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LIGA
THE

LITERARY GARLAND;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

THE ADVANCEMENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

“ Mine aim shall be
To gather from the garden’s rarest buds,
An offering meet—an odour-laden wreath,
Mingling its fragrance with the Summer’s breath,
And weaving round old Winter’s rugged brow
A garland ever green.”

Incog.

VOL. II.

MONTREAL
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J^C
ST. NICHOLAS STREET

1840.

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THE
LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1839.

No. 1.

TO OUR READERS.

EVERY day furnishes additional evidence, that, in the Canadian Provinces, literature, and the more elegant refinements of the age, are forcing themselves into that position which the permanent prosperity of the country demands, and which their importance to its enlightened character warrants them to hold; and this, in spite of adverse circumstances, which, among a people less energetic in spirit, might well be supposed to quench, rather than to brighten, the Promethean fire. It is not too much to anticipate that the dawn which is now breaking is only the prelude to a glorious day. There is a strong desire to learn among the whole mass of the population—and this is, in fact, an appetite that “grows by what it feeds on.” The mind which has once tasted of the fount of knowledge, will not be satisfied with a sparing draught, for once having felt its power, nothing can repress the wish to dip deeper, and yet more deeply into the waters of the sacred spring.

It appears to us that, hitherto, the character of these Provinces has been sadly misunderstood, if not partially misrepresented. Until lately, it has been held as an incontrovertible axiom, that to attempt the publication of aught else than political journals was akin to madness—a needless waste alike of time and trouble. We do not seek to disguise the fact, that this belief was the offspring of the knowledge, that encouragement had been given with a sparing hand, or absolutely withheld from almost every glimpse of literary spirit that had broken in upon the gloom. But such a circumstance may be attributed to many reasonable causes. In a country which has scarcely emerged from the childhood of its existence, it would be unfair to look for any thing like a general appreciation of the benefits derivable from the free circulation of books and magazines. The vast majority of those inhabiting the colonies, are emigrants from other lands, who have left their home behind them, that they may command a wider field for the industry which is expected to raise them to comparative independence. Of these comparatively few could command leisure for the purposes of reading—and even if the inclination were wanting, it would be unjust to blame them—nature requiring that the material system should be first provided for, and the children, surrounding their parent's knee, however much he might desire to cultivate their minds, had first to be supplied with bread. With the diminution of the necessity for constant labour, the appetite for the refined pleasures of the soul, as a natural consequence, increase. With those who rise every morning to a day of bodily labour, or mental anxiety, it is scarcely reasonable to expect that reading should be much attended to; but even they can scarcely fail to become inoculated with the spirit of research, as one neighbour and then another begins to gather round him the rich stores of

knowledge with which the intellectual world is filled. There is, too, another circumstance that has militated, in no slight degree, against the advancement of literature in the Colonies. The works of the best authors of the old and new worlds, can be commanded at prices so low as to defy competition with the productions of the Provincial press; and with resources so ample before them, with the whole field of British and American literature, from which to select, it is only natural that few would stoop to cull the unassuming plants our uncultivated wilds produce. It is and has been the same in all countries. The American States, in which there is, at the present hour, scarcely a house which is not visited by some periodical, were at one time as backward in their literature as we are now, having a larger population than the Canadian Provinces, before one magazine could find support among them. That the day will come when these Provinces will no longer lag at a very great distance behind them, we look upon the *Garland*, (humbly indeed, we confess,) as a daily proof. Commenced in a season of comparative distress, and under auspices, generally far from promising, a magazine, equal in magnitude to the largest of the American monthlies, or at least to those issued at a similar rate of subscription, in appearance and contents scarcely inferior to them, was offered to the public, under almost a certain knowledge of the imprudence of anticipating that a greater number of hundreds would be purchased than there are thousands annually circulated of its American rivals—we say an equal rate of subscription, but it was less—for theirs is uniformly an “*advance*,” claim. We have hitherto asked no such indulgence, and with the outlay of a year in view, this is no trivial circumstance—nevertheless, we “cast our bread upon the waters, and it has returned to us after many days.” Nor can we regret these terms, liberal as they have been called—the very few, who, under such circumstances, will take an advantage so trifling, are nothing to the general character of an honourable community—and such, in all our intercourse with them, we have ever found the people of these Colonies to be.

There is, then, again we say it, no ground to fear, that as the country generally increases in its available means, literature and art, which are the truest evidences of enlightenment and prosperity, will proportionately flourish. It wants only a few of sufficient means, to venture a little in support of the efforts occasionally made, to rouse the dormant energies of the country, and the end so much desired, though we may reach it tardily, cannot fail ultimately to be won.

We must, however, conclude these hasty observations, which have been called forth by the necessity of saying something by way of introduction to the second volume of the *Garland*, which is, with this number, commenced. The favour shown us during the past year, we trust will be continued to us, and to that end, we will use every endeavour to merit the approval we so anxiously hope will crown our labours. Whatever the present number is, we feel confident its successors will be, with such improvements as our continually increasing experience may enable us to make.

Again expressing our grateful acknowledgements for the many kindnesses conferred upon us, and the liberal spirit in which our weaknesses have been viewed, we cheerfully give place to pens more fitted than our own to win the “wreathed smile,” upon the public brow.

(ORIGINAL.)

GEOFFREY MONCTON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THERE was a time—a good old time, when men of rank and fortune were not ashamed of owning their poor relations, and affording their protection to any person connected with them by the holy tie of consanguinity. That time is gone forever. When hospitality decreased, with the increase of modern luxuries, and modern refinements, and the best feelings of the heart were choked in the rush for precedence and the love of display, relations went out of fashion. If they were wealthy but ungentle, they were occasionally tolerated in private, but considered in public a perfect bore. If poor, they were disowned in public entirely, and treated with contempt. The titles of uncle, aunt, and cousin, which are only one degree removed from the most endearing appellations of kindred love, have become nearly obsolete, without the possessors of these unenvied titles keep a carriage and make a respectable appearance, in the world. Then and then only, are their names pronounced with reverence, and their relationship considered an honour. It is amusing to see the eagerness with which some persons assert their claims to relationship, and the intrigue and manoeuvring it calls forth in others to disown the ties of kindred. It was my misfortune to be one of those despised and insulted annoyances, a *poor relation!*

My grandfather, Geoffrey Moncton, was a wealthy merchant in the city, who, during a very long life, accumulated a fine property. He never enjoyed the wealth he toiled to realize. He began the world with a limited income, and when his hundreds multiplied into thousands, he still continued to deny himself those luxuries which, in his early career, he would have considered as criminal and extravagant indulgences. The education of his two sons was conducted on the same parsimonious scale, and he had the satisfaction, if satisfaction it was, of dying a rich man. His inheritance was equally divided between his sons, Edward and Robert. He bequeathed to the former, who was the senior by three years, his lucrative situation in the mercantile world, and the latter a handsome fortune, with a strict injunction to prosecute with diligence his legal studies.

My uncle Robert's character was stouided upon his father's, and his inclinations naturally induced him to profit by his advice. His abilities were scarcely above mediocrity, but he possessed great perseverance, and like his predecessor was certainly gifted with a talent for saving money. An old servant of my grandfather used jocosely to say of him, "Had master Robert been born a beggar he would have converted a dust cart into a carriage. The art of making money was born in him." My uncle was very successful in his profession, but his fame and his fortune bore very unequal proportions to each other; yet such is the respect which most men pay to wealth, that my uncle was as much courted as if he had been the Lord Chancellor of England. He was called the honest lawyer, simply because he was the *rich lawyer*, and few people imagined that the envied possessor of five thousand per annum, could have any inducement to undertake a dirty cause, or cheat his clients. The world believed my uncle to be an honest man. The dependent slave, who was chained all day to the desk in Robert Moncton's office, knew him to be a rogue. But his practice daily increased, and his reputation and fortune increased in proportion.

There never was a man less adapted for business than my father. Had he been brought up to my uncle's profession, he would have been a judge, for his abilities were of the first rate order. If the brothers could have exchanged situations, all would have been well. My uncle would have been the great man on 'change, my father at the bar. My uncle had a habit of saving money—my father of spending it. You would have thought the former had discovered the secret of the philosopher's stone, and the latter had ruined himself in endeavouring to find it out—one was parsimonious from choice—the other extravagant, through indulging a mistaken feeling of benevolence. The one regarded with indifference, the miseries of his fellow creatures, the other was not only keenly alive to their sufferings, but lost no opportunity of alleviating and supplying their wants. The voice of prudence was never attended to, during

the excitement of the moment. The pleading look of the miserable suppliant filled his eyes with tears, and was effectually the means of emptying his purse.

The brothers were the very reverse of each other. My uncle married a rich citizen's daughter for her money; my father a poor lady for love. My father speculated and became poor, my uncle drudged and became rich. The end of all this may be anticipated, if my reader have any knowledge of the human heart. My father died broken hearted and insolvent, in the very prime of life, and left me a boy under the guardianship of his wealthy brother.

My poor mother only survived her husband a few weeks, and bereaved of both my parents, I was doomed at that early period to drink the bitter cup of poverty and dependence to the very dregs.

I never saw my uncle Robert till the morning of my mother's funeral, and the impression which his first appearance made on my young heart, and every circumstance connected with that eventful day, is yet fresh in my memory. Half a century has passed away, and I am slowly descending into the vale of years, but that interview will never be forgotten. It cast the first dark shadow upon the sunny dial of life, and my days and hours were for many painful years numbered beneath its gloomy influence.

It was a chill, murky December day—the rain fell in torrents, and plashed heavily against the windows of our once populous, but now deserted mansion. The shutters of the parlour were half closed, and admitted into the room a dim uncertain light. The hearse destined to convey the remains of my mother to their last home was drawn up at the door; I saw it, an unknown feeling of dread crept over me. I never saw a hearse before; the black waving plumes frightened me, and I clung weeping to the bosom of my nurse. The good old woman was busily employed in adjusting my dress, to attend the funeral as chief mourner. The door that led into the adjoining apartment was ajar. I heard the undertakers removing the coffin; curiosity overcame my childish fears, I raised my head as the coffin was carried past. I knew that it contained the body of my mother, but having formed no distinct idea of death, I could not imagine that the lovely young woman, who had so lately kissed and blessed me, was unconscious of her removal from her home, and her weeping boy. I struggled violently with my nurse.

"Mamma! dear mamma!" I cried, "these wicked men shall not take away mamma."

At this moment, two gentlemen entered the room dressed in deep mourning. The foremost was a tall, portly man; one whom the world would have called handsome, for his features were regular, and his complexion darkly brilliant; but there was a cold, contemptuous expression in his large prominent eyes, which bespoke the most careless indifference to any wants and sorrows but his own. His countenance filled me with dread and aversion, and time only

strengthened the impression. He took me roughly by the hand, and turning me deliberately round, examined my person with critical minuteness, without being the least moved by my tears, and then coldly remarked to his companion:

"This, Wakers, is the boy that my extravagant brother has thrown upon my charity. What think you of him?"

"Poor child," said the other, placing his hand kindly on my head and drawing me gently to his knee, as if touched by the answering caress which his tenderness drew forth, "I pity his relative situation; I fear lest you should abuse the unbounded power which Providence has given you over this helpless innocent. Do not, Robert, betray the sacred trust—receive as a son the parentless child, who appears so painfully conscious of his dependence on your bounty. Had I less than ten children to provide for, this unfortunate boy should not want a home."

This speech, and the benevolent look which accompanied it, softened the heart of the stern man, and he muttered half aloud: "well—well—I must, I suppose, make the best of it. The child is not answerable for his father's faults; but he is too much like Edward ever to make a man of business."

The undertaker entered the room, and put an end to the conversation, by informing the gentlemen that all was ready—and in a few minutes the funeral procession was slowly moving down the street.

I shall never forget the awful impression which that solemn scene produced upon my mind. The first ideas of death, of the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of human misery, were formed while standing beside my mother's grave. There my heart received its first lesson in sorrow, and from the moment that the earth closed over my parent, my trials and troubles in this world commenced.

After the funeral was over, the mourning coach conveyed me to my uncle's house in Hatton Garden, which I was to consider as my future home, and which in fact became my prison for ten succeeding years, during which period I suffered worse than an Egyptian bondage.

My aunt received me with kindness; she was a vulgar but warm hearted woman, and as far as she dared, without incurring the displeasure of her sullen partner, ameliorated the miseries of my dependent situation. By treating me when in private like her own child, she unlocked the fountain of natural affection, and love gushed spontaneously forth. I longed to call her mother, and she became as dear to me as the parent I had lost. But the hours I spent with my good aunt were few—I only saw her at meals, during the Sabbath days, and in winter, at the dark hour between dinner and tea. But these were precious moments to the young heart, that knew no companionship, and which pined for that sympathy with its kind, which is the only honied drop in the bitter

cup of human woe. When my uncle was absent, or abstracted in business, I could sit by her side, and pour into her attentive and maternal ear, the beautiful and shadowy reminiscences of my early days; I could describe to her the garden in which I played, and the scenes which I visited, in company with my departed parents. I could dwell with delight on my mother's tenderness, when at night she kissed me and put me to bed—the earnest manner in which she used to direct my thoughts and prayers to God, and endeavour to impress upon my soul the importance of divine truth. “Ah!” I exclaimed one evening, whilst sitting at my aunt's feet, “why did my dear mamma die? other little boys have mothers, why was mine taken from me—why did her rosy cheeks turn pale, and her hand stiffen and become cold?—ah, so cold! I could not bear to touch them. I kissed her lips that used to be so red, but they did not kiss me again. I never kissed mamma without her giving me two kisses for one, but her eyes were closed, she did not even look at Geoffrey. But they told me the dead could neither hear, nor see, nor speak, and my nurse said, mamma was in heaven. But is heaven the dark, narrow pit, into which I saw those ugly men put my mamma? why did she go away, and leave me alone in the world, with nobody to play with me, or love me, to nurse me when I am sick, or to comfort me when I am tired? Dear aunt, I wish you would be mamma.”

Mrs. Moncton's plain, but benevolent countenance, was bathed in tears; she pressed me in her arms, and told me that I should never want a mother whilst she was living—and well, and conscientiously, did she fulfil her promise. She has long been dead; but time has not effaced from my mind, a grateful remembrance of her kindness. Since I arrived at man's estate, I have knelt beside her grave, and moistened the turf which enfolded her warm kind heart with my tears.

She had one son, a boy of my own age, an ill favoured, cross, unmanageable child, who in addition to the cold selfish propensities of the father, was jealous, proud, and satirical, ready on all occasions to give and take offence at any word, look, or sign, which he fancied derogated from his consequence. Theophilus Moncton considered that my dependent situation gave him a lawful right to demand my services, and had I been a bondman in the house of his father, he could not have treated me more like a slave.

I will pass over my childhood—I have heard it reckoned a happy season, but to me it had no joys; it was a gloomy period of mental suffering, and bodily fatigue, of unnatural restraint, and painful probation. The cold, arbitrary, authoritative manner of Mr. Moncton, and the insolence and presumption of his son, goaded a free and irascible spirit like mine almost to madness, and my desperate struggles to emancipate myself tightened the

chain, and forced the iron into my soul. My complaints were unheeded, my indignation was laughed at, and I was daily and hourly reminded of the domestic calamities which had made me dependent upon the cold, extorted charity, of a cruel master. I was reproached with my want of gratitude, in not being thankful to those who endeavoured to make me a slave, till the obligations thus forced upon me became insupportable, and my heart withered beneath the pressure of the accumulating debt which deprived my nights of rest, and my days of hope. When the morning came, and I took my station at the accursed desk, I wished the day gone; and when night released me from my abhorrent task, I felt grateful that I was a few hours nearer to a change in my situation, and I fondly imagined that any change must be for the better.

CHAPTER II.

RESIDING in the centre of the metropolis, and at an age when the heart sighs for a social communion with its fellow men, and imagines, with the confiding sincerity of youth, a friend in every agreeable companion, I was immured among old parchments, and dusty records, morning, noon, and night, and never permitted to mingle with the guests that frequented my uncle's house, without my services were required in a professional manner. No one suspected the shabbily dressed, silent youth, who obeyed Mr. Moncton's imperious mandates, of being his nephew, the only son of his elder brother. I was treated with indifference by his male visitors, and scarcely noticed by the ladies.

Once I remember hearing a Miss Beaumont whisper to her sister, “Is that handsome, intelligent looking young man, Mr. Moncton's clerk? I wonder who and what he is!”

“A person of no consequence,” was the reply; “you may be certain of that, by his unfashionable appearance.”

“He looks like a gentleman?”

“Yes, he owes that to his peculiar line of features, and fine form, not to his manners or carriage, which are decidedly awkward and bad.”

In spite of these mortifying rejoinders, the words of the first speaker tingled in my ears for months. Miss Beaumont was a plain girl; but her good opinion of me blinded my eyes to her personal defects, and I not only thought her as beautiful as an angel, but several times found myself scribbling her name all over my desk, and covering every scrap of waste paper with indifferent rhymes in her praise. This confession may call up a smile on the lip of my reader, and I am content that he should accuse me of vanity; but this was the first word of commendation that had ever reached my ears, and though I have since laughed heartily at the deep impression

it made on my heart, it reconciled me at the time to my bitter lot, and lightened the pressure of the galling chain which had nearly reduced me to despair.

The intense desire I now felt to mingle with the world gave an impetus to my actions, and made me anxious to cultivate my mind, which till this moment I had suffered to lie waste, and I resolved to make the best use of the time I was still condemned to pass in my uncle's office. This earnest desire for improvement was strengthened by the excellent advice of a young man, who had just entered our office, in the capacity of engrossing clerk.

George Harrison was not distinguished by any remarkable talents, or endowed with that aspiring genius which forces its way through every obstacle, and places a man above the common mass, with which he is daily forced to associate. Yet his was no ordinary character, no every day acquaintance, with whom we may spend a pleasant hour, and care not if we ever meet in our journey through life again. He possessed an agreeable and gentlemanly person a refined, and well cultivated mind, and great delicacy of taste and manners. His feelings were acute, his heart warm and generous. The interest he felt in my welfare, endeared him to me, and we became inseparable companions.

One evening, when I had violently resisted a tyrannical command from my uncle, and vainly asserted my right to that independence which I could not, as a clerk, legally claim, Harrison ventured to remonstrate with me on the folly and imprudence of my conduct. After regarding me for some time with a glance of tender and benevolent concern, he warmly pressed my hand, and thus addressed me.

"Geoffrey, your uncle is a hard task-master, but is it not useless to resist the authority of one who can command obedience?"

"Who gave him that authority?" I exclaimed, chafing with passion.

"Providence, who awarded to you your present trials, doubtless for some wise purpose. If you studied your own interest, Geoffrey, you would yield to Mr. Moncton that respect which you owe to him as your guardian and near relation."

"Respect to him!—to my bitterest enemy! may I continue a slave all my life, when I become a passive instrument in the hands of such a merciless oppressor!"

"You have a more dangerous enemy to contend with, Geoffrey; one who bound to you by nearer ties of blood, exercises a more pernicious authority over your mind," returned my friend, not in the least discomposed by my vehement gestures.

"Yes—his sordid, selfish counterpart, his worthy son!"

George shook his head, and I looked incredulous.

"Your own headstrong will."

"Fish!" I returned, shrugging up my shoulders; "Is this your pretended friendship?"

"It is the real sentiment of an unpretending friend."

I walked hastily to and fro the narrow limits of our office, raising at every step a cloud of dust from the folds of old parchments and musty rolls of paper, which were disarranged by the violence of my motions. I was in no humour to listen to a lecture, particularly when my own faulty temper was to be, the principal subject, and to form the text. Harrison watched my movements for some time in silence, grieved by the ill reception, which I had given his well meant admonitions, but not in the least daunted by my wayward mood.

"Prithee, dear Geoffrey, leave off raising such a dust, disturbing the evil spirits which have long slumbered in that monstrous pile of professional villainy. Resume your seat, and listen attentively to me."

I took a seat near him, without relaxing a muscle of my face, while he continued:

"You are displeased with my bluntness, Geoffrey, but if you cannot bear to hear the truth from the lips of a friend, would it not be doubly galling from an enemy? Tell me candidly, do you ever expect to settle in this world?"

"I must confess that it is a forlorn hope, but one which I have at times dared to form."

"And you are taking the very course to render it a chimera."

"What would you have me do?"

"Yield to circumstances."

"Become a villain!"

"May God forbid! I should be sorry to see you so nearly resemble your uncle. But the opposition which you so constantly present to his wishes will ruin forever your own prospects, and by driving you to adopt desperate measures, may make you the being you dread."

"Go on," I cried; "you, like your erring friend, have been educated in a bitter school—your knowledge of the world is at least superior to mine, and for once I will——"

"Condescend, Geoffrey, to receive a lesson at my hands," he said, forcing a smile, as he interrupted me, and hindered my concluding the ungracious sentence. "My experience has been bought with many years. I am willing that you should profit by it. You have suffered your personal dislike to your uncle and his son, to interfere with your studies, and deprive you of the advantages, which your situation as a clerk in this office affords—was this acting wisely? Was it not lengthening the term of your bondage, and adding an additional weight to your chain? Does not your uncle know this? Does he not laugh at the powerless efforts which you are making to burst his yoke from off your neck. In two years your clerkship will expire, and you will be your own free agent. But, with the little knowledge which you have gained of your profession, what will

liberty do for you ! will it gain you a better situation, establish your claims to gentility, or fill your purse ? Think of these things, Geoffrey, and instead of spending your leisure hours in writing verses to some imaginary Dulcinea, give your whole mind to the study of that profession which your uncle has bestowed upon you, which is a fortune in itself. Prove the independence of your mind by storing it with knowledge, which will be able to raise you above dependence ; wear the short emphatic sentence of Lord Bacon, like an amulet, round your heart ; " Knowledge is power ! "

I was struck speechless with the truth of his argument, and, for the first time in my life, saw the necessity of non-resistance in those who are completely dependent on the empire of another. I shook Harrison heartily by the hand, and promised to attend to his advice—nor was it lost upon me. From that hour my prospects brightened, and I took so deep an interest in my legal studies that I had no longer leisure to brood over my wrongs. My uncle's tyranny, and my cousin's insolence, appeared beneath my notice, and were regarded with indifference and contempt. My mind had taken an estimate of its own powers. The energetic spirit which had been crushed beneath the withering influence of neglect, asserted its dignity, and I was astonished at my mental qualifications, and ashamed of having suffered them so long to remain inactive. Harrison had given me a motive for exertion, and my tasks ceased to be distasteful or laborious. My mind recovered a healthful tone, my spirits rose in proportion, and every day as it brought me nearer to the termination of my labours, increased my desire of improvement, while my industry not only surprised, but drew forth the commendations of my master. As I rose in his favour, the bitter hatred I had cherished towards him was softened, and in the conscientious discharge of my duty, I learned to consider his interest as my own.

