighting, he pressed in after the crowd that were thronging it, and making his way up the principal aisle, he stationed himself behind a massy pillar, from whence, unseen by her he sought, he could feast his eyes upon her loveliness. The beautiful vesper service commenced, immediately after his entrance, and it was with an undefined yet rapturous emotion, that he saw his gentle Geneviève, occupying the seat of the De Montvilles, and kneeling upon the embroidered cushion, which in former days, had been used by his sainted mother. Earnestly he gazed upon her, and breathlessly he listened as the soft tones of her voice, as it joined in the hymn to the virgin, rising distinct and sweet, even above the deep and solemn swell of the organ. At length its last faint tones died softly away, the service ended, and the moving mass again rose to quit the church. In their passage down the aisle, some obstruction momentarily arrested the progress of Geneviève and her maiden train, and as she paused against the pillar behind which Julian stood concealed, he gladly seized the propitious moment to address her.

"Geneviève!" he softly murmured, and with a start as that well known voice thrilled upon her ear, she turned towards him. Their eyes met, and for an instant, joy spread its rosy flush over the countenances of both.

"Oh, you have come to save me!" she exclaimed in a low and eager voice, tears springing to her eyes as she turned them imploringly towards him.

"Hush, dearest!" he said casting around him a look of alarm—"speak not,—we may be observed—feel that my presence is a protection to you, and fear nothing—I *have* come to save you, and to claim you, my beloved—but now, pass on—we shall meet presently at the chateau—but till all shall be explained, let no recognition take place between us."

And she did pass on, with a lighter step, and a heart buoyant with recovered hope, secure in the presence and protection of him she loved, and happy in the thought, that the imperious Adrian was no longer the sole arbiter of her destiny. Julian immediately made his way from the church, and mounting his horse, spurred on, through the stately avenue that led to his ancestral home, and entered the court-yard beneath the lofty arch blazoned with his family arms, just as the loud chorus of the musicians, who accompanied the train of rose-nymphs, resounded from the bottom of the lawn.

Julian had no fear of recognition either from his brother or any at De Montville. He had left it, a pale and beardless boy, and now, after five years of exile, he returned to it, a bronzed and warworn man, with higher hopes, and nobler aspirations, and deeper energies of soul, but with the same exhaustless fountain of tender charities and emotions open in his heart, and the same gay smile looking forth from his darkly beaming eyes, and softening with its lustre,

the lofty expression, which the invincible firmness of his character stamped upon his lip and brow.

The king and his suite, although the rank of the former was not made known, had been courteously welcomed to the chateau, and the grateful use of the bath, with a change of apparel, had already transformed them into gay carpet knights, fitted at all points to grace the evening's ball and banquet. Julian hastened to follow their example, nor could he refrain from revealing his person to the faithful servant of his house, who conducted him to his apartments. The old man was paralysed with astonishment, and when he recovered speech, his joy knew no bounds. Adrian was hated by his tenantry and dependants for his cruelties, and his oppression; while the memory of Julian, who had been the idol of all, was tenderly cherished, his wrongs lamented, and a secret hope that he might yet return, and succeed to the honors of his house, was fondly nurtured, improbable as must have seemed its fulfilment. Julian now bade him be prepared for great changes, but for the present enjoined the strictest secrecy as to the disclosure just made of himself. Bernard then, in answer to his inquiries, informed him that the aged grandmother of Mademoiselle St. Foy, had been dead six weeks, and since that event the unprotected orphan had been exposed to incessant persecution from the baron. He had watched her every action, resolved to force her into a marriage, and it was known that his threats only, had compelled her to become the queen of the Rose-Feast. Julian's blood boiled in his veins as he listened to this recital; but a summons from the king compelled him to stifle his emotions, and go forth to join his companions, who from an elevated terrace, were watching the approach of the lovely train, as they advanced from the lawn to the grand entrance of the chateau.

It was yet scarcely sunset, but the instant La Rosière began to ascend the flight of steps leading to the hall, which, being of gentle blood, she was entitled to enter, the whole front of the dark and massy building was lighted up, as if by enchantment, and as suddenly, a thousand lamps illuminated the gardens that surrounded it,—sparkling with many coloured rays amidst the thick foliage, and flinging their blaze on the name of Geneviève, which, written in roses, embossed every arch and pillar and pediment, wherever there was room to place it. At the same moment a band of musicians stationed in a balcony above the door of entrance, struck up a triumphant air, to hail the approach of the rose-crowned queen to whom, as pre-eminent in virtue, the homage of all was rendered.

It was a scene of enchantment, and the stranger knights were not slow to feel its influence. They stood clustered together on the terrace, the king in their midst, and Adrian, having been already apprised of their arrival, noted them as he advanced, and stepping forward, greeted them with cold and haughty courtesy. Then, scarcely waiting for reply, he turned away, and taking the hand of Genevieve, led her over the threshold, and on to a brilliantly lighted apartment, garlanded with roses, which at the upper end formed a canopy above an elevated seat, whither he conducted her, and remained standing by her side, to watch all who might approach. Many thronged forward to greet the peerless queen of the festival, and among them came the king, who was too devout a lover of beauty to be tardy in paying his homage at its shrine, and as the Duke De Moins, the royal Louis, kissed the small white hand of the blushing Geneviève.

One by one, his knights followed his example,—Julian approaching last, and rendering his heartfelt homage with a deep and silent fervour, that did not escape the jealous eye of Adrian, who had inherited from his Italian mother the impassioned and irascible temperament of her nation. Haughty, and unconciliating, no one loved him, and he commanded obedience only through the most servile fear. With a face and person of faultless beauty, there were passions written on his brow, and burning in his dark and flashing eye, that shocked and alienated, even the few whose friendship he would willingly have propitiated. And now, as Julian relinquished the fair hand on which his lips had dwelt with lingering delight, and turned reluctantly from his betrothed, he met that baleful eye, fixed sternly and searchingly upon him, and for an instant, with imprudent boldness, he returned the glance, with one as stern and fixed, as that which he encountered.

Adrian blenched not beneath it—but a sudden change came over his countenance, and with a look of terrified inquiry, he remained motionless as a statue, studying the features of Julian. The latter thus reminded of his rashness, in risking a premature discovery, moved away, when starting from his trance, Adrian looked after him with an expression of haughty defiance and contempt, and then with an altered manner turning towards Geneviève, he whispered a few low words, and taking her trembling hand, led her forth to the dance. Julian, too, joined in the festive amusement of the evening, but singular as he felt his position, a stranger, and an unknown guest, in the home of his birth, a thousand reminiscences crowded painfully upon his heart, and he went forth from the gay and laughing crowd, to indulge his emotions among the still fondly remembered haunts of his sad, and motherless childhood. But there, the gloomy images of the past were shortly forgotten in the anticipation of coming happiness—in thoughts of her, whose presence seemed every where diffused around him, for her name blended with some beautiful allegory continually met his eye; numerous fanciful devices scattered through the gardens eulogized her virtues and her beauty, and as he moved among the peasant groups, upon the lawn, his ear drank in with rapture, the warm praises which, humble but

sincere hearts offered to her goodness and her worth.

When he re-entered the chateau, the fair queen of the festival was standing for an instant alone. It was a fortunate moment, for throughout the whole evening Julian had in vain watched to find her disengaged. Yielding to his softly whispered request, she joined him in the dance,—and what bliss for him again to clasp that fairy hand, to feel that fragrant breath fanning his cheek, and hear that low sweet voice breathing its soft tones to his ear alone. He forgot everything but her, and his eloquent eye told his heart's secret to more than one observer. Adrian De Montville marked the scene with feelings of rage and jealousy, whose expression, stamped on every line of his livid countenance, transformed him to a fiend. Julian alone, absorbed by his own happiness, observed him not, and when the dance was ended, he unconsciously led his fair partner to the very window where his brother stood. Geneviève met his flashing eye, and with a pallid cheek, suddenly recoiled, but before Julian could ask the cause of her emotion, Adrian stepped fiercely towards them.

"Stranger," he said, in a voice tremulous with passion, "methinks for one whose fortunes are all unknown to us, you are over courteous to the fair queen of the Festival tonight."

"Is it not honouring the host, to honour his guests?" asked Julian, gaily. "You are yet young enough, Sir Baron, to know that the heart counts not time, neither weighs circumstance, when it would cast its humble homage on the altar of beauty."

"But in your case, young sir," retorted Adrian fiercely, "it were well to weigh all things, lest you reap bitter fruits for your daring. Adventurers are rife in these unsettled times, and though on this night our halls are open to all, we permit none, over whom hangs a shade of doubt, to hold familiarity with aught that we regard as sacred."

