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THE

# LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

*British North American Magazine;*

A MONTHLY REPOSITORY OF

TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS,

&c. &c. &c.

---

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

---

NEW SERIES—VOLUME V.

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1847.

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 THE HAPPY FAMILY.  
 THE FAIR CLIENT.

# THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1847.

No. 1.

## RICHARD CRAIGNTON;

OR,

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN THE HISTORY OF THE "MARKHAM GANG."

BY HARRY BLOOMFIELD, ESQUIRE, F.R.S.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE RENDEZVOUS.

"Don't go to-night, Edward! There's a heaviness at my heart, that tells me there is some evil hanging over us. Don't go to the meeting."

"I will go! I've put my foot in it, and hang me if I shall be the first to draw back. Important business will be done to-night. I must go."

"And wherefore must, Edward! I never thought you would put yourself in the power of men,—and such men too! I never thought to hear you confess that you *must* associate with them."

"Hold your tongue, Alice. You don't know what you talk about. I must go, and yet they can't compel me. If slaves must of necessity be among us, they are and shall be mine—pupets to be worked at my will. I shan't be in their power; or if I am, there are none among them who have not heavier weights than I have, to sink them."

"Nevertheless, dear Edward, you need not sink with them. We can live well enough without such dangerous and hateful practices. Why will you endanger your own safety, and your hard earnings, and break my heart, for the sake of what in better days we would have both despised? Our son Richard, too,—and little Mary! I am ashamed, dear Edward, to look them in the face, and think that they may justly be branded as a felon's children!"

"Hold your tongue, Alice. I will go on, so there's no use talking. I'll have no more hard earnings. I've had little enough of them for the trouble I've been at. More talk will only make

me angry, and I'm bad enough without that. But go to the meeting, I shall."

The wife said no more. She sat down in a dark corner, and wept bitterly but silently. It was evident that they had seen better days, and that there had been a time when they were full of hope and innocence. Why the man, who was well educated, and had a good farm moderately stocked, should in his declining years have thrown off the habits of a life, and joined a horde of plunderers, was a problem his gentle wife could by no means solve. He had appeared to be content with the moderate means at his command, until within a year or two, when gradually he slackened at his work, and gave himself up to musing. Rough and suspicious characters began to come about his comfortable dwelling,—and at last he went with them.

Months passed before his wife knew the meaning of his frequent and lengthened absences from home, and when the truth did break upon her, the suffering she experienced threw her into a dangerous fever, from which it seemed a miracle that she recovered. Frequently, indeed, the bitter thought occurred to her that it would have been well had she never risen from the bed which many believed was that of death. But she did rise from it, and by every kindly art which a gentle and loving woman knows, she endeavoured to win the partner of her youth back to the ways of rectitude and honor.

But it would not do. He had risen to a post of weight, by the energy and intelligence of his character, among one of the most extensive and extraordinary associations that the world has ever

seen. Men, apparently of unblemished character, who had not the plea of poverty to extenuate their crimes, who, in the common parlance of the country, were "well to do," who had flocks and herds, and farms, had joined the fearful gang, and aided each other, first in plundering their neighbours, and then in hiding their ill-gotten gains. The society had its members in every county of the western part of the colony, who were in constant communication with kindred spirits throughout all other portions of the land. It was a dreadful association, and threatened in time to become more dreadful still, but that some unusual atrocities caused the arrest of several of the principal members of the gang, and the whole hideous machinery was exposed to light. Thus was the province saved from the disgrace and misery which the existence of such an association could not have failed to entail upon it.

There was, nevertheless, a strange inconsistency in the character of the man. He seemed to be actuated by no lust of money—no avaricious desires could as yet be traced to him. He appeared to loathe the spoils, for to no portion of them had he ever yet laid claim, and his share, if it were apportioned to him, he disdainfully rejected. What the nature of the charm that bound him to such associates was, not even his wife could tell. Perhaps it was his respect for her—for to know her, and not to respect her, was impossible,—that forced him to reject the spoils, for the acquirement of which he had sacrificed his peace of mind, and his hitherto unspotted character. Whatever it was, he persevered for months in attending the deliberations of the band, counselling the most prudent measures, and yet neither seeking nor deriving benefit or advantage when success was achieved.

For some moments he looked intently upon his wife, as she sat stricken and cowering with the grief by which she was consumed. At length, he too sat down, but it was only to examine the caps of his pistols, and to ascertain that the matches he carried in his pocket were still in a serviceable condition. While thus employed, a rap was heard at the door, and he hastily covered over with a cloth, the implements of his trade. The stranger was admitted, and the cloud cleared from the brow of Craighton—such was his name. He knew the man as one of themselves, who had called to accompany him to the place of rendezvous.

He was a low, stout man, with a receding forehead, and a bold, yet cunning leer in his eye, one of those whom we are not surprised to hear, is guilty of any atrocious act or any petty meanness of which man's nature is susceptible. On

his entrance, the wife had risen from her crouching posture, and wiping the tears from her eyes, was about to speak, but her husband interrupted her before she had well begun.

"No more of that, Alice. I've had enough to-night, and you know my mind's made up, come what will. Take a good stiff glass, Nathan, and let us be off."

"Your health, Ned!" returned his companion familiarly. "It's time to go." He emptied his glass, and without looking at the mistress of the house, the twin departed.

In many parts of Upper Canada there are still to be met with small elevations of the earth, to which tradition has given the name of Indian Mounds. Many of them are supposed to contain the remains of tribes, who have been buried there, and the very remembrance of whom has become extinct. Relics of the rudest implements of war, and decaying human bones, have been sometimes found on digging into these mounds. By these has the popular belief been fed. Many of the places which bear the name are nevertheless simply accidental elevations of the land, which although too small to bear the name of hills, are yet entitled to no other.

In a densely wooded spot not far from the shores of Lake Ontario, and a few miles distant from a thriving village, one of the largest of these mounds may be seen, on one side of which a fissure or opening had been found, covered over in course of years, with thick foliage, and dwarf or stunted shrubs. Within, the adventurous discoverer had found a cavern or hollow of considerable extent, into which enough of light was admitted to give the idea of exploring it. He did explore it, and finding it suitable for the dark purposes he had in view, he at once determined to make use of it. The discoverer was one of the founders of the gang to which allusion has been already made.

Care had been taken to destroy none of the natural covering of the entrance. Those who were once admitted there, were cautioned that to reveal its mysteries, was to ensure their own death, for all were bound, at whatever sacrifice, and by every means, to insure the general safety. To all appearance, then, the mound remained as it had ever been, and the land was purchased by one of the members of the club, and a trusty settler located in the neighborhood, in order to secure its remaining undisturbed by the axe of the woodman, and thus exposing to view the mysteries it enclosed. Its own position was its best security against any chance discovery.

To this spot, Craighton and Gray directed their course. They had some eight or ten miles to travel, and for the purpose, they made use of a

waggon, which the latter had brought to the former's house. When within about a mile of the mound, and on the borders of the forest, they put their horse up at an inn, the host of which, who apparently waited their coming, immediately joined them, and the three sauntered slowly towards the place of meeting.

It was a strange, a melancholy scene. There, in that glorious and silent forest,—the bright stars shining down among them, the leaves stirred by the gentle breath of heaven, eloquently though silently speaking of Him who made them,—were gathering men who had outraged every law which God had given them. The maddest and the meanest of human passions had taken possession of their souls, and they worshipped the Mammon of Unrighteousness, with a devotion that, in a better cause, would have elevated and ennobled them. Regardless of the words of him, who said that “the way of the transgressor is hard,” they had rushed upon destruction,—they had coveted their neighbours' goods, and scrupled not to plunder the poor and powerless, the weak, and the unprotected.

Within the cave, which was dimly lighted by a single lamp, that sent its struggling rays through the dull and pent-up atmosphere, was a rude table, or rather a couple of planks raised on tressels, upon which were placed liquors and drinking cups, although no sign of debauchery appeared among those who, having arrived early, were seated round it. Among even them, however, were many degrees and shades of villainy. The greater portion, indeed, were actuated and impelled by the mere love of gain, the hope of enriching themselves by plunder. Some appeared still oppressed by a sense of shame, which they were not yet sufficiently steeped in guilt to be wholly able to stifle; and among these were some who were eagerly anxious to make a yet deeper plunge, in the hope that greater familiarity with crime might enable him to enjoy it.