There is a period in every young man's first outset in life which gives a colouring to his future destiny. It is the time for action, for mental exertion and moral improvement, and the manner in which it is applied or neglected, will decide his character, or leave him weak and vacillating all the days of his life. If this precious portion of existence is wasted, time gets the start of us, and no after exertion enables us to overtake him in his flight. This important period was mine, and I lost no opportunity of turning it to the best advantage. I worked early and late for my uncle, for I had learned to consider, and with truth, that in serving him faithfully I was befriending myself. During the hours allotted to the office, I had no leisure on which I could seize, to store my mind with useful and polite literature, but as I was seldom admitted into my uncle's drawing-room, or allowed to mingle with his evening parties, I devoted those hours

which would otherwise have hung heavily on my hands, in the privacy of my own chamber, to the cultivation of the *Belles Lettres*, and the moments thus redeemed were among the happiest of my life. My solitary and companionless youth had deeply tinged my mind with romance. I pictured to myself a paradise in that world from which I was excluded, and fancied myself an illustrious actor in imaginary scenes of greatness which bore no analogy to the cold, cheerless realities of life. I was a dreamer of wild dreams, and suffered my enthusiastic feelings to transport me beyond the regions of probability. My love for poetry and music was a passion ; I played upon the flute by ear, and often dissipated my melancholy thoughts, by breathing them into the instrument. Through this medium Harrison became an adept at discovering the state of my feelings—my flute told tales, he used to say ; it spoke too plainly the language of my heart—yet from him, I had no concealments. He was my friend and bosom counsellor, in whom I reposed the most unreserved confidence—nor did he ever betray the sacred trust ; yet there was a mystery about George, which I could not fathom. He was a gentleman, in education, appearance, and manners, and possessed those high and honourable feelings, which are inseparable from those who really deserve that appellation—but he never spoke of his family. He never alluded to the events of his past life, or to the scenes in which his childhood had been spent. He talked of sorrow, and of chastisements in the school of adversity, in general terms, but he never had revealed to me the cause of these trials, or why he was reduced to move in a sphere so far below the station which he ought to have filled in society. I was half inclined to quarrel with him for so pertinaciously concealing from me circumstances in which I was fully prepared to sympathize. A thousand times I was on the point of remonstrating with him on this undue reserve, but a feeling of delicacy restrained me—what right had I to pry into his secrets ? My impertinent curiosity might re-open wounds that time had closed ; yet I must confess that I had a burning desire to know the history of his past life. But for many months my wishes remained ungratified. Whilst I continued to pursue my studies with ardour, I felt less inclination to mingle with the world, or to accept the pressing invitations of several of our clerks, to accompany them to places of public resort and amusement. I might have found many opportunities of evading the vigilance of my uncle, and yielding to their earnest solicitations, but I was too proud to expose the meanness of my wealthy relative, by confessing that mine was an empty purse. As I could not appear as a gentleman, I determined not to appear at all, and these resolutions were strengthened by the counsel of Harrison.

" Wait patiently, Geoffrey," he would say, " and

time will pay up the arrears of the long debt that fortune owes you. It is an old and hacknied saying, that riches cannot confer happiness upon their possessors; your uncle and cousin are living demonstrations of the truth of this proposition. He is affluent, and might enjoy all the luxuries of life, yet he toils with as much assiduity to increase his large property, as the poorest labourer does to earn bread to support a numerous family. You will, perhaps, say that it is well for me to preach—that the grapes are sour—that I speak with indifference of the good which Providence has placed beyond my reach. Geoffrey, I was once independent of the world, and regarded wealth with the utmost indifference whilst I was its envied possessor."

"And what has deprived you of such an advantage?" I eagerly exclaimed. This was the first allusion he had ever made to his former circumstances, and I was anxious to draw him into a general confession.

"My own folly; I spent a fine fortune like a prodigal, and for a few years made a dashing appearance amongst beings as thoughtless and dissipated as myself. The extent of my ambition was to be reckoned a fine gentleman. My imbecile desire was gratified. The world applauds such madness and I had friends and flatterers at will. My brief career soon terminated, and the world wore a different aspect. I was deserted by all my gay associates; I knew that this would be the result of my altered circumstances, yet I was babe enough to weep, when I found the truth of the old proverb realized in my own person. These are mortifying lessons which experience, wisdom's best counselor, daily teaches the sons of men, and a person must be either very insensible or self-conceited, who cannot profit by her valuable instructions. The hour which brought home to my heart the humiliating conviction that I was a person of no consequence, that the world could go on very well without me, that my merry companions would not be one jot less facetious, though I was absent from their convivial parties, was the most fortunate of my life. A knowledge of myself made me a wiser and a better man; I called my creditors together, and paid them to the uttermost farthing, and when this painful duty was discharged, and I was free of the world in the most literal sense, I felt happy—I had abused the good things of this life, whilst they were mine, and I determined to work hard, that I might learn to use them better. A friend whom I had never regarded in the days of my prosperity, generously came forward to assist me, and offered to purchase for me a commission in the army, and had not circumstances of a peculiar nature influenced me to enter this office, I should most gladly have accepted his offer."

And what were the circumstances to which you allude?" George sighed deeply, and passed his hand thoughtfully across his brow. "Excuse me, dear

Geoffrey, these reminiscencies are too painful to recall at a time when we are every moment liable to interruption. At some fitting opportunity I will tell you all; but this brief sketch may, if you please, afford a useful lesson. It will shew you the vanity of those things on which young and ardent minds are too apt to fix their affections. Live in the world, Geoffrey, but never for it—whilst you perform your relative duties conscientiously, its good or bad word will be a matter of indifference. The only world which can really conduce to your happiness is within the confines of your own breast. It is a territory which no change of fortune can wrest from you whilst you remain true to yourself."

I was much touched with this candid exposure of his past faults and follies, though, as usual, disappointed in the general terms in which they were revealed. Harrison spoke like a philosopher, but I saw the tears in his eyes. He was conscious that I remarked his weakness, and turned to the parchment he was copying, with an air of cheerful resignation, but the next moment the pen he had grasped so tightly was flung to some distance, and he looked me full in the face.

"This is the weakness of human nature, Geoffrey; when I think of what I am, and contrast the present with the past, it brings a cloud over my mind, which generally dissolves in tears. The years so uselessly wasted rise up in dread array against me. All the floodgates of my heart are broken up by the tide of bitter and remorseful feeling, which for a moment overwhelms my soul. But see," he continued, dashing the gathering mist from his eyes—and resuming his peculiarly benevolent smile; "the storm is over, and the sun of hope already brightens the gloomy horizon. My sorrows were of my own seeking, and I never recall them in vain."

"And you are happier than I," I exclaimed, regarding his April face with admiration and astonishment. "You can smile through your tears?"

"And so would you, Geoffrey, if like me you had brought your passions under the subjection of reason."

"It is no easy task," I replied, to besiege a city when passion defends the walls, and at every sally forces the besieger back to the trenches. I will, however, commence the campaign, by striving to forget that there is a world beyond these gloomy walls, in whose busy scenes I am forbidden to mingle."

"Valliantly resolved, Geoffrey, but a truce to all further colloquy. Here comes the heir of the house of Moncton."

"I will dispute his right to that title one of these days," I replied, resuming my pen. "Though my fortunes are at the lowest ebb, I cannot forget that I am the only male representative of the elder branch of the family."

"Tush!"—said George. "Thereby hangs a tale."

I looked up enquiringly, Harrison smiled to himself, and laid his finger significantly upon his lips, as Theophilus Moncton entered the office equipped for a journey.

CHAPTER III.

I am not an adept at sketching portraits, but the person of my cousin is so fresh in my memory that I cannot fail in presenting to my reader a faint likeness of the original. He was below the middle stature, his figure slender and exceedingly well made. His carriage would have been easy and gentlemanlike, but there was such a strong dash of affectation in all he did and said, that it even derogated from his gentility. His head was small, his face thin, his features sharp and prominent. His complexion ought to have been fair, for his hair was very light, and his large grey eyes of a heavy leaden colour, but his skin was thick and sallow, and so nearly approximated to the hue of the few thin straggling hairs that clothed either side of his cheeks, and to which he gave the manly term of whiskers, as hardly to be distinguished from these indispensable appendages. His teeth were of a dazzling whiteness, but so long that they gave to his thin pale lips, and long mouth, a peculiarly savage and malicious expression, which was increased by the ghastly and unnatural convulsion, which was constantly put in requisition to shew off what he considered one of his greatest personal advantages. But Theophilus Moncton had no personal advantages. There was nothing manly or decided about him. His first appearance was most unprepossessing, and few who had been once in his company were anxious to extend their acquaintance.

He was proud and self-opiniated, envious and revengeful. A servile flatterer to his superiors, and insolent and tyrannical to those he considered beneath him. The most sprightly sallies of wit could never produce the least brightening effect upon his saturnine countenance, which only became animated when contradicting some well received opinion, or discussing the merits of an acquaintance, and placing their faults and follies in the most conspicuous point of view. He was endowed with a good natural capacity—possessed an excellent memory and a thorough knowledge of all the darkest and most intricate windings of the human heart. Nothing escaped his observation. It would have been a difficult matter to have made a tool of him, for he never acted without a motive, and had a shrewd knack of rendering the imperfections of others subservient to his own purpose. He was devoted to sensual pursuits and pleasures, but the mask he wore so effectually, concealed his vicious inclinations, that the most cautious parents would have admitted him in-

to their family circle. His dress was an affectation of neatness, and from the neckcloth to the shoe-tie he was arranged with as much precision as a milliner's dress-doll, the first time it is lifted out of the bandbox. Such was Theophilus Moncton, the little effeminate, solemn fop, that presented himself to us.

I gave him the common salutations of the morning without rising from my seat. Harrison's curiosity was excited by his unexpected visit, and perceiving an unusual degree of self-importance written in every line of his face, he said :

"You have chosen a wet morning for your ride, Mr. Theophilus?"

"The choice was none of mine," he replied. "Confound the weather! it has disarranged all my plans. I ordered my horse and servant to be ready at eleven, and dressed for an equestrian expedition. The rain came on at half-past. There is no end to it—I think it means to keep on at this rate all day, and as the wind has changed into the wet quarter perhaps for many days." He cast a peevish look at the dusty ground glass windows. "There is no catching a glance of heaven nor earth through these dim panes. My father's clerks are not called upon to resist such temptations. 'Tis an ingenious plan, and I wish it were adopted in every office and counting-house in London."

Harrison looked down, and by the spattering of his pen, I was convinced that he was suffering an universal spasm from suppressed laughter. But I felt irritated by Theophilus' joking upon a circumstance which I considered a great privation.

"When you had a seat in this office, Mr. Theophilus," I said, purposely laying a strong emphasis on the personal pronoun, "you took good care to keep a peep-hole for yourself well glazed."

"If I were in the office now," he replied, with one of his satirical side-long glances, "I should have too much to do in keeping the clerks in their proper places to spend any time in looking out of the window."

Harrison's tremulous fit increased. The colour mounted to my cheek; my friend gave me a warning glance, but I was too angry to profit by it at the moment.

"Do you think it is just to deny to others the privilege you so liberally allowed to yourself?"

"It is not for a servant in my father's house to question the motives which actuate the conduct of his son."

I rose indignantly from my seat. "Geoffrey,"—pronounced in a solemn and tender tone of remonstrance by Harrison, stayed my uplifted arm. I resumed my seat, muttering between my teeth: "Contentible"—fool—I would have added, but for once prudence got the upper hand of passion, and I was silent. Theophilus seemed anxious to let the matter drop; not that he wanted personal courage—like the wasp, he knew how to attack others, when not

offended, and to sting with tenfold vengeance when attacked. But methought he had too tender a regard for the new and elegant suit of clothes, in which he was attired, to venture upon a quarrel which might end in their demolition. He slashed his boots with his whip, shrugged up his shoulders, and assumed in a moment an air of perfect indifference.

"The rain still continues to pour in torrents," he said; "I cannot prosecute my journey to Dover on horseback. It is a matter of no consequence. Fortunately I can command a carriage."

"Dover!" I involuntarily repeated; "are you off for France?"

"I hope to see Calais tomorrow morning," he replied, "and shall not return before I have completed the tour of the continent. Whilst the horses were putting to, I thought I might as well make my adieus. It is just possible, Geoffrey Moncton, we may never meet again."

He held out his hand in a cold and careless manner. I felt my blood boil within me at this ungracious—I might add contemptuous, farewell—I was on the point of rejecting so condescending an act of favour, when I again caught the quick eye of Harrison. It was full of meaning—our fingers came in contact with each other, but a pressure was neither given nor received from either party. Theophilus turned on his heel and left the office.

"Thank God! he is gone—and may we never meet again!" I exclaimed, the moment the door closed upon him.

"Hush, Geoffrey! Is not this imitating the conduct of the being you despise? That wish is unworthy of my friend; consider the dreadful sentiment it involves?"

"Bear with me," I cried, sinking upon his bosom; "I am a child in these matters. Teach me, George, to control these bitter and vindictive feelings."

He folded me to his warm, generous heart, whilst my indignation, and self reproach were drowned in a flood of tears.

"I am not worthy to be your monitor, Geoffrey—but in this, as well as in all other matters of this nature, I would save you from yourself."

I could make no reply, and he continued: "your cousin's absence will prove a fortunate event for you, provided you turn it to a proper account."

"How can it further my interest in a worldly point of view. The absence of a disagreeable companion, and one who is so actively annoying, will render my sojourn here more tolerable."

"It will do more than that—it will restore you to your proper station in society."

"Impossible!"

"It is not only possible, Geoffrey, but a positive fact; your uncle, when no longer aided and abetted by his son, will gradually drop his system of persecution. He will stand in need of a companion to be-

guile his solitary hours, one in whom he can confide his plans, and on whom he can occasionally vent his ill humour. But take the good and the bad, which must unavoidably result from this change in the domestic administration, and you will play your cards exceedingly ill if you are not a gainer by your cousin's long absence."

"And you would have me act the part of a toad-eater to my uncle?"

"I would wish you to be as independent in mind and deed, as you are now in theory."

"How can this be without compromising my honesty?"

"It will require some self-denial, and a great deal of forbearance. But you are no longer a boy. It is high time for you to think and act like a man. Nor is it by a servile submission to your uncle, that you can gain his respect and good opinion. He would despise every attempt on your part to ingratiate yourself into his favour. Robert Moncton is too old in the ways of the world not to be well acquainted with its manoeuvres, and he would laugh your ill-timed attentions to scorn. No, Geoffrey, it is only by adopting the steady and undeviating line of truth, by preserving your integrity, by firmly and religiously persevering in the performance of your duty, that you can gain the confidence of a man so stern and unyielding as your uncle. It is the homage that vice pays to virtue, which can alone render you an independent man."

"The path you have chalked out for me is one of great difficulty."

"The greater will be your triumph in subduing it. Remember, in matters of this kind there can be no compromising of conscience; no medium path between vice and virtue; you must choose the one and reject the other."

Our conversation was interrupted by a violent ringing at the office bell, and the servant ushered in an old woman, closely muffled up in a dark camblet cloak—a large black silk calash was drawn carefully over her face, more, apparently, to shield her from the rain, with which her garments were drenched, than from any motive to conceal the countenance it shaded.

"Is Mr. Moncton at home?"

At the sound of her voice, which was very harsh and abrupt, Harrison started and turned very pale, and shifted his stool, till his back fronted the stranger, whose interrogatories he seemed determined that I should answer.

"Mr. Moncton is at home," I said, rising from my seat, and advancing nearer to the strange being whose presence appeared to have given George a fit of the ague, and whose face I felt a strong curiosity to examine; "but he is particularly engaged this morning, having just parted with his son."

"Is he gone?" returned the old woman. "Then I am too late."

"Your business was with Mr. Theophilus?"

"Impertinent boy," returned this extraordinary personage, "who taught you to catechise your elders?—Go and tell Mr. Robert Moncton that Dinah North must speak with him."

"Let me carry this message," whispered Harrison; "my happiness is deeply involved in yonder hag's commission."

I looked upon his countenance with surprise. His features were convulsed with agitation, his lips and cheeks had lost their brilliant tint of red, and the colour had settled in one burning fevered spot upon his brow.

I hesitated:

"Well, go," he continued: "I feel too deeply excited to speak, much less to look calmly, but read well Moncton's countenance and manners, and note down his words when you deliver the message; and report your observations faithfully to me."

I made no reply, for Harrison suddenly quitted the office.

The stranger sat down on Harrison's vacant seat, bowed her head upon her hands, and sank into a profound reverie. I regarded her for a moment with increasing curiosity, and with a flushed cheek and hurried step, proceeded to deliver her message to my uncle. I found him alone in his study, examining a long roll of parchments. At the sound of my voice, he hastily refolded them, and demanded in his usual stern manner the reason of my interruption.

"There is a strange person in the office, Sir, who insists on speaking with you."

"A woman?" he said, changing colour—I replied in the affirmative.

"Her name?"

"Dinah North!"

"Tell her," he replied, in a voice of thunder, and stamping upon the ground furiously as he spoke, "that I will not see her!"

On re-entering the office, I found the old woman huddled up in her wet clothes, in the same dejected attitude in which I had left her.

When I addressed her, she raised her head as if unconscious of the action, which revealed a countenance of the most revolting ugliness I ever beheld. Perhaps she mistook me for Mr. Moncton, for her hideous mouth stretched into a malignant grin, indicative of derision and contempt, as I informed her of my uncle's determination.

"Uncle!" she cried; "do you too belong to that accursed house? methinks there is already more than enow of such a breed."

I appeared like one in a dream, and every moment increased my astonishment. The old woman drew forth a slip of paper slightly folded together, and bade me carry that to my worthy uncle, and to ask him, if with all his land he could gainsay it—I took the billet, and once more proceeded to the study. As I went along the passage, an irresistible,

and I must own a criminal curiosity, induced me to unfold the unsealed paper. It only contained these brief words, traced in a hand of feminine delicacy: the characters which composed it were too beautifully formed to have been put together by the withered, palsied hand, of the hideous old hag from whom I received it—

"If you refuse to accede to my proposals, in spite of the shame and infamy which will devolve upon me, I will expose your son's villainy to the world."

A. M.

I paused for a minute in the passage, with the paper open in my hand, endeavouring to solve the riddle. But the mystery thickened around me, when my uncle's voice sounded in my ear more ominously than the sudden stroke of a death bell, when we are hourly expecting the dissolution of a friend,

"Geoffrey! is that woman gone?" He was too much agitated to notice my confusion. I hastily folded up the billet, and putting it into his hand with averted eyes, and knees bending under me from the mortifying consciousness of having been detected committing a base action, said, "no, she has sent you this."

He eagerly grasped the paper, and went back into the study. The door was open, and I had an opportunity of examining his countenance whilst perusing the paper. It was awful to witness the strife of passion, the fierce gestures of vehement indignation, remorse and despair, which agitated his features, which generally wore an expression of cold and unfeeling indifference. "Fool! madman! insane idiot!" he exclaimed! "how have you marred your own fortunes, destroyed your best hopes, and annihilated mine!"

After a pause of a few minutes, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He calmed his agitated countenance, and came out of the room with his usual iron gravity. He regarded me with a stern and scrutinizing glance, but the passage was lighted by a dim and lofty window, and I stood so far back in the shade that my perturbation escaped his notice.

"Go, and tell that mad woman—but no, I will go myself." He advanced a few paces—seemed again irresolute, and finally bade me conduct her to the study.

"Dinah North rose with alacrity, and for a woman of her years seemed to possess great activity of mind and body. I felt a secret loathing for my companion, and almost pitied my uncle the unpleasant conference which I was certain awaited him. Mr. Moncton had resumed his seat in his spacious study chair, and rose with such calmness on our approach, that his late agitation appeared like a delusive dream, which had cheated my heated imagination with a semblance of reality.

Mr. Moncton motioned his unwelcome visitor to a chair, and coldly commanded me to leave the room,

as my services were no longer required. I obeyed with reluctance, for I felt a strange presentiment that my future destiny was in some measure involved. But when I recalled the distress of Harrison, I was again bewildered in conjectures—I heard my uncle lock the door, but he spoke to his companion in a voice too low to reach my ears, though the sense of hearing was sharpened by curiosity. Ashamed of acting the part of a listener, I stole back to the office. I found George at his accustomed place. He had been weeping, for the traces of tears were visible on his swollen eye-lids. I took his hand, he pressed it warmly, looked mournfully up in my face, but resumed his pen without speaking a word.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

A DREAM.

It was the hour that nature gives to sleeping,
And the pale lamp of Night rode through the sky,
Gleaming alike where weary eyes were weeping,
And where the reckless laugh rose loud and high—
Alike where beauty's young pure form reclining,
Wrapt in her rosy slumbers, dream'd of love,
And shaded by the lash that hid their shining,
Her dark eyes roved through worlds of bliss above,
And where the blood shot eye-ball rolls in madness,
And wasted fingers clasp the fever'd brow,
Where grief has quench'd the last faint gleam of gladness

That all on earth can n'er rekindle now!—

A heavy sleep came o'er me, and I dream'd
That joy was dead within me,—that the light,
Which as a beacon in my path had seem'd,
Making all things look beautiful and bright,
Was faded now,—my fated bark was toss'd
Upon a sea of tears, without a shore,—
That hope itself was wreck'd, and all was lost,—
That thou wert false, and I was lov'd no more!—

We stood amid the old familiar things—
The scenes that happiness had sanctified—
Bath'd in the blessed light that memory flings
To cheer the heart where all is dark beside;—
And here we were to part; and I essay'd
To tell thee thou wast false,—thy head still dear
Reposed upon the breast thou hadst betray'd,
And thy dark eye was glistening with a tear!

I spoke not, for my sinking heart still clung
And fiercely grasp'd the fragment of the wreck,
E'en as the wretch, who hears his death dirge sung
In the loud tempest, hails the treacherous speck
That dawns amid the frowning clouds afar,—
But well I knew that tear had only gleam'd
Like a lone lamp amid a sepulchre,
And my proud soul refused to trust to all that seem'd.

And then I said farewell,—but not alone
To thee,—the rest was only as a part
Of the one whelming dream that now had flown,
And loneliness had settled on my heart.
I went forth to the world, I saw the height
My eager spirit once had sought to climb
All bleak and lonely,—tow'ring 'mid the night
Of hopes that thou had'st scatter'd in their prime,—
And at my shrinking heart, and on my brain
The curse of thy cold treason was imprest,
And I toil'd on in weariness and pain,
Hating myself nor caring for the rest:—
It was not that I loved thee; that was o'er,
But my own soul had stamped thy form with light,
And when I saw thee lovely as before—
My own creation blasted in my sight—
Life as a dead and dreary waste did seem,
Nor held in all one verdant spot, but when
The welcome morn dispelled my dreary dream,
Star of my cloudy sky—thou wast mine own again!

F.

Montreal, 1839.

POETRY INDESTRUCTIBLE.

BEAUTIFUL, truly, is it, to see what noble poets we have had in these latter days, and with what abundant glory they have refuted the idle fears of an extinction of imagination, in consequence of the progress of science. Fancy steam putting out the stars, or the wheels of the very printing-press running over and crushing all the hearts, doves, and loves in Christendom!—for, till you did that, how were you to put out poetry? Why the printing press and the steam-carriages are themselves poetry—forms made visible of the aspirations of the mind of man; and they shake accordingly the souls of those who behold them. See the rotatory mystery working in the printing-room—the unaccountable and intangible fire, giving it force against the old negative deity, time. See the huge, black, many-wheeled giant, the steam carriage, smoking over the country like some mammoth of a centipede, and swallowing up that other ancient obstacle, space, and time with him: and then suppress, if you can, those very thoughts of human good, and eternity, and the might and beauty of the universe, which it is the most poetical office of poetry to keep alive and burning.—*Leigh Hunt—Musical World.*

THE INSTABILITY OF FRIENDSHIP

FURNISHES one of the most melancholy reflections suggested by the contemplation of human life; and few of us have travelled far upon our pilgrimage without having had occasion to lament the loss of some companion, who has parted from our side upon the first rumour that we have wandered from the fountains of the desert.—*Willmot.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CONDEMNED.

BY E. M. M.

WINTER, what a dreary scene dost thou present: as the eye wanders over thy bleak waste, and looks in vain for the shrubs, the plants, the flowers, that so lately charmed our sight, the thought occurs how sad it would be if no divine hand were visible in the decay, if all were directed by chance, and we knew not whether another season would restore that which we now mourn as gone; but praise be to God, where He breaks He can again bind, where He lays low, He can again raise; the storm may rage, the winds may howl, but He who holds them in the hollow of His hand can say, "Peace, be still," and they obey him. Yes, another summer will recal the beauties which now lie hid beneath the white mantle of winter—again will the birds, the flowers, the trees gladden our view—again will the lakes and rivers flow on smooth and unruddled in their course—and the song of birds be heard amid the woods. But, alas, will it bring back the days that are gone, either of pleasure or of pain—the evil which in our blind haste we may have committed, or the time to repair that which we have omitted to do. My heart, answer *thou* the solemn question!