A slight flush crossed Julian's cheek at the taunt implied in these words, and the changed glance of his laughing eye, gave warning that other fires than those of mirth might be kindled within it.

"Baron De Montville," he said, "have a care how you repeat that insinuation to the ears of my companions; there are those among them, who might choose to punish the insult couched beneath your words. Were not our names a sufficient guarantee for our honourable standing, I trust there is that in our language and bearing, which will permit no man to call it in question."

"Ay, if all wore their true names, a doubt might wound the honour, or the blood," returned Adrian, with a look that seemed to read his soul. "But I have a shrewd suspicion that one or more of your number, are here under a borrowed name and character—deny this, and I take back on the instant, my offensive words."

Julian slightly hesitated, but before he could reply, the king, who had overheard the brief dialogue between the brothers, stepped suddenly forward:

"Baron de Montville," he said, "if any among us wear disguises, I pledge you my honour they are not assumed to conceal any base origin or calling, nor to promote any unworthy purpose, and moreover, I promise you, that before we depart from your chateau, every mystery, if any exists, shall be unshrouded, and any of us, who may have walked in darkness, shall come forth to light, and reveal to you their true name and character."

The king's accent was so significant, that to all it was evident his words concealed a latent meaning, though only Adrian's guilty conscience felt a dread presentiment of the evil which they dimly shadowed. His colour changed, and a cloud darkened his brow, but striving to rally, and speak with a composed accent,

"I have a right to demand that it should be so," he said, "but for the present we will waive the subject. The banquet waits; lead on, gay gallants, and with the wine cup and the song, let us crown the waning hours of this festive night."

As he spoke, the doors of the banquetting room were thrown open, disclosing a blaze of light, and sending forth a stream of rich and spicy odours, to invite the tempted appetite. Adrian advanced to Geneviève, and was on the point of seizing her passive hand, to lead her to the board, when the king stepped forward, and prevented his purpose by himself gallantly clasping the coveted prize.

"I," he said, "claim the right of conducting the fair La Rosière to the banquet. You, Sir Baron, have kept such vigilant guard over the Hesperian fruit this evening that none have ventured to approach it; but I dare defy the dragon, and as a courteous host, you will not dispute with a guest the privilege he craves."

The king spoke with gaiety, but with an air of command that distanced all competitors—even the fiery Adrian for an instant drew back; then—enraged to be thus openly baffled, he exclaimed:

"Audacious stranger, I yield my right to none. By long established custom it belongs solely to me, and even if I would do so, the rules of the festival forbid me to relinquish it to another."

"We will absolve you from such scruples of conscience," said the king, still holding the hand of the trembling and agitated Geneviève, "and if you persist in wishing to punish my presumption, I will, when the banquet is ended, give you the satisfaction you shall then demand."

"Nay, give it to me now, or on the instant forego your clasp of that hand," said Adrian, springing impetuously forward, and fiercely grasping the hilt of his weapon. "You beard me still, base knight," he continued, as the king stood calm and unmoved

before him, though the terrified Geneviève sank almost fainting on the seat from which she had arisen. "Come forth then," and his sword flashed from its scabbard,—"there are torches in the court-yard, and for insult deep as this, blood only can atone!"

Alarmed, that the king should permit this scene to proceed to such a length, and shocked at the baron's enraged demeanour, and the violent language he unconsciously addressed to his sovereign, several cavaliers of the royal suite at this crisis sprang forward, simultaneously exclaiming, "Baron De Montville, beware! it is the king! the king!" In an instant the point of Adrian's weapon dropped towards the ground, and retreating a pace or two, he stood silent and subdued, but with a sullen air, before the monarch; as though he deemed the injury not less, because it was inflicted by a royal hand, and the endurance of it heavier, in that he was not permitted to avenge it.

"We pardon you, Adrian De Montville, for your offence was one of ignorance," said Louis, enjoying the excitement he had caused, "and since the zeal of our over zealous followers has prematurely betrayed to you the rank of one of your *nameless guests*, we trust the knowledge thus obtained, may free us from the charge of presumption, and win us permission to play the part of gallant to this trembling Rose-queen, by leading her forthwith to the banquet."

Adrian bowed a sullen assent to this appeal, and the king leading the way, placed Genevieve in the seat designed for her at the head of the sumptuous board, himself occupying one beside her. The remainder of the company followed, Adrian appearing after all his guests, and with a dark cloud still lowering on his brow.

"Fill that seat, sir, left vacant for the master of the feast," exclaimed the king, pointing to an unoccupied chair at the foot of the table; "there will soon," he added, "be deeper matters for our care, than those arising from a lover's jealousy, so while the wine sparkles let us quaff it, and inhale the fragrance of the roses ere they fade."

He filled his cup, and all present followed his example,—even Adrian could not refuse to drink to the royal pledge—when, raising it to his lips,

"Brave gallants, and ladies bright," said the king, "let us quaff to the fair La Rosiére,—the destined bride of the young Baron de Montville."

The pledge was drank, and the frown vanished from Adrian's haughty brow, as he drained the goblet, and replacing it upon the board, cast a look of triumph towards Geneviève. She had learned from Julian, the secret to be developed, but still her agitation could scarcely be controlled,—her colour constantly varied, and the sunny curls that lay in rich clusters on her neck and bosom, were gently stirred, as though a zephyr were at play among them, by her quick and laboured respiration. The king compassionated her embarrassment, but he had become too deeply interested in the drama of the night, to refrain from playing out its last act. Taking up a chaplet of roses, formed of lustrous pearls, which in accordance with the custom of presenting to La Rosière a gift, the hand of Adrian had laid as an offering on the board beside her, he placed it lightly on her fair brow, and fastened it with a silver clasp, which he detached from a chain that encircled his own neck.

"A queen need not disdain to wear this coronal," he said, "not even the queen of virtue, to whose pre-eminent deserts it is awarded. It would grace a bride's brow, and it shall encircle one,—but this clasp of antique shape, and rare workmanship, we bequeath to posterity—let it be reserved from this night, as long as the Rose Feast shall endure, to fasten the wreath, which from year to year, shall adorn the brow of the most virtuous. And now, Baron De Montville, we wait for you to pledge us in the rosy wine that sparkles in your golden beakers, it tempts our thirsting lips, but the challenge of the master of the feast has not yet sanctioned our indulgence—and we confess ourselves not given to abstinence on nights like this."

A smile, at this covert reproach to the ungracious host, circled round the board, and as Adrian remarked it, his dark cheek burned with smothered rage—filling his cup,

"Let us drink to the health of Louis *the Just*," he said, and a derisive sneer curled his lip as he emphatically pronounced the epithet, which France had already appended to the name of the youthful monarch. The king understood, but did not notice the sarcasm, and gracefully bowing his thanks for the enthusiasm with which every cup was drained in honour of the pledge, he said, fixing his keen eye on Adrian:

"For this evening at least, it shall be our study to deserve the expressive appellation with which the partiality of our subjects has honoured us,—but gentle lieges, ere we speak of wrongs to be redressed, or rights to be secured, let us drink once again, and in silence, to the memory of the dead—to the stout old baron who once sat within these halls—to the rose-lipped Aspasia, the Italian lady of his love,—to Father Philip, the pious monk who was the guardian of their consciences, and the faithful recorder of their secret histories."

A fearful change came over the countenance of Adrian, as the king uttered these words—he sat motionless upon his seat,—cold drops of terror standing on his pallid brow, and his trembling hand powerless to grasp the cup, which sparkled before him.

"How now, brave De Montville," shouted the king, "do the names, even, of the dead appal you thus? then let them rest in their cerements, while we turn to the living, and deal with them as truth and justice demand."

"Sire," interposed the Count D'Arcy, "it is whispered that our presence has marred a bridal—

that lights even now are blazing in the chapel, where the priest waits to unite the hands of the Baron De Montville and the fair La Rosière of the Feast."

Geneviève started at these words, and an expression of fear and agony crossed her brow.

"Say you so," exclaimed the king in an affected surprise,—"then wherefore should we mar it! we love a bridal, even better than a stag hunt in our royal forest of Chantilly. We will ourselves give this fair hand away," slightly touching the trembling fingers of Geneviève, "and moreover, promise her a rich dowry to be paid on the day of our return to our good city of Paris, together with the restitution of the barony of De Vaudreuil St. Foy, forfeited by her ancestor in the reign of Charles the Ninth."

A thousand varying emotions passed over the face of the lovely Rose-queen, while the monarch spoke, and had not the bright and tender glance of Julian constantly inspired her with confidence, she must have sunk beneath the repeated trials of this eventful and exciting evening.