Some appeared meant by nature for no other trade than that they followed, while others, had they been better instructed, and able to resist temptation, might have been moulded to other and better things. One, he appeared to be the only exception, was a gay and thoughtless youth, who had been lured and tempted into the band, and when he joined it, had probably never thought what the result might be. Already, he felt how fallen he was from such companionship, but he would not, or could not, retreat, and with the natural joyousness of his character had mingled a spirit of recklessness he made no attempt to curb. He sat beside a man who was in all things a contrast to him. He was a tall and muscular man,

though lank and slim, with a cold grey eye, and a mouth whose every movement was constrained as if it had something to conceal. His creeping and stealthy manner gave an idea of distrust and treachery, which was felt even by those who were bound with him in the same bonds of guilt. He was a money-getter in every sense of the word, and had no thought beyond the mere gold itself, no matter how he won it. He had been a dealer in money, before he became a thief, and held bonds and mortgages upon the houses and lands of many of those who were now his associates in the band.

“Why, Whitley,” said the youth, “what makes you carry such a hang-dog visage? Has any of your customers drowned himself—or are you afraid that you were not born to be drowned yourself? Cheer up, man; your face is enough to give a man an ague-fit.”

“I wish it could, if it would stop your tongue. This is no place for nonsense.”

“And what's it for, then? Would you have us all as sour and sulky as yourself? Try for once, now—do; and see if you can look less like a hang-man.”

A dark scowl passed over Whitley's face, but he made no reply.

“That's worse,” said the tormentor. “Try again; you wont, eh! Take some brandy and water, and you'll brighten up at once. ‘Care killed a cat,’ man. I don't think it ever killed a snake,—a copper-head, I mean—or the warning might have served you.”

“Snakes can bite; and copper-heads are not safe to play with,” muttered Whitley.

“We can take their teeth out, though,” said the youth, laughing. “But here comes Craighton; he's going to take the chair, so I'll not make the experiment at present. He looks as sad and solemn as yourself—though not by any means so ugly. You ought to be chairman, if every one had justice. I don't think the Old Gentleman you'll know some day, would let any one but himself take the head of the table, when he's by. Wasn't he the first *snake*, Whitley?”

Whitley did not reply, but seemed struggling to keep down his passion, and the young man ceased his banter.

With the exception, as we have before remarked, of this wretched and reckless youth, no sign of levity appeared among the band. They seemed met upon some serious business, the importance of which they felt. Indeed, this was a singular feature in the character of their assemblies. There was little of mirth, even on the surface of them. Of happiness, it is needless to say, there was none. And few of those who were assem-

bled there, might not have had the hours pleasantly filled up at *home*,—for they were not homeless robbers, who had not the means of satisfying nature's cravings, but by theft or beggary. There was no palliation—no excuse for them.

The company having all assembled—sentinels having been placed in secluded and hidden places on the outside, but having communication with the interior, and the usual precautions taken to prevent eaves-dropping, had an accidental loiterer happened to be in the neighborhood—the head of the table was taken by Edward Craighton, upon either side of whom sat the landlord of the inn and the man already introduced as Gray, who seemed to be held in some esteem, for his daring and reckless character.

The first business of the meeting was to make arrangements for the disposal of the accumulated heaps of booty, with which the cavern was overstocked. It was a singular mixture of valuable articles with heaps of rubbish, for nothing was too mean for their greedy spirit—nothing, however valued by the owners, that if a chance occurred, they would not appropriate. With these were indiscriminately mingled weapons of every kind in use among the early settlers. Many things had to be sent to distant parts of the country to be disposed of, the neighbourhood itself having been laid under contribution, and part of the system was to sell every article far away from its owner's residence, in order that detection might be difficult, if not impossible.

For all such purposes the internal economy of the gang was complete. There were among them appraisers regularly appointed, whose duty it was to place a money value upon every article; and at the prices named, purchasers among themselves were generally ready. These made their profit by retailing them in the various sections of the Province, where stolen articles were ordered to be sent, for which purpose initiated agents were resident in almost every section of the country.

This was "routine business." After it the new expeditions to be undertaken were discussed,—new schemes of plunder proposed and argued and agreed upon. In this the knowledge each man possessed of his neighbour's affairs was of material use, and the more hardened members scrupled not, in the guise of friends, to find out whatever was worth the stealing, and the easiest and least guarded method by which it could be reached.

"What do you say, my lads," said Gray, looking round him, "to a regular cleaning out of some of your village banks. They seem the only place in this miserable country where money is. I suppose

there wouldn't be much risk in doing it, if a dozen or two of *men* would try."

"No, no," said Whitley, "that won't suit us. There must be some other plan of getting at the banks. There's no use in putting our necks in danger for so rash a venture. There's law and lawyers here, and when money's on their side, its strict enough. Such a thing might do in *your* country, but it won't do here."

A general murmur of assent gave Nathan Gray to understand that his proposal would not be supported.

"Hang the law!" said Nathan. "Money's what we want; I don't like this trucking and trading. But, never mind. If you haven't the spirit for a bold stroke, let us hear what you have to say in your own petty larceny fashion. I hope you'll propose something a man might have a hand in—something not quite so shabby as is usual with you."

Whitley was angry, and with difficulty suppressed the expression of his rage. But he had no wish to quarrel with Gray, who was a dangerous man to deal with. He therefore curbed his rising passion, and replied with an air of humility:

"Me!" said Simpson, "it's not for me to propose; but I may tell the company that I know a man—a gentleman I mean—called Captain Willinton—"

Craighton started at the mention of the name, and seemed about to speak, but checked himself, and Whitley proceeded:

"This gentleman has a couple of span of the finest horses I ever saw,—regular bloods they are—and he has money too. I sold him some oats last Wednesday, and as he pulled out a drawer to get the money to pay for them I saw a whole heap of gold—how much I cannot say, but it was worth looking at! If there's no objection I think it might be worth while to visit him before he has spent it all."

"There can be no objection," said at least a dozen voices.

"I have already," said Whitley, "been speaking with one of his men—Greene—you know him. He will assist; and will get the other servants away on some spree—some bee, perhaps. He'll leave them there—come and help, and then return. It can be done easily."

"I don't like encouraging treachery," said Craighton. "Is there no way of doing it without him?"

"None half so easy," returned Whitley. "If it is done at all, Greene should have a share in it. Is the meeting willing to try?"

It was of course decided upon that the Cap-



tain should be plundered, and lots were drawn, in order that chance might decide who the plunderers should be.

By some strange fatality the task was assigned to Craighton, and Whitley, the proposer, and the voice of all present declared that Greene should be associated with them. Whitley trembled, and would gladly have withdrawn, but Craighton declared the decision immutable, and the assembly with one accord supported him. For Whitley then there was no retreat, but already his coward spirit failed.

Many appointments, similar in their character, were made, each of which occupied some time, and when the company prepared to separate the evening had nearly waned into midnight. The moon had begun to rise, and her young beams, piercing the o'ershadowing branches, shone upon the felons as they stole from their den, and dispersed to their several houses.

Among them were some who bore with them feelings which were not consoling. Among these was Craighton. His own hands, for the first time, had been condemned to perform the drudgery of crime. He felt as a felon might, ere his first great step. The falling of a leaf, the stir of a bird disturbed among the trees, sent a chill through his powerful frame. Every tree, it seemed to him, had eyes to see and ears to hear him pronounced a robber. His wife's presentiment—her gentle but ominous warning, haunted his soul. And to be leagued with Whitley! He was staggered, but he was not melted. He endeavoured to rid his mind of the thoughts that burdened it. But they pursued him—clung to him. He could not shake them off. When he arrived at home, the morning was far advanced, but though fatigued and wearied, his fancies—if they were but fancies—pursued him still, and even when nature yielded, and he slept—in dreams they pursued him still.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### THE ATTACK.