Such were the thoughts of Madame St. Claire, as she sat watching at the window of her neat though humble apartment, for the return of her beloved, her only son, Eugene. The evening was fast closing in, and as the hours stole by and still he came not, her anxiety could no longer be repressed; "what can detain your brother so long tonight Madeline?" she said, turning to her daughter; who stood near her, "he used not to be so tardy in returning home."

"Indeed, I know not, dearest mamma," replied Madeline, endeavouring to pierce through the gloom without; which was every moment increasing; "he has been late frequently during the past week; he tells me that he has more to do now."

"I hope that is really the case," returned Madame St. Claire; "may God preserve him from evil companions; there are many abroad, I fear," and again she leant her arm on the window, and strained her eyes in search of the object of her solicitude.

Madame St. Claire was a widow lady, residing at Beauharnois, in Lower Canada. She was of English parentage; but had been united to a French gentleman, with whom she lived a few years in happiness and independence—he had held an excellent situation

under government, and had always been considered a loyal subject, and a good man. In religion they unhappily differed, he being a Catholic—and Madame St. Claire a follower of the pure and blessed Protestant faith, which produced the erroneous agreement, that their sons should be educated in the religion of their father—their daughters in that of their mother, thus drawing a line of demarcation between them in their holiest, highest feelings—during this period of her life, her days fled past in harmony and peace; not a stone appeared to obstruct her onward path, not a wave ruffled the stream down which her bark was gliding; but alas, such unchanging prosperity cannot be permitted, for wise purposes, to continue too long, else should we cease to remember the source from whence they came, while our hearts would cling too fondly to this earth—God chastens us to teach us that here is not our abiding place, that we must look up to Him for those promised joys which eye hath not seen, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Madame St. Claire was taught this severe, yet salutary lesson in the death of her kind and excellent husband, a loss which so entirely absorbed her grief, that she felt not the reverse of fortune consequent upon it, until its first stunning effects were softened, when she gazed, in agony, on the two helpless orphans now committed to her sole care. How fervently did she then humble herself in prayer before God, and own with a contrite heart, that, surrounded as she had been by every blessing, she had begun to view them with indifference, and to suffer her whole time and thoughts to be occupied in the gaities and frivolities which were passing around her; she implored for mercy, for help, and for pardon; nor did she plead in vain—the flower bruised, but not broken, again lifted up its head, while the dark cloud that had hung like a pall over it, slowly passed away and permitted the sun to shine forth; in the blessings and supports of religion, through divine grace, Madame St. Claire found rest and comfort, for every trial—she retired to the small house she now occupied, and devoted her whole time to the education of her children, who, at the period our story opens, had attained the ages of nineteen and fifteen years. Both were gifted by nature in no common degree; but perhaps the heart of the widow clung more en-

dearly to her boy, her first born, from the strong resemblance which he bore to his lamented father; his were the same soft, dark eyes, the finely chiselled features, the tall and manly form; but unlike him, he early evinced a spirit of self-will, which soon broke down the weak barrier of his mother's gentle control, whose only hold over him was in the strong, the great affection he had felt for her from his earliest days. Madeline in years was but a child, yet from having been the constant companion of her mother, and the repository of all her anxieties, her mind was more precocious than is usually the case in one so young; she was a fair creature to look upon, but there was a melancholy expression in her sweet countenance, and an absence of that light-hearted cheerfulness, so natural at her age, that at times it became painful to witness. The health of Madame St. Claire had latterly declined, and beautiful it was to behold the sedulous attentions of her child, who, ever by her side, ministering to her wants, her wishes, seemed like a good angel hovering around her, and waiting to bear her far above this valley of lengthening shadows. She was tenderly attached to her brother Eugene, whose cheerfulness and society had hitherto proved the solace of both mother and daughter; but he had of late become gloomy, silent and abstracted, and would occasionally elicit opinions evidently borrowed from those who were enemies to right thinking, and wholesome restraint. Great were the fears of Madame St. Claire that he had contracted an evil acquaintance, and knowing as she did, that rebellion, like the demon of old, walked up and down the land, seeking whom he might destroy, no wonder that she trembled for her son. She continued watching with Madeline at the window for his return, until tears dimmed her sight, every footfall causing her to start. At length his well known, welcome step was heard, and his sharp quick knock, which followed, sounded in their ears like the voice of melody. Madeline flew to the door; "Oh, dearest Eugene," she exclaimed, "what has detained you until now—mamma has been so uneasy."

"Has she so; my sweet sister," replied Eugene entering; "I am sorry for that," and he approached his mother throwing his arms round her faded form as she advanced to meet him—and pressing his lips affectionately on her pale cheek.

"Thank heaven, my anxieties are over for this night," murmured Madame St. Claire, my dear, dear boy, why remain so late to distress us?"

"It is impossible always to return at the same time," returned Eugene, casting himself into a chair. "the drudgery of my present employment forbids such happy independence; you forget that my mother." This was spoken in a tone of bitterness.

"Be contented, dear Eugene," said Madame St. Claire; "at present you are certainly placed in a

subordinate situation, but with patience and industry, it is a rising one."

"It is not the one which my father's son ought to fill," he replied proudly.

"God has chosen it for you, my son, and remember that he who is faithful over a few things, will be made ruler over many things; but you look pale and fatigued, and in need of refreshment. Madeline, love, bring forth the best for our dear wanderer; oh, what a different aspect all things seems to wear when he is present."

At this moment, Mr. Oswald was announced—he had been the intimate associate and valued friend of Monsieur St. Claire, and continued to retain for his family a warm regard and strong interest—all rose to receive and welcome him.

"You come in happy hour, Mr. Oswald," said Madame St. Claire; "to see you amongst us brings to my remembrance gone days," and she sighed.

"It is better to look forward than retrace our path, my dear friend," replied Mr. Oswald; "the goal which we are striving to attain should be ever kept in our sight. Let us press on ere the night approaches, when no man can work. "Eugene," he continued, turning to him; "why have you avoided me of late—my society wearies you, I fear."

"Impossible," said Eugene warmly, while his cheek flushed at the abrupt enquiry; "else were I indeed ungrateful."

"My dear boy, it is natural that at your age you should seek those more suited to you in taste and feelings," said Mr. Oswald; "yet beware, Eugene, evil spirits are abroad, avoid them as you would the envenomed serpent," and he looked intently on him as he spoke.

"I have few friends," rejoined Eugene, "and surely I can estimate none so entirely as those who were my father's."

"I should be glad to think so, they are the truest; yet there seems amongst our youth of the present day a desire to remove the ancient land mark, to cast off all who would offer opposition or advice, contrary to their own inclinations."

"There is an instinctive love of freedom in the human breast which scorns the trammels of oppression," returned Eugene, while his fine expressive eye kindled; "but never the counsels which are given in friendship and in kindness."

"Ah, my dear young friend, again I say beware," said Mr. Oswald; "yours is a noble spirit, let it not degenerate into the false and dangerous notions of freedom entertained by the republican, and the demagogue, who from a wicked ambition and to attain their own selfish ends, would overturn all that is really good, all that is really great, and trample on their ruins, regardless of the misery they have heaped upon their deluded followers; remember, my dear

boy, that freedom, in its extended sense, we have lost by the fall of Adam, who, when he disobeyed the commands of God, forfeited his right, and by the entrance of sin into the world brought disease, sorrow and death in its loathsome train. The sentence then went forth, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou returnest unto the ground.' These are the words of the immutable unchangeable God, and can we change them? No, we are all called upon to perform our parts, both high and low, both rich and poor, all are dependent on each other, and must work, if not by the labour of our hands, by the still greater labour of our minds; and the more faithfully we perform these duties, the more happy most assuredly shall we be. Some are gifted with worldly riches, many are born poor, for again God has said 'that the poor shall never cease out of the land,' yet the rich man is not more blessed than his humble brother, who walks uprightly and honestly, since the Lord has pledged his word to preserve him. 'I have been young, and now am old, and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken or his seed begging their bread;' now, my dear Eugene, if you will bear with me awhile I would ask you, who is free? can the debtor be called free, who lives by the industry of his neighbour, who yields to every selfish wish, caring not who suffers, so long as his unreasonable desires are gratified; who skulks about, fearful of the just demands of his creditor, and the confinement of prison? Can the gambler be called free, who stakes his fortune at the table? go there and mark the anxiety depicted on his countenance when the die is cast, the trembling, nervous hand, the haggard sunken eye, as he watches the result, and the blank look of horror when all is lost; is that man free? or is the drunkard free as he reels from the midnight revel, and falls to the earth dependent on the casual assistance of the passing stranger to help him on his way—his strength gone, his health wasted by the deadly poison, and he sinks into a dishonoured grave unpitied and unmourned? Is the traitor free?" and here he paused, and looked firmly on Eugene, who had involuntarily started at the name. "Is he free, I say, who steals to the guilty meeting in the dusk, who lives in dread lest his actions should be discovered, because he knows, or ought to know, that he is committing a crime hateful in the sight of God, who by his faithful Apostle, has said, 'submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king as supreme, or to governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil doers and for the praise of them that do well, for so is the will of God, that with well doing you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, as free and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God, honour all men—love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the king.' I might multiply texts," continued Mr. Oswald, "but I wish not to

wear you; already has my long sermon made my little Marion look grave; yet you will pardon me, my dear friends, since mine for you all is no common interest; I would see you happy, and I confess that of late I have felt anxious, especially about you, Eugene; be patient, my dear boy, you are at present placed in a position beneath your birth, your acquirements—but better things are, I trust, in store for you—in the meantime, cherish and support your dear mother, who clings to you alone now, as her earthly protector; and prove the guardian of your young sister. They are precious charges left by one of the best of men—one of the best of fathers—fulfil the trust faithfully, as you hope for mercy in your hour of need."

Eugene could not be coldly unmindful of Mr. Oswald's motives for thus speaking; he was assured of his sincerity, and he appreciated his friendship; frequently had his eye fallen beneath the open, honest gaze, of this truly good man, as he addressed him, for he feared lest he should penetrate the secrets of his breast; suspect them he certainly must by the tenor of his discourse. He said little in reply, evading all his questions, and he felt relieved when Mr. Oswald, after some general conversation rose to depart. On his ushering him to the door, he laid his hand emphatically on the shoulder of Eugene, repeating, for the third time, "beware, and may God bless you; tell those who would mislead you, that there is no freedom—save freedom from sin."

After he was gone, a few prayers were read by Madame St. Claire, ere she embraced her beloved children, and retired to rest.

—

"Gliding by crag and copse-wood green,
A solitary form was seen
To trace, with stealthy pace, the wood,
Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,
And pauses oft and cowers dismayed
At every breath that stirs the shade;
That stripling shape, that cheek so pale,
Combine to tell a rueful tale,
Of powers misused, of passion's force,
Of guilt—of grief—and of remorse!
Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound,
That flings that guilty glance around—
Tis Edmund's trembling haste divides
The brush-wood that the cavern hides,
And when its narrow porch lies bare
Tis Edmund's form that enters there."

Rokeby.

Towards the noon of the following day, Eugene St. Claire, wrapped in his cloak, pursued his way by a solitary path, which led to the deep recesses of the wild woods. Thought sat in majesty on his beautiful and expressive brow, and as he raised his eyes aloft and gazed proudly around him, he exclaimed: "Hail! freedom, thou holy, happy child! thou bless-

ing given to us by our beneficent Creator, who, when He formed man from the dust of the earth, made him free, and lord of the creation—the song of birds as they soar far above earth, seem to carol forth thy praise, while on expanded wing they rise higher and higher; the poor slave who has cast off the chain which oppression laid upon him, kneels upon the sand, and with uplifted eyes and clasped hands murmurs, “and I too am free!” Hail, glorious power! I love thee, I honour thee as the highest, the holiest, the happiest—and what is freedom? how often has that question haunted me since last night—can I have indeed so mistaken its import, and been wiled away from the truth by the gilded tongue of the flatterer—and his false promises of distinction, am I indeed a patriot? or am I a traitor?” This last word was rather muttered than spoken between clenched teeth, and a countenance deeply agitated. “What have been their deeds hitherto? full of violence—of cruelty and of base cowardice—great God, and is it to these I am allied? Can any thing great and good spring from such a polluted source? The thought is madness. Is it yet too late to retract? alas, yes, my word is pledged—my honour staked—I must follow them *now* even unto death. Oh, my mother, my devoted mother, how little you dream of the precipice on whose brink your child stands; when I behold your faded form, when I hear your expressions so full of tenderness, your prayers so beautiful, so truly Christian, how does remorse lacerate my heart, and yet, why? Are not my motives pure, untainted even by a thought of crime? At what do I aim? to free my country and my father’s kindred from a foreign yoke, to raise the banner of liberty—and place her triumphantly on our citadel! This is a splendid theory; but when reduced to practice, has it not ever led to deeds of darkness, to irreligion, and to ruin. In every country whose soil has been trodden by rebellion, has not atheism walked in terrible array, as if an offended deity withdrew the light of his countenance, and left her to the blackness and darkness of despair? The Omnipotent, then, it seems, gives not His sanction, or His blessing—without these, are we not fighting against Him, and can we hope for success? Are we pursuing a right, a safe course; shall I pause and return to Mr. Oswald, confess to him my doubts, my misgivings, and beseech his advice?” and Eugene stood awhile with folded arms considering. A low yet shrill whistle at this moment struck his ear—he started.

“Impossible,” he cried; “it is all too late! It were base indeed to betray my comrades. *En avant—vive la liberté!*” and, as if fearful of yielding to the stirrings of an awakened conscience, he dashed into the wood, and he was soon lost amidst its intricacies.

The night proved dark and tempestuous; the rain falling in torrents and melting the partial snow that

had already made its appearance early in the gloomy month of November. The spirits of Madame St. Claire had been unusually depressed throughout the day, and the violent state of the elements now increased her distress. She drew towards the window, and took her accustomed seat, to watch for the return of her beloved son. It was seldom that she expressed her fears; by forming them into words, they seemed to become almost realized, and if another, anticipating her thoughts, strove to soothe her, it rendered her impatient, almost irritable, for such are the effects of an over-wrought anxiety on a delicate and nervous temperament. Madeline could not bear to see her look so sad, and gently approaching her, she murmured: “Eugene will soon come now, mamma—hark! was not that his voice? Ah, no, it has passed on.”

“Madeline, be silent,” returned Madame St. Claire peevishly; “you have disappointed me more than once tonight.”

Poor Madeline sat down on a low stool at her mother’s feet, resting her sweet face on her hand. She spoke not again, but continued listening to the tempest, which raged on with unabated fury.

“It is strange, and in such a night too, that he should remain abroad,” said Madame St. Claire, in a low tone, “Oh, Eugene, my own darling boy, would that my love for you were more moderated, but from your infant days have you been enshrined in my heart, an idol—alas; how am I punished in these constant corroding fears, which assail me, so unworthy the faith of a true Christian, and so unreasonable, since they cannot change the order of events ordained for our ultimate good.”

At this moment Therese, the only attendant who had been retained by Madame St. Claire, rushed into the room, exclaiming that she had seen a party of soldiers, and of loyalists, riding furiously down the road at the back of the house, and that the sound of fire arms could be faintly heard, “what is to become of us, should the rebels attack us,” continued the girl, “and no Monsieur St. Claire here to protect us.”

Madame St. Claire started from her seat and wildly clasping her hands, cried in piercing tones: “My son—oh, my Eugene, where are you in this fearful hour.”

She sank down again on the chair, a deadly sensation stealing over her, her eyes closed, and she became insensible to all that was passing around her. Madeline screamed, for she thought that she was gone forever. She applied restoratives to her temples; but they proved unavailing, and in the utmost alarm she threw on a cloak and rushed from the house to seek for medical aid. The village doctor, she knew, lived quite near—she had often been at his house, but the night was so awfully dark, that on gaining the road she became bewildered, and knew not which way to pursue—she heeded not the storm—she thought

not of enemies, for, young as she was, she possessed a mental energy unknown to others, unknown perhaps to herself, till her powers were called forth. The state of the roads cruelly retarded her steps, and it was with difficulty that she proceeded. On gaining an angle in the pathway, she perceived, with dismay, that she had taken a wrong direction—she gazed fearfully and timidly around, and for the first time experienced that bitter feeling which assails us on finding ourselves alone, unprotected, and desolate. A gigantic cross was the only object to be seen—Madeline clasped her arms around it, when a flood of tears relieved her oppressed heart, while a voice seemed to sound in her ears :

“Fear not, for I am with thee.”

“Oh, my Saviour,” murmured the poor girl ; “thou who once hung in agonies on this for me, and yet in so dread a moment forgot not thy afflicted mother, have mercy on me, and spare mine to watch over me ; bring back the son of her love in safety to her arms, and turn not away from the orphan’s cry.”

Many voices were now borne upon the blast, accompanied by the heavy tramp of horse. Madeline clung in speechless terror to the sacred symbol. Nearer and nearer they came, she was so shrouded from their view by her dark cloak, that they would have passed her unnoticed, had not her straining eyes discovered in them a party of soldiers surrounding some prisoners, amongst whom she beheld the pale, beautiful face of Eugene St. Claire above the rest, stern and sad in its expression. All else was immediately forgotten ; she rushed forward, exclaiming : “Eugene, oh my brother, whither are they carrying you ?” Her sudden appearance—her words—caused a momentary confusion in the troop, and she had dashed amongst them and cast herself on the bosom of her brother ere they had recovered from their surprise.

“Gracious God, Madeline, how came you here ?” groaned the unhappy brother, whose arms being secured, could give her no support.

“Oh, why are you with these men ?” she returned distractedly ; “Eugene, I will not leave you with them—our mother is ill—come, come to her, my brother.”

“Madeline, dearest, you behold in me a prisoner ; a rebel,” he added with extreme bitterness ; “I may possibly return no more—for God’s sake leave me, this is no scene for you.”

The officer who commanded the party now rode up, demanding the cause of the delay.

“It is my brother—you will not take my brother,” shrieked Madeline, still hanging on his neck ; “he cannot be guilty—oh release him, as you hope for mercy.”

The officer appeared moved with compassion ; he covered his eyes with his hand.

“This is terrible, this is cruel,” he murmured, the feeling was but momentary. “Soldiers, forward,” he added in a determined tone ; “guard your prisoners.”

The screams of Madeline were most harrowing.

“Is there no one to compassionate this innocent, and protect her ?” said the agonized brother, struggling to free himself. A few words were spoken by the officer, to the young man, who rode by his side—he instantly dismounted, and approaching Eugene, said, as he gently disengaged the unhappy girl :

“Trust her to me—on the word of a British officer, her safety shall be watched over—tell me her name and abode ?”

“God bless you, stranger,” fervently ejaculated Eugene, who had only time to reply to the enquiry, ere Madeline was borne from his sight, and the party moved on. The young officer carried his almost senseless burden before him on his horse, to her mother’s gate ; here he was met by the good padre of the village, who, having heard some fearful reports, relative to Eugene, had come thither to enquire into their truth. A few hurried words of explanation were exchanged between him and the officer, when the latter consigning Madeline to his care, put spurs into his horse, and dashed off to rejoin his party.

Eugene, with his companions, were conveyed to head quarters, where they were imprisoned, to await their trial as traitors, for being taken in arms against their lawful sovereign.

How vain to attempt a description of the torturing reflections which agitated the breast of this young man—a sense of guilt, of remorse, so overwhelming, assailed him, that his noble spirit sunk under their weight. He dared not dwell on the image of his widowed mother, or on that of his young sister, now exposed to the biting blast of poverty, without a protector to shield them from its fury. Their forms seemed to flit before his fancy, and as they did so, burning tears scalded his pale and sunken cheeks. The period for his trial at length arrived—it was conducted, according to martial law, by the high, the gifted, and the merciful. Great interest was made for him, but the evidence against him appeared too conclusive—too strong, and he was condemned !

“Home would I go,—my hopes have gone before—
There where my treasure is, my heart would be.
The voices that the earth shall hear no more,
Are calling with their spirit-tones for me.
‘Immortal longings,’ stir within my breast ;
Oh ! let me flee away and be at rest.”

We pass over all the harrowing scenes which took place between the unfortunate mother and her devoted son, previous to his doom being made known. All the fluctuations of hope, and of despair—of self upbraiding in him—and of anguish in her, whose idol he had been. And turn we to the night, the

awful night, which preceded that morning destined for his execution. Madame St. Claire for weeks had been declining in bodily strength to a painful degree, yet no internal suffering could keep her from her child—she had given up her humble home in order that she might be near him, and it was wonderful to witness the holy calm which succeeded the violence of her first feelings, when she learnt that his fate was sealed. God did, indeed, uphold her, and nerve her for the fiery trial; and though the hue of death was visible on her cheek, yet on her countenance shone the expression of an angel's. Not a murmur passed her lips—for her hopes were now all garnered in heaven.

Mr. Oswald had actively employed himself in behalf of his unhappy friends—he refrained from breathing reproaches in the ears of Eugene, for he felt that the weight of his own conscience was terrible enough to bear—he listened to his confessions—and the doubts which had from the beginning, assailed him, whether he was pursuing a right course; doubts which were now confirmed but too fearfully—and he strove, with the spirit of a true Christian, to tranquillize his mind, and to prepare him for the far more awful tribunal at whose bar he was so soon to appear.

It may be imagined, with what feelings this true and kind friend accompanied Madame St. Claire and Madeline, to the prison, for the last time. He supported the feeble steps of the mother, who would have fallen to the earth, had not his arm upheld her. On entering the gloomy abode, and hearing the door grate harshly on its hinges, as the jailor unlocked it to admit them into the cell of the condemned, a cold shuddering pervaded her frame, and it was feared that she would be unable to sustain the terrible conflict of her feelings. Eugene was sitting before the only table in the narrow room—a book of prayer lay open before him, and beside it appeared a silver crucifix—a small iron lamp, suspended above his head shed its feeble rays over his pale face, as he raised it, on their entrance. The deepest melancholy was depicted in its expression, when his dark eyes rested on the faded, drooping form of his mother, who, tottering forward, was clasped in his embrace in silent agony. Madeline cast herself at his feet, clinging to his knees, while the most violent sobs assailed her. Mr. Oswald withdrew, he felt that the scene was too sacred to be intruded on even by him. Eugene drew his mother down on the seat by himself, his arms still around her, while her head rested on his shoulder. Some time elapsed ere she could gain the courage to look upon him; at length she raised her eyes to his, and fixed them with an earnestness, as if she desired to have every beloved lineament forever impressed on her memory. The collar of his dress was thrown open, and she laid her hand fondly on his neck, and groaned aloud—

How soon would the rough grasp of the executioner be there? Oh, God, the thought, how maddening.”

“My mother, gaze not so wildly upon me,” said the distressed Eugene, pressing his lips on her pale cheek; “show yourself superior to this grief, which will unman me; in another and a better world we shall meet again never more to part—ours will be but a brief separation.”

Madame St. Claire replied not; her voice, her powers for utterance, seemed gone; she shook her head mournfully, and again hid her face on his bosom. He continued to address her in the most soothing accents, but the very sound of his voice, so familiar and beloved, and which was so soon to be hushed in the silence of death, added to the intensity of her sufferings, and she trembled so violently that it required his utmost efforts to sustain her. Madeline was forgotten in the higher claims of the parent. She sat crouched at his feet, her face concealed within her hands, and bowed on her knees. She looked like a lily, over which the blast had swept, laying it prostrate on the earth. One hour of agony thus passed, when the jailor re-appeared, with Mr. Oswald. A piercing scream burst from the lips of Madame St. Claire—Eugene looked wildly around him for an instant—he repeatedly kissed his mother—on the lips, the brow, the cheek: “farewell, farewell, beloved and dearest,” was all that he could articulate, as he gave her into the arms of Mr. Oswald.