"Mademoiselle St. Foy," resumed the King, "we would use no coercion in matters of this nature, and we therefore demand of you, requiring an ingenuous reply, whether it is your voluntary wish and purpose, to unite your destiny, by marriage, with that of the young Baron de Montville?"

Geneviève trembled excessively, but Julian's eloquent eye reassured her. "It is, Sire," she replied, in a low, but firm tone. Its effect upon Adrian was electric—and joy and triumph lighted up his moody features, as he thus saw, or fancied, his wishes on the eve of a sure and happy fulfilment. He rose in glad confusion from his seat, and was advancing rapidly towards the lady of his love, when the King motioned him to forbear.

"Julian, Baron de Montville," he said, "we command you to approach, and receive from us the hand of your betrothed bride."

Julian waited not a second summons to obey. In an instant he was kneeling before the king, with the hand of the blushing Geneviève clasped rapturously in his, and the bliss of that moment repaid him for the exile and sufferings of years. For one brief point of time, conscious guilt, and terror at its detection, enchained the limbs and faculties of Adrian, but the deadly passions that raged within, would not long be subject to restraint. Forgetful of himself, regardless of the royal presence, or the wondering guests, he leaped forward like a famished tiger, and grasping the arm of Julian with a force that threatened to crush it:

"Dastardly wretch!" he exclaimed, in a voice terrible with passion, "I knew you well, but knew not, that under the cowardly cloak of a feigned name, you stole into the bosom of my home, hoping to wrest from me the rights, which God and nature have made inalienably mine. But I fear you not; even backed as you are, in your base purpose, by the monarch of this realm, I defy you to succeed in your unnatural attempt at usurpation."

"Who best deserves the name of usurper, a few moments will decide," said Julian, as with a look of calm contempt, he shook the grasp of Adrian from his arm. "Sire," he continued, turning to the king, and placing the confession of Father Philip in his hands, "you are the umpire between us; I yield to you these papers, and from the proofs to be gathered from them, your majesty shall declare who is the rightful inheritor of the title and estates of De Montville."

"And we pledge ourselves to be swayed by no undue prejudice, or partiality, in the judgment we are called upon to pronounce," said the king, as he slowly unfolded the papers, and holding them towards Adrian; "Adrian de Montville," he said, "here is the death-bed testimony of one who casts a stigma upon your birth, which we require you to prove false, before we can admit your legitimacy, or allow your claims to the honours and possessions which you now enjoy?"

For one instant Adrian faltered, and the coward blood retreated from his lips and cheeks, but quickly rallying, and assuming a boldness that astonished all: "Sire," he said, "I know not that writing; it is, doubtless, forged by some enemy to effect my ruin; as justly might a similar instrument be brought forward to disprove your majesty's right to sit upon the throne of your ancestors."

A slight frown contracted the brow of Louis, as he replied: "Sir, you are evasive, and wander from the point at issue. There are charges here which we require you to prove falsehoods and forgeries, before we yield our assent to your claims. Look again, and declare if you do not know that to be the signature of Father Philip, your confessor?"

"And if I grant that it is, Sire," returned Adrian, "does its being so attest the truth of his confession? His whole life was a tissue of lies, and why should his last act be received as truth?"

"Because it is his last," said the king. "Concealments and evasions belong not to the bed of death—there the hidden sins of the soul are laid open, for the penitent feels that only in truth is there safety—and a confession made under such circumstances, no one dare call in question. Herein, Adrian de Montville, you are declared to be the illegitimate offspring of the late Baron de Montville and his Italian mistress, Aspasia Del Inistro; but for the misfortune of your birth you are not answerable. Your crime consists in having concealed this circumstance, of which you were informed, and of wresting to your own use the hereditary honours and possessions which rightfully belonged to another—of stripping the brother, whose claims you had wickedly usurped, of the small maternal inheritance which was all that remained to him, and driving him forth from the shelter and protection of his hereditary roof, to carve

out his own fortune among strangers to his blood and name. For wrongs like these, have you any atonement to make, any apology to offer? or can you plead any thing in excuse for the power you have abused, for the wealth you have squandered, for the oppressions you have practiced, for the injustice and the cruelty of which you have been guilty, till the voice of the lowly and the humble crieth aloud against your enormities. You speak not, you have nought to urge in your defence; hear, then, our decree, and we should deserve to forfeit the title of *Just*, pronounced we any other. Depart forever from these halls, where you have too long reigned as a usurper, and yield quietly to the true heir, the just possession of his rights. We send you not forth to poverty, but France cannot afford you a home. Repair to that Italian estate which was your unfortunate mother's, whose revenues you yearly enjoy, and there, by penitence and an humble life, strive to atone for the sins which are now bringing a heavy punishment upon your head."

The king paused—every heart seemed smitten with the fearful effects of guilt, brought thus immediately to view, and for a minute or two, not a sound broke the deep and breathless silence that reigned throughout the vast hall. Adrian alone strove to speak, but no sound issued from his livid lips, and his conscious eye cowered with shame beneath the stern and steadfast gaze of the king. A minute passed thus, but when Louis arose and motioned him to depart, the crimson blood rushed back to cheek and brow, and burning words poured fast and fiercely from his lips.

"Bear witness all," he said, with a rapid gesture of his arm towards the company, "that I protest against this sentence. I swear to you, that I am falsely and maliciously accused, foully and unjustly condemned. But a king's arm and a monk's tongue are leagued against me, and I fall the victim of power and treachery." Then, with a menacing gesture towards Julian, and a look which curdled the blood in woman's gentle heart: "See to it, young traitor and usurper," he exclaimed, "for if I live, a day of terrible retribution shall yet overtake you!" and with these words he strode fiercely from the hall.

No one sought to detain or follow him, but the guests sat silent and aghast, gazing at each other, while the papers that detailed his perfidy and guilt were passed around, convincing all who read the fearful confession, that the punishment which had at length befallen him, was far more lenient than his deep offences merited.

* * * * * *

The ensuing morning witnessed the bridal of Julian and his gentle Geneviève. Arrayed, by the King's command, in the becoming dress of La Rosière, and conducted by a gallant train, from her humble home to the church of Saleney, she there pledged her vows to the object of her earliest and only choice. A splendid banquet awaited them at the chateau, and in the evening its old walls rung with sounds of happiness and mirth, such as of late years had seldom echoed within them. Every lip was gay, every heart light, and when on the succeeding day the King and his small suite departed from Saleney, they left the new baron and his lovely bride blest in each other, and commencing at De Montville, a new era, from which promised to flow those blessings and improvements that must ever issue from the well directed energies of enlightened and beneficent minds.

October 20.

(ORIGINAL.)

IT IS NOT THE ROSE.

It is not the Rose in the pride of its bloom,
Whose leaves are unruffled and gay;
Which has blossom'd afar from the wintry gloom,
That would banish each beauty away.

It is not the flower which has never yet known,
In the warmth of its own sunny clime,
A breath o'er its charms too rudely blown
From the withering hand of time.

It is not the Bard who has sportingly flown,
Through the garden of beauty and song,
With spirits as light and as gay as his own
Heedlessly floating along.

It is not the heart that has lived upon smiles
Unchecked in its wandering course,
Untutor'd by sorrow, untaught by the wiles,
That mingle our cup with remorse—

That can picture this life as it passes away
Aught but a revel of bliss;
And smiling as ever, that each coming day,
Will be but a picture of this

Ah no!—'tis the pathway of sunshine and sorrow,
All brightness today,—all sadness tomorrow,
That truly reveals what our pleasures are here
What we gain with a smile, what we lose with a tear.

J. D. M'D.

TO A MISER.

Thou wretched miser, whose whole life has passed
Without one act of justice, or of love,
Now art thou willing to reform at last,
And, by repentance, smooth thy path above.

"My wealth I'll give the poor when I am dead."
Such words, in whispers, shake your trembling breath—
You would grow wise when wisdom's day has fled
And do your first good action after death.

(ORIGINAL.)

A "DISPUTED TERRITORY."

BY A TYRO.