It was a beautiful evening in early autumn. The sky was of that rich colour which the setting sun delights to impress upon it. The clouds, such as there were of them, were light and fleecy as the drapery with which the angels are clothed by poets. The air was sweet and balmy, filled with the rich and mellow breath of the laden fields. The scene was in keeping with it. A lovely cottage, around whose porch flowers had been trained by the hand of taste and leisure; before and around it, the cattle lazily lounged, satisfied with the repast the fields had freely given them. The fowls were sleeping cosily on their roosts, and

the shriek of the lizard, heard at intervals in the air, the only sound that broke the Sabbath stillness, spoke of peace and harmony around.

Captain Willinton, an officer, who in early life had married, and retired from the service, was the inmate of the cottage. With his fair young wife he sat within the porch, and drank in the loveliness of all around and above him. They spoke of other days.

"Fanny, dearest," he said, "do you yet regret your own sweet home by the sparkling Derwent? Surely no scene can be more lovely than the one before you."

"None, Winthrop, none. And even if it were there are causes which would make what I now behold, more beautiful than aught else on earth."

"What causes may these be, dearest?" enquired her husband, though he seemed to guess them, and Fanny knew he did. She therefore only said:

"It matters not. Happiness cannot be far from me, while I have health and you; and happiness, I think, has much to do, with the beauty of all scenes and scenery."

"You are ever my own sweet wife, Fanny, and I should be ashamed to have carried you away from scenes that you so well adorn. But since better may not be, I shall make you happy where you are, if my power extends so far."

"You need not promise, Winthrop; I know you will be all that is good and kind; and though I do not wish to forget my early home, or to cease to love it, I will be happy, wherever we are together."

In such converse, which interesting as it was to them, it is not necessary for other parties to be made acquainted with, a couple of hours might probably have passed. The servants had all retired, and the house appeared in utter darkness, no light having been left, save in the room of the wedded pair, and that was perfectly shaded with the heavy curtains. To all outward seeming the house was one in which no living thing was stirring.

Captain and Mrs. Willinton sat silently, but suddenly the wife's hand clasped more tightly her husband's arm, and her startled gaze turned upon three moving objects, which were seen by their eyes, familiarized with the darkness, coming stealthily from the road.

There had been rumours abroad of depredations having been committed, of houses having been entered, of robberies having been perpetrated among the peaceful inhabitants. These rumours had reached the ears of Captain Willinton, and the thought naturally occurred to him, that some such errand might have brought the men he saw before him into his grounds. Quietly he begged his wife to make no sound that could lead

the strangers to infer that they were seen, and hastily counted the chances of his being able to enter the house to arm himself, and awaken his servants, and yet still remain unseen. He determined to try. Fortunately they had sat beside the door, and the flowers around the porch screened them from observation. He therefore supported his wife into the house, and finding his way to his room, shortly returned, armed with a brace of pistols, and a short, heavy cutlass, which he had little thought would ever again be required for service. He did not wait to summon aid, the wife having promised to see to that, but returned as noiselessly as possible to watch the further proceedings of the enemy.

Already two of the men were under the windows, peering cautiously around. The third had apparently remained a short distance behind them.

"All is quiet enough, Ned," said one whispering. "The stables are unlocked; I see the door ajar. Would it not be best to take a pair of horses and be off? They're first rate beasts, and will have us many a mile away, before the loss is known."

"I thought as much," said the other. "Is this your courage, now that the game's begun. If we manage well, we may have the Captain's money, as well as his horses. You know his room. Lead the way there, and it will go hard but we'll get all he has without noise or nonsense. If we don't—"

"But, Ned!"—timidly interrupted the other.

"No *but*-ting, now. Had it not been for you I should not have been here. Now that I am, I'll not go back with nothing. That cursed mortgage has a chance of being paid off, if the captain is half as rich as you say he is, and I'll pay *him* when I'm able. However, there's no sin in my taking what I can get from him, for all he has should have been mine." The man who spoke was Craighton, but the meaning of his language his comrade could not fathom. His own words seemed to have lashed him into a fury, and he added, seeing that Whitley still hesitated, "Show me the way; if you don't, I'll find it out myself, and drive you before me."

"Let's take the horses," said Whitley. "They'll pay handsomely for this night's work. I've no fancy for throat-cutting, and in your present humour, it seems that less will hardly please you. If we get into the house, there will be fighting, for the Captain has been a soldier—and, the consequence, I don't like to think about. Be persuaded man, think of your wife——"

"Damn you!" cried Craighton, interrupting him. "Hold your tongue; or at any rate don't

name her; if you do again, I'll clear all scores between us in a short way. In—in—I say."

At this moment, the man who had waited behind, having apparently become impatient at the length of the controversy, approached them, and joined the side of Craighton.

He spoke in a whisper, so that his words were inaudible to Captain Willinton, but the consequences of his remonstrance were soon apparent.

A great part of the conversation was distinctly heard by Captain Willinton, who waited anxiously the promised aid. He saw that one was a determined, powerful man. The second, whose voice seemed not unfamiliar to his ear, was a trembling coward. But there was something in its tone that aroused a feeling of detestation, which even contempt could hardly master. Of the third he could form no judgment. He determined to watch the current of events, however, and only make his proximity known, when he could make it felt.

Two of the robbers approached the main entrance, beside which the Captain stood; the third still hung back. The man who came first carried a small bar of iron; sufficient, as he imagined, to force open the slight fastenings with which it was the custom of the country to secure the doors. As he laid his hand upon the latch, however, a strong arm was upon his collar, and the robber was hurled, as if shot from a cross-bow, half-way across the lawn.

It was the coward only, who was overthrown. The other man, who had imposed the menial task of opening the door upon his comrade, was close beside him, and in an instant saw how the matter stood.

For a moment he recoiled, but gathering up his energies, he sprang forward with a view to overpower, and master his opponent, but the captain was on his guard, and easily evaded the shock. With the flat of his cutlass, he struck his assailant, who fell backwards, and leant against one of the pillars, apparently stunned. The third man, who had been anxiously waiting the issue of the conflict, now approached. He was masked and disguised, the only one of the three who had taken any precaution to avoid detection. He carried a bludgeon in his hand, with which he aimed a stroke at the face of Captain Willinton; the latter, however, was well acquainted with the tricks of fence, and caught the blow as it fell, immediately returning it.

The man felt that he was wounded, but it was only enough to madden him, and make him reckless of the consequences. He snatched a pistol from his belt, and fired.

The wounded robber, disabled though he was,

had watched the movements of his associate. His angry feeling had already somewhat abated, and the thought of murder roused him from the lethargy by which his limbs were paralysed. He rushed impetuously forward to prevent the consummation of the crime. He had done so at the very moment when with deadly aim the pistol was fired, and the ball was caught by his extended arm. Surprised and shocked though Captain Willinton was, by the unexpected interference, and its result, he did not lose his presence of mind. His eye never left his opponent, whose ferocity seemed only heightened, and who renewed the combat with redoubled fury. Blow after blow was caught and returned by club and cutlass, each watching and almost anticipating the movements of his adversary.

They were admirably matched; both were powerful men, both active and courageous, both skilled in the use of weapons, and while one felt that upon the issue of the struggle, his own life, and probably that of his wife depended, the other fought for life, and to many there is no richer stake.

At length the robber, who had lost his temper and his patience, leaped madly upon his adversary, attempting to render the cutlass useless, by pinning the arm that held it so nervously, or to wrench it from his grasp. The two fell together, and in their fierce struggle rolled from the porch upon the greensward. The Captain up to this time had not used his pistols, and the hand of the robber accidentally touched the stock of one of them. Cautiously withdrawing it, he attempted to pull the trigger, determined to close the combat, but ere his purpose was accomplished, he was felled to earth by a blow from a heavy bludgeon, and Captain Willinton, wounded and panting, was raised in the arms of his terrified wife, who, with the aid of his protector, led him into the house, and then gave way to a passion of tears.