“Oh, God! Eugene, my own darling boy—not yet, not yet—only let me look on him once again,” were her last heartrending words, ere they bore her from the cell; Eugene clasped his hands together, then raising Madeline from the floor, he strained her to his heart, while fond adieus, stifled by bitter sobs, were breathed by each. He led her to the door and beheld her depart with feeble tottering steps. It was then closed upon him for the night.

The morning which followed, rose dull and heavy. Dark clouds were seen driving along the heavens, as if nature mourned over the sorrows which had been carried into the homes of the innocent, by the unholy ambition of those who had vainly endeavoured to subvert and overthrow that beautiful code of laws, laid down as our guide, and, without which, where would be our peace, our safety, our prosperity, and our happiness. Can man fight against His Maker and prove successful? and is he not striving with impotent arm to do so when he raises it against those whom God has commanded him to honour in these his own blessed words:

“Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but of God, the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to evil; wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do

that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same.

"For he is the minister of God to thee for good; but if thou do that which is evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

The unhappy Madame St. Claire still lay on her couch, in a state almost of torpor. She moved not, spoke not, but remained with her dull and glazed eyes fixed as if on some unseen object. Madeline had not left her side through all the long, dreary hours of night. The poor girl seemed much exhausted, added to which she was suffering from the effects of her exposure on the night of her brother's capture, by a severe cough. She never uttered a complaint; but it was too evident that her young and delicate frame was sinking under the accumulation of woe which surrounded her. A bright gleam of the sun suddenly pierced through the heavy atmosphere, and shone into the half open shutters of the small room. Madame St. Claire started: "What hour has struck my child?" she inquired, in a hollow voice.

"Eleven, dearest mamma," replied Madeline, sinking on her knees by her side, and taking her emaciated hand in hers.

Madame St. Claire shuddered, while the fast falling tears of Madeline told her thoughts, that the son and brother they had both so deeply loved must now be no more. Her mother gazed on her for a few moments, and then said, in a tone of great tenderness: "My poor orphan child, you will not remain long after us. That pale cheek and slight form belong not to earth. Home, home! my Madeline! there is our home!" and she pointed upwards.

Madeline hid her face on the bed, unable to reply. A low murmur of voices, and the tramp of many feet, accompanied by the slow, solemn music of a military band were now heard in the street; the sad strain wrung the heart of the wretched mother with renewed agony. "Oh! this is too much!" she groaned aloud. "Madeline, what is passing? For mercy's sake, close the shutters!"

"It is a soldier's funeral, mamma," returned Madeline, trembling as she obeyed her.

"Peace be with his spirit! they will lay him in an honoured grave. Oh! Eugene, my boy, my beautiful! where art thou?"

As the mother uttered this, a loud knock resounded at the street door. "Madeline!" she wildly cried, raising herself and clasping her hands together.

Madeline rushed down stairs—the door was opened, and Mr. Oswald entered, joy depicted in his benevolent countenance: "Your brother is revived, my dear child," he exclaimed; "go to your mother, and tell her, that his youth, and the extenuating circumstance of his having been the deluded victim of

crafty, designing, and wicked men, has obtained for him grace and favour: Mercy has expanded her radiant wings over Justice, and the Angel of Death has been recalled."

Madeline waited to hear no more: she flew back like a winged seraph to her mother's side. "He is respited! Eugene will be spared to us! Look up, my mother, and let us praise God together!"

Madame St. Claire gazed awhile in unutterable love on her kneeling child. One prayer of deep-felt gratitude she breathed, but, wasted and worn as she was, the sudden tide of joy rushing back upon her heart, proved too mighty to sustain; she bowed her head, and meekly murmuring: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," she sank back on the pillow, and instantly expired.

The cries of Madeline brought Therese and Mr. Oswald into the room. He looked on the affecting scene before him, with an emotion beyond all words; then clasping the desolate orphan in his arms, he quietly led her away, and, closing the door on the chamber of death, he said, in a tone of deep solemnity: "We have there beheld what is FREEDOM!"

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SPELLS OF AUTUMN.

Sweet autumn day! thy shadowy gleams,
Ling'ring with faint and gentle smile
O'er glancing stream, and ood-crown'd hill,
My heart of sad fond thoughts beguile.

Lonely I tread the forest path
Where summer's faded glories lie,
And through the thin, bright foliage gaze,
Up to the pale, blue, hazy sky.

No sound is on the quiet air,
Save the soft fall of dying leaf,
That parting from its parent stem,
Yields, to decay its beauty brief.

And as with silent step I pass,
Onward beneath the gorgeous arch,
Wrought by the maple's crimson glow
Blent with the deep gold of the larch,—

Fond thoughts come thronging on my soul,
Thoughts of the absent and the dead;
Waked by the strange, mysterious power,
Of nature o'er my spirit shed.

And ah! my home, my early home!
To thee, to thee, my spirit flies,
Borne on the still, untiring wing,
Of sad, yet pleasant memories.

The dark, grey rocks, with locusts crown'd,
The hill, the grove, the gushing spring,
The dwelling o'er whose vine-clad walls,
Protecting clms their shadows fling—

I see them all—naught, naught forget,
 Unchanged and fair—myself unchanged,—
 Once more a child,—with heart as light,
 As when among their scenes I ranged.

Back rolls again the tide of time,
 Again around me smiling stand,
 With beaming eyes, that speak of love,
 The dear, unbroken, household band.

My mother's kiss, my father's smile,
 Thy fond caress, my brother dear,
 The voice, the look, the accent sweet,
 Of gentle sisters, all are here.

Again beside the sparkling spring,
 Beneath the tall and dark ash tree,
 I stand to watch the gold-fish sport,
 Dear sister of my heart, with thee.

Or, with fond arms close intertwined,
 O'er the green hill our footsteps rove,
 To pluck the first spring violets fair,
 That gem the turf in yonder grove.

Sweet fragrant grove! still as of yore,
 In thy cool depths the shadows lie,
 Gently as then—and still bright flowers
 Of thousand hues, thy soft moss dye.

But where are now the feet that stray'd,
 Lightly thy woodland paths along?
 Where the glad voices that awoke,
 Thy echo's with their evening song?

Some hushed in death,—some left to sing,
 To stranger hearts, their lays of love,
 But severed is the golden chain
 Affection round that fond band wove.

Since those young days, hopes strong and dear,
 My heart to other hearts has sealed,
 And in its calm untroubled depths,
 Pure founts of holiest love revealed.

Yet deathless memories cling to thee
 My early home, my household hearth:—
 Blest be the voice that whispers sweet,
 "Such love survives the wreck of earth!"

Mid brighter scenes 'neath fairer skies,
 Again shall meet that broken band,
 Where death is conquer'd, sin unknown,
 In the glad, glorious spirit land.

Sweet autumn day! fair fading woods!
 Around me ye have cast your spells,
 And touched th' electric chain of thoughts,
 With which my bursting bosom swells.

But hark! a sweet young voice I hear
 In love's fond tones repeat my name;—
 Farewell the past—its joys I yield
 For those, a mother's heart may claim!

I come, I come,—thy twining arms
 Around my neck, my gentle child,
 And home, and rapture were my own
 E'en in Siberia's deserts wild!

E. L. C.

Montreal, October, 1839.

(ORIGINAL.)

TRIFLES.

NO. II.

OF all the situations under the sun, (and there are many wherein man may be placed,) give us that in which one has the opportunity of viewing his fellow creatures as they really are, not as they appear when playing their set parts, clothed in the artificial devices of the world's cunning. There is something peculiarly gratifying to one's self-pride (and what is so will mostly always carry weight with it,) in wandering to and fro on the earth, like the gifted invisibles we read of in the Arabian Nights, viewing men, manners and things as they stand unveiled before us; in observing, unobserved, the motives, impulses and actions of mankind, and in looking, as it were, from a region beyond the influence of things terrestrial, with a god-like equanimity on the mortals beneath. Whether it be that our ancestors were pedlars or gipsies, we cannot say, but true it is that we possess a strange fancy for wandering hither and thither on the face of the earth,—not as some would do, in the pomp and consequence of rank and wealth, but like the apostles of old, with our staff and scrip alone. Fancy is a strange and fitful, but not unpleasing mistress; for though her dictates lead not ever in a smooth track, her good nature and pliability recompense fully for the consequences of her fantastic freaks. Gentle King Jamie seemed to have acknowledged the truth of this—at least he did so in practice—for the world yet proclaims his pranks and misdeeds, when wandering in the guise of a minstrel or tinker. The age for kings to indulge in such undignified amusements has passed, and now, most of the *would-be great ones* of the earth, are too much inflated and distended with their self-consequence, to think of resigning, for a single hour, the insignia of their honour and station. There are still, however, found some who, laughing at the world's view of things, make their observations in what way soever it may please their fancy, and we respect the independence of such, and admire their efforts to attain a correct knowledge of the world. Travelling in this manner, it is true, brings one in contact with strange bedfellows, but it is, therefore, the best mirror through which man can look on man; for one is thus in the world, but not of it.

Well, but to my story,—if such it can be called. Possessing, as I said, a vagrant propensity, I resolved one day, in company with my friend Timothy Vampus R—, to make a pedestrianian excursion

sion into the neighbouring republic of the United States. Why my friend's parents gifted him with the somewhat unusual and most unmelodious appellation of Timothy, or above all, why they stitched to it the unheard of designation of Vampus, I cannot say, but I think they must have searched Grizzel's Dictionary of Nomenclature from beginning to end, and at last pitched upon these words in the dark. They were not, however, like a certain worthy couple, who began to dispute in the carriage, when returning from the celebration of their nuptials, as to what they should call their first child, and it coming from bad to worse, they separated on the spot:—the consequence was, they never troubled the minister with the baptism of any child. Timothy used to mourn sadly over the bequest of his parents, (it was all they left him,) but he had too much respect for their memory to reflect with severity on the singularity of their choice with regard to names. He was one of those good natured fellows, the surface of whose phiz was ever ruffled with a gentle smile; like a lady's gum-floweret, never seemed full blown, but always remained steadfast and immovable, and his Irish heart flowed with continual humour and genuine kindness. He was not one of your bustering, dogmatical, self-sufficient creatures, who relying on their powers of attraction, wish to arrogate to themselves all the attention of those among whom they are placed. The equable flow of opinion and conversation, was never interrupted by Tim's humour or quaintness: his sayings came in exactly at their proper place, and no one ever felt them intrusive or uncalled for. Well, as I said, we set out, for the land of liberty and equality, with the intention of being present at a militia muster (or "training," as it was called,) and a camp meeting, both of which were to take place within a score of miles from where we resided. On entering the United States (which though distant only five miles, was to us, a complete "terra incognita,") a great difference was perceptible on the face of the country; the clearings were larger, the houses better, and the farm yards exhibited a far greater degree of plenty and comfort. It was night ere we reached our destination, and we entered the first inn that met our view in the village. We were struck with the difference between the mistress of "the spread eagle," and the good wives generally met with at the inns in Britain. The sole employment of our hostess seemed to be rolling about in a huge rocking-chair like a Dutch schooner in a gale of wind, and she issued her directions to an attendant help, in language courteous enough for the reign of Charles the second. Boniface himself had to perform the drudgery, and by all appearance the grey mare was the better horse of the two. After making a tolerable supper, which, however, we saw was not so good as it would have been, had we but wore better coats, (even in America, ex-

ternal circumstances have their weight,) we repaired to that resort of gossips and gulpers,—the bar-room. Tim soon began his system of humbugging, or cramming, as it is emphatically called, and after satiating to their hearts content, some three or four, long-legged sallow looking gentry, the following dialogue took place with our host, whose wizzened face looked like a second Charon staring across the dreadful bar.

"Guess you're from the old country gentleman?"

Tim answered in the affirmative.

"What profession are you of, may I ask?"

"Jintlemen tinkers," replied Tim with imperturbable gravity.

"Very nice trade too," was the rejoinder, "guess you are going to farm it—you'll find this the greatest country in all creation for raising grain. Ireland must be pretty considerably cleaned out, I guess, by this time.

"Well thin, Ireland is not cleaned out by a great dale," quoth Tim with acrimony, and as for grain and *praties* we have as much at home as we can make use of."

"Brought considerable capital with you, I expect?"

Yes, fifty dollars besides a *hape o'* property. I've got the best pair o' new brogues ever was used, and Grub there has clothes to last him till your republic is ate up we' the rats.

Jonathon at this retired, and we betook ourselves to our respective cribs.

When I got up in the morning, I found that Tim had already been about mischief. He had procured some brandy and beer, and had given it to a horse in the stable, which was to act as the Colonel's charger during the review, then about to take place. We were not however gratified with our expected fun, for the animal enacted Bucephalus, and the Colonel was not the real Alexander. It is true he essayed to place his foot in the stirrup, but the brute danced and capered so wildly, that with praiseworthy consideration and foresight, the gallant soldier conceived it useless to insist on forming a partnership which boded only a speedy dissolution. The Raree-show was certainly most ludicrous, but I will not attempt to describe it, lest I be caught plagiarising from the amusing pictures of Mrs. Trollope or Captain Hall.

After laying in twenty-five cents' worth of dinner, in company with sundry generals, colonels, majors, and innumerable captains and privates, we again set out on our journey, and shaping our course instinctively in the direction of that holy assemblage, yecept, "a camp meeting," we arrived about dusk at an inn, situated within four miles of the place. Next morning we perceived great numbers flocking towards the place of worship, which was a small spot of ground, cleared in the middle of the forest. It was noon when we arrived, and the scene was picturesque and novel. Groups of devotees were scatter-

ed hither and thither, some praying, some singing, and others (surely of a gross nature,) considering spiritual food alone insufficient, were engaged in the mystic art of cooking around a large fire. It was indeed melancholy to see the reason and feelings of human beings, so perverted as were those of some before us. Women were tearing their hair, knocking their heads against the trees, and calling with profane familiarity on the sacred name of the Most High; some were going into fits, and others were lying on the ground in a fearful state of phrenzied horror. The presiding minister, or chief ranter, had a pulpit raised a considerable height from the ground—so high as to allow a person to stand under it. This lower part was boarded in, and was employed as a place of confinement for such delinquents as might, with unseemly levity, interrupt the service. Tim, (who by the bye had robbed himself in woman's clothes,) as a matter of course, rendered himself so obnoxious that a bawling fellow of a rustic, who happened to be then officiating, ordered him into confinement, and he was accordingly shoved below the worthy man's pulpit into the place I have mentioned. After about an hour's imprisonment, his tears, lamentations and promises, procured his liberation and he took his stand beside me. The expression of his face on being set at liberty, was so peculiarly comic, that I could have sworn he had been about some mischief. And so indeed he had. Whilst in confinement, the pulpit had been left untenanted for some time, during which he had cut in two a small beam that supported the feeble platform on which the minister would stand, and as he said himself, a confounded tumble would be the consequence to the first person who mounted. However inexcusable in a general point of view, might be Tim's levity in playing on those who professed to be ministers of religion, I think that the individual act carried but little evil in itself or its consequences. We had not long to wait, for a minister (the same who ordered Tim into limbo,) ascended the steps and stood for a moment on the upper one, looking around on his hearers. I and Tim had removed to a respectable distance, and the worthy devotees under the impression of Tim's being of the female sex seemed shocked at the intimacy which subsisted between us. We were both ready for a start, and waited with breathless anxiety for the denouement. Our suspense did not continue long, for on the first movement of the orator, crash went the platform, and out of sight popped the parson with a yell such as might have sufficed, though old nick himself had caught him by the leg. That some such thing as this had taken place, the spectators seemed to believe, for one and all shrunk back from the spot, although the bellowing of Zacharias were sufficiently audible. At last the door was opened and the cause of the mischief being discovered, the whole assemblage began to

buzz and move towards the place where we stood. Tim bawled to me, "sauve qui peut," and took to his legs as fast as he could through the forest. We seemed now regularly in for a chace, and my poor friend (who be it remembered was under petticoat government,) found considerable difficulty in keeping a head of his pursuers. However, on he floundered, though it was amusing enough to watch his capers, until we came to a clearing, and here a sad obstacle presented itself to his further passage. A high fence stood before him, on the one side of which was a ditch of considerable dimensions. It was in vain to attempt a flying leap at such a barrier, curbed as he was, and there seemed no prospect but to face his pursuers. They had all abandoned the chase except two, who conceived they would have little difficulty in capturing a woman. Tim once more made a tremendous bound, but it was no go—he tumbled head over heels, and by the time he had gathered himself up, the foremost of his pursuers was upon him. I was preparing to recross the ditch to his assistance, but he beckoned me to remain where I was. Jonathon was preparing to take him quietly in tow, but Tim tipping him a lick on the chops, (with a fist which was none of the smallest,) sent him staggering on his haunches.

"Why, Moses," says the fellow's companion, "you aint surely whipped by a woman," and he accordingly essayed to make my friend prisoner, but received such an ungentlemanly salutation on the lower end of his body, that he was glad to tack and repair damages. Tim pulled off his bonnet and to the astonishment of our would-be-captors, displayed a large curly head and a monstrous pair of grizzly whiskers. He demanded in a tone of assumed indignation, "why the devil they chased an honest woman, like a wild *baste* through the country,"—and told them to get back to their hives as soon as they conveniently could, else he would take the liberty of demanding satisfaction. To this cessation of hostilities they seemed to have no objection, especially as they saw we were man for man, and they accordingly sheered off, making an inglorious retreat to their camp. We made the best of our way home and arrived without further adventure early the following morning.

JONATHON GRUB.

Montreal, 23d November, 1839.

NIAGARA.

It's nothin' but a river taken over a cliff full split, instead of runnin' down hill the old way.—*Sam Slick*.

A HINT.

"The evidence of a good tavern," a contemporary remarks, "is in being well supplied with newspapers and periodicals." Let that fact be remembered. Observation will confirm the assertion.

(ORIGINAL.)

ARABELLA STUART.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY E. L. C.

—If this dark and miserable earth
Do jealousy refuse us place for meeting,
There is a heaven for those who trust in Christ.
Farewell!

Rev. H. W. Milman.

THE midnight of twelfth day, in the year 1610, was drawing near, yet notes of music and revelry still resounded from the princely halls of Hampton Court. The Christmas festivities had this year been celebrated at the court of James, with even more than usual magnificence, gratifying to its utmost extent the love of ostentation that marked the taste of the "book learned" monarch, and delighting, with gorgeous masques and pageantries, the frivolous spirit of Anne, his gay and mirth-loving queen.

The pageant, which on this night had charmed and astonished the courtly circle, was one of rare beauty and interest. Thousands had been lavished on its machinery and decorations, and the genius of one, who dared compete with the master spirit of the age, the courtly poet, Jonson, had been employed in its construction—so that the promises which had been held forth of its attractions, were more than realized, by its surpassing splendour and novelty.

It was called the "Masque of Aurora," and embraced that period in the history of the goddess, which admitted of the greatest interest and variety—her intrigue with Orion. Exquisite music preceded the appearance of the pageant, and then, when it slowly stole upon the eyes of the impatient spectators, Aurora was seen seated beside her lover in a pearly chariot, speeding on rosy clouds to the island of Delos, which lay fair and beautiful in the distance. They reach its shores, they alight, and trust to find safety and concealment in its shades, but among them, lurks the rival goddess Diana, and stung with jealousy and rage at the desertion of her lover, her unerring hand wings the arrow destined to terminate his career. Nothing could exceed the intense interest excited by this pageant, of which we have given only the fabled outline. Its moveable scenery was of the most costly and splendid description—it music ravishing, and expressed in words full of poetic fire and delicacy—and the beauty, grace and magnificence of the royal and noble characters who personated it, unrivalled.

The queen herself, appeared as Aurora, and her attendants were chosen from among the youngest and loveliest ladies of the court. The beautiful and high-born Lady Bedford, renowned for her patronage of learning and the arts, no less than for her prodigality, her magnificence and caprice, enacted the part of Diana, and Prince Henry, attired as Actæon, followed in her train. Lord Rochester, the unworthy favourite of James, celebrated for his sudden rise of fortune, his vices, and his personal beauty, represented Orion, and looked indeed beautiful enough to win the love of mortal or of goddess.

When at length the masque ended, and the pageant all glorious as it was, dissolved—the noble company moved through the bannered hall to the sound of exquisite music, to partake the sumptuous dainties of the banquet. The queen, still wearing the rosc-coloured robe of the goddess she had personated, and a tiara of brilliants, which encircled her brow like rays of light, led the way with her resuscitated Orion. The huntress queen, supported by her youthful Actæon, followed her royal mistress, and then came the attendant nymphs of both goddesses,—each led by a gallant courtier, with whom they held gay or tender discourse, as they moved slowly on towards the banquetting hall.

The last of the sylvan train, who followed with a lingering step her sister nymphs, and leaned with a look of confiding tenderness on the arm of a young and graceful cavalier, with whom none present could vie, was the loveliest and brightest of them all—though the bright daughters of the lordly Howards, the high-born Herberts, and the princely Suffolks, were among those who preceded her. The lady Arabella Stuart, was the scion of a royal tree, and so closely allied to King James, being his first cousin, that, by right of blood, she stood next to his immediate heirs in the line of succession. Indeed there were not a few, who strongly defended the priority of her claim to the throne of Elizabeth, and who were resolved, if possible, to place her upon it,

and banish the Scottish king to the sole government of his hereditary kingdom. They persisted in regarding him as an alien, and, as such, incapacitated by the laws of England, to sway the sceptre of its realm. Their hatred and jealousy of his person, was likewise augmented, by his strong prepossession in favour of his own countrymen, and by the injudicious partiality which he at all times displayed towards them, and not unfrequently to the detriment of his English subjects. Religious belief also was among the motives that made them wish a change of sovereigns, for as the lady Arabella was a papist, so those who would have made her the plaything of their own ambition or policy, were partakers of the same faith.

Thus circumstanced, the lady Arabella became, abroad and at home, the involuntary tool of a party. Alliances without number were projected for her, and plots and counterplots were being incessantly formed and defeated, in which she had no part. Yet all these proceedings came to the knowledge of the king—and they served to heighten the jealousy with which he had ever regarded her, and induced him to watch her actions with more vigilance, and to render more rigid the restraint, which both he and his imperious predecessor had ever exerted over the freedom of her conduct. This severity, however, was entirely uncalled for; since, so far, was she from countenancing the ambitious schemes of which she was the object, that once when she was addressed on the subject, she laughed at the purposes of those, who would thus, without her consent, elevate her to a station, which she courted not, and sent the letter to the king, avowing by that act, her entire disapprobation of those ambitious plans, which others were so busy in forming for her.

Hers was a character of truly feminine loveliness, —delicate and sensitive, yet highly intellectual, cultivated in no common degree, and indued with a fortitude, a constancy, which only awaited the hour of trial, to shine forth with a pure and unquenchable light. Educated in retirement, by her grandmother, the countess of Lenox, she shrank from the gaiety and splendour of the court, and found her chief happiness in the exercise of those gentle affections, and that cultivated intellect, which rendered her the charm and idol of a chosen circle, that well knew how to appreciate a mind and character like hers. She was gifted also with personal attractions, rare and brilliant in the extreme, which made her the object of many an ardent suit, and when the circumstances of her exalted birth, and her near connexion with the throne were taken into consideration, in fact her actual claims upon it, had she been inclined to assert them—for by her descent from the daughter of Henry the seventh, the blood of the Tudors mingled with that of the Stuarts in her veins, and she had stood in the same degree of relationship to Elizabeth, as she did to James—when

all these circumstances were considered by the ambitious and intriguing, her hand was sought, not only by the young nobles of the court, but by many a foreign prince, who trusted to climb through her aid to the highest pinnacle of his aspiring hopes.