DESIROUS of hearing the continuation of my friend, the Squire's, description of our city, I hunted him out, according to previous arrangement, and found him quartered in a snug little burrow, fitted up with bed, table, shelves filled with a judicious selection of books, more for use than ornament; and, last not least, that "literary lounger's" luxury, an easy chair. Coming suddenly upon him, I caught him reclining in the chair, his brow black with thought; but as soon as I had forced myself upon his notice, his countenance assumed a more cheerful expression, at the prospect of having some one to murder with his prosiness. So, no sooner had I, at his request, taken a seat, than he broke out in the following strain, as surprising as it was unexpected. Thus rattled he on:—

"*Whether the study of the ancient classics be useful or not,* has been a fruitful subject of discussion in all civilized nations for several centuries; and our little Pedlington, not willing to be behind the rest of the world in polish, has, of course, also attempted to settle the question. But the attempt proved abortive, for the two extreme parties have not, as yet, come to any amicable arrangement; and though there has been no outbreak between them, each has its private prejudices—its partialities in favour of its own view of the case—which it would not yield up to the other for the world. One side upholds the fluent Greek and sturdy Roman tongues to be perfection itself; and the Bentleys, the Porsons, and the Parrs—the sainted guides through the Dædalian intricacies—in their eyes swell out into gods. 'Oh! ye purblind mortals,' do they cry 'why will ye remain in darkness, and not visit these fountains of light which alone can remove your Cimmerian gloom? Though ye should know as many modern languages as did the lamented Sir William Jones of what consequence is it? Are they to be compared with our favourites? Though ye have passed the Pons Asinorum, and can geometrically construct lasting railroads, bridges, and canals—are ye any thing better than *blockheads* if ye will not consult us! What are all your modern songs, odes, and dramas? Mere sing-song and nonsense, when laid beside the matchless remains of antiquity!'

"Surely the supporters of such doctrines are entitled, by their plausibility, to a hearing! Surely their *arguments* must convict us of ignorance and induce us to give up all practical employments to become noble antiquarians—diggers for pots and pans, and hunters after the musty relics of authors who wrote before the Christian era, and hence must be of inestimable value! Go to! let us overturn all our late achievements, and retrace our steps from this latter golden age, till we find ourselves plunged into the former, where we can enjoy as much fighting, luxury, and sloth, as would satisfy even the Neapolitan lazzaroni.

"But since justice requires that we should hear both sides of a case, let us turn to the rivals of these deeply learned gentlemen, and compressing their assertions into narrow compass, see whether they are more sensible than the former.

"These totally deny the efficacy of antique studies, in fitting the mind for the bustle of the present century; they allow that the speculations of these old philosophers may have been good enough in their day, but maintain that they have been exploded by the combined bursts of oxygen and hydrogen, gunpowder, and the other inflammable materials that give a fitful light to our generation, far superior to any that has previously shone on the world. What they want is not *thought*, but *action*. They like to see a man spring into the arena, like that little firework christened "a serpent;" run hither and thither with a whizzing noise; throw out a dim light for a season, and then vanish to be no more heard of.

"You will find this class composed entirely of the practical men, whose time and thoughts are devoted to gain, and who, making the heaping-up of riches their sole aim through life, will not of course admit any pursuits to be useful, but such as tend to further their own interests. They desire to be looked up to as models of great men, who have found out every thing without external assistance—forgetting that their capacious intellects are but the recipients of a stream formed by the confluence of a thousand rills, whose head-fountains are those very classical treasures which they now consider too shallow to water the fields of knowledge."

"But," said I, interrupting him, "what course would you adopt, if you condemn both sides? I fear that even with all your wisdom, you may get into the same scrape as the fox who was soused into a well while striving to get a sip of water."

"Perhaps so," answered he; "and even then, if all other resources fail, can I not be weighed up again by gulls heavier than myself, who may be licking their lips in anticipation of a savoury morsel of moonshine! Yet we need not be put to such shifts. Is not the path plain enough even to a blind man? Clearly defined, it lies between the two extremes, and were it not for the unwillingness of the classical and non classical parties to shift their respective positions, they might see it in the same light as does any unprejudiced person. But no—they are each determined to view it from but one station; and while noting on their respective sides, only what favours their own ideas, they are both partly right and partly wrong. For my part, I have travelled both over and around the road—have viewed it from above, from below, and from every accessible point, and the result of my observations is: that in education, studying the classics is of great advantage,

when sofibbined in due proportions with other studies. Still, care must be taken to impress on the learner, that he must make use of them, *not as an end*, but as a means; and if, instead of merely loading his memory with a senseless jargon of declensions, roots, and conjugations, serving more to confuse than benefit him, he were taught to seize the *spirit* of the authors he reads, he would acquire expanded ideas, noble thoughts, and a clear conception of exalted character, such as would strengthen him for a struggle through the busy world in which he must manfully fulfil his appointed duties. At the same time, the other branches of education must not be neglected, for these are to fit him to take an honourable stand among his contemporaries. If he be continually closeted in his cell, conversing with none but ancient authors, he will forget that he is existing in a world ever on the march—leaving behind it old things and customs; and when he emerges into day-light—an owl clothed in the tatters of antiquity—he will be hooted back into his dreary den."

"And how," said I, "will your system apply to those curious creatures who will take no ordinary light for guide, but are led o'er mountain and o'er moor—through bog and through briar, after a certain Ignis-fatuus, called Genius. Will they submit to the dull routine of an education?"

"Why, surely they must," was his answer, "if they would wish soonest to succeed, and not spend half their life in finding out how to employ the remainder. Lamentable as it appears, it has been truly remarked, that 'there is no royal road to learning.' However gifted by nature an individual may be, he cannot turn his talents to proper advantage, until he has found out how to use them. A racer is as apt to shy and be frisky as the vilest dray-horse; by training he becomes an animal of noble bearing, skilled in exerting his fleetness to the best advantage. Just so with a mind of an original stamp. The training he requires is education; perhaps a less portion may suffice him than is needed by others, but still a certain share of it is requisite to drill his talents into order, and give him a complete command over them. Yet he is not content with merely *possessing* an education. With him it will answer the same purpose as the sap absorbed by an Italian vine, which on being carried up to the leaves, there becomes medicated and changed in its nature, and at length, on the spontaneous bursting of the grape, makes its appearance as the delicious 'Lachymæ Christi.'"

"Are such original minds," again interrupted I, "to be found in Canada?"

Surprised at my question, he answered:

"Why should they not be found here as well as elsewhere? Is the soil of Canada any poorer than that of other countries? Then why should her sons quail beneath the glance of any foreign intellect, and tacitly confess an inferiority their soil will not acknowledge? A few talented persons among us have shot out upon the sea of literature, where their reception has rather served to terrify rovers than allure them to the same waters; yet I would encourage them to persevere and reach their destination, when they may laugh at those whom the fear of storms rendered too timid to follow them.

"To those who possess talents, I would say: These were not committed to your care to be buried in the earth, but were meant to be laid out at interest, so as to ensure profitable returns. Notwithstanding the supposition of many, that every track has been explored and robbed of its ideas, I would advise you fearlessly to pursue new courses, which may lead to the discovery of a new world wherewith to enrich the old.

"Follow the example of the 'Ayrshire Ploughman.' At the outset you must expect to combat prejudices and meet with repulses, but firmness and unwavering resolution will overcome opposition and even turn it to advantage. The wise will praise and encourage you—and then who cares if fools should laugh! Like gaudy moths they will obstinately buzz about a light, till each

> With singed limbs and quivering frame,
> Limps away sadly, blind and lame.

Should you succeed in your endeavours, you will be assailed by Envy, thus strikingly and truly painted:

> 'His mouth displayed an adder's tongue,
> Snakes crawled across his breast,
> Or from his hair in clusters hung—
> His heart—a scorpion's nest.'

This foul character will attempt to snatch away your well-earned laurels; but burn out his malice with a little caustic, and you will find him as tractable as a lamb. Be not dismayed if he should defame your character; for remember that

> A peach is oft defiled by filthy snail,
> Losing her bloom beneath its slimy mass;
> But if the crawling vermin you impale,
> You'll find no fruit her flavour to surpass.

"Condescending, then, no longer to *grub* your way beneath the soil, out of sight out of mind, rise on soaring pinions, and it will then be Squire Cockle's warmest wish to see you

> 'Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air.'"

AN AVARICIOUS MAN.

> John grasps each penny he can clutch—
> Lands, houses, goods and stuff;
> Fortune, to many, gives too much,
> And yet, to none, enough.

THE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING BIRD.

BY MR. AUDUBON.

WHERE is the person on seing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended as if by magic, in it, flitting from one flower to another, with motions as graceful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen; where is the person, I ask of you, kind reader, who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestation in his admirable system of creation!—There breathes not such a person; so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling—admiration!

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little Humming Bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses, whilst the etherial motion of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful and murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. Then is the moment for the Humming Bird to secure them. Its long delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the protruded double-tubed tongue, delicately sensible, and imbued with a glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession, and draws it from its lurking place, to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey, that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers.