Not more than fifteen minutes had elapsed from the moment when he had left her to seek for aid. She had hastened from room to room, but of the three male servants not one was to be found. They had both forgotten in their excitement that they were absent with leave, and the frightful idea occurred to her that *they* were the assailants. Without a moment's consideration, she called her maid, and throwing a cloak over her the two left the house by the back entrance, and in a few moments were at Farmer Bradshaw's house, some three hundred yards from her own residence. The farmer had had some friends from a distance with him, and sat up an hour or two later than usual. He was

therefore, providentially, still afoot, and calling his son, a bold gallant youth of some twenty years, he strode across the fields to the house of Captain Willinton. A moment more, and he might have been too late.

Ascertaining that the Captain, though severely bruised and hurt, was not dangerously wounded, Mr. Bradshaw left him to see to the condition of his prisoners whom he had left in the custody of his son.

It seemed to him that but a few minutes had elapsed, for he had only waited to assure himself of the Captain's safety, and to see Mrs. Willinton restored somewhat to her composure. But a most unexpected and a most painful sight awaited him. Young Bradshaw was lying upon the ground, and the prisoner was gone. When well enough to give an account of himself, it appeared that he had been engaged endeavouring to support the prisoner and to bind up his wounds, when a heavy blow was dealt upon him from behind, and the only idea in his mind was a confused belief that he had seen two men retreating, one of whom hastily leaped over the fence, while the other dragged himself heavily between the bars. The blow had so stupified him that he could not even call for aid.

When Captain Willinton saw the condition of the young farmer, he was very seriously alarmed. He had received a terrible and most treacherous blow, and skilled though he was in wounds, he could only hope that the consequences would not be fatal. Two of the men, who had returned soon after from the party, were hastily armed, and sent to the nearest village to obtain medical assistance. The young man in the meantime was put to bed, and every possible means adopted to assuage his pain. When Dr. Greenleaf came, even he shook his head, and acknowledged that the blow had been a dreadful one, but he spoke confidently of his recovery, and by his cheerful prophecies restored something like hope to the melancholy group.

The young man's mother and sister were sent for, and to them, when their fears were quieted, and they had spent the first bitterness of their grief in tears, he was consigned for the remainder of the night—Dr. Greenleaf remaining with them. The farmer returned home, vowing vengeance, Captain Willinton, attended by his two men, insisting on bearing him company.

On the way back to his own house, the Captain asked for his servant, Greene, who had gone with the others to the gathering.

They told him that one of the persons at the party had been suddenly taken sick, and that Greene, with one or two others, had left to see

him home, and that as they lived in a direction the reverse of that which would have brought him home, it was scarcely possible that he would return ere morning. With this explanation the Captain was fully satisfied, the more especially as he had much confidence in the absent man, who was a hypocrite, and had always been exceedingly deferential in his manner, besides being alert and careful in the performance of his duties.

It is scarcely necessary to tell the reader, that, although his master and his fellow-servants fully believed the tale, the man's sickness was a scheme only to give an excuse to Greene to leave them, and that he, on getting free from the house where the merry-making was, had proceeded to the place appointed for his meeting with Whitley and Craighton.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MOTHER AND SON.

WE must now return to Edward Craighton and his associates. After receiving the pistol bullet in his arm, Craighton had from excitement, and pain, and loss of blood, found himself utterly incapable of further action. He dragged himself away from the struggling combatants, towards the end of the house, with a view if possible to reach the road, but before half the distance had been accomplished he sunk down exhausted and fainting. Greene, who was the only man seen by Mr. Bradshaw and his son, was lying wounded, but not utterly prostrate where he had been struck by the sturdy farmer. Young Bradshaw was left to guard him, and to bind up his wound. The ruffian, as he recovered his presence of mind, saw that he was opposed only by a single man, and for a moment, meditated an attempt to overpower him and escape, but fearing a failure, wounded as he was, should the struggle for freedom be protracted, and call the attention of the household, he determined to use stratagem as a safer and surer course. Pretending a greater weakness than he felt, he moaned heavily, and gasped out "water!" as if from the lips of a man in the last extremities. The youth, prompted by feelings of humanity, ceased his attempt to remove the mask which yet concealed the prisoner's features, and entered the house to obtain the water for which he asked. Seizing the moment, Greene, who knew the locality perfectly, crept rapidly towards the nearest fence, favored by the darkness; and having crossed it, crouched beside it as he ran, and, before young Bradshaw's return, was out of sight.

When the young man returned, he found the spot where he had left his prisoner deserted. Not

believing it possible that he could so soon have fled far beyond his reach, he made a rapid circuit of the house, until he fell upon the body of Craighton where he lay insensible. Believing he had found his man, he applied himself to the task of mercy, and had the satisfaction of finding his exertions rewarded by the revival of the wounded man.

Whitley, although thrown down so unexpectedly, and stunned for a moment by his fall, was very slightly hurt, and rather rejoiced at the issue, as far as he himself was concerned. He crept under the shadow of the wall of an adjoining outhouse, with the way clear before him for flight towards the woods, where he might easily baffle his pursuers, should he be observed and followed when the time came for flight. He thus remained a silent but anxious spectator, as far as the darkness of a clear summer night would permit, and whatever was not discernible to the eye, his ear supplied. He knew that Craighton had been first encountered, and overcome, and that the Captain had afterwards been engaged by Greene. Of Craighton's having saved the life of Willinton he was ignorant, for no words had been spoken in his hearing which referred to it. But he saw the death struggle on the sward. When he heard other steps approaching, he had crept closer under the shadow, and when he saw the blow dealt by Mr. Bradshaw, believing all was lost, he prepared for flight, when he was arrested by a new dread—a coward fear of what might be the result, if either should fall alive into the hands of the injured man. Should they or either of them be induced to confess, and to disclose his connection with them, he felt that he was lost. The thought rooted him to the spot, determined to know all. When the Captain, his wife, and his deliverer, entered the house, he drew still nearer. He was so near that he heard the moans of Greene, and his gasping cry. He saw the youth enter the house, and was only prevented from approaching Greene, by seeing him rise and run. He immediately suspected the stratagem, and congratulated himself that one danger was escaped. But where was Craighton? Before he had time to think, young Bradshaw returned with water and a light, and when he saw his start of surprise at the disappearance of his prisoner, and the rapid movement he made in search of him, he felt that he himself was in imminent-peril, and hastily but noiselessly crept farther back, keeping his eye fixed on the young farmer's movements. Simultaneously they saw the prostrate body, and the whole of his fears returned with double force upon Whitley's mind. He knew he was disliked by Craighton, and he almost hoped

he was dead. Contending feelings kept him motionless—he scarcely breathed. He saw the young man tenderly raise the body—he saw him bathe his temples, and he saw too the man revive under his care.

Craighton looked eagerly round—he knew the danger of his position, and gave himself up for lost. A thousand thoughts of his lonely and deserted wife—of his children's fair name blasted—made his mind a chaos for several moments, but he raised himself to his feet. The young man begged him to come into the house with him, and offered to support his steps. At this moment a thought that he might be rescued occurred to Whitley. It was no love for Craighton that gave birth to the idea, but he was impelled by fear to an act of daring. He argued that he might thus save himself from the effect of the revelations, which, judging from his own coward nature, he doubted not would be made by Craighton, should he be secured and questioned.

The revival of Craighton, and the full occupation of young Bradshaw in his work of charity and benevolence, favored his scheme. He therefore, noiselessly approached, his usual cat-like pace rendered yet more stealthy, and seizing the bludgeon which had been cast away by the old farmer, he dealt a murderous blow on the youth's temple. He fell as if a thunderbolt had struck him, and Whitley, hurriedly explaining his design, dragged rather than assisted Craighton from the spot. In a short time they reached the road, and after a quarter of an hour's walk, arrived at the place where they had left their "waggon," a light spring cart made expressly for such excursions. Having entered it, they drove off at full speed, towards Craighton's house, where, it was reasonable to suppose, no one would look for them. The agony and pain, of body as well as mind, the wretched man endured during that dreary ride, it is not possible to tell.