But as it had ever been the policy of Elizabeth to prevent the marriage of her kinswoman, lest, should she not attempt it in person, her heirs might be induced to lay claim to the succession—so, from similar motives, the timid James had pursued towards her the same system of restraint. Yet, except in one instance, the interference of her nearest relatives had failed to wound her peace, and that was when the cruel authority of Elizabeth had compelled her to renounce her cousin, the Lord Esme Stuart, to whom, in the first flower of her girlhood, she had given the young affections of her heart, and long, long after, for his dear sake, she looked coldly on all who sought her favour, nor could any win her to prove false to the vows of her early love.

Time, however, and the absence of the beloved object, for the partiality which James evinced for Lord Esme, had awakened the jealousy of his nobles, and procured for him a sentence of banishment, gradually weakened the strength of Lady Arabella's attachment. She heard of her cousin Esme, as among the gayest gallants of the French Court, and woman's pride lent its aid in banishing him from her heart. Perhaps, also, the presence of another, who even in childhood had loved her, contributed to rob of its tender associations the long cherished image of Esme Stuart.

It was during the long days of the preceding midsummer that the Lady Arabella had met William Seymour, the second son of Lord Beauchamp, amid the classic shades of Arundel house, to whose noble owners she, with some friends, was at that time on a visit. When a mere child she had often seen him, with his parents, a guest at the table of her grandmother, and even then her image had made an impression on his young mind, which time had never been able to efface. He could not, therefore, meet her again without emotion—for since last he saw her, she had ripened into the loveliest womanhood—and her *spiritual* beauty, her enchanting grace, her gentle manners, her feminine sweetness, won his warmest admiration,—and, when after a brief intercourse, he discovered that her tastes, her pursuits, her sentiments, were in perfect harmony with his own, the feelings which he had long cherished towards her, deepened into an intense and absorbing passion. Nor was it unreturned by its fair and beautiful object. Hard as she was to be won, she could not remain indifferent to the gifted individual who now sought her love.

Mr. Seymour had just returned from abroad, having spent several of the last years in travelling, and to a person invested with all the graces of youth, and uncommon beauty, he added a brave and

chivalrous soul,—manners the most elegant and captivating, and a mind polished and refined by intercourse with the choicest spirits of the age, and deeply imbued with a love of poetry and the fine arts.

It is no matter of wonder that, to such an one, the sensitive, yet fastidious Arabella, should yield her maidenly affections. Truly, fondly, she lavished them upon him, conscious that she had never loved as now she loved—no, not even him, for whom her young heart had so long been veiled in sadness, and for whose cherished sake she had thought never again to lavish one fond vow upon another. Yet, warned by the past, she trembled for her present happiness—she shuddered lest the same relentless power might be exerted to blight her budding hopes, and she learned to regard the watchful and jealous surveillance of the king, which had hitherto been to her a subject of indifference, or of mirth, with deep anxiety and alarm. She dreaded the consequences to her lover and herself, should their attachment become known, and though aware that their marriage could not be openly solemnized without the royal permission, she still resisted Seymour's entreaties to make an immediate appeal to the king. She begged him to delay it till the Christmas festivities were ended, and then, she herself would find a fitting opportunity to break the matter to the queen, who, she doubted not, would use her intercession with the king in their behalf. Seymour yielded a reluctant consent to her wishes; but he found it difficult indeed, to forbear expressing, by his looks and manner, the absorbing passion of his heart, and painful was it to him, though confident of her affection, to see her receiving the attentions of others, even more freely than his own—to be compelled to devote himself to another, when his whole soul was centered in her, and his only joy consisted in watching afar the light of those smiles that beamed not for him, or listening to catch the low accents of a voice that fell sweeter than music on his ear. Fearful of the king's displeasure, should he by chance detect their secret, Arabella had imposed these restraints on Seymour and herself, making it a point that during the continuance of the Christmas revels at court, they should especially avoid distinguishing each other by any peculiar mark of regard.

Yet with all their precautions, there were eyes that penetrated their secret, and lips ready to whisper it in the royal ear, and the hint given, James was on the *qui vive* to detect, in their conduct, some corroboration of its truth. Nor did he watch in vain; for during the revelries of twelfth-night, both seemed to forget the caution which they had hitherto observed. Every heart around them was alive to the genial enjoyment of the scene, and absorbed by their own pleasurable sensations, none appeared not to look with suspicion, or idle curiosity

upon those around them. At least, so thought Seymour and Arabella, and as the happy lover led the bright nymph of Diana to the royal banquetting hall, he forgot those lessons of prudence that he had so long observed, and yielding himself wholly to the influence of those sweet emotions which filled his soul, he gave them low and impassioned utterance in the ear of his beloved. While, by the confiding air with which she hung upon his arm, and the soft glance with which her soul-lit eyes returned his fervent look, she betrayed how dear to her heart were the words to which she then listened, and how delicious the thronging thoughts, that crowded into that bright brief moment of her existence.

But their hour of bliss was destined to an abrupt and threatening termination. As they passed slowly on with the throng, the fastening of the Lady Arabella's sylvan buskin became unloosed, and she stepped aside to secure it; Seymour was instantly upon his knee with offered aid, but she declined it, and stooping down, in an instant retied the silken string. The detention occasioned by this little accident was momentary, but it was sufficient to separate her from her sister nymphs, who were already seated with their attendant cavaliers at the banquet, when she entered the apartment. The king's quick eye immediately detected her absence, and when she appeared, he greeted her with a look, and in a tone of ominous displeasure.

"How now, fair one," he exclaimed, with his usual abruptness of speech and manner; "whence comes it that thou art a laggard on this festive night? can it be that our gentle ward is plotting treason with the scion of a house whose escutcheon is not free from the stain of that foul taint? Nay, Seymour," continued the King, as he marked the angry spot that burnt on the young man's cheek at this ungenerous taunt; "thou knowest well that I mean not thee, nor thy father, nor yet thy noble grandfather, when I name a crime like that—I did but jest, man; yet what has been, all men know, and therefore it need not shame thee to hear it spoken of."

"It is ill, your majesty," returned Seymour respectfully, but with spirit and emotion; "to reproach those whose loyalty has been long and faithfully tried, with the sin of a far off ancestor."

"In faith I meant not to anger thee," said the good natured monarch; "and yet since we have touched upon that point, let me whisper a word of caution in thy ear, for perhaps thou hast yet to learn," and he lowered his voice as he spoke, "that there are many degrees of treason, and to aim clandestinely, at any possession in the royal gift, is one of them. It remains there, to be disposed of at the royal pleasure, and is not to be tampered with by a subject. The rights of kings are divine, as thou well knowest, and their will not to be questioned."

And as James gave utterance to this, his favourite

axiom, he glanced at the Lady Arabella, whose ear had caught the whispered words, and whose pale cheek, betrayed the fears they already awakened in her heart. The King marked her perturbation, and with a kind of uncouth courtesy, which was any thing but regal, pledged her in a cup of wine, and then, as if to atone for the pain he had occasioned, he addressed frequent remarks to her, of a nature calculated to win her from unpleasant thoughts. But Arabella strove in vain to rally her spirits. She felt that the airy fabric of her hopes was about to be rudely cast to the earth, and she shrunk from a repetition of the sufferings she saw she was fated to endure. Seymour could scarcely command himself, as he marked the rapidly varying colour of her fair cheek, and caught the low and subdued tones of her voice, as she struggled to bear a part in the conversation of those around her. He longed for the dear right to shelter her in his bosom, from that unjust suspicion and restraint, of which she had ever been the innocent object, and he resolved, let what would come, to contend manfully for the coveted hand, which he already saw it was the purpose of the king to deny him.

When the banquet was ended, the usual, "pastimes and fooleries," as they were justly termed, were enacted for the special amusement of the king, "who took marvellous delight therein." But such exhibitions suited not the refined taste of Seymour, and to the Lady Arabella, particularly at this time, they were so disgusting, that before they were over, she sought, and obtained the queen's permission to retire. Once more within the shelter of her own apartments, the tide of long repressed emotion burst forth like a flood, and dismissing her attendants, she cast herself upon her couch, bathed in tears of grief and despair.

In this hour of hopeless desolation, prayers, silent but heartfelt, arose to Heaven for aid and support, and they were not breathed in vain—calmness descended upon her spirit, and as she viewed in its proper light, the unjust tyranny which had ever been exercised over the freedom of her person and her mind, she resolved, in this instance, to remonstrate against it. She had made no unworthy choice, and it was her determination to abide by it—to remain true to Seymour, under whatever circumstances she might be placed, and unshrinkingly to avow her purpose to the king. It was not till the broad light of day shone in upon her, that she fell into a troubled sleep, and when she awoke, her first greeting, was a summons to attend the king. Arabella felt that the crisis of her fate was at hand, and, though she trembled excessively, she resolved to meet it with courage and firmness. Her hasty toilette was soon completed, her slight repast, which she only tasted to gratify her anxious attendant, shortly ended, when she quitted her apartment, and followed the page, who waited to conduct her to the royal closet.

She found the king alone, though she had indulged a hope that the amiable prince Henry, or the kind-hearted and lively queen, would have been present, to lend her their support and aid. James sat ensconced in a royal chair of capacious dimensions, lined with crimson velvet, and its tall back surmounted by a crown, yet in his morning gown and slippers, with a growth on his chin which promised an abundant harvest, he looked as unkingly as a monarch well might. Before him stood a table loaded with ponderous tomes, and manifold parchments and papers, mingled in strange confusion with hoods and jesses, and various other articles indicative of the sport in which he most delighted. A volume upon "Faulconrie" lay open before him, and beside it a Latin folio, moth-eaten and time-worn, and on its unfolded leaves the King's tablets, still wet from the recent touch of his pen, indicated the nature of his employment at the moment of the Lady Arabella's entrance. And while thus, in this his morning hour of retirement, ministering to the spiritual wants of the mind, James had not forgotten the grosser necessities of the outward man as was evidenced by the contents of a golden porringer, which, half filled with the unpalatable condiment peculiar to Scotland, stood on a salver of the same precious metal beside him, and which in the course of the following conversation, he often paused to taste.

"A fair morning to you, my bonny maid," he exclaimed, as Arabella advanced, and slightly touching one knee to the ground, kissed the royal hand held forth to greet her; "a fair morning, and a bright day, and a calm evening, my pretty coz, both for the time that now is, and for that long day of life, which Heaven grant may be yours before the setting of your last sun."

"I humbly thank your majesty for these kind wishes," said the Lady Arabella, not however reassured by this warm greeting of the dissembling monarch; "and since," she timidly added, "it is in your highness' power to render my day of life free from cloud or storm, excepting those with which it shall please Heaven to overshadow it, I trust it is destined to remain bright as my fondest hopes could wish it."

"Aye, tread but the easy path which I shall mark out, and all will be well,—but choose a bye-path of your own, and it will lead to labyrinths, where you will pursue the phantom happiness in vain."

"And, may I ask your majesty, if I am considered too imbecile to decide between good and evil, that all choice with regard to my future destiny is forbidden me? or wherefore is it, that my free agency is to be thus fettered and prescribed?"

"It is that you are a ward of the crown, a branch of the royal tree, and as such, amenable to the parent trunk, and bound not of your own free will, to engraft, even upon one of its off-shoots, a foreign

scion," and here the pedant king, vain of his hackneyed simile, assumed a wise and self-satisfied air, that seemed to say he had put an end to the argument.

But the Lady Arabella had too much at stake to pause here, and, nothing daunted, she made reply :

"And truly it is my earnest wish and purpose, as a loyal subject, to tender your majesty my humblest duty and obedience—and, as a kinswoman, to look to your highness for protection, and, in all matters of moment, for advice. But there is a degree of restraint to which"—

"Nay, fair cousin," interposed the king, "speak not of any undue restraint. Had it not been exercised in times past, where were now my seat? In faith, I wot not—but I misdoubt me much, even though Esme Stuart had not meddled with my realm, if the wily Clement, in your name, had not filched it from me, but for my king-craft, by which, even with the keys of St. Peter in his hand, he was outwitted."

"And had I, your majesty, part or lot in the intrigues of Pope Clement, or knew I ought of them, even? Child as I then was, I cared more for the toys of my nursery, than for all the pomp and power that royalty could give. Or when, since that time, my lords Grey and Cobham, with other restless spirits, conspired, without my knowledge, to raise me to a dignity, which God knows I covet not,—did I aid or abet them, when informed of their designs? Was it not, on the contrary, from my hand, that your majesty received the letter which first revealed to you the secret conspiracy, and enabled your highness to consign its authors to imprisonment?"

"I deny not this, fair cousin, and give you hearty commendation for the loyalty of the act. Yet, well I know the proud old Pope chafes sorely that he cannot make our realm tributary to his sceptre; and both he and his minions are looking to you, as a fitting instrument to bring us under papal jurisdiction—but not a rood of merry England shall he clutch, while, by the grace of God, I have wit or wisdom, to rule and keep it for my heirs, which I am bounden to do, both by my oath as a king, and my duty as a father. I gainsay not your lateral claims, my lady Arabella, but they are as naught, while I or the children of my body live—therefore Clement need not keep an eye upon you, because forsooth you bear the royal name of Stuart, and stand within the pale of his most holy church, for even should he, as he once proposed, secularize his own brother to wed you, his hope would be in vain, to place a catholic queen upon the throne, where the protestant Elizabeth, and James, the defender of the protestant faith, have so long held undisputed sway."

"Surely, your majesty cannot suspect me of participating in any designs inconsistent with the loyalty I profess and manifest. Need I repeat, that I aspire not to a throne, and I humbly entreat that your majesty will cease to wrong me by continual

suspicion and distrust. I would, indeed, that no drop of royal blood crimsoned my veins, and then perchance, might I be permitted to obey the innocent impulses of my heart, without reproach or misapprehension. Your highness is well aware how dearly I love the privacy in which my excellent grandmother educated me. I was taught to expect and to hope, that it would always be the sphere of my enjoyment, and were the station, which your majesty is pleased to suspect me of coveting, offered to my acceptance, I should shrink from it with unfeigned repugnance. Believe me, when in very truth I declare, that no touch of ambition dwells within my heart; and if any stronger testimony of my sincerity is required, I have only, (and yet without boasting,) to recall to your majesty's memory, the foreign princes, who have sought my alliance, and been unhesitatingly rejected,—to say naught of the noble wooers nearer home, with whom, even though the proud blood of the Stuarts and the Tudors mingles in my veins, I need not have disdained to mate myself, and who could each, and all of them, have gratified the highest soarings of the most aspiring heart."

The extreme animation with which the lady Arabella spoke, kindled a vivid light in her soft eye, and heightened the delicate bloom of her cheek, giving a new character to her beauty, which struck even the coarse, and unsusceptible James, with momentary admiration. But it had not power to soften the stern purpose with which, through fear of his own safety and well being, he resolved to crush the cherished affections of her young and trusting heart; and there was a touch of cruel irony in his tone as he replied :

"And think you, fair cousin, that redoubtable fortress which has been so often, and so valiantly besieged, and, as you would insinuate, so valiantly defended, had not, long ere this, surrendered to the foe, but for the kind surveillance of some who from the neighbouring watch towers, guarded with unsleeping care, its safety?"

"The surveillance might have been kind, and well intended, but I crave your majesty's pardon for thinking it was quite superfluous—since, among all who sought Arabella Stuart, either for what she was, or for what she might be, came there not one who could have won her love. Once was it rudely crushed, and none again had power to re-illuminate that subtle and mysterious flame."

"None!" exclaimed the king, bending upon her a glance that sent the blood from her cheek, to swell the pulses of her heart almost to bursting.

"None, heretofore, your majesty," she faintly faltered forth.

"Aye, 'tis well to use a qualifying word, fair lady, for, if there be not one who has replaced the cherished image of Esme Stuart in your soul, then have I not read aright the riddle which sorely puzzled many who shared the court revels of yester eve,

and I will henceforth leave to Will Fowler, the queen's fantastical secretary, the sole privilege of solving all seeming mysteries, concern they whom they may."

The lady Arabella, unprepared by the previous conversation for this abrupt charge, could not instantly rally herself to reply, while the king, having with his usual circumlocution, arrived at the point, which from the first, was his aim, now pressed it with a directness which, even had she wished it, admitted of no evasion.

"Cousin," he said, "I wish there may be fair and open dealing between us, and I therefore, without further preamble, question you plainly, requiring in return, direct and candid answer, whether there have not of late been some passages of love between young Seymour, the son of Lord Beauchamp, and yourself."

A painful suffusion dyed the cheek and brow of the lady Arabella, at this interrogatory, and her eye drooped beneath the fixed gaze of the king, but her voice, though scarcely audible, trembled not as she replied :

"There have been, your majesty, I seek not to deny it, and we waited only for the termination of the Christmas festivities, to declare our attachment to your highness, and entreat your gracious permission for our union. It would have been sought ere this, but a dread of your royal displeasure, caused us to delay."

"And has your ladyship lost all dread of it now, that you dare thus boldly to avow the extent of your folly?" said the king, in a tone of stern inquiry.

"Wherefore should it be termed folly, your majesty, worthily to bestow the affections which God has implanted in my heart—to accept the offered love of one, whom the noblest need not scorn, and who will shield me from the persecutions that have followed me through life—persecutions of the ambitious and designing, of which my very soul is weary."

"And, doubtless no ambition prompts this daring wooer, to aspire to the hand of one, who, in case of failure in my immediate heirs, (which God forefend,) may at some future day wield the sceptre of this realm!" and as the king gave angry utterance to these words, he rose and paced hastily up and down the apartment, muttering in an under tone; "be-shrew me, but this young gallant deserves to eat the bread of penitence in the state apartments of the tower, instead of which, but we are ever too lenient, we have but banished him from our court for his boldness."

The watchful ear of Arabella caught the half audible sentence, and with a pallid check she breathlessly inquired :

"And has your majesty then exercised such severity against one whose only crime, is loving her, who is forbidden to love any—thus paying the hard

penalty of her descent from kings. Far happier were she, might she trace her lineage back, through successive generations of peasants or of slaves!"

"Utter not the degrading thought," said the king, turning sternly towards her, "nor repine that some trivial sacrifices are required of you, to preserve free from taint, the blood of your high descent. I have said, that for his folly in presuming to love a lady of the royal house, young Seymour has been banished from our court. When he has learned discretion enough to choose more wisely, from among his equals, we will welcome him back—till then, let him congratulate himself that no heavier punishment has befallen him."

"And when, may I ask your majesty, was this sentence passed?" inquired the Lady Arabella with forced calmness.

"After the company dispersed last eve, we summoned young Seymour before us, and in presence of some members of our privy council, charged him with his guilt; he freely confessed it, and moreover boldly plead his suit, and with unblushing hardihood, entreated our royal sanction to this misalliance. We gave him his answer briefly, and on pain of our displeasure, forbade his appearing again before us, till he had found a cure for his silly passion, and saw with open eyes, the distance between himself and its object."

"Your majesty will pardon me," said the Lady Arabella with unwonted haughtiness of tone, and a deep flushing of the fair and delicate cheek, "if I declare, that I esteem this threadbare pica a mere pretence to prevent my ever entering into an alliance with any one, as not only in this instance, but in every other where my hand has been sought, it has been urged. Lord Esme Stuart was my equal in birth and station, yet queen Elizabeth positively forbade our union, and your majesty has uniformly rejected with similar marks of disapprobation, every overture of the kind that has since been made. Since my first girlish disappointment, I have cared little for this—I loved my maiden state, I wished not to exchange it, and feared only that the time might arrive when your majesty would see fit to bestow my hand on some one, to whom I could not yield my heart. But now—and I blush not to make the avowal—my views, my feelings have undergone a change which renders any interference in the wishes of my heart, a matter of serious consequence to my happiness. I therefore humbly entreat your majesty to put no restraint upon my affections, to permit me their free indulgence, and to think of me only as a private and undistinguished individual—as such I would live and die—happy in my obscurity, and unambitious of the lot of princes."

"If it please you, speak only for yourself in this matter, gentle cousin, since you cannot know how far ambition urges Seymour in his wooing, nor what daring schemes may be hereafter set on

foot by your heirs, to claim, in right of their mother, the crown which I trust to leave safe upon the head of my son."

"And there, for all me or mine, may it remain forever, since none, who now, or henceforth may belong to me, can ever covet, or accept it. I fearlessly make this assertion, your majesty, and as fearlessly declare, that it never shall be violated."

"Cousin, you speak with an ignorant rashness, which only your youth excuses. But I am well read in human nature, and know that royalty holds forth many temptations, which even the strong cannot always resist. You have, too, and I shame to say it, a powerful party in my kingdom, who are eagerly watching for a favourable moment to bestir themselves in your cause.

"My cause, your majesty! call it not mine; I neither countenance nor abet it,—and as for the party—have I not ever disclaimed any connexion with it, spurned its overtures, and condemned its disloyal acts? Nor is it possible that any future circumstances should ever induce me to lend aid or support to its designs. To this declaration I pledge my truth and sincerity, and not only mine, but that of Seymour's also, and to convince your majesty that ambition has no place in our hearts, we are willing immediately, should your royal assent be given to our union, to become voluntary exiles from England, and to fix our residence in France, or wherever else shall be most agreeable to your majesty, till such time as it shall suit your highness' pleasure to recall us."

"It were wisely done, I trow, to thrust you into the arms of my loving brothers, either of France or Spain. It would be to furnish them with weapons, which they would not be slow to make free use of against me, and henceforth I should hear of the Lady Arabella Stuart—I do not say with your consent, cousin, or that it ever has been, or ever will be so—you are but the puppet, whose wires are played by others, and it is, therefore, I guard you with such caution from their arts—but henceforth, if jealous Spain, or meddling France, could avail themselves of your person or your claims, I should hear only of the Lady Arabella as a rallying point for all the disaffected knaves, who would fain ruin us, and enrich themselves, by a seven year's war, and in the end, hope to see a minion of the Pope sitting on the throne of fair and merry England. And so it is, cousin, mine you see why you must e'en content yourself to bide a while longer in your maiden state—or at least, till we can find a more fitting mate for you than this young scion of the house of Hertford. We like not over much the race, for they aim high, and let not small hindrances mar their flight, and if you know aught of their history, you may perchance remember what was said of their traitorous ancestor, the protector Somerset, 'that all his

honours had helped him too forward to hop headless',—a warning which it would not be ill for his aspiring descendant to bear in mind."

The beautiful lip of the Lady Arabella curled with proud disdain at the pusillanimity of the unlikingly James, and she calmly and haughtily replied:

"Since it is your majesty's pleasure to forbid my union with him whom my heart has chosen, and who is in birth, in education, in all fitting things, my equal—in some, my superior—I take heaven to witness, that to no other shall my hand ever be given, my faith voluntarily pledged. And now that your majesty has seen fit to cast a blight upon my dearest hopes, I humbly crave your royal permission to retire from court. Its gaieties are uncongenial with my feelings, neither can I endure to remain where, I am an object of constant and unjust suspicion.

"The blood of the Tudors is red upon your cheek, cousin, and it is too fair a one, to be secered by such unholy heat. I meant not to anger you,—but as I have said, it is for your peace, as well as for my own, that I guard you with jealous care from the designs of those, who would use you only as a ladder for their own mounting ambition. You are well aware that by a disaffected party in this realm I have been termed an alien, and your claim to its crown, as having been born and bred on the soil of England, has been preferred before mine. I acknowledge that hitherto you have frowned upon their impious and seditious purposes; but the truest and firmest have been tempted, and it behooves me, as the lawful monarch of these realms, and the guardian of my children's rights, to be cautious how I lend any facilities, either direct or indirect, to conspirators, foreign or domestic, who would disturb the peace of our reign, or insinuate doubts of the divine right by which we hold our sovereignty. And now, Lady Arabella, I have condescended to give you reasons for my conduct, which I should not have rendered to every one, and I would but ask, if you acquiesce in their justice, and submit to the decree, which, as your guardian and your king, I have thought proper to pronounce."