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little birds meet with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvet black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right, and the left. In this manner, it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following with great precaution the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

I wish it were in my power at this moment to impart to you, kind reader, the pleasure which I have felt whilst watching the movements, and viewing the manifestation of feelings displayed by a single pair of these most favourite little creatures, when engaged in the demonstration of their love to each other:—how the male swells his plumage and throat, and, dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female; how quickly he dives towards a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels desirous of being united; how full of ecstacy he seems to be when his caresses are kindly received; how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey which he has procured with a view to please her; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction; how, soon after, the blissful compact is sealed; how, then, the courage and care of the male is redoubled; how he even dares to give chase to the tyrant Fly-catcher, hurries the Blue-bird and the Martin to their boxes; and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to the side of his lovely mate. Reader, all these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage, with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while sitting on her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be portrayed or described.

Could you, kind reader, cast a momentary glance on the nest of the Humming Bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly-hatched pair of young, little larger than bumble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bill to receive food from the parents, and could see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair,—you could not fail to to be impressed with the deepest pangs which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child. Then how pleasing is it, on your leaving the spot to see the returning hope of the parents, when, after examining the nest, they find their nurslings untouched! You might then judge how pleasing it is to a mother of another kind, to hear the physician, who has attended her sick child, assure her that the crisis is over, and that her babe is saved. These are the scenes best fitted to enable us to partake of sorrow and joy, and to determine every one who views them to make it his study to contribute to the happiness of others, and to refrain from wantonly or maliciously giving them pain.

Long, at my country-seat, you were my guest—
Gladly for thee my house gave forth its best—
You bought the farm—nor is the cheat yet known—
You purchased that which was before your own.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES.

IN AN ALBUM, OPPOSITE A PLATE OF THE "TORNADO."

In the land of the south, 'tis delightful, they say,
Where the bright waters flash in the midsummer's ray,
Where the fields deck'd in golden, and purple, and green,
Look out from their landscapes unwatch'd in their sheen.

They say there be valleys of perfume and ease,
Where chaunts the cascade to the song of the bees;
Where the Paradise bird sits aloft on the spray,
And the nightingale sings to the moss rose its lay.

That mountains of glory and verdure there be,
And bowers of the grape and the gold orange tree,
'Mid groves of sweet myrtle, and briar, and thyme,
To enchant, and enchain to that amorous clime.

They tell us not all—for behold the dread path,
Where the tempest hath pour'd out his fullness of wrath;
In horror and ruin the haughty oaks bow,
And the vines of the valley lie prostrate and low.

But the land of the north has its vales of repose,
Encumber'd alike by the myrtle and rose;
And here no rude tempest its ruin imparts,
Except—Ah! except, Miss,—within our sad hearts.

W. B. W.

Luna Lodge, Prescott, U. C.

THE STRANGERS' NOOK.

IN country churchyards in Scotland, and perhaps in other countries also, there is always a corner near the gateway which is devoted to the reception of strangers, and is distinguished from the rest of the area by its total want of monuments. When you inquire of the passing peasant respecting this part of the burial-ground, he tells you that it is the corner for strangers, but never, of course, thinks that there is or can be any sentiment in the matter. To me, I must confess, this spot is always more interesting than any other, on account of the more extended scope which it gives to those feelings with which one surveys a churchyard. As you wander over the rest of the ground, you see humble memorials of humbler worth, mixed perhaps with the monuments of rank and wealth. But these tell always a definite tale. It is either the lord or the tenant of some of the neighbouring fields, or a trading burgher, or perhaps a clergyman; and there is an end of it. These men performed their parts on earth, like the generality of their fellows, and, after figuring for a space on the limited arena of the parish or the district, were here gathered to their fathers. But the graves of the strangers! what tales are told by every undistinguished heap—what eloquence in this utter absence of inscription!

There can be no doubt that the individuals who rest in this nook belonged, with hardly the possibility of an exception, to the humbler orders of the community. But who will say that the final sufferings and death of any individual whatsoever are without their pathos? To me, who have never been able to despise any fellow-creature upon general considerations, the silent expressive stories related by these little heaps possess an interest above all real eloquence. Here, we may suppose, rests the weary old man, to whom, after many bitter shifts, all bitterly disappointed, wandering and mendicancy had become a last trade. His snow-white head, which had suffered the inclemency of many winters, was here at last laid low for ever. Here also the homeless youth, who had trusted himself to the wide world in search of fortune, was arrested in his wanderings; and, whether his heart was as light and buoyant as his purse, or weighed down with many privations and disappointments, the end was the same—only in the one case a blight, in the other a bliss. The prodigal, who had wandered far, and fared still worse and worse, at length returning, was here cut short in his better purpose, far from those friends to whom he looked forward as a consolation for all his wretchedness. Perhaps, when stretched in mortal sickness in a homely lodging in the neighbouring village, where, though kindness was rendered, it was still the kindness of strangers, his mind wandered in repentant fondness to that mother whom he had parted with in scorn, but for whose hand to present his cup, and whose eye to melt him with its tenderness, he would now gladly give the miserable remains of his life. Perhaps he thought of a brother, also parted with in rage and distrust, but who, in their early years, had played with him, a fond and innocent child, over the summer leas, and to whom that recollection forgave every thing. No one of these friends to soothe the last moments of his wayward and unhappy life—scarcely even to hear of his death when it had taken place. Far from every remembered scene, every remembered face, he was doomed here to take his place amidst the noteless dead, and be as if he had never been. Perhaps one of these graves contains the shipwrecked mariner, hither transferred from the neighbouring beach. A cry was heard by night through the storm which dashed the waves upon the rocky coast; deliverance was impossible; and next morning the only memorial of what had taken place was the lifeless body of a sailor stretched on the sand. No trace of name or kin, not even the name of the vessel was learned; but, no doubt, as the villagers would remark in con-

veying him to the Strangers' Nook, he left *some* heart to pine for his absence, *some* eyes to mourn for him, if his loss should ever be ascertained. There are few so desolate on earth as not to have one friend or associate. There must either be a wife to be widowed, or a child to be made an orphan, or a mother to suffer her own not less grevious bereavement. Perhaps the sole beloved object of some humble domestic circle, whose incomings and outgoings were ever pleasant, is here laid low, while neither can the bereaved learn aught of the fate and final resting place of their favourite, nor can those who kindly, but without mourning, perform his last offices, reach their ears with the intelligence, grateful even in its pain, of what had been done to his remains: here the energies which had battled with the waves in their hour of night, and the despair whose expression had been wasted upon the black tempest, are all stilled into rest, and forgotten. The storm is done; its work has been accomplished; and here lies the strange mariner, where no storms shall ever again trouble him.

Such are the imaginings which may arise in contemplating that neglected nook in our churchyards which is devoted to the reception of strangers. The other dead have all been laid down in their final beds by long trains of sorrowing friends. They rest in death in the midst of those beloved scenes which their infancy knew, and which were associated with every happiness, every triumph, every sorrow which befel them. The burns in which they had "paidlet" when they were children, run still in their shining beauty all around and about their last resting place; the braes over which they wandered hand and hand "to pull the gowans fine," still look down in all their summer pride upon the fold into which they have at last been gathered for eternity. But the homeless strangers!—*they* died far from every endeared scene. The rills were not here like those which *they* had known; the hills were different too. Instead of the circle of friends, whose anticipated grief tends so much to smooth the last bed of suffering man, the pillow of the homeless was arranged by strangers; they were carried to the burial-ground, not by a train of real mourners, anxious to express their respect and affection for the departed, but by a few individuals who, in so doing, complimented human nature in general, but not the individual. To the other graves there was also some one to resort afterwards, to lament the departure of those who lay below. The spot was always cherished and marked by at least one generation of kind ones; and whether distinguished by a monument or not, it was always a greater or less space of time before the memory of the deceased entirely perished from its place. Still, as each holy day came round, and the living flocked to the house of prayer, there was always some one to send a kind eye aside towards that little mound, and be for a moment moved with a pensive feeling, as the heart recalled a departed parent, or child, or friend. But the graves of the strangers! all regard was shut out from them as soon as they were closed. The decent few who had affected mourning over them, had no sooner turned away than they were at once forgotten. That ceremony over, their kind had done with them for ever. And so, there they lie, distinguished from the rest only by the melancholy mark that they are themselves undistinguished from each other; no eye to weep over them now or hereafter, and no regard whatsoever to be paid to them till they stand forth with their fellow men at the Great and Final Day.

(ORIGINAL.)

SONNET.