Ere they reached the miserable dwelling of the wretched Craighton, the day had begun to dawn. Nevertheless, the lonely wife had not yet retired. She sat by the decaying embers of the fire, her head buried in her hands, the big tears rolling through her fingers, and sobs bursting from her oppressed and overburthened heart, which seemed as if it would break in the vain effort to suppress its convulsive heavings.

A fine young man was standing opposite her—gazing upon her with stupified wonder, and with an expression of agony upon his features which it would be vain to attempt to describe. It was evident he had not slept, and it was also evident that he had travelled far and fast, for his clothes were stained with mud, and his riding boots were

still armed with spurs, upon which the blood-spots were yet visible, showing that his journey had not been one in the pursuing of which he was disposed to loiter by the way.

"Mother!" he cried, "do not thus give way. I cannot—I will not believe the dreadful tale, which in your delirium you told me. My father cannot be what your fancy has portrayed him. Some fiend has been playing with your credulity, in order to make you miserable."

"Oh! my son!" sobbed the wretched woman. "Would to God, it were indeed as you would fain believe. I would gladly die, could my death disprove the horrid truth so needlessly revealed. Aye! aye! you whom I have loved so dearly—for whom I have nursed such hopes—your name, for your father's sake, is a name of infamy. What grief greater than this, can a mother bear?"

"Mother! you drive me mad. The tale you tell me sounds strangely in my ears—it seems,—it must be—some dream of the imagination. It cannot—shall not—be! Oh! God—to come on such an errand, with such high hopes—and to meet a reception such as this!"

"What errand!—what hopes, my poor child, brought you here? I thought you only came as you always did, to give us pleasure—to gladden my heart with your presence. You cannot gladden it again! What other errand brought you now?"

"Mother! I came to ask my father's approval of my marriage—your blessing for my wife—one who, should she ever be a mother, would resemble you,—who is all your goodness would desire for the son you love."

"Alas! alas! This is misery indeed. I thought the shame would be enough for you to bear. But to have your young hopes rooted out! It is too dreadful. Why, oh heaven! why were you ever born?"

"Mother!" cried the young man, pleadingly.

"Richard!" replied she. "No hope remains, save one!"

"And that!" exclaimed Richard, eagerly, a ray of joy lighting up his features, and kindling in his eyes.

"Is,—that not even for *this* will she forsake you. If she is such as I would seek for you, she will cling only the closer to you for your grief."

"Then I am doomed indeed. If it were only grief she would share and lighten it. But guilt and shame! she shall not wed *them* with me. The poorest outcast, with an honest name, were a fitter mate for her. No—no—there is no hope there—none anywhere!"

He paced the room for some moments, franti-

cally speaking with his own heart of its load of misery. Suddenly he paused.

"Mother! dear mother!" he said, and his voice was calm, "Our burden is greater than we can bear. Let us kneel to Him who can bring comfort and consolation, even to such as we are."

"My darling—my noble boy! I had forgotten; but the lesson you teach me is sweeter because it is spoken from your lips. We will kneel together."

And they did kneel, though no sound was heard from the lips of either. But the prayer was not the less sincere, or the less fervent, because they wanted words to speak it. Calmness by degrees was restored to the minds of mother and son, and when they rose, neither was so utterly woe-stricken as they at first appeared. There was a Comforter within.

Suddenly the sound of wheels was heard. Both started up, and made a movement as if to open the door. It was opened without their aid, however, and Craighton, supported by his accomplice, staggered into the room.

He was a melancholy spectacle, and had the son wanted a confirmation of his worst fears, it was now afforded him. His head was swollen—his eyes were bloodshot,—his arm supported by a handkerchief fastened around his neck,—his clothes were torn, and covered with blood. In his eye, however, there was a sternness which showed too truly that though stricken he was not subdued, and that no thought of repentance for what had passed had entered the darkened "palace of his soul."

His wife seemed as if it were only what she anticipated. She expressed no surprise. When he gasped out "Water!" she brought it to him and held it mechanically to his lips. It had long appeared as if nothing could quench in her spirit the love which she had once felt for him. But now she appeared to be actuated only by a sense of habit. She tenderly washed his wounds and bruises, and even assisted Whitley to bind up his shattered arm—fortunately the principal bone had not been broken. She then assisted in placing him on the bed, where, having drunk a composing draught, he requested that he might be left alone.

The son sat aghast. He had not been seen by his father, and he could not conquer the repugnance he felt so far as to approach him. His eye was at length arrested by the appearance of Whitley, whom he had seen before, and known as of rather indifferent character. The wretch quailed beneath the glance of the excited young man; but, determined to bear it out bravely, he asked for some spirits, and requested that he might be furnished with a bed in which to take

a sleep, pleading fatigue, caused by his exertions in bringing home the wounded man.

"Rest nor refreshment here you cannot—you shall not have," said Richard. "You have brought us misery enough. I know you, Sir. Begone!"

"Softly, my man," replied Whitley, with his cunning, yet sneering smile. "What you know of me you dare not tell. What will only cage me will hang your father."

The young man started and turned ghastly pale, and the mother held on to the table for support. She must else have fallen. The ruffian saw his advantage, and pursued it.

"You'd better let me have what I want. I have no wish to harm your father. But you are fools to quarrel with me. I know that of *him* which gives me the command of his cravat. Let us be friends." He threw himself back in his chair, and crossed his legs as if he felt perfectly at home.

Richard had recovered his self-possession. He saw that he had a ruffian and a coward to deal with, and that every inch yielded would be stretched to its utmost limit. He therefore answered only with a word, but into that the whole bitterness of his spirit was concentrated:

"Begone!"

"I won't begone," said the ruffian, turning himself in his chair. "This house I'll make my own while I like to stay in it—no thanks to anybody. Fetch me some spirits—I'm thirsty as well as tired, and I want to sleep."

The passions of Richard Craighton were fiery, but he had put a curb upon them, and had done much to subdue their violence, and keep them under control. He found them rising, however, and struggle manfully though he did to crush them, they would not yield. At length, as he saw Whitley look familiarly towards his mother, with a nod, and a leer of his eye, as though she knew his power, and would respect it, the pent-up storm gave way. He rose from his seat, walked calmly but firmly towards his tormentor, who shrank in terror as he advanced, and seizing him by the collar, dragged him towards the door, and in spite of his maniac struggles, and muttered threats of vengeance, cast him forth into the fields. Having done this, he closed the door, walked back to his seat, and sat down with his head on the table, where worn out with excitement, toil, and watching, he fell into a profound and dreamless sleep.

"My poor boy!" said the weeping mother, "Yours is indeed a hapless fate. And Mary, too. What is to become of her? For her sake Richard must not be suffered to give way. In him, is her only hope."

She sat down beside him, until his heavy breathing proved that his senses were indeed steeped in forgetfulness, when cautiously and noiselessly she proceeded to the bedside of her husband. He too was sleeping, but even in his dreams he seemed to re-act some frightful tragedy, for foam was around his lips, and a heavy sweat was upon his brow, while his features worked, and his hand was clenched as if in agony. She knelt beside the bed, and overcome with the frightful sensations she had experienced for many hours, she sank into a state of stupor, which if not refreshing as sleep, at least afforded a short reprieve from misery.

Whitley, who did not propose immediately to return to his own house, entered the waggon, which still stood at the door, and drove off towards the dwelling of a friend and associate. His heart was full of hate and vengeance, and his eye scowled on the lovely objects which the young morning presented to his view. To his ear there was no music in the song of birds, to his eye no beauty in the glittering dew which sparkled on bush and tree, giving to everything a greener and a richer tint. Within him there was a dark and fearful spirit which covered as with a pall every beautiful object which the bounteous God of nature has given for man's enjoyment.

"I'll make him wince yet—the puppy!" he said. "His father *shall* hang, and himself, fine as he is, shall see it. And his farm, too—I'll have it. He was a fool to make an enemy of me, and I'll be a greater fool if I'm not revenged!" And with muttered oaths and curses, and threats of vengeance, the ruffian pursued his way.