"I can do no less than submit to the will of my sovereign, trusting that time may soften his resolves, and induce him again to restore to me the happiness of which he has now deemed it prudent to deprive me—and I humbly entreat that he will not extend his power so far as to force me into any alliance which my heart cannot sanction."

"Fear not that, fair cousin, I have no such purpose in view; and be not sanguine in the hope, that any change may be wrought in me, to favour Seymour; I have reasons numberless, for not caring to link his fate with yours."

The Lady Arabella's flushed cheek grew deadly pale at these words, which sounded like the death-knell of her hopes, and her lip quivered with strong

emotion, but struggling to subdue it, she again in a low and faltering voice, repeated her request, to be permitted to retire from court.

"I shall not oppose your wish," said the king, though I would much prefer your remaining to lend attraction to our court. But after the sentiments and wishes I have expressed, I must expect that all intercourse is at an end between you and Mr. Seymour, and that neither shall seek to acquaint the other with the place of their retreat."

Lady Arabella attempted not to speak; she dared not trust her voice to reply to this requisition, which betrayed such a continuance of fear, and distrust of her sincerity in the king's mind, but she bowed her head in token of assent, and he resumed.

"To what distant nest would our truant bird wing her flight? We would not lose sight of her, let her perch where she will, and the choice shall be left to herself. We put no constraint upon her inclinations in matters that come not near our state."

"The stricken deer loves the deepest solitudes," said Arabella, with a faltering voice; "and if it please your majesty to grant me permission, I would repair to my mother's early friend, the sad and widowed Lady Gervase. She dwells shut out from the world, schooled by the fearful discipline of her life into humble and pious submission to the will of Heaven, and in her chastened society I may perhaps find peace, even though happiness has fled."

"An honourable lady, but a rank papist," said the king, shaking his head; "she loved my mother well, and therefore can owe no good will to me or mine—I misdoubt me much, gentle coz, if you will reap any benefit from her counsels."

"Gainsay me not in this, I entreat your majesty; no ill can emanate from the sorrow-stricken mind of the Lady Gervase; affliction has weaned her from the things of earth, and her conversation, and her thoughts are of Heaven. I pray your majesty, grant me permission to go to her, she was my mother's dearest friend, and her arms will gladly receive and shelter her desolate child."

"I prith'ee go, cousin," said the king, moved by her earnest entreaty; "I cannot say you nay, though I would that you had chosen better; but go and teach the melancholy Lady of Archibald Gervase, not to prate of disloyalty to her present sovereign, albeit she was widowed by the decree of his predecessor."

Thus terminated this long and painful *tête-à-tête*, and the Lady Arabella retired from the royal presence with a crushed heart, hopeless of earthly joy, and shrinking with dismay from the prospect of the dark and dreary future. With breathless haste she sped along the corridor, fearful of encountering some one, who should witness her emotion, and entering her apartments, passed on to her private closet, and locked the door. Earth had no longer

hope or comfort for her; impressed with a deep sense of her dependance on that Being from whom alone cometh help and support in life's dark hours of trial, she sank upon her knees, and poured forth her sorrows into that compassionote ear, which deigns to hear the faintest aspiration that ascends from the subdued and smitten heart.

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It was the afternoon of a delicious May day, and two ladies sat on a grassy terrace, fronting an ancient castellated mansion situated in one of the northern counties of England. The elder of the two, a tall majestic figure, past the meridian of life, wore the deep weeds of widowhood, and the pale and sorrowful countenance that was in keeping with such bad-ges of grief. But humble resignation was written on her brow, and the light of Christian benevolence beamed from her large dark eye, shedding its lustre over a countenance more furrowed by suffering than by time.

Her companion was still in the first bloom of youthful loveliness, but in the pensive expression of her soft eye, in the rapidly changing hue of her transparent cheek, in every line, indeed, of her beautiful and speaking face, might be read the tokens of that inward grief, which, "like a worm i' the bud," saps silently the springs of life, and steals its glory from the cheeks of youth. The two ladies were earnestly conversing, when a shout of mirth from the happy villagers who were seen in the distance dancing round a may pole, came wafted to their ears, and pausing, their eyes met with a melancholy smile.

"We do not well, to sit here indulging moody thoughts on this gala day, my Arabella," said the elder lady; "come let us go forth and show these happy villagers, that we approve their mirth, even though we do not participate it."

"I will accompany you, dear Lady Gervase, if such is your wish," returned her companion; "but with a sad heart, it is a pain even to look upon gay faces, and listen to the sound of laughter—I would far rather sit here and watch the snowy swans upon the lake, or those pheasants as they bask in the sun at the foot of that old beech, dazzling one almost, with their plumage."

"And so would I, my love, or even listen to the cawing of those rooks as they perpetually wheel above us, flying in and out of their old dormitories, or even watch the gambols of poor Fido, chasing the roving bee and butterfly upon the lawn. But neither you nor I, my Arabella, would refrain from a kind action for the sake of these or any other selfish pleasure. Come, let us walk to the foot of yonder hill, round which the villagers are gathered at their sports, we will not remain here nursing our regrets, when by a slight sacrifice we may enhance the happiness of others."

The Lady Arabella arose with a sigh, to obey the wishes of her friend, and very shortly the kind effort they had made, brought to both an ample reward. Every progressive step gave elasticity to their spirits, and a more healthful tone to minds which had become unstrung by dwelling long on sad and painful themes. The hawthorn shed its pearly blossoms on their heads as they walked onward, and cowslips, crocuses and kingcups, embroidered the soft turf beneath their feet, with Flora's fair and beautiful mosaics. The blue heavens and laughing earth seemed instinct with happiness, and the stricken hearts of those bereaved ones, as they drank in the spirit of universal beauty, which was diffused around them, went up in a hymn of thanksgiving to the bounteous Parent, who had still left them a thousand sources of gratitude and joy, even though, for wise purposes, He had taken from them one object of desire and hope.

Their approach to the scene of rural festivity was hailed by the gay groups collected round the may-pole, with expressions of respectful pleasure. Seats were immediately procured for them, the choicest sylvan dainties proffered to their acceptance, and the most graceful sports of the day, renewed for their entertainment. The Lady Gervase had a kind and cordial word for all, and the gentle smiles, and soft voice of her young companion, found their way to every heart. After lingering for a time with the merry revellers, the ladies again turned their steps homewards, satisfied with having lent a heightened glow to the happiness of their humbler fellow beings, and enjoying its reflection in the approval of their own peaceful consciences. For several minutes they pursued their way in silence, the thoughts of the Lady Gervase were dwelling, with the benevolence of her kind nature, on a plan suggested by Father Everard, her confessor, for the comfort and improvement of her tenantry, and those of Arabella had again reverted to themes of deep and agitating interest.

"Who," she at length exclaimed, the overpowering feelings of her heart bursting forth into involuntary speech; "who, that dwelt among such scenes as these, would willingly exchange them for the artificial splendours of a court! Ah, could my royal cousin read my heart aright, he would see therein how simple are its tastes, how innocent its most aspiring wishes. Yes, I would rather, far rather, wear the crown of yonder may-queen, and live here to love and be loved, than have my brow encircled by the jewelled diadem of princes, whose false glare cannot cover the fear and jealousy, and carking care, and wreck of perished affections, that would fain hide themselves beneath it."

"The destiny of kings is indeed not to be coveted, my Arabella, and I love you too well to wish that any circumstances may ever arise, just and law-

ful as I think your claims, to call you to the throne."

"God forbid it," fervently exclaimed the Lady Arabella; "and yet the king will not be persuaded to believe me unambitious, and deems it right to fetter even the free-born affections of my soul, lest they should become instruments to aid me in the subversion of his regal rights. Is it not indeed a tyrannous exercise of power? There are moments, dear Lady Gervase, when I feel as if I could no longer submit to such injustice—when death itself seems to me far preferable to this state of vassalage, this intensity of mental suffering which with slow tortures is sapping the springs of life. At such times I often think, were Seymour near me, I would willingly defy the mandate of the king, and fly with him to some far land, where England's tongue was never heard, and the vain jealousies of kings could no more molest or interrupt our happiness."

She uttered these words in an earnest and impassioned tone, while the tears which had gathered in her beautiful eyes, fell fast upon the fragrant hawthorn blossoms that she held in her hand."

"Beware, my dear child, how even for an instant you indulge so rash a thought," said the Lady Gervase looking with a pitying gaze upon the agitated countenance of her young friend. "The wrath of kings is not to be defied, and better is it to endure sorrow and privation, amidst the soothing of friendship and of nature, than to reap the bitter fruits of disobedience within the barred walls of a prison. Bear yourself, my love with Christian fortitude. Short will be this separation from the chosen of your heart, our mortal life is but a point in our existence, and swiftly are we passing onward through this vale of tears, to that bright spirit-land where all is joy, blissful and eternal, without change or shadow, or disunion from those we love."

"Forgive me, dear and honoured friend," said Arabella, clasping with respectful tenderness the hand of Lady Gervase; "forgive the impatience of my spirit, and teach me to chasten it by the gentle endurance of yours. I take shame to myself, that in the society of one, purified by the most terrible of earthly trials, I should bear my lesser burden of sorrow with so little of the Christian's patient endurance."

"You are young, my love, and it is hard in life's early morn to bear the touch of sorrow without repining. With shame and penitence do I recall my own want of submission to the chastening hand of God, during the first severity of my trial—the weeping nights, the days of bitter anguish, when I thought there were none to help me, and forgot that a mighty helper was nigh, on whom I had neglected to call. But when late I sought Him, he heard me—He healed my wounds, supported my sinking soul, and infused into it a peace, which earth could neither give nor take away."

The Lady Gervase paused an instant, to wipe away the silent tears that had gathered in her eyes, and then again resumed :—

“ I have often wished, my dear Arabella, to speak to you of that event which cast a sable pall over the opening joys of my youth, and would have rendered life an unendurable burden, but for the blessed promises, that sprang forth from the perished root of my earthly hopes, to cheer and comfort me. Listen then, to the tale of my griefs, and thank God with a humble and a grateful heart, that you are yet spared the intensity of sorrow that has fallen to my lot :—

“ France, as you are aware, is the country of my birth—and I was one of the four Marie’s who were in immediate attendance upon the person of the beautiful Queen of Scotland, at the period of her marriage with the youthful Dauphin. I was deeply and tenderly attached to my royal mistress, nor was it possible for any to dwell within the sphere of her influence, yet resist the fascinations of her beauty, her wit, and her vivacity. Amiable and beneficent, she inspired love in every heart, and though her name has gone down with ignominy to an untimely grave, I still believe that her only faults were those which sprang from an exuberance of innocent gaiety, and a benevolent desire to give pleasure to those around her. I followed her to Scotland, and remained in her suite till after her fatal marriage with your uncle, Lord Darnley, when I gave my hand to Lord Archibald Gervase, who had long possessed my affections, and to whom I had been affianced for a twelve month.

“ It was with sincere regret that I quitted the service of Mary, but I had married an English baron, and England was henceforth to be my country. My lord brought me to this sequestered and beautiful spot, which was one of his hereditary homes, and that one, which from many early and tender associations, he loved the best—and here three years passed away in perfect felicity—the elegant mind of Lord Archibald, his bland and winning manners, and above all, his tender devotion to myself, rendered it an earthly paradise to me. Our retirement was often enlivened by the presence of dear friends, and occasionally we journeyed to London, to pay our devoirs at the court of the virgin Queen. It would be invidious to draw any comparison between Elizabeth and the lovely and unfortunate sovereign whom I so long and happily served. but the startling difference that actually existed, forced itself upon me, and created in my mind, a repugnance towards the English Queen, which after events ripened into deep and absolute abhorrence.

“ My husband had been much at Mary’s Court, during my residence there, and had conceived for her an affection almost as fervent as my own, which during her imprisonment gained strength, by witnessing the heavenly sweetness and resignation with which she endured the insults and wrongs heaped

on her, by her treacherous and relentless rival. We often visited her while she remained under the keeping of the Earl of Shrewsbury and his vixen countess, at the castle of Tutbury ; but at last the jealousy of the watchful Elizabeth was roused, and Lord Gervase, under pain of the royal displeasure, was forbidden again to seek the presence of the Queen of Scots. Obedience was a difficult task for him ; but I had fears for his safety, and prevailed on him to regard the royal mandate, yet indignant at the meanness and cruelty of his sovereign, he forebore to appear at court, and this circumstance was alone sufficient to confirm the suspicions of Elizabeth.

“ After some time, however, without intending to seek an interview with Mary, my lord repaired again to Tutbury castle, to learn of her jailors tidings of her state, when he was seen by some of the queen of England’s satellites, taken into custody, and, by the royal command, committed to the tower. In vain at the appointed time, I expected his return—he came not—and as hour after hour passed hopelessly away, my terror increased, and in an agony of fear I set forth to seek him. But I encountered, instead, one who was coming to bring me tidings of his fate ; and in a paroxysm of despair, I hastened on to London, to implore for him the mercy of the queen. God of Heaven ! can I ever forget that interview ! It is written in letters of fire upon my very brain ! I fell at her feet, I grovelled in the earth, while I sued to that proud, unfeeling woman, for my husband’s life, and even now her cold and bitter laugh rings in my ears, as she spurned me from her, and, with cruel mockery, bade me ask the Queen of Scots to aid her minion !

“ I was carried insensible from the presence, and for a year the curse of madness was upon me. When I recovered recollection, I found myself within my own apartments at Gervase Hall, my faithful servants were about me, and my eyes roved restlessly around, seeking the dear countenance of my lord. I sought it in vain ; but the gloom which sat upon the faces of my attendants, and the habiliments of my own person, told the fearful tale of his fate. It was clad, as you see it now, in the sable weeds of widowhood. He had perished on the scaffold—he, the innocent, the virtuous, the beloved ! one of the thousand victims immolated to the caprice and tyranny of the narrow-minded and revengeful Elizabeth.

“ The shock was more terrible than I could sustain, and for many months succeeding the knowledge of my bereavement, I was the victim of insanity. Gradually, however, my disorder yielded to the assiduous attentions of dear friends, and the constant attentions of faithful dependants, and then the consolations of religion perfected the cure which friendship and affection had commenced. Long years have passed away since then, and bereaved as was my youth, life has not been to me without some portion of en-

joyment. The book of nature has unfolded its ample pages to my gaze, and the blessed volume of God's word has been to me as a fountain of joy and peace, from whence I have quaffed healing waters, that have brought health to my soul—and so I still pass on my lonely way, sorrowful yet resigned, grateful to my Heavenly Father for his enduring love, and waiting with patient hope His summons to rejoice my loved one, in the regions of eternal joy.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MOURNER'S PRAYER.

BY M. ETHELIND SAWTELL.

Oh, Holy Saviour, bless'd Redeemer, hear
The lone heart's fervent offering, whose sincere
And contrite anguish, now ascends to Thee.
Thou, who hast known, the depth of agony.
Thou, who wilt not the desolate forsake,
Nor leave Thine own bereaved—Thou wilt not break
The reed which Thou hast bruised ; then sanctify
Affliction in Thy mercy. Let the sigh,
The broken spirit breathes, to Thee arise :
The widowed mourner's lowly sacrifice,
Which Thou wilt not reject. Oh ! Jesus, let
The memory that Thy sacred blood drops wet
The ground beneath Thee, whereon Thou didst pray
That then from Thee, the cup might pass away,
If so, Thy Father's will. Oh, let that thought,
Be with the fervour of devotion wrought.
When sorrow bids me kneel to seek from Thee
The strength Thou didst implore on Calvary.
Redeemer save me ! Thou, who meekly in
Thine hour of intense suffering strove to win
Forgiveness from Thy Father—when Thy prayer
Which, glorifying Him, besought to spare
Those who knew not, according to Thy word,
What they then did—Thou the life-giving Lord,
Who on Thy cross the penitent sustained
With promised rest in paradise obtained,
Through Thy blessed mercy—Thou hast in the tomb
A holy slumberer laid ! Within the gloom,
Of its sepulchral darkness. To fulfil
The expiation of Jehovah's will.
Thou who didst from Thy transient grave arise,
With victory over death, a sacrifice
Accepted in redemption. E'er the light
Of Easter's dawn woke from the silent night
Through the tall olives, on the dew to shine,
Which dimmed the blossoms of the passion vine.
Thou, whom the Magdalene in sorrow sought,
And early tears. Whose supplication fraught
With such imploring earnestness to know
Where they had borne her Lord. Oh, Christ bestow
On me such love ! Thou who didst then reply
Thou hadst not yet ascended to Thine high
Eternal rest. Unto Thy Father's throne.

Unto her Father. Thou, who didst atone,
For our sins and transgressions. And art found
Worthy to ransom all. That Thou shouldst say,
Thy Father—and her Father—Thou the way,
The life—The light—the well beloved of God !
The spotless lamb—The only Son—who trod,
The earth, Salvation's glory to awake,
And that Thou shouldst the wretched sinner take
Unto Thy God with Thee. Then let me be,
With faith like hers, washed from my sins in Thee.

(ORIGINAL.)

GENIUS AND ITS APPLICATION.

“ In the soul

Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief ; among these Fancy next
Her office holds ; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny and call
Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.”

Milton.

Of all the popular opinions that have made their way into the world, there is none more erroneous than that entertained by many persons with respect to genius. It is a prevalent notion, that it is a thing within the reach of every man ; and, to adventitious circumstances, to the accidents of art and knowledge, is often ascribed the character of genius. A writer of verses is called a genius ; a smatterer in the languages of the ancients is named a genius ; and not unfrequently does the tone of a man's voice acquire for him the distinction of genius. In a word, genius is, by many, considered synonymous with learning ; and as often as a person of any acquirements is mentioned, are we likely to hear the term genius applied to him.

A refined and cultivated mind does not properly constitute genius ; but it consists in a gift of nature, which, without any assistance of art, notes its possessor to be a remarkable character, and enables him to produce works, alike the admiration of their own times, and the astonishment of subsequent generations. Education may embellish the mind ; it may refine the conversation, and set rules for our instruction ; but there is something noble and majestic in a great natural genius, that places it immeasurably above a mind polished by learning. There is something divine in a true genius that raises the soul above itself, and enables it to attain objects beyond the sphere of intellect. “ Genius,” it has been observed, “ resembles a proud steed, that whilst he obeys the slightest touch of the kind hand of a master,

revolts at the first indication of compulsion and of restraint." One of the best critics of antiquity, Horace, remarks of genius, that no one can claim that distinction who does not enjoy a superior imagination, and is not master of high flights of fancy.

"— *Cui mens divinior atque
Magna sonaturum des nominis hujus honorem.*"

"Genius," says Reynolds, "is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies, which are out of the reach of the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire." "It is the invention," observes Pope, "that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and, without it, judgment itself can at best but steal wisely: for art is only like a prudent steward, that lives on managing the riches of nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute: as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature." Fancy, which is nothing else than invention, Milton declares to be the eye of the soul; and

"— In her absence *mimic* fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft."

The heathen world exhibited several great natural geniuses, not disciplined by any rules of art. But of them all—Solomon excepted—Homer affords the most striking illustration. His was an imagination above all artificial aid; and his mind a Paradise of the richest soil. The "*vividi vis animi*," he possessed; and there is that divine fervour in his works that captivates the soul of every reader of any degree of poetical susceptibility. Demosthenes is another remarkable instance of genius. His indomitable spirit and wonderful perseverance enabled him to overcome constitutional defects; but it was the splendour of his imagination, the greatness of his invention, that produced the eloquence that astonished the Athenians, and may be said to have resembled

"The big thunder o'er the vast profound."

Socrates, of whom it was remarked, that he brought philosophy from heaven, to inhabit among men; and Archimedes and Euclid, were all powerful

geniuses. They had no models from whom to borrow their theories—they were the imitators of none. The Romans were not void of genius. They produced many great men, whose memories we reverence, and whose works we admire; but, for the most part, they formed themselves by rules, and submitted the greatness of their natural talents to the corrections and restraints of art. The genius in both these classes of authors may be equally great, but exhibits itself differently; and, for the purpose of distinction, is classed separately. The one may be compared to a most prolific soil, whose fruits spring up in abundance without any certain order: in the other, art supplies the skill of a cultivator. Under this second head of genius may be classed Plato and Aristotle among the Greeks, Cicero and Tully, Juvenal and Horace, Virgil and Ovid, among the Romans, and Milton, Bacon, Newton and some others among the moderns.

Without derogating from the fame of the ancients, it may be remarked, that antiquity afforded a golden era for the display of genius. That irregular manner of life, and those manly pursuits from which barbarity takes its name, were most favourable to the free and unrestrained exercise of the nobler passions of the mind. In advanced and civilized society the characters of men are more uniform and disguised; and the powers of the soul have not the same opportunity of exerting themselves. "In the infancy of societies," says Dr. Blair, "men live scattered and dispersed in the midst of solitary rural scenes, where the beauties of nature are their chief entertainment. They meet with many objects to them new and strange; their wonder and surprise are frequently excited; and by the sudden changes of fortune occurring in their unsettled state of life their passions are raised to the utmost. Their passions having nothing to restrain them, their imagination has nothing to check it."

A more noble exemplification of human genius the world has never witnessed than in the Bard of Avon—the immortal Shakspeare, who has been most aptly compared to the stone in Pyrrhus' ring, which is represented to have had the figure of Apollo and the nine muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art. Born of humble parents, Shakspeare's education was limited, but his genius was indeed gigantic; and it has cast a deathless celebrity on the history of his country. The genius of this mighty magician, which diffused such glory around it, may be admired, or rather adored, but can never be measured.

"A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime."

In the whirlwind of his scene, Shakspeare bears the imagination of his audience along with him. He

“Carries them here and there; jumping o’er times; Turning the accomplishment of many years, Into an hour glass.”

“The English stage might be considered equally without rule and without model,” writes Scott, “when Shakspeare arose. The effect of the genius of an individual upon the taste of a nation, is mighty; but that genius, in its turn, is formed according to the opinions prevalent at the period when it comes into existence. Such was the case with Shakspeare. Had he received an education more extensive, and possessed a taste refined by the classical models, it is probable that he also, in admiration of the ancient drama, might have mistaken the form for the essence, and subscribed to those rules which had produced such master pieces of art. Fortunately for the full exertion of a genius, as comprehensive and versatile as intense and powerful, Shakspeare had no access to any models of which the commanding merit might have controlled and limited his own exertions. He followed the path which a nameless crowd of obscure writers had trodden before him; but he moved in it with the grace and majestic step of a being of a superior order; and vindicated for ever the British theatre from a pedantic restriction to classical rule. Nothing went before Shakspeare which in any respect was fit to fix and stamp the character of a national drama; and certainly no one will succeed him capable of establishing, by mere authority, a form more restricted than that which Shakspeare used.” The celebrated critic, Jeffrey, observes of that remarkable man, Sir Walter Scott, that, “even in his errors there are traces of a powerful genius.” With a mind as versatile and creative as that of Shakspeare, Scott, by an extraordinary force of nature, power of thought, and indefatigable study, amassed to himself such stores of knowledge as we cannot regard without amazement as having been acquired by any one man in the compass of the longest life. As a philosopher, historian, poet, and novelist the fame of “The great unknown,” is equally imperishable. Time, in his ceaseless course, may consign the royalty of sovereigns to dark oblivion; “the race of yore who danced our infancy upon their knee,” may be blotted from our remembrance; and nations may cease to exist; but the name of Scott will never die. A learned reviewer has truly remarked that “never has the analogy between poetry and painting been more strikingly exemplified than the writings of Scott. He sees every thing with a painter’s eye. Whatever he represents has a character of individuality, and is drawn with an accuracy and minuteness of discrimination, which we are not accustomed to expect from verbal description. Much of this, no doubt, is the result of genius; for there is a quick and comprehensive power of discernment, an intensity and keenness of observation, an almost intuitive

glance, which nature alone can give, and by means of which her favourites are enabled to discover characteristic differences, where the eye of dulness sees nothing but uniformity.” Burns was a genius; and despite the pedantry and perverseness of those whom the bard himself styles, “cut throat bandits in the path of fame,” a great one too. Burns may be well termed “Fancy’s pleasing son;” and it may be said of him, what was observed of Ossian, that, “he did not write to please readers and critics. He sung from the love of poetry and song. His poetry, more perhaps than that of any other writer, deserves to be styled ‘the poetry of the heart.’ It is a heart penetrated with sublime and tender passions; a heart that glows and kindles the fancy; a heart that is full, and pours itself forth; and, under this poetic inspiration, giving vent to his genius, no wonder we should so often hear and acknowledge in his strains the powerful and ever-pleasing voice of nature—

“—*Arte natura potentior omni—*
Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.”