How cheerily these sweeps go forth to toil,
Under a weight of daily cankering care!
Their sturdy frames their little fortunes bear,
In shape of rope, and twigs culled from the soil,
With clothes well blackened by the soot's turmoil;
Their laughter shews they heed not how they fare,
But in the lark's blithe carolling can share,
While trudging on in summer heat to broil;
Singing to nature thus—to join their rout
The withering leaves form instrumental choirs;
The swallows and the few remaining flies
Pour in their notes, and whirling dance about,
From every throat this swelling strain aspires—
Great God! we thank thee for a life we prize.

ITALY AND ITS SCENERY.

ITALY is a country more interesting from the historical associations connected with it than almost any other region on the globe, with the exception of Greece. The following vivid description of this beautiful territory is from the poetical pen of Vieusseux, in his work entitled "Italy and the Italians."

"It is in the southern division that we find the true classical ground of Italy; the land of antiquities, and of mighty recollections; the land of the fine arts. It is chiefly to the south that belong the romantic scenes described by poets and travellers; the glowing azure of the sky; the dark blue sea; the forests of orange, lemon, and olive trees. There you find men lawless and impassioned; and female beauty,

'Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.'

There the landscape of Salvator Rosa, and the Madonnas of Raphael, had originals in nature. There Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and Paisiello, were inspired. The wonders of Michael Angelo, the Temple of St. Peter, as well as the Colisseum and the Pantheon, are there to be found. It is the country of Dante,

of Machiavelli, and of Tasso; it was the birth-place of Scipio, of Cæsar and of Cicero.

The north of Italy is the country of plenty; less poetical, but better cultivated. It has also its recollections of glorious deeds and great men, although of a more recent date and less imposing aspect. It has produced Doria, Titian, Corregio, Ariosto, Alfieri, and Canova. The north has given the best soldiers; the south the keenest politicians. The southern painters excel in the genius of composition, and in the boldness of design; the northern ones, in the delicacy and warmth of tints, and in the softness of outlines. The architecture of the south is colossal and imposing; that of the north is more finished and convenient.

The scenery of the two countries is not less varied. The north is, for the greater part, a fertile plain, watered by abundant rivers, divided into well cultivated fields and gardens; full of towns and villages, inhabited by a numerous and industrious race. The landscape is luxuriant, but monotonous; roads wide, level, and straight, never-ending avenues and trees; the misty glimpse of the distant Alps and Appenines is the only thing that relieves the sleepy dulness of the scene. In the south, on the contrary, the landscape varies every twenty miles. There are to be seen delightful valleys, surrounded by stupendous crags; torrents fearfully swelled at one time of the year, and rolling their foaming waters with the noise of thunder—at the other scenes reduced to scanty rivulets, bubbling over the pebbles of the rocky beds; wide, uncultivated plains, strewed with ruins of former greatness, inhabited by wild buffaloes, and wilder men; and, in the midst of these, the proudest city in the world lifting its melancholy head. Farther inland are seen ruinous castles and towers, perched upon almost inaccessible peaks, among beautiful forests of chesnut trees and wild solitary glens. More to the south, the rich plains of Campania and of Ampulia, the lovely shores of Parthenhope, encircled by the frowning Appenines, which rise bolder, and higher, and wider, as they extend farther south; until at last, being narrowly confined between the two seas, they invade the whole breadth of the Peninsula, and heap their dark summits in the province of Calabria. There, at the extremity of Italy, exists a race of men little known to the rest of Europe, and as savage as the inhabitants of the opposite coast of Albania; living in an almost primitive state; full of uncultivated genius; ignorant, but intelligent; individually courageous, but unruly, ferocious, and impatient of discipline; faithful to their friends, but revengeful to the last against their enemies; capable of the darkest, as well as of the most heroic deeds.

The Italians of the north have less of those peculiar features which mark the fallen descendants of ancient Rome. They resemble more their neighbours, the French, Swiss and Germans, with whom they have been long in contact, and from whom they have imbibed habits of greater comfort, of artificial luxury, of social discipline. They are of tamer manners; their ideas are more on a level with those of the rest of Europe; they have the more features of a modern nation, and are more likely to form one; they have, in short, the good and the bad qualities of modern civilized Europe.

The Italians of the south (with the exception of Tuscany in some respects) are yet much behind in modern improvements, or modern refinement. They have more characteristic traits of their own to distinguish them from other nations; they have more of the personal independence of half-civilized people, although living under absolute governments: they have stronger passions, but they have also greater enthusiasm for the beautiful, especially in the works of art and music. South Italy is essentially the country of painting and of song.

In the midst of this magic land rise three great cities, the resorts of the traveller—all three beautiful, and famed, although each of them totally different from the other two. Florence, the city of Italian society, Italian urbanity and elegance, and also of polite literature. Rome, the city of monuments, of religious pomp and splendour, and of the arts; the seat also of a certain solemnity and dignity which is more peculiarly her own, and becomes her name and former sate. Naples, at last, gay and thoughtless, the city of voluptuousness, the syren of Italy, the spoiled favourite of a too bountiful nature, the seat of epicurism mixed with some degree of Greek refinement, the country of senses, but the country also of imagination."

A THIN MAN.

It is stated by Ælian, that the poet Philetus, who was preceptor to Ptolemy Philadelphus, was naturally so slender in form, and had reduced himself so much by excessive study, that he was compiled, when he went out, to affix plates of lead to his sandals, and to put pieces of the same metal into his pocket, lest the wind should blow him away.

GALLANTRY.

A sailor who had spent nearly all his days on the blue waters, and knew little of land gear, came ashore the other day, and in passing up the street, saw a little woman going along with a large muff before her. He stepped up very politely, and offered to carry it for her, as he was going the same way.

TO A PLAGIARIST.

The verses you recite are mine—
To all the town 'tis known;
But, sounded in your nasal whine,
They seem to be your own.

THE BHATTEE ROBBER.

The country of the Bhattees is situated in the north-eastern quarter of the province of Ajmeer, in the East Indies. Until the progress of events brought the British arms within the limits of their country, this class of the natives of Hindostan was scarcely known even by name. Tha Bhattees were originally shepherds. Of late years they have abandoned that honest occupation, as servile, and unworthy of their talents, and have adopted a predatory system of life, which is considered by them more noble than tending sheep. The following is a portion of the system of education:—When the young Bhattee is about three or four years of age, his education, or training, is commenced by being compelled to walk and run a given distance daily. As he advances in years, the exercise required of him is increased in proportion, until he may at last be said to have gone through a regular course of gymnastics, in the etymological sense of that word—for all his exercises are performed in a state of nudity. The object and natural effect of this kind of schooling is to increase the physical powers of the body in all situations, and to enable the individual to endure with comparative ease the greatest fatigue or labour. Among other essential accomplishments in which the young Bhattee is expected to perfect himself by unremitting practice, the following may be mentioned as absolutely indispensable:—He must acquire the art of bleating like a sheep, barking like a dog, crowing like a cock, braying like the ass, and in like manner of imitating all kinds of animals. He must also be able to throw himself, as occasion may require, into every kind of attitude, to crawl along or lie as flat as possible on the ground, to run like a goat or a dog, to stand on his head with his legs extended widely, so as to appear in the dusk like a stump of a tree. With reference to the last mentioned acquirement, I recollect to have heard a sentinel of the 4th Bengal cavalry tell his officer, that when he was on duty, on a certain occasion, he heard something move about the head-ropes of his horse. On looking round, he saw a large dog, which ran between his legs and nearly upset him. The sentinel, however, had heard of the ability with which many of the natives could imitate different animals, and was not satisfied with this explanation of the noise that had first excited his attention. He still suspected that some roguery was on foot, and, the better to detect it, he placed himself behind what appeared to be the stump of a tree, at a short distance from the spot on which he had been previously standing. On the supposed stump he hung his helmet, and, bent on the most attentive scrutity, he placed his head between the two limbs of the stump, so as, unperceived, to command a direct view of the quarter from which the noise had originally proceeded. This, however, was too much for the thief (for such, in reality, was this pseudo tree-stump), who, unable to restrain his laughter, and thinking his situation somewhat critical, suddenly executed a somerset, upset the astonished soldier, and made clear off with his helmet.