(To be continued.)

## THE GREAT WESTERN.

The following lines were suggested by the very interesting account of the late terrible gale encountered by the "Steam Ship Great Western," which appeared in the last number of the Garland.

BY F. W. H.

Hark! hark! the dread sound of the hurricane's sweep,  
Flies fiercely along on the wings of the gale,  
And loud booming thunders awaken the deep,  
And mingle their notes with the mariner's wail.  
Deep, deep in the ocean, then high on the wave,  
Our tempest-torn ship dashes fearfully on,  
While darker, and louder, and fiercer did rave,  
The storm in its might, when hope's last ray had gone.  
"Then loud shrieked the timid and still stood the brave,"  
As swift on her course, to destruction we flew;  
"No friend there to rescue, no hand there to save,"  
And despair its dark mantle around us it drew.

But, hark! through the roar of the elements wild,—  
Oh! Saviour, have mercy! we bow to thy will.  
With smile of compassion, and words soft and mild,  
He rebuked the fierce wind—"Peace, be thou still!"

## CHRISTMAS REVELS.

BY T. D. F.

MY DEAR F—, I fancy you engaged in the festivities which mark this season of the year in your gay city,—the revels, routes, the drives and picnics, which fill the Christmas holidays; but I doubt, if any of them are of so magic a character, or afford so much real enjoyment, as the *fête* I attended on Christmas eve, at our friend L's; and which I would fain describe to you, though words of mine can but faintly shadow forth the outlines of the scene, leaving your imagination to fill up the bones and sinews, and give life to the *tableau*.

I was summoned by his usual quaint invitation to join a festive party at his cottage at half past eight o'clock on Christmas eve, and of course I could not choose but render myself there at the appointed time, where I found a gay group of old and young, examining with eager eyes the beautiful gifts dropped by St. Nicholas on his rapid flight through our quiet town. The house was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and all seemed to breathe of the joyous sport of "Merry Christmas." We chatted gaily till ten o'clock, when we were ushered into the dining room, and seated at a table the gods themselves might have envied. In the centre was a basket of pyramidal form, filled with candied fruit, from the top of which fell a gauze-like veil of barley sugar, so transparent that it reminded me of the spray-like drapery which half hid and half revealed the shadowy form of the White Lady of Avenel. Fruits, confections, birds, all that luxury has devised to tempt the palate, were upon the table, arranged with such exquisite taste, that the eye was gratified equally with the grosser sense. The clatter of knives and forks, touching of glasses, with merry laugh and piquant jest, rang round the room. The more solid part of the feast was soon despatched, and when it was removed from the table, our host proposed that, according to good old custom, St. Nicholas should be propitiated by a libation to his health and prosperity. The glasses were filled, raised to the lips, and "Health to St. Nick!" just uttered, when the sweetest music fell upon the ear, faintly first, but gradually deepening and swelling, till the notes seemed to fill the room; all looked round in amaze, then every eye turned to the open door, through which we almost expected to see the patron Saint enter,—but no! after a short interval the music gradually faded away till lost in the distance. It was some moments before the usual tone could be restored to the circle; but conversation being resumed, the

invisible music was forgotten. Again were the glasses filled, a toast complimentary to Christmas was given, and all were joining in it, when once more the melody burst upon the ear, with notes familiar to every heart. Expectation seemed to become now almost painful; but again did the mysterious sounds die away, leaving us to wonder and to doubt.

Once more was a toast attempted, but with the like result; the spirit of harmony was determined to spoil our wine-bibbing by the wonder he excited. Finally, our host was called upon for a speech. He rose with some hesitation, professed himself quite unused to public speaking, indeed, he never attempted a speech without being interrupted at its very commencement; just as he said this, a slight sound, as of the giving way of a spring was heard, and up *through* the table, directly in front of the speaker, flew a little rough wooden box, as unlike anything of fairy workmanship as you can imagine. Oh! the surprise of all present. The speech was fairly ended, but in its place were many a gibe and jeer upon the coarse box which had so rudely interrupted him. But on its top was a letter addressed to our host, and sealed with St. Nicholas' *crest*. It was opened, and he read:—

All is not gold that glitters here  
As every day can prove,  
And one may oft a diamond wear,  
Yet have no heart to love.

And so beneath a russet gown  
A noble heart may beat,  
All outward graces may have flown,  
But not affection's seat.

Then my good friend reject me not  
Tho' shabby I may look;  
I may have Cinderella's lot,  
And take the course she took.

My cocoa rind you may remove  
And peep beneath my shell;  
If I should something better prove,  
For you it may be well.

The box was opened, and found to contain only a smaller one, upon which glowed the flowers of summer, painted by some rare hand. In this was another letter having the same *crest*, and which read thus:—

I pass the noble homes of earth,  
And rest me at this cottage hearth;  
In this bright spot content must dwell  
If outward signs the truth can tell.

The old and young are mingled here,  
With sunny smile, and memory's tear,  
To cheer and soften each may act,  
Nor from the other aught detract.

A welcome day of all the year  
Is this that binds your faith and cheer,  
Parents, children, husband, wife,  
And *friends*, to sanction social life.

A Christmas carol well may come  
From this sweet spot, and happy home,  
The master spirit, who leads now,  
Deserves a chaplet for his brow.

My parting words I now address,  
To him who loves his home to bless.  
"Courage, friend! and through all time,  
Strive to make your life sublime."

Signed,

SANTA CLAUS.

These lines gave rise to much comment and pleasant remark on St. Nicholas' newly developed character of poet and adviser; but attention soon returned to the box, and our host resumed his examination of it. Led by curiosity, to ascertain, if possible, how it so mysteriously appeared before him, he cut a silken cord which confined it; when lo, and behold! a yawning cavity presented itself to all the astonished lookers-on. Cavity, did I say? Aye, but a cavity well filled. St. Nick, in return for the kind wishes showered upon him, had filled it with gifts for young and old, the grey haired sire, and youthful guests; gifts not rich and costly, but graceful and appropriate. You can hardly imagine the intense interest which awaited the opening of each packet, as the seal was broken, or the cord untied, and the paper unrolled. On some were the mysterious words—"Not to be opened till you return home." On one was a record of a touching little circumstance, a deed of generosity and self-sacrifice, of two little girls, which St. Nick had witnessed and thus recorded.

Oh! how was this good old patron Saint blessed. I am sure he did not make his own Germans, the children of his fondest love, any happier on this blessed night, than were the delighted guests, and happy family circle at B— Cottage.

In such sport, you may well judge, the hours flew swiftly by, and it was not till the brazen tongue of the town clock had uttered with its harsh disordant note, "One,"—that we bade adieu to the pleasant household—and returned home to dream that the days of miracles had not yet quite departed. I am sure I need make no apology for giving you this long account of our Christmas *fête*, but it only leaves me room to add the kind regards of

Yours,



# OLD WOODRUFF AND HIS THREE WIVES.

A CANADIAN SKETCH.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THIS must have been an adventurous old man. Three wives! Yes; and he was actually thinking of a fourth when we became acquainted with him. There are no histories so graphic as those which people tell of themselves, for self-love is sure to embellish the most common-place occurrences with a tinge of the marvellous, and every day events become quite romantic in the mouths of some narrators. Our biographer was not one of these flighty historians. There was not a dash of romance in his composition. Had a phrenologist examined his head, I verily believe that no bump of ideality could have been discovered in the mountain range of skull-land;—all about that wondrous region, being a dead flat—the aspect of his head giving you the idea of a copper pot with the head closely screwed down. He was a shrewd, humorous-looking Yorkshire man, with a sharp red weather beaten face, a pair of small keen grey eyes, glancing knowingly towards his ridgy nose, or looking obliquely back upon his high cheek bones. A large coarse good natured mouth, in a great measure relieved the upper portion of his face from the sinister expression which had been acquired by long dealing with the world, and in overcoming the knavery of his species; for Woodruff was not a rogue himself, though very expert in detecting roguery in others. His tall athletic figure, bent as it was, with hard labour, gave indication of great personal strength; and his appearance altogether was rather pleasing than otherwise. His manners were frank and easy; and the old man was such an hospitable entertainer, that you felt at home with him in a minute.