How simple is the poet’s description of himself! While he invokes, “a spark o’ nature’s fire,” he despises “your jargon o’ your schools.”

I am na poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An’ hae to learning nae pretence,

Yet, what the matter.

Whene’er my muse does on me glance
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, how can you e’er propose,
You wha ken hardly *verse frae prose*
‘To mak’ a sang?’

But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye’re maybe wrang.

What’s a’ your jargon o’ your schools,
Your latin names for horns an’ stools;
If honest nature made you fools,

What sairs your grammars?

Ye’d better ta’en up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o’ dull, conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;

An’ syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o’ Greek!

Gie me a spark o’ nature’s fire,
That’s a’ the learning I desire;
Then tho’ I trudge thro’ dub an’ mire
At plough or cart,

My muse tho’ hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

It is impossible to reflect on those extraordinary instances of genius without being raised into a con-

temptation on the wonderful force of nature on the human mind; and of the great disparity observable in the intellectual capacities of men. It is indeed very surprising, when we remove our thoughts from such instances as have been mentioned, to consider those we so frequently meet with, who seem to have few ideas above those of sense and appetite; and when we compare them with persons of the most exalted attainments in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are members of the same species. But, whatever constitutes this first and incomprehensible inequality, it is very certain that the next great difference between men, in their several acquirements, is attributable to accidental circumstances in their education, their fortunes, or their course of life. Labour and time are requisite to mature the faculties of the soul; and without which many a genius lies unfashioned, like a jewel in the mine.

The application of genius is a subject worthy the deepest consideration. The many instances that are witnessed of the abuse of laudable talents, manifest the importance of consulting, in the care of youth, the natural disposition to any particular art, science, profession or trade; and, above all things, of studying impartially, in the formation of any scheme of life, the capacity of the mind. It is indeed very difficult for any one to form a correct judgment of his own abilities, or of the channel in which they ought to be employed. The esteem of self, common to all, prompts men to over-rate their talents, and the love of singularity allures their minds into a fondness for vain-glory, and incites them to attempt objects whose exterior pomp and dignity, like the deceptive caskets of Portia, fascinate the view. But it is not so difficult a thing to form an estimate of the attainments of others; and at no period of life are the powers of the soul more susceptible of examination than when the mind is in the May of youth, "a stranger to the savage arts of life." Historians relate of Scipio, that having been asked by some flatterers what the Romans would do for a general after his death, replied, "take Marius." Marius was then a very boy, and had given no instances of his valour; but it was visible to Scipio, from the manners of the youth, that he had a soul formed for the attempt and execution of great undertakings. The greatness of spirit that distinguished the conqueror Alexander, he early exhibited. Being asked, in his youth, to contend for a prize in the Olympic games, answered scornfully, that he would do so if he had kings to run against him. Innumerable are the instances that might be mentioned of the early dawn of greatness in men whose after lives evinced them to be extraordinary characters; but it would be useless to relate them.

The protection of genius—the encouragement of talent—is a subject that claims and deserves the soli-

citude of a generous spirit and liberal scholar. For want of cherishment, merit frequently languishes in silence; for, as the accomplished Pliny forcibly remarks, "*neque cuiquam tam statim clarum ingenium est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat.*"

"But let us haste.—Night rolls the hours away,
The redd'ning orient shows the coming day,
The stars shine fainter on th' ethereal plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains."

J. R.

THE NUN.

In the low echoes of the anthem's close,
The murmurs of a distant chorus rose;
A portal opened, in its shadow stood
A sable pomp—the hallowed sister-hood,
They led a white robed form, young, delicate,
Whose life's delicious spring was opening yet—
Yet was she stately, and as up the aisle,
She moved, her proud, pale lip half wore a smile,
Her eye was firm, yet those who saw it near,
'Held on its lash the glistening of a tear,
All to Sidonias' passing daughter bowed,
And she returned gravely like one vowed,
To loftier things, but once she paused and pressed
With quick, strange force, her slight hand to her breast
And her wan cheek was reddened to a glow,
As if the vestal felt the throes that wreak,
Their stung upon young hearts about to break;
She struggled, sighed, her look of agony
Was calmed, and she was at Sidonias' knee
The father's chasing tear upon her fell:
His gentle heart abhorred the convent cell:
E'en now he bid her pause—she looked to Heaven,
One long, wild pressure to his cheek was given,
Her pale lip quivered, would not say farewell,
The bell gave one deep toll, it seemed her knell,
She started, strove his strong embrace to sever,
Then rushed within the gate that shuts forever.

The final—fatal rite was duly done,
The tress was shorn, the sable veil put on,
That shades like night the day of hope and youth—
The golden ring the pledge of truth was given,
That bound on earth—and gave a bride to Heaven.

SONG FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Many thousand stars are burning
Bright in the vault of night,
Many an earth-worn heart is yearning
Upwards with a fond delight.

Stars of beauty, stars of glory,
Radiant wanderers of the sky;
Weary of the world's sad story,
Thoughts would ever fix on high,

STRAY THOUGHTS AND FANCIES.

NATIONAL MINSTRELSY.

To the minstrelsy of the different countries of the old world may safely be attributed many of the social virtues which adorn their people. There is nothing which more firmly blends them together than the lyrics with which their legends have become inwoven—upon them the national character is formed—patriotism, loyalty, and truth, receiving their nourishment from the founts of melody. The love of country, and of her whose smile is its dearest charm—fealty to the sovereign whose sires have swayed through ages the royal sceptre—the merry bound of the freeman's heart—bravery in battle, and mercy in victory—gallant deeds, to curb oppression, and set its victims free—hoping against hope, and battling with adverse circumstance, until fortune becomes weary of persecution, and turns her frowns to smiles—joyous bursts of gratitude and praise, when evils have been conquered, and the world looks bright. Such are the themes which call life into the minstrel's chords, and draw an answering feeling from the listener's heart, and well are they fitted to enrich the souls which feed upon them in childhood and youth.

The national songs of England are instinct with a grandeur that well becomes the mighty empire whose praise they sing—the swell of her magnificent anthems will hush the voice of tumult among congregated thousands, swaying the multitude as one man, though they have met with the demon of discord gnawing at the hearts. The children of England, cradled to rest with her national songs, are taught with their earliest feelings to venerate the time-hallowed institutions of their country, mingled with a proud consciousness of that liberty which is the heritage of themselves and their posterity forever. But the sterner feelings nursed by her warlike lays are softened by the love-breathing melodies which make an Eden of their cottage homes, and ready as the Briton is to oppose the enemies of his country, Peace is dearer to his heart, for then he has no fears for those he loves. The shield of justice covers alike the noble and the peasant, the crowned sovereign and the meanest hind. We may search the world in vain for an equal to that glorious isle—

“None but herself can be her parallel.”

Scotland has, too, her inexhaustible store of traditional tale and song—and some of the sweetest lays to which the heart ever listened, are warbled among her “heath-clad mountains,” and “broomie knowes.” The “hills and the dales” are consecrated

with that delicious lore which is the growth of ages. “Land of the mountain and the flood,” whose every rock and stream and tree is chronicled in some legendary tale of the past, preserved, in the greenness of yesterday, in the memory of those who dwell around it—and every legend and every tale bath its individual song. Here has the patriot poured out his life blood to defend his country—there has he met his brother in the deadly feud—here has been a monarch's lurking place, when the goaded people rose up to avenge their wrongs—there has the lover borne his bride unscathed through dangers, and circled with dauntless hearts, dared the host of foes to the dread encounter of life waged with life—and there, too, has the last drop of the life-torrent swelled from his heart, while his pallid cheek rested on the bosom of her he loved—and, here, this rocky cave has been the hiding place of the best and bravest, when the bleeding land was swarmed with enemies, when

“Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed farewell !” when the altar was profaned, and the evening fire no longer sent its cheering rays around the peasant's shealing—when

“The harp was all silent—the maiden unwed !”

when the holy man dared not offer the sacrifice of prayer to the God of his fathers unless his hand grasped the hilt of his father's sword, ready to guard his religion and his life together. But times terrible even as these could not quench, forever, the sacred fire of song—it lived through all—in wail and woe the anchor of the heart—until, in our own day, a new lustre has been gathered round it; and the exquisite, though simple, lays of the past have been clothed in words simple and exquisite as themselves, and the “cottar's ingle” is again cheered with strains, which breathe of the purity and happiness of those around it.

All that we have remarked of Scottish music, may, with equal justice, be said of that of her sister isle. Ireland had many airs than which nothing can be more simply beautiful—eloquent melodies, which, bursting from the lip of some “wild Irish girl,” singing for her lover on the emerald sward, with no canopy save the star-lit sky, reach the heart without touching upon the ear. The dark days of Ireland's history have blended with the most beautiful of her songs a strain of sadness, which lends a melancholy charm to their sweetness, and the entranced listener is swayed by the changing character of the strain, and may not separate his own feel-

ing from those which dwell in the varying character of the song.

The origin of many of these melodies is unknown. Ireland claims them—they came as a "bard's legacy" from the remote ages of antiquity. Scotland asserts an equal right, and points to the years during which they have echoed among her hills. But this is a subject we would not, if we could, discuss. While Ireland possesses the melodies of Moore and Lover, with the strains transmitted through ages upon the harp-strings of her minstrels—the unwritten music of the heart—and, while Scotland has the thrilling lays of her Burns, Campbell, Hogg, Ramsay, and Gilfillan, neither need envy the other the original right to any of these disputed lays—beautiful as they are, they are not alone in their glory—they are rivalled by others which none venture to dispute, and the music of either will live forever in the heart which has once learned to love it, and the holy feeling it cradled in childhood will be erased only when death seals up the feeling, and extinguishes forever the thoughts which bind the being of clay to the earth he treads.

Years may pass over the head of the emigrant, and scenes the grandest in the book of nature may be spread before him, but it boots not upon what shore he may leave his foot-print—in the hovel or lordly hall, by the mountain cataract or purling stream, in the untracked forest or on the fertile plain, his thoughts will be of his childhood's home, and when from some kindred lip shall burst one of the unforgotten lays, which once thrilled upon his heart, time, in an instant will roll back the veil of years, and the grey haired man will be a boy again,

"In fancy's glass to see
His native home."

What can better purify the heart than this, "the hallowed remembrance that throws" into the present the thrice happy hopes of the cherished past.

France, Italy, Germany, and all the countries of Europe have their own poetry and songs, from which they individually derive pride and pleasure, forming as they do, an "imperishable monument" of their refinement and taste. The poetry of Greece and Rome has long outlived the power of the states and empires, whose mightiness is chronicled in the heroic strains of the poets who sung their greatness; and to all future time will be preserved the records of what once was the majesty of the ancient world, the recollection of which might have altogether perished, had it not been rescued from oblivion by these indestructible creations of their immortal genius. The formal record of the historian, coldly pictures the soul-stirring events which occasionally startle admiring nations, and, if untouched by the poet's pen, the world would never feel the magic influence, which, in their day and age, they had upon the minds of men. To the poet and the minstrel, the warrior owes the immortality of his fame. Time will efface

the records of his achievements from the marble which was erected to keep them in the memory of posterity; but, once graven upon the heart, by the glowing pen of poetic genius, they are transmitted from age to age, and will endure, in the freshness of yesterday, forever.

The neighbouring American states, young as they comparatively are, in national existence, are fast crowding around them the riches of intellect which their country produces. They are rapidly progressing in enlightenment and intelligence, and their music, though often erring from their attempts at over refinement, gives promise of future excellence. Already they have many beautiful songs, and when the novelty of their situation is worn away, their increasing taste will teach them to adopt much of the simplicity to which is owing the delightful lays of their "fatherland," many of whose delicious songs are still cherished among their people, although they no longer sing the glories of the lion-flag.

We have, in Canada, scarcely any music which may be called our own, if we except the songs to which the voyageurs ply their oars, as their light barks speed over the blue waves of our inland seas. Some of these airs are wildly beautiful, and chorussed by the hardy crew, are borne over the waters, rich with their untaught melody. They are, however, few, and comparatively unknown, and their words, as far as we have heard them, possess no merit. The time we trust is coming, when we may no longer make this remark in connexion with our Canadian "home."

We have in this country, all the elements of song. We have scenes as grand as the eye of the painter could wish to dwell on—glorious waterfalls and murmuring streams—lakes of unimaginable grandeur, upon whose breast to ride, when the pale moon is mirrored in their depths, might awaken the spirit of poetry and song. We have the towering wilderness—the "wood and wild," peopled with legends of the tawny warriors, who wandered amid their fastnesses in the "olden time"—traditional lore upon which to build the stirring numbers of heroic verse. We have among us, "maidens as hours fair,"—cheeks blushing with a consciousness of their own surpassing beauty—eyes into whose liquid depths to gaze, might kindle the electric flame in any heart that has ever poured out its hopes at the shine of Woman's beauty. We have all these—and who can doubt that, among us, there are many whose souls yearn, to try their wings in the heavenward flight of fancy. Something only is wanting to call the latent spirit into action. When danger, yet fresh in the memory, was amongst us, thousands of gallant hearts, and strong arms, were organized to meet it. The perilous character of the time called into vigorous life a power which might else have slept unheeded, and unknown forever; and our people learned to know themselves, a "tower of strength,"

from which opposing enemies would recoil, terror-stricken and dismayed. Circumstance was the master we obeyed. And it is thus with the genius that slumbers amongst us, and whose existence is unsuspected. Nothing is wanting but a motive of sufficient power to kindle the electric flame. And surely this need not be wanting. These countries must become great and enlightened, and rich in the adornments of civilized worlds. Their march is onward. When

“Peace, which late affrighted fled,
Smiles round our homesteads,”

the perils which have encircled us, will be forgotten, or remembered only as the themes of tale and song, the lays of our minstrels will learn to perpetuate the happiness that reigns around the hearths of our

“Fearless peasantry, their country’s pride,”

who so well know how to defend their homes, amid the perils of war, and to advance the prosperity and wealth of their country in peace.

We love to indulge in hopes of a brilliant future for these Colonies—the vigour of youth is in their veins—we know not why its enthusiasm should be unknown!

“Their sun is but rising, when others are set,”

The day will come, when they will occupy the position which their magnitude and importance claim. Let this be the aim of all—to advance the general prosperity of the country—to place it in a prominent position in the empire of which it is justly proud to form a portion—forgetting not our own ultimate dignity and interest, in a superabundant and unnecessary zeal for the Parent State, whose weal is jealously guarded by thousands who bestow scarcely a thought upon our existence. Nevertheless, we have no interests with which the glory of the ocean isles is not associated; and our proudest retrospections are of her queenly greatness. Her flag is our flag—her glory ours—and the heart among us, that can forget how much we owe to that magnificent country, is unworthy to bear a part in the certainly approaching greatness of his own.

We here take the liberty of submitting to our readers, the following

CANADIAN MELODIES.

THE WOODMAN’S SONG.

Oh! here let my home be, where dark woods are wreathing

Their giant like arms with the cloud and the breeze,

Where flowers around sweetest odours are breathing,
And liberty smiles on my cot ’mongst the trees;

And mine be the life of the fleet-footed rover,

Unquestioned my course over mountain and flood—
With bold heart to follow the wolf to his cover

And wing the fleet shaft on its errand of blood.

I have heard of far lands, where the sun lingers sadly,
And turns with regret to the scenes that it leaves,
As a lover at parting, will gaze—oh! how madly,
When reft from the shrine where his heart fondly cleaves:

But I ask not—I care not—what clime may be fairer
Than this—there is none that more truly is dear,
And though scenes there may be, to the eye that are rarer,

Could I choose from them all—still my home should be here.

’Tis the heart gives its hue to the “land that we dwell in,”

And bright though the sky of the stranger may be,
While the warm tide of life in my bosom is swelling,
My country—mine own—shall be fairest to me!
Then, here let my home be, where dark woods are wreathing,

Their giant like arms on the wing of the breeze,
Where flowers around sweetest odours are breathing,
And liberty smiles on my cot ’mongst the trees.

THE WARRIOR’S FAREWELL TO HIS LADY LOVE.

I ask but a moment to bid thee farewell,

One fond kiss, and then, love, to horse and away!
Oh! hard to the notes which triumphantly swell,

While a thousand hearts leap the proud call to obey:

Nay, cling not around me—for, though in thine arms,

Thus to linger forever, were Eden to me,
I know thou wouldst spurn me, if e’en for thy charms,
In an hour such as this, I a laggard should be.

I’ve oft dream’d of battle-won wreaths, but I ne’er,
Felt hopes such as those which now throng in my breast,

And if heaven but smile, by thy beauty I swear
To win my first leaf e’er the day goes to rest!

With thy love for my beacon, and glory my star,
With honour to guide me—in liberty’s name,
With a flag that has swept o’er the nations afar,
Its red-cross through ages the symbol of fame—

With comrades as true as the blades which they wield—

With a spirit whose yearnings have been for the fray—

With truth for mine armour, and justice my shield,
Proud conquest must perch on our banners today.

Yet, dear as my hopes are, sweet girl, to my heart,
And bright as the gay dream of glory may be,
Did a thought of thee, weeping, come over my heart,
My soul would turn recreant and fly back to thee!

Then smile, dearest, thus, while you whisper farewell !

One kiss, love, and then, to the battle away !

Oh, hark ! how the trumpets impatiently swell,

And a thousand hearts leap the proud call to obey.

We cannot better conclude these remarks than by appending the following song, written some years ago by Mr. J. H. Willis, of Quebec, accompanying it with the enthusiastic preface of the author :—

“ Could the reader, by any happy stretch of imagination, fancy himself for a moment one of a hearty crew of dandy-amateur blue jackets, all right good fellows and true,—not a spoonified biped in frame or fashion among them, and pulling away handsomely in a trim built ‘ varmint craft,’ over the deepening azure of the splendid bay, spreading its magnificent expanse before the cannon covered ramparts of the city of the rock, in the delicious summer twilight, and just too, it may be, in that exquisite and shadowy hour, when the evening gun, from the lordly citadel, booms sullenly, but not unmusically, over the slumbering waters, and an early rising moon is touching wave, and tower, and tree, with a mellow and silvery light—and the fair things of earth and heaven around seen wrapt in the misty and mystic hues of Paradise—and looks of loveliness that are never gazed upon but to be worshipped, are near ; then, then indeed, may be felt a partial sympathy with the excitement under which these lines were produced.”

Hark ! comrades hark !—the evening gun,

(Pull away steadily—all pull cheerily,)

Booms from the land at set of sun ;

(Pull away readily—all pull merrily,)

Bend to your oars, for the night breeze will soon
Ripple the wave of the silvery moon ;

Happy we be,

Fearless and free,

Pulling away o'er the moonlit sea.

Pull away, boys, with main and might,

(All pull readily—pull, mates, cheerily,)

Looks that we love are here to-night,

(Pull, brothers, steadily—all pull merrily,)

Our boat, like a sea-bird, skims swiftly along,

To the dip of our oars and the chimè of our song ;

Hearty we be,

Merry and free,

Pulling away o'er the dark blue sea.

Ladies at best hold landmen cheap,

(Pull, lads, readily—all pull merrily,)

Beauty smiles on sons of the deep,

(Pull, boys, steadily—away cheerily,)

And beautiful eyes, let them say what they will,

Beam ever brightest on blue jackets still ;

Happy are we,

Jovial and free,

Pulling away o'er the heavy sea.

Merrily when we reach the shore,

(Pull away readily—all pull merrily,)

Cups we'll drain to the lads of the oar,

(Pull, boys, steadily—pull away cheerily ;)

And frolic and fun shall be ours, till we

Are bounding again o'er the dark blue sea ;

For happy we be,

Fearless and free,

Pulling our boat o'er the moonlit sea.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S
DEATH.

The wail of woe from Scotia's strand,

Is wafted o'er th' Atlantic main ;

It speaks the sorrow of the land—

Wherever heard, creating pain,

It tells that genius vast hath flown,

And left the sphere of its renown.

Mute hangs the Harp at Abbotsford,

Still is the voice that sung so well ;

The Minstrel hand that touched the chord,

Lies cold, alas ! in Dry'bro' aisle.

Grief breathes in sighs o'er moor and glen,

A farewell to the best of men.

All nature mourns—plaintive and shrill,

The dirge-note's warbled 'mong the trees,

The flowerets droop—grief swells each rill

And anguish, moaning, fills the breeze,

Both high and low in sorrow bend

Wailing such excellence should end.

In song, romance, historic page,

In painting lofty scenes or low—

Still 'twas the wonder of the age

How he imparted nature's glow ;

But cold, alas ! is now the hand,

That wielded thus the magic wand.

Though none so much e'er said or sung,

As gifted Scott of Abbotsford ;

In age—in manhood—e'en when young,

He ne'er penned immortal word.

Enjoying now his high reward

Is Scotia's Universal Bard.

In after times they'll wish to know,

And doubting ask in every clime ;

Did such vast streams of genius flow

From one small fount ? so short the time

He took such precious gifts to pour,

From his prolific, mental store.

When fortune frowned, he ne'er repined,

But bold withstood misfortune's shock ;

And drew on his gigantic mind,

For treasure from its copious stock.

Alas ! such deep and lengthened drain,

Life's tenements could not sustain.

Now e'er I close my theme of woe,
 Though weak, alas ! and faint the lays ;
 No critic yet on earth below
 Commingled so, reproof with praise.
 No jealous cloud e'er crossed his mind,
 In kindness it embraced mankind.
 And sheds a halo round the name,
 Emblazoned on the roll of Fame.

(ORIGINAL.)

HOME-SICKNESS.