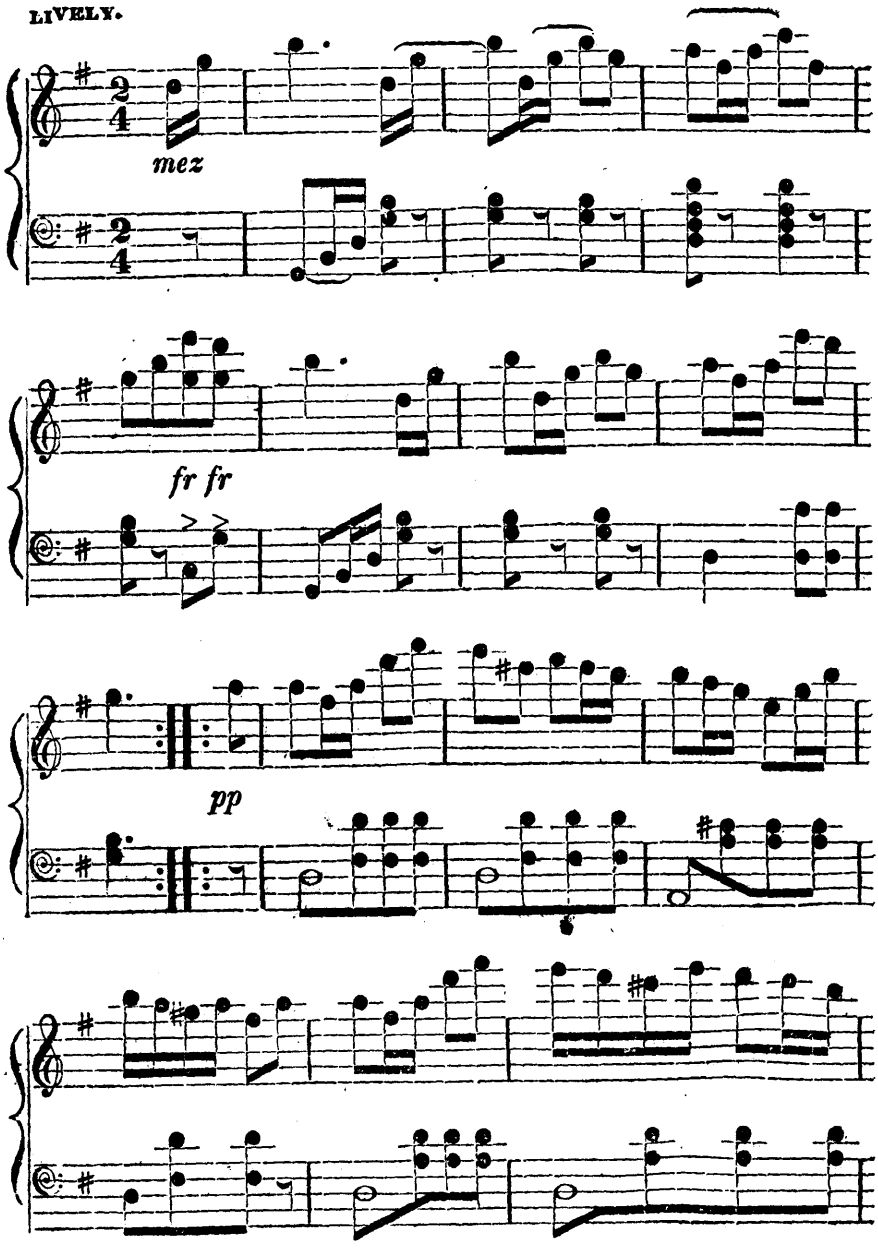
SAM SLICK ON THE STATE OF EUROPE.

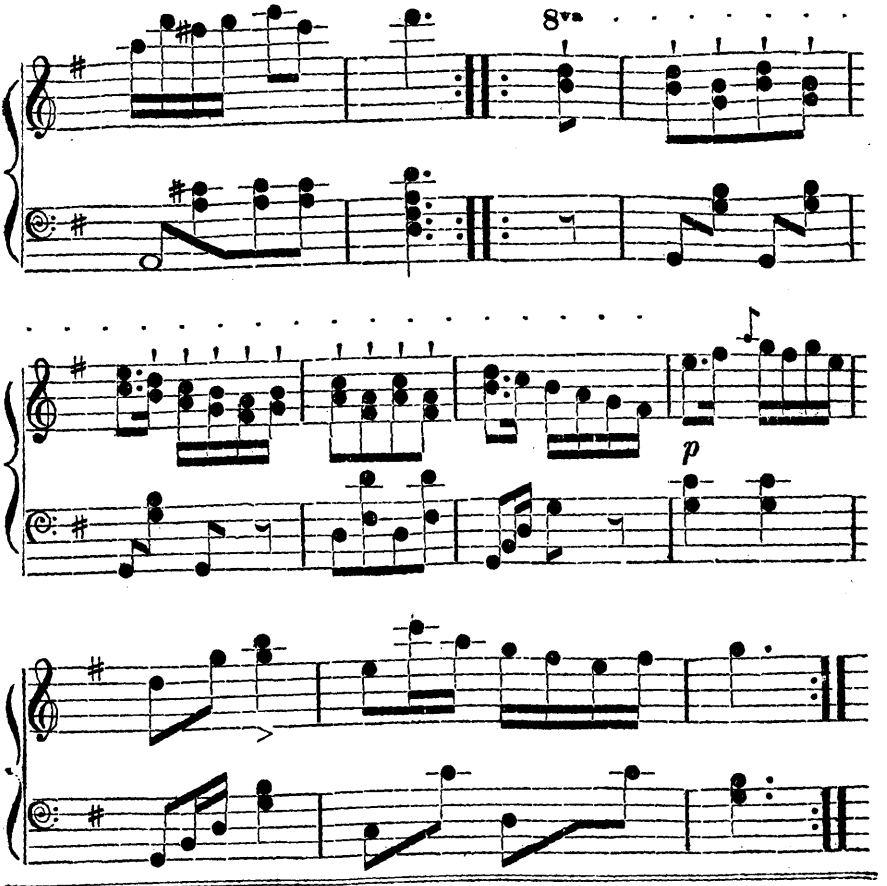
The fact is, those Wiseacres on the other side have enjoyed peace so long, that they're grown tired of it. It's a blessing that's become cheap, and, like a glut of herrings, nobody will thank you for a dish of them as a gift. Its always the way; their legislators and politicians have laid it down for gospel, that peace can't be wholesome, if it's kept beyond a certain number of years; they think its like hung game, which at last breeds maggots. So each country, after a long feed, jumps up quite vicious, snarls and looks round to see where it can give its neighbour a snap. The driest bone is enough for them to quarrel for. First they're ready to go to loggerheads because a hot-headed skipper rinces out the immortal tri-colour flag with sea-water; then they squabble over a lot of sulphur, they're ready to take fire instanter; and then comes this burning of their mouths with another man's porridge. Five nations play at puss in the corner, and the one that's left out grows crusty and shows fight. In the meanwhile each carries on a contraband business in the small way abroad. The English take a contract to shoot down Don Carlos's men, and batter a dilapidated town in India. The French virtue is shocked at the wickedness of the Algerines, and bundles them out to make room for a colony of its own, where, for want of water privileges, the hot soil must be irrigated with soldiers' blood and labourers' sweat. Then the Muscovites must take a turn in India just to warm their hands, till there's something doing elsewhere. Now what does all this bluster and bullying come to? Does it take off a single tax? Not one, I'm darned. Does it make the people contented and happy! Not so much as you could put in your eye. Depend upon it that peace is one of the very greatest of national blessings. Depend upon it that those who cry up war are those who find their account in fishing in troubled water. Depend upon it that when you come to strike the balance of profit and loss in the nation's account-current with war, you'll find the nation on the debit side. Depend upon it, the fruit you'll reap from a bloody seed-time is the impeding of the arts and manufactures—the hindering of knowledge from going ahead—the leading of the people into ideas of extravagance and perilous speculation—the draining of the Treasury—and the bequeathing to your children enormous debt, which their government being saddled with, it will, like an overloaded coach that comes to a bit of a rock, jerk, waggle, and capsize."

(ORIGINAL.)

CALLOPADE, No. III.

BY J. CLARKE, 7TH HUSSARS.





IS THERE AN UNBELIEVER?

Is there an unbeliever?
One man who walks the earth,
And madly doubts that Providence
Watched o'er him at his birth!
He robs mankind for ever
Of hopes beyond the tomb;
What gives he as a recompense?
The brute's unhallow'd doom.

In manhood's loftiest hour,
In health, and strength, and pride,
Oh! lead his steps through alleys green,
Where rills mid cowslips glide:
Climb Nature's granite tower,
Where man hath rarely trod;
And will he then, in such a scene,
Deny there is a God?

Yes—the proud heart will ever
Prompt the false tongue's reply!
An Omnipresent Providence
Still madly he'll deny.
But see the unbeliever
Sinking in death's decay;
And hear the cry of penitence!
He never learnt to pray!

(ORIGINAL.)

RESIGNATION.

BY MRS. H. SILVESTER.