But to begin at the beginning, for I have a little outrun my story, the picture of the old yeoman coming so forcibly before me, that I could not forbear sketching it, prior to introducing the owner to my readers. A bad precedent—but I have not time to step back, and go over the ground again.

In the year 1840, a change in my husband's circumstances removed him from a long residence in the back woods, to fill a public situation in a populous town. He went down to B—, some months previous to the removal of his family, to

enter upon his new office, and prepare things comfortably for their reception.

He left his forest home in October, and we were to follow with the household wares, and five little children, the first of sleighing. Never did eager British children look for the first violets and primroses of spring, with more impatience than my baby boys and girls watched, day after day, for the first snow flakes that were to form the road, to convey them to their absent father and their new home.

"Winter never means to come this year. It will never snow again!" exclaimed my eldest boy, turning from the window on Christmas day, with the most rueful aspect that ever greeted the broad gay beams of the glorious sun.

It was like a spring day. The little lake in front of the window glittering like a mirror of silver, set in its dark frame of pine woods.

I, too, was wearying for the snow; and was tempted to think that it did not come as early as usual, in order to disappoint us. But I kept this to myself, and comforted the expecting child with the oft-repeated assertion, "that it would certainly snow upon the morrow."

But the morrow came and passed away, and many other morrows; and the same mild open weather prevailed. The last night of the old year was ushered in with furious storms of wind and snow. The rafters of our log cabin shook beneath the violence of the gale, which swept up from the lake like a lion roaring for its prey, driving the snow-flakes through every open crevice, of which there were not a few, and powdering the floor till it was as white as the ground without.

"Oh! what a dreadful night," we cried, as we all huddled shivering around the stove. "A person abroad in the woods to-night, would be frozen."

"Thank God," I said, "we are not travelling this night to B—."

"But, to-morrow!" said my eldest boy, lifting up his curly head from my lap. "It will be fine to-morrow, and we shall see dear papa again."

In this hope he lay down with the rest, in his little bed upon the floor, and was soon fast asleep.

The tempest raged so furiously without that I was fearful that the house would be unroofed; and the night was far advanced when my faithful old Irish servant, Jenny, and myself, retired to bed.

My boy's words were prophetic. That was the last night I ever spent in the bush—in the dear forest home, which I had loved in spite of all the hardships which I had endured since we pitched our tent in the back woods. It was the birth place of my three boys; the school of high resolve and energetic action, in which we had learned to meet calmly and battle successfully with the ills of life. I did not leave it without many regretful tears, to mingle once more with a world, to whose usages, in my long solitude, I had become almost a stranger; and to whose praise or blame I felt alike indifferent.

When the day dawned the whole forest scenery lay glittering in a mantle of dazzling white. The sun shone brightly, the heavens were intensely blue, but the cold was so severe that every article of food had to be thawed before we could get our breakfast. The very blankets that covered us during the night were stiff with our frozen breath.

"I hope the people won't come to take away the furniture to-day," I cried. "We should be frozen on the long journey."

About noon two sleighs with fine spans of horses, made their appearance at the head of the clearing. The snow had been two days in advance of us at B—, and my husband had sent up the teams to remove us. The children jumped about and laughed aloud for joy—while old Jenny and myself commenced packing up trunks and boxes as fast as our cold hands would permit us. In the midst of our muddles, my brother arrived, like a good genius, to our assistance, declaring his determination of taking us down to B— himself, in his large lumber sleigh. This was indeed joyful news—and in three hours he had dispatched the two sleighs and their loads, and we all stood together in the empty house, striving to warm ourselves over the embers of the expiring fire.

How cold and desolate every object appeared. The small windows half blocked up with snow, scarcely allowed a glimpse of the declining sun to cheer us with his serene aspect. In spite of the cold, several kind friends had waded through the deep snow, to say "God bless you—Good bye!" while a group of silent Indians stood together, gazing upon our proceedings, with an earnestness which shewed that they were not uninterested in the scene. As the children and I passed out to the sleigh, each one pressed forward and silently held out a hand, while the poor squaws kissed me with tearful eyes. They had

been true friends to us in our dire necessity, and I returned their mute farewell from my very heart.

Mr. S— sprang into his sleigh. One of our party was wanting. "Jenny!" shouted my brother at the top of his voice; "it is too cold to keep your mistress and the little children waiting here."

"Och! sure then, I'm after coming," returned the old body, as she issued from the house.

Shouts of laughter greeted her appearance. The figure she cut on that memorable day, I shall never forget. My brother dropped the reins upon the horses' necks, and fairly roared. Jenny was about to commence her journey in three hats. Was it to protect her from the cold. Oh! no—Jenny was not afraid of the cold. She could have ate her breakfast on the north side of an iceberg; and always dispensed with shoes during the most severe of our Canadian winters. It was to protect these precious articles from injury. Our good neighbour, Mrs. W—, had presented her with an old sky-blue drawn silk bonnet, as a parting benediction. This, by way of distinction, as she never had possessed such an article of luxury as a silk bonnet in her life—Jenny had placed over the coarse calico cap with its full yellow furbelow of the same homely material, next her head. Over this, as next in degree, a sunburnt straw hat, with faded pink ribbons, a bequest from Miss A—, just showed its brown rim and taudry trimmings; and, to crown all, and serve as a guard to the rest—a really serviceable grey beaver bonnet of mine, towered up as high as the celebrated crown in which Brother Peter figures in the Tale of the Tub.

"Mercy, Jenny! You don't mean to go with us that figure?"

"Och! my dear heart—I have no band-box that will keep out the cold from my illigant bonnets," returned the old woman, laying her hand upon the sleigh.

"Go back, Jenny! go back"—cried my brother between suffocating peals of mirth. "For God's sake take that tomfoolerie from off your head. We shall be the laughing stock of every village we pass through."

"Och! sure now, Mr. S—, who wo'd think of looking at an ould crathur like me? Its only yerself that wo'd notice the like."

"All the world. Every body would look at you. I believe you put those hats on to be stared at by all the young fellows we meet. Ha! Jenny?"

With offended dignity the old woman retired to re-arrange her toilet, and provide for the safety of her "illigant bonnets," one of which she suspended to the strings of her cloak; and no per-

suasion of mine could induce her to put it out of sight.

Many painful and conflicting emotions rose up in my heart, but found no utterance in words, as we entered the forest path, and I looked my last upon that humble home of many sorrows. Every object had become familiar during my long exile from civilized life. I loved the lonely lake with its magnificent belt "of dark pines sighing in the breeze;" the cedar swamp—the summer home of my dark Indian friends; my own dear little garden with its rugged fence, cultivated by my own hands, in which I had so often braved the tormenting musquitos, black-flies, and intense heat, to provide vegetables and melons for the use of the family. Even the cows, which had given a breakfast for the last time to my little ones, were regarded with mournful affection. A poor laborer stood at the deserted door, holding my noble water-dog, Rover, in a string. The poor fellow gave a joyous bark as my eyes fell upon him, and struggled to get free.

"James J—," I said, "take care of my dog."

"Never fear, ma'am! he shall bide with me as long as he lives."

"He and the poor Indians, at least, feel grief for our departure," I thought. "Love is so scarce in this world that we ought to prize it, however lowly the source from whence it glows."

We accomplished only twelve miles of our journey that night, which lay through the bush along the banks of the grand, rushing, foaming Otonabee river—the wildest and most beautiful of forest streams. We slept at the house of kind friends, and in the morning resumed our long journey. Winter had now set in fairly. The children were glad to huddle together in the bottom of the sleigh, under the buffaloes and blankets; all but my eldest boy, a child of four years old, who, enchanted by all he saw, continued to stand up and gaze around him.

Born in the forest which he had never quitted before, the sight of a town was such a novelty that he could find no words wherewith to express his astonishment.

"Are the houses come to see one another?" he asked. "How did they all meet here?"