O ! strong as death

The ties that bind me, Scotland, to thy hills !
 They let me roam, indeed, far from thy shores ;
 But, spring-like, the more they are forced to yield
 The greater is their tension ; till the heart,
 Wrung with strange longings, sickens and faints.
 And when I dwell, as oft, upon thy image,
 Which, like a landscape softened in the distance,
 Still floats before my sight, there seems
 A halo round thee thrown, which tinges all
 With hallowed light ; no spot or wrinkle there,
 But very blemishes wear aspects bright.
 And when I travel once again the paths
 Which erst I trod ; along the trotting " burn " ¹
 The " gowan'd " meadow, and the cornfield,
 Or o'er the heather hill ; or gaze once more,
 From towering rock or pebbled beach, to see
 The ocean heave and sink its glassy breast ;
 Or when I find myself, as oft befalls,
 Beside some well known dwelling, and the latch
 Invitingly bids enter, and sweet voices,
 Sweeter, it seems, than wont, now meet the ear ;—
 In these my waking dreams, one-sided memory
 Recals only delight ; and I can fancy
 That, cradled on thy breast, my native land,
 I ne'er knew sorrow. Fond delusion ! still
 With thee is linked my every joyous thought.
 Apart from thy sweet image, cannot enter
 My partial mind one feeling of delight.
 In this my exile, brighter are the skies
 Than e'er I saw in Scotia's humid clime,
 Brighter the tints of sky and earth, the soil
 With less of labour, yields its copious fruits,
 And sea-like rivers, on their bosoms broad,
 Bear many a winged ship ; while forest giants
 Stretch o'er their verdant banks umbrageous arms :
 But neither bright sky, nor the tints of earth,
 In field or forest ; not the copious fruits
 Of virgin soil, nor yet the sea-like rivers
 Bearing the winged ships through mighty trees,
 To me are pleasant, absent from my home :
 But I enjoy them *there* ; for fancy soon
 Transports both me and them to the loved shore,
 And I can clothe my native hills with trees
 Of giant growth, and change the marshy moor
 To shrubby meadow, and in humble " yard "

See gorgeous flowers o'erhung by richest fruits.
 Then on the picture I can feast my eyes ;—
 But not alone : " What no one with us shares
 Seems scarce our own ; " I seem to tell to those
 Well known how beautiful it is ; I see
 The glance of sympathetic eye, I hear
 The beat of hearts in harmony with mine.
 Montreal, 1839.

(ORIGINAL.)

OH TELL ME NOT.

" May you die among your kindred,"
Oriental Benediction.

Oh ! tell me not of the sound of song,
 The wind in its whispers brings,
 Of the perfumed breeze as it floats along,
 On its blossom scented wings.
 Oh ! tell me not of the summer's breath,
 Of the soft and soothing sky,
 But take *æ* where, in my wasting death,
 I may with my kindred die.

I've seen the vine in its clusters bright,
 And the pearly orange flower—
 The groves shine out in their fiery light,
 In the tranquil evening hour.
 And I've loved thy land with its sunny air,
 And night birds glancing by,
 But my home, my home, oh ! take me where
 I may with my kindred die.

I've heard the song of the vintage swell,
 And its notes on air have sprung,
 With the vesper chime of the distant bell,
 As the sunset hymn was sung.
 But my thoughts were far o'er the billows *foam*,
 And my youth's glad haunts were nigh ;
 Oh ! take me where, in my own bright home,
 I may with my kindred die.

Oh ! tell me not that all around
 Kind voices whisper low,
 They do not come with the pleasant sound
 Of the loved I used to know.
 Oh ! tell me not of the gentle tone,
 Of the mildly beaming eye,
 But oh ! take me where, amid mine own,
 I may with my kindred die.

ALVAR.

POLITICAL DUTIES.

CHANNING in his remarks on self-culture, says that among the best people there are some, who, through disgust with the violence of parties, withdraw themselves from all political action. Such, I conceive, do wrong. God has placed them in relations, and imposed on them the duties of citizens ; and they are no more authorized to shrink from those duties than from those of sons, husbands, or fathers.

THE BIRTH-DAY WALTZ.

8va

mezzo *cresc*

8va

for *ff*

Loco

Pia

tr 8va

8va

1 4 + 3 + 4 1 2

OUR TABLE.

TRIFLES FROM MY PORT-FOLIO,—BY A STAFF SURGEON.

It is with no small degree of gratification, that we allude to these pleasant "Trifles," the first volume of which has been for some weeks upon "Our Table." The author is evidently pleased to "fight his battles o'er again," and to recount the "'scapes and accidents, by flood and field" which chequered his younger days, and we cannot doubt that the public will share his pleasure.

So much has been written upon the subject of the terrible struggle, which deluged Europe with blood, in the early part of the present century, that every reader is acquainted with the general character of these "stirring times." With this disadvantage, however, we are pleased to state, the author has manfully grappled, and though his subject may occasionally want the magic of novelty, his peculiarly fluent and original style invests it with a charm which we did not anticipate from the modest pretensions of his "Recollections."

If we except the opening chapters, several of which are devoted to the boyhood of the author, the volume before us is filled with matter of peculiar interest. Having entered the army at an early age, and at the time when Napoleon was at the acmé of his greatness, he was necessarily a witness of many gallant and chivalrous adventures; and although, precluded by the peaceful character of his duties, from engaging personally in the "war for fame," he has been an observant looker on at the deeds adorning round him.

We would not scruple to follow the author through the whole course of his career, from his arrival at Lisbon, till his departure from St. Helena, were we not confident that the book itself will find its way into general perusal, and it would be unfair to the author to mar its interest by any abridgement of its contents. We, therefore, give a few extracts from the volume, and add our recommendation to the many testimonials which have already been given in its favour. The following extracts from the chapter headed "Battle of Vittoria," will be perused with deep interest:—

"Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height"—————

Shakespeare.

It was early buzzed along the line of march that there would be hot work before night—the staff-officers, as they moved with orders, looked grave and somewhat excited, and there was a cessation of the usual chatting and joking in the ranks; which, though contrary to orders, was tolerated in those days, and with good reason, for it disguised and softened the tedium and fatigue of a march, and kept the men in good humour.

As we were crossing the clear stream of the Zadorra at Puebla, (it was of a far different colour before the day was over,) I glanced into the water and saw a number of lively dace playing about, apparently altogether careless of the great events taking place in their neighbourhood. Morillo's Spaniards had seized the bridge and crossed before the British, and we now heard a little firing beginning on the heights on our right; said to be the scene of a victory gained by our Black Prince, and hence called "*los montagnos Ingleses*." By and bye the firing thickened—we passed one or two dead bodies of French soldiers on the road, and the whole Column moved towards the table land above the river in compact order.

When we reached the top, a grand and spirit-stirring spectacle met our view. We saw the extensive line of the whole French army posted on a range of heights about two miles off, in order of battle, with Vittoria in the centre. The position appeared to be nearly four miles in length—the greater part of the troops were in column—some in line; and the Artillery was disposed in batteries on the most commanding points. Numbers of mounted officers were moving about slowly from one part of the field to another.

This was the first time I had seen a powerful army prepared for battle; and the sensation was exciting, exhilarating and intoxicating. I was young and ardent, and felt strong emotions in anticipating the approaching combat and the probable discomfiture of those imposing masses. I longed to join in the struggle, and "throw physic to the dogs."

When our Division had advanced along the high road to Vittoria, within long cannon-range of the enemy's position, we were ordered into a field to the right, and then halted. The word was then given, "With ball-cartridge prime and load!" In the meantime Sir Rowland Hill and a large staff, including the staff surgeon and myself, rode forward to a small height whence there was a better view; but the crowd of mounted officers having attracted a shot from one of the enemy's nearest batteries, the greater part of us were ordered away, and only Sir Rowland and two or three of the senior officers remained.

Soon after this the Brigade of Colonel O'Callaghan, consisting of the 28th, 34th and 39th regiments attacked the village of Subijana d'Aliva, and having there suffered a heavy loss, I was ordered to the assistance of their surgeons.

We collect the wounded in a little hollow, out of the direct line of fire, but within half musket-shot—unpacked our panniers and proceeded to our work. This Brigade had, I believe, between four and five hun-

dred men put *hors de combat* in the course of an hour; so, we were fully employed. A stray cannon-shot from a distant battery would drop among us occasionally, by way of a hint to inculcate expeditious surgery. After one of these unpleasant visitors had made its appearance, a young chirurgeon, of my acquaintance who is still living, became so nervous that although half through his amputation of a poor fellow's thigh, he dropped the knife, and I was obliged to finish. At my suggestion, he lay down on the grass, took a little brandy and soon recovered, and did good service the whole day. Spring waggons were in attendance, in which we placed our patients and sent them to Puebla, the nearest town, where Dr. M^cGrigor, then at the head of the medical department of the army, had made the most judicious arrangements for their reception and comfort.

When we had attended to all the wounded of this Brigade that we could find, including a large proportion of officers—several of the latter hit mortally—a message came to the staff-surgeon from the heights on our left, for a long time the scene of a bloody struggle: that there were a large number of wounded, and that they required more medical aid. There the 50th, 71st and 92nd regiments had been sent early in the day, to assist Morillo and his Spaniards; but, strong reinforcements having joined the enemy on the hill, those gallant Corps were hardly pressed and suffered great loss. I was again detached and ordered up the hill on this urgent requisition.

I had been so entirely occupied, professionally, for three hours, that I was quite in the dark as to the state of the engagement; except that, latterly the sound of the firing appeared louder and closer than at the beginning. As I rode up to the higher ground, therefore, I endeavoured to see how matters stood, but I could make out no more than that some heavy firing both by artillery and musketry, was beginning on the French right; the relative situations of their force and ours, as far as I could observe, was the same as before. I was pleased to hear the firing on their right, as I knew it was occasioned by our left wing coming into play.

As I galloped up the hill, a round shot passed so near my head as to make me bob instinctively; though, as Napoleon is made to tell his guide at Waterloo, the bob might as probably be in the line of the ball as out of it. At any rate there is a precedent in point, in the case of the great Marshal Turenne, for bowing to "a gentleman of that family;" yet, that illustrious Commander seems to have gained little by his civility, for a cannon ball killed him at last. I certainly made the best bow the time would permit; and as the shot plunged into the ground about ten yards from me, I felt no particular sorrow at its death and burial.

The death of Colonel Cadogan of the 71st, was as glorious as that of Wolfe. After he received his mortal wound, he reclined with his back against a tree, his glazing eyes directed towards the enemy, and his last moments, like Wolfe's, cheered by the account of their defeat. After witnessing this fine scene with deep emotion, and working hard for two hours with the medical officers of the Brigade, I returned according to my orders to the depôt of the wounded near Subijana, from whence I had set out. Every thing now appeared changed—the firing was far advanced towards Vittoria—the enemy had abandoned several points of his position and seemed to be in full retreat.

When our work was done and we had picked up every wounded man in the neighbourhood of Subijana, we mounted our horses, that had been regaling themselves all the time in the wheat, and pushed on for our own Division, now, with the whole army far in front. At this time the French were flying all across the country, having been cut off from the main road to France by Tolosa. We passed Vittoria a mile on our left, where the plunder of King Joseph's treasure and baggage was going on, and our Dragoons were getting drunk with his tokay. By swerving a little from the right here, literally as well as figuratively, I might have picked up something valuable; for a brother medico who did, met with a drunken Dragoon who had just rifled a carriage of two bags of money, and not being able to balance both and himself together on horseback, tossed him one, containing a thousand French crowns.

It was now sunset and the pursuit still continued. Most of the enemy's Artillery and baggage had fallen into our possession, but there was still one large convoy, escorted by some Cavalry, that appeared to have a fair prospect of escaping in the approaching darkness. A troop of Horse Artillery, commanded, I think, by Captain Bull, galloped up and unlimbered within range on a rising ground near the road, whilst we stopped to see the result. The convoy was at this time entering a small defile in the road, when the Captain pointed the first gun, exclaiming—"Now for the first carriage." He made a beautiful shot, for the ball killed the two mules in the leading carriage, and thus stopped the whole; and before the impediment could be removed, our Dragoons were up, and the whole convoy was captured.

I forgot to mention in its place that when ordered up the hill to assist the medical officers of the First Brigade, I met with my old friend Dudgeon, the tall officer of the 71st. He had a presentiment of being killed; and, having a good deal of money in his possession, he begged I would take charge of his purse, and have it forwarded to a relation in case of any thing fatal. I endeavoured to laugh him out of his gloomy forebodings, but it was in vain, and the purse was confided to me, which being a good large one, and full of gold, was no small annoyance during that busy day. I had great pleasure in restoring it to its worthy owner a short time afterwards.

The enemy descended to his own side of the mountain during the night, and in the morning the British troops stood proudly on their summits, looking down upon the fertile plains of Gascony.

The following allusion to the condition of the 65th Regiment, during the Indian Campaign in 1816, will be read with pleasure by the friends of the gallant corps, now stationed in our neighbourhood:—

And here, a slight allusion to the beautiful condition and efficiency of the 66th regiment on that occasion, and to its uniform good conduct, may not be unsuitable nor ungraceful, as a small tribute for eight and

twenty happy years passed in it. From the time of entering the enemy's country, not even one solitary act of misbehaviour had occurred in the corps—there was absolutely nothing to find fault with—all pressed on with alacrity; obeying all orders, and performing all duties with equal cheerfulness. Thus it has ever been the case with the British Army, generally, in the face of danger; and it is a national trait to be proud of, that the same appalling circumstances on flood or field, that paralyse feebler natures, only serve “to screw their courage to the striking place, figuratively and literally.

But, to resume my slight panegyric—when the order came to mount the hill of Muckawnpore, and take the honourable position of leading regiment in the advance, prepared to storm the enemy's stockades in succession—I never saw soldiers in such a magnificent fighting order before or since. Even the eight sick in the hospital tent, sharing the fine feeling of their comrades, and under the influence of martial excitement which extinguished illness—left it in a body, unknown to the surgeon, and joined the regiment on the hill—the only irregularity during the campaign.

It was, then, sitting in the redoubt on the topmost point of the mountain of Muckawnpore, surrounded by nine hundred of these noble fellows with fixed bayonets, that I moralized over my Hookah, whilst my brother-officers moved about in animated conversation respecting the scene of blood which the morning might witness. There stood the formidable stockade in front, over which the rising moon was slowly climbing, that we were to storm at dawn. And there gleamed around us the array of British bayonets, irradiated by the same yellow orb, by which the fortress was to be won.

We will not go further with our notice of this excellent work, and merely mention in conclusion, our regret that the work was not published in a neater form. It is a large octavo page, and to render it of proportional thickness, the two volumes should have been bound in one. It is however, clearly printed, and altogether presents a respectable appearance, being a good specimen of our Canadian typography. We are glad to state that it has been most liberally patronized, and that it will afford an ample remuneration to its enterprising publisher.

THE CANADIAN BROTHERS, OR THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

THIS is the same work from which, under the title of “The Settler,” several chapters were published, during the past year, in the pages of the *Garland*, and is a sequel to the well-known novel of “Wacousta.” It would be premature to speak of the merits of the book now in press further than a reference to the extracts to which we have alluded, will warrant; but from such glimpses as we have had of the MSS. we believe we are correct in saying, that it will not be found less interesting than the tale of which it is a continuation. It has been generally spoken of, and is, a “continuation;” but it would be an error to infer from this, that it is, in itself, incomplete; for although the reader will derive additional pleasure from its perusal if he have read “Wacousta,” it is not necessary that he should have done so properly to appreciate and understand the plot of “The Canadian Brothers.”

The following short extract is a portrait of one of the Indian characters:—

“The Chief, Split-log, who, indeed, as we shall presently shew, should rather have been named Split-ear, was afflicted with an aldermanic rotundity of person, by no means common among his race, and one who, from his love of ease, and naturally indolent disposition, seeming more fitted to take his seat in the council than to lead his warriors to battle. Yet was he not, in reality, the inactive character he appeared, and more than once, subsequently, he was engaged in expeditions of a predatory nature, carrying off the customary spoils. We cannot convey a better idea of the head of the warrior, than by stating, we never recal the gigantic Memnon, in the British Museum, without being forcibly reminded of that of Split-log. The Indian, however, was notorious for a peculiarity which the Egyptian had not. So enormous a head, seeming to require a corresponding portion of the several organs, nature had, in her great bounty, provided him with a nose, which, if it equalled not that of *Smellfungus* in length, might, in height and breadth, have laughed it utterly to scorn. Neither was it a single, but a double nose—two excrescences, equalling in bulk a moderate sized lemon, and of the spongy nature of a mushroom, bulging out, and lending an expression of owlish wisdom to his otherwise heavy features. As on that of the Memnon, not the vestige of a hair was to be seen on the head of Split-log. His lips were, moreover, of the same untempting thickness, while the elephantine ear had been slit in such a manner, that the pliant cartilage, yielding to the weight of several ounces of lead, which had for years adorned it, now lay stretched, and coquetting with the brawny shoulder on which it reposed. Such was the Huron, or Wyandot Chief, whose cognomen of Split-log had, in all probability, been derived from his facility in “suing the action to the word;” for, in addition to his gigantic nose, he possessed a fist, which in size and strength, might have disputed the palm with Maximilian himself: although his practice had chiefly been confined to knocking down his drunken wives, instead of oxen.”

We have seen several of the printed sheets, and are happy to mention, that it will present a handsome typographical appearance, forming, when completed, two neat duodecimo volumes, uniform, or nearly so, with the London edition of “Wacousta.” We confidently trust it will meet with such encouragement as will induce the gallant author to continue to lay the emanations of his highly gifted and cultivated intellect before the Canadian public, through the medium of the Canadian press.

MILITARY AND NAVAL OPERATIONS BEFORE QUEBEC, AND DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

Our readers are generally aware that it is the intention of Mr. Hawkins, author of the "Picture of Quebec," to publish an engraving under the above title. The subject is one of particular interest to the inhabitants of these Colonies, as independently of the chivalric gallantry of the opposing leaders, in the memorable "Battle of the Plains," it was that event which gave to Britain the possession of the Canadian Provinces. To commemorate this, is the design of the contemplated work. We had the pleasure of examining the plan, during the recent visit of Mr. Hawkins to this city, and may confidently state that it is calculated to do honour to our Colonial art. The plan is embellished with a copy of West's celebrated painting, "the death of Wolfe, on the field of battle," and the engraving will be executed by one of the first Artists in England. The following is the Prospectus of the work:—

Among the events recorded in the History of the Martial Achievements of the British Empire, the glorious victory of WOLFE, on the Plains of Abraham, must ever stand conspicuous.

To commemorate that proud triumph of British valor over a gallant and powerful enemy, entrenched in every accessible point, and command by a General whose skill, bravery, and devotion, had long rendered the name of Montcalm, illustrious among the bravest of the sons of France.—*A Plan of the Battle*, has been carefully and accurately prepared, including the line of entrenchments, redoubts, batteries, and other defences, extending nearly nine miles.

The progressive positions occupied by the advancing British forces, with their field works, at the Island of Orleans, Falls of Montmorency, Point Levi, &c. &c. and the co-operating squadrons under the command of Vice Admiral Saunders, covering the landing of the troops, are also laid down.

The drawing is embellished with an exquisite copy of West's celebrated painting,—*The Death of Wolfe*, on the field of battle.

The *Vignette* represents Britannia (supported by the Lion) pointing out to the victorious troops, the *Citadel of Cape Diamond*; her shield is inscribed with the name of Wolfe on the rays of which are emblazoned the numbers of the gallant regiments which shared the glories of the day, namely:—the 15th Amherst's, 28th Bragg's, 35th Otway's, 43d Kennedy's, 47th Lascelle's, 48 Webb's, 58th Anstruther's, 60th (2d and 3d Battalions) Moncton's and Lawrence's, 78th Fraser's Highlanders, and the Grenadiers of the 22d, 40th, and 45th Regiments.

The drawing will be placed in the hands of a first rate Artist, to be engraved on copper, in a style suitable to the memorable and glorious event it records, so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers will warrant the undertaking.

The number of copies subscribed for amounts to six hundred—the price is twenty-five shillings. We are informed by Mr. Hawkins, that he will not be able to furnish it to non-subscribers at a lower rate than two guineas.

DIGEST OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION—BY DR. BRIDGES.

This pamphlet has been some time before the public, whose unanimous approval of its contents has induced the author to issue proposals for its republication, in the form of a Class Book for schools. We are glad to perceive that the design has met with the approbation of many eminent teachers, and that every probability exists of its being speedily introduced into the leading seminaries of both Provinces. Our own opinion is, that it will be a valuable addition to the books already in use. By teaching the rising youth of these Colonies, duly to appreciate and understand the excellence of the British Constitution, it may be reasonably hoped that the dissensions, originating in ignorance, which have recently shaken the foundations of social order, may, in future, be avoided. To attain this most desirable end, this little work is eminently fitted, and, as such, we cannot too strongly recommend it to public favour.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY,—BY BOZ.

The last number of this most interesting tale, has at length reached us, and we are happy to state, that its conclusion is worthy of the surpassing excellence of the preceding numbers. We do not remember ever to have read any tale of fiction, which, in interest, excels this. The various characters are drawn so vividly, that it scarcely requires the illustrations with which the book abounds, to place them before the eye of the reader. The sale, in a few days, in England, of fifty or sixty thousand copies, and its circulation, in America, with nearly equal rapidity, sufficiently attest the interest attached to this delightful tale. The last number contains a portrait of the author. We need not recommend it to the Canadian public—it will be read with avidity whenever it is possible to obtain it. We observe that Mr. Dickens is engaged upon a new work, to be commenced early in the ensuing spring.

We had the pleasure, during the past month, of attending the lectures of Mr. White on the subject of the national melodies of Ireland. The lecturer is himself an Irishman, and being an enthusiastic admirer of the poetry and music of his native land, he could not fail to make a deep impression upon his audience. With the subject matter of his addresses many of the audience were, doubtless, before acquainted; but the eloquent manner in which he delivered his ideas compensated well for what might have been wanting in novelty. Mr. White is particularly happy in the introduction of characteristic anecdotes, and the songs with which he illustrated his subject, were such as to call forth the applause he so richly earned.

Possessed of little critical judgment upon music, we estimate a song only by its effects, and certainly the singing of Mr. White was such as to arouse a sympathy with that breathed in the words of his strain. Several of his songs were touchingly beautiful—"The harp that once through Tara's Halls," "the Minstrel Boy," and "Aileen Aroon," being decidedly the favourites, although there were many others of nearly equal beauty—"Nora Creina," "When Morning Beams," and "Rory O'More," receiving the "popular suffrage," as freely as their sweeter, but more melancholy rivals.

We are happy to perceive, from many of the American journals, that Mr. White has been warmly received by his countrymen in all the parts of the Union which he has visited. We believe it is his intention immediately to leave for Europe, and we are certain he carries with him the good wishes of the crowds who have had the recollections of their country refreshed by his spirit-stirring songs, as well as by his eloquent descriptions of the ancient minstrelsy of Ireland.

It is with regret that we feel ourselves called upon to explain the want of punctuality in the publication of the present number of the *Garland*, a circumstance which is owing to the non-delivery of paper, for which a contract had been entered into with the manufacturers. This is the more to be regretted, as, being the first number of the second volume, many of our friends have been led to suppose that it would not be furnished to them unless their subscription was renewed. We take the opportunity of stating, that, to all those who have favoured us with their patronage during the past year, the new volume will be sent, unless otherwise instructed by any individual who may wish to discontinue. We take pride in stating, that not more than six names have been withdrawn from our subscription list since the commencement of the work.

In the present number, which is almost entirely composed of original contributions, we have the satisfaction of being enabled to present the commencement of a spirited tale from Mrs. MOODIE, an interesting sketch from E. M. M., and the first portion of an historical romance from E. L. C., with a number of excellent papers, in prose and verse, which we commend to the perusal of our readers. We have been under the necessity of postponing several pieces which we had intended to publish in this number, the unusual hurry of publication, necessary on receipt of a supply of paper, preventing the publication of an extra sheet, which we had intended to add to the *Garland* for this month, to enable us to keep pace with the favours of our numerous contributors.

In the concluding portion of "The First Beloved," published in our last, the following errors occurred:—

Page 548, line 52—for "You must say you will," read, "You must, say you? Well."

Page 555, line 20—for "Thy ruffled brow," read, "So smooth thy ruffled brow."

" " " 25—for "Through the so smooth mazes of the country dance," read, "Through the mazes of the country dance."

In the 39th page, the song headed "The Warrior's Farewell to his Ladye-love," is printed with an incorrect version of the 6th stanza, commencing, "Yet dear as my hopes are, &c.;" it should read thus:—

"Yet freely, sweet girl, as from thee I depart,
And proud as the gay dream of glory may be,
Did a thought of thee, weeping, come sad to my heart,
To itself 'twould turn recreant, and fly back to thee."