"I wonder, Mr. Easel," said his wife,—
"It is indeed the strangest thing in life,
How odd I never thought of it before!
That you, who have been busy on a score
Of paintings, where he'd come in well, ne'er thought,
Of taking off our Ned—now do, you ought."

"The reason why I never took him off,"
Said Easel, "was,—imagining you knew it—
When the poor boy had got the whooping cough,
I had some hopes that Heaven would please to do it!"
Peterboro'.

TO A MIRROR.

Nor Phidias, nor Apelles, though, with grace,
They fixed the forms of beauty rare,
Could paint the motions of the face,
And all the shifting colours there.
Thou, mirror, thou, with truest view,
Dost what no painter's skill can do.

OUR TABLE.

COKE SMITH'S VIEWS IN THE CANADAS.

We have had the pleasure of examining this magnificent volume—magnificent in size as in the *materiel* of which it is composed. It is a series of coloured lithographs, of a large folio size, representing many scenes of peculiar interest, a list of which we have here subjoined. Some of the pictures are very beautiful, and are coloured with artist-like truth to nature.

Mr. Smith was attached to the suite of the Earl of Durham, when that nobleman was Governor General of these Provinces—and many of the drafts, we believe, were originally made at the request of the Noble Earl, who seems to have held the artist's genius in high respect—justly, as will be confessed on an examination of this splendid *monument* to his labours.

LIST OF SUBJECTS.

Plate 1—Vignette.
Plate 2—Falls of Niagara.
Plate 3—Indians of Lorette.
Plate 4—Cape Tourment, from Chateau Richer.
Plate 5—Quebec.
Plate 6—Quebec, from the Chateau.
Plate 7—Falls of Montmorency, from St. Joseph.
Plate 8—Citadel—Quebec.
Plate 9—Zity, a Huron Indian.
Plate 10-Huron Indian.
Plate 11-Church at Beauharnois.
Plate 12-Falls of Montmorency.
Plate 13-Attack and Defeat of Rebels, at Dickinson's Landing, Upper Canada.
Plate 14—Buffalo Hunting.
Plate 15—Engagement in the Thousand Islands.
Plate 16—Rapids of St. Lawrence.
Plate 17—Posting on the St. Lawrence during Winter.
Plate 18—Indians Bartering.
Plate 19—Montreal.
Plate 20—American Fort, Niagara River.
Plate 21—Entrance to Toronto.
Plate 22—Moose Hunter.
Plate 23—The Private Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec.

THE ANNUALS.

These elegant Souvenirs are already beginning to make their welcome visits. Several of the English specimens have been received—among them the "Forget-me-not," from which we have extracted a pleasant tale, as a specimen of its literary pretensions. As usual, this department appears to be esteemed of secondary consequence—the great care being to produce that which will please the eye. The engravings are very good, and as far as appearance goes, there will be no falling off from former years—indeed, they go on progressing in beauty of embellishment.

THE HOLY BIALE.

A splendid copy of the Bible, with prefaces by the Reverend Edward Nares, D. D., in three volumes, Atlas quarto size, embellished by the most eminent British artists, may be seen at the Bookstores of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, where it lies for sale. It is one of the most magnificent works, in appearance, we have ever seen, and may be purchased for twenty-five pounds currency. The publishing price was thirty-two pounds sterling.

Among the selected matter in the present number of the *Garland*, will be found an eloquent article, which we promised some months ago, from the *Colonial Magazine*, but for which we could not find room at an earlier date. At the present moment this article will possess peculiar interest, from the firm tone which it maintains in relation to the future prospects of England. We can see no patriotism in the predictions too frequently made that the Power of Britain is on the decline. With the writer of the article we refer to, we trust that, glorious as she is, she has yet far to climb before the star of her ascendency will lose one ray of its brightness.

In the next number, commencing the third volume of the *Garland*, we shall have the satisfaction of publishing the commencement of a new tale by E. M. M. entitled "Beatrice, or the Spoiled Child," which, in accordance with our resolution to continue no articles from one volume to another, we have necessarily postponed.

TO OUR READERS.

With the present number, another volume of the *Garland* is completed. On such an occasion it will be only becoming in us to express, briefly and sincerely, our sense of the cheerful support with which our humble efforts have been rewarded.

Our literary labours have already extended over a space of nearly two years. Two years during which a wonderful change has been effected in all around us—two years in which Canada has lived a half a century of her former life—two years during which we have arrived at a knowledge of ourselves, which before we would have deemed incredible. At the beginning of these two brief years, our country was torn by factions, and bleeding under the wounds of an unnatural warfare. Our people were arrayed against each other in a terrible, and almost an aimless struggle. Fierce enmities were at work among us, and blood—human blood—was poured out like water. Now, so different is the aspect all things wear, that we can scarcely believe that two opposing parties are among our people—or if there be, the aim of both seems the noble one of their country's good. Oil has been poured upon the troubled waters, and the vessel of state rides on, the motion scarcely perceptible. The country is improving around us—the hammer of the busy artisan is ever in our ears—the roads in our neighbourhood assume the appearance of those of older countries—our harbours present an appearance of strength and beauty worthy of a noble city. Every thing bears evidence of peace—smiling, beautiful, meek-eyed and gentle peace. As the gallant barque yields to the fierce tempest—her strong masts bending to the gale, when the winds retreat, rights herself more proudly, and spreading her sails to the falling breeze, speeds on to the desired haven—so we, though for a moment almost prostrated by the storm of human passion, have risen from the trial, strong in the knowledge of our own power, and of the energies we possess—and better still, with the will determined to apply that power and those energies to the advancement of our country's prosperity, and our people's good.

All this, however, may seem foreign to our purpose, to the purpose with which we solicited attention; but the reflections forced themselves upon us as we contrasted the different auspices under which we penned our first "address" to those under which we now give utterance to our thoughts; and though the excitement of those bygone days was not without its pleasure, he would lack patriotism indeed, who could look back upon them without regret—without praying that the two races whose different feelings led to the disastrous results we deprecate may become so blended together that they may forever feel as one people—who when called upon to the battle-field, may stand together under the same banner,—and in peace generously emulate each other in their efforts to advance the interests of the common weal.

Such reflections, indeed, are not wholly out of place. It is in peace and prosperity that the true interests of literature must flourish: war and turmoil are not the spheres in which the pen can command honour and esteem. The ruling passion with the gifted, in the hour of peril, will be distinction in the field, while under the spreading olive branch, the same enthusiast who might have flourished as a warrior, will find a path to fame in the less dazzling, but not less noble, task, of enlightening, and affording pleasure to his fellow man. In so far, may we, without travelling from our path, congratulate our readers on the vast changes which are so rapidly and so visibly taking place. We are deeply interested in them—not as subjects of Britain, and inhabitants of Canada only, but as almost the only representatives of the *published* literature of

our country. We say, the "published," because we are well convinced, that, great as the amount of original contributions have unexpectedly been, these are merely an index of what might be produced without searching beyond the bounds of the twin Provinces. There cannot exist a doubt that, with the advancement of the country in political and social worth—in *moral* and *physical* wealth—its literary and intellectual riches will be equally developed. In this, then, in addition to the patriotic feelings which all, more or less, possess, we have a motive, and a good one, for offering our congratulations, humble though they be, on the auspicious character of our present prospects.

Taken altogether, we look upon the contemplation of our literary future, as exhilerating. In the "darkest hour" our efforts were generously seconded. As the horizon lost its clouds, encouragement grew into support, and from the "dismal past" we have already seen the

"Dawn of a luminous future."

Well aware as we are, how little of this success is to be attributed to ourselves, we trust no reader will accuse us of an egotism we do not feel, when writing thus. A reference to the index will shew how little of our success is to be attributed to merits of our own. Indeed, our task has been less a call upon our own limited abilities than the exercise of such trifling judgment as we may possess, in selecting from the heaps of "matter" which have been, with a liberality unparalleled, placed at our disposal; a liberality claiming our thanks even before we pay those justly due to the generosity of the public, whose "patronage" has enabled us to lay them before the world.

We are, however, trespassing upon the patience of our friends. Our intention was to offer a few words of thanks on the occasion of the close of another year. These words have grown upon us, and we must hasten to a close; and, in doing so, it affords us pleasure to be empowered to state that the several pens which have so greatly contributed to render the *Garland* a welcome visiter, will still lend their valuable and valued aid; assisted by many others, which we confidently trust may yield their share to the fund of intellectual pleasure, we flatter ourselves we shall be the medium of communicating to the Canadian world.

In conclusion, we beg only to repeat what we have before remarked, that it will be our study to shew our gratitude, by unceasing exertions to render the *Garland* worthy of the favourable consideration it has received.

END OF VOLUME II.

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MUSIC.

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