The question greatly amused his uncle, who took some pains to explain to him the difference between town and country. On putting up for the night, we rejoiced to find that truly the long distance which separated us from the husband and father was nearly accomplished. During our ride we had got rid of old Jenny and her bonnets, whom we found a very refractory travelling companion. Fortunately, we overtook the sleighs with the furniture, and Mr. S— had trans-

ferred Jenny to the care of the driver; an arrangement which proved satisfactory to all parties but little Donald, her darling pet, who was fast asleep in my lap when Jenny and her bonnets made their exit. At supper he asked for his old nurse, and his uncle, to tease him, told him that Jenny was dead and that we were going to have some of her fried for supper.

When the beef stakes were brought to table, in spite of his long day's fast, Donald cried piteously, and refused to touch a bit of them; until some fried chickens making their appearance, one of the children cried out—"See, Donald! here is more of Jenny."

"No! no," said the sobbing child, wiping his eyes and laughing once more. "Ninny is not dead, for I know she had not wings."

The next morning was so intensely cold, that out of tender consideration for our noses, Mr. S— would not resume the journey until past ten o'clock; and even then, it was a desperate experiment. We had not proceeded four miles before the horses were covered with icicles. Our hair was frozen as white as old Time's solitary forelock, and our eyelids were stiff, and every limb aching with cold.

"This will never do," said my brother, turning to me. "The children will freeze. We must put up somewhere. I never felt the cold so severe as this."

"Where can we stop?" said I. "We are miles from any inn, and I see no prospect of the weather becoming milder."

"Yes, yes, I know by the very intensity of the cold, that a change is at hand. At all events, it is much warmer at night in this country than during the day. The wind falls off, and the frost is more bearable. I know a worthy farmer who lives about a mile a-head. He will give us houseroom for a few hours, and we will resume our journey in the evening."

My teeth were chattering with the cold. The children were crying in the bottom of the sleigh, and I gladly consented to the proposal.

A few minutes' ride brought us to a large frame house, surrounded by commodious sheds and barns. A fine orchard opposite, and a yard well stocked with fat cattle and sheep, sleek geese and plethoric looking swine, gave promise of a land of abundance and comfort. My brother ran into the house to see if the owner was at home, and presently returned with the gentleman, whose portrait we have already drawn, followed by two fine young women, his daughters, who gave us a truly warm welcome, and assisted in removing the children from the sleigh, to the

cheerful fire, that made all bright and easy within.

"Well! how are you Mr. S——?" cried the farmer, shaking my brother heartily by the hand. "Toiling in the bush still, eh?"

"Just in the same place."

"And the wife and children?"

"Hearty. Some half dozen have been added to the flock since you were in our parts, Woodruff."

"So much the better. The more the merrier, Mr. S——. Children are riches in this country."

"I know not how that may be. I find it dueced hard to clothe and feed mine."

"Wait until they grow up. They will be brave helps to you then. The price of labor—the price of labor, Mr. S——, is the destruction of the farmer."

"It does not seem to trouble you much," said my brother, glancing round the well furnished, comfortable apartment.

"My son and I do it all," cried the old man. "Of course the girls help in busy times, and take care of the dairy, and we hire occasionally. But small as the sum is which is expended in hiring during seed time and harvest, I feel it, I can tell you."

"You are not married again, Woodruff?"

"No Sir," said the old man with a peculiar smile, which did not entirely preclude the probability of such an event. "That tall girl with the fair hair, is my eldest daughter. She manages the house, and an excellent house-keeper she is. But I cannot keep her forever," continued he with a knowing wink. "Girls will think of getting married, and seldom consult the wishes of their parents on the subject. But it is natural, Mr. S——; it is natural."

My brother looked laughingly towards the fine handsome young woman, as she placed upon the table, hot water, whisky, and a huge plate of plum cake, which did not lack a companion stored with the finest specimens which the orchard could produce.

The young girl looked down and blushed.

"Ah! I see how it is, Woodruff—you will soon lose your daughter. I wonder that you have kept her so long. But who are these young ladies?" said my brother, as three fine girls very demurely entered the room.

"The two shortest are my galls, by my last wife," replied Woodruff, "who I fear, mean soon to follow the bad example of their sister. The other lady," said the old man, with a reverential air, "is a particular friend of my eldest daughter."

My brother laughed sllily, and the old man's

cheek took a deeper glow, as he stooped forward to mix the punch.

"You said these two ladies were by your last wife, Woodruff. How many wives have you had?"

"Only three, Mr. S——. It is impossible, they say in my country, to have too much of a good thing."

"So I suppose you think," said my brother, again glancing towards the comely Miss Smith. "Three wives! You have been a fortunate man to survive them all."

"Aye! have I not? But I have been both lucky and unlucky in the wife way, Mr. S——. I was quite a youngster when I married my first woman. My father died when I was quite a child, and I was brought up by an uncle who rented one of those small snug farms in the North Riding, which are now so rarely to be met with in the Old Country. He had saved a little money, and his whole family consisted of one gall and me. She was not very pretty, but she was good and industrious; and would have at his death all the old man had to bestow. She was fond of me, and I thought I could not do better than make her my wife. It is all very well to marry for love, Mr. S——, if a fellow can afford it; but a little money is not to be despised; it goes a great way towards making the home comfortable. Uncle had no great objections, and so we were married. She managed the dairy and I helped upon the farm. We lived very happily together until my poor Betsy died in her confinement with that gall. Yes, Miss—you cost me a good wife, and should not be so anxious to run away and leave me in the lurch."

"Dear father," commenced the young woman.

"There, hold your tongue, Miss. The least said the soonest mended," continued the old man, smiling good humouredly—for it was not only evident, that he was extremely proud of his eldest daughter, but proud of her being the affianced wife of a gentleman in the neighbourhood.

"Well, Mr. S——, I felt very lonely after Betsy died; and I had been so comfortable as a married man, that I thought the best compliment I could pay to her memory was to take another wife."

"Perhaps she would not have thought it one," said I.

"Why, to be sure, women are often a leetle unreasonable," returned Woodruff. "But as she was not there to consult upon the subject, I took the liberty to please myself. Well, Mr. S——, I was always a great admirer of beauty, and so I thought I would try my luck this time with a handsome wife. There was a develish fine gall

in our village, only she was a leetle flighty, or so. The lads said to me, when they saw what I was arter—'Sam, you had better carry your pigs to another market. The lass is not right in the upper works.' 'I'll take the chance of that,' says I. 'There is not a prettier gall atween this and York.' Well, my uncle did not like the match by no manner of means.

"If you put that madcap," says he, "in my poor Betsy's place, I will never leave you a shilling."

"You may do as you please," returned I, for you must know, Mr. S——, that I was desperately in love, which I had never been before in my life, 'for I mean to marry the gall right off.'

"I kept my word, and we were married."

The narrator made a long, and I thought, rather an ominous pause, and took a deep draught from a fresh brewage of hot punch.

"Well," said I, rather impatiently, "and how did this second marriage turn out?"

"Bad enough for me," said he, with the most comical expression on his hard countenance, as he turned towards my brother.

Whether he was inclined to laugh or to cry, was no easy matter to determine; but it is certain that neither my brother nor myself could well maintain our gravity, as he exclaimed:

"Well! Mr. S——, would you believe it? She thought fit to cut her throat only three day's arter the wedding. What put such a thing into her head, I never could find out, but you may depend upon it, I never felt so uncomfortable in all my life."

The idea of a man telling such a dreadful circumstance, in such a calm, matter of fact manner, and declaring with the greatest philosophy, that it only made him feel uncomfortable, had in it something so irresistibly comic, that I was forced to hasten to the window to ascertain the state of the weather, in order to conceal the laugh which would come to my lips in spite of every effort to restrain it.

"No wonder that it made you feel uncomfortable, Woodruff," said my brother, casting a wicked look at me, which made me turn again to the window. "It would have been the death of some people. But you are a remarkably strong minded man, or you could not take it so coolly."

"I flatter myself I am," returned the farmer, who did not perceive that my brother was quizzing him. "What was the use of making a fuss? She preferred killing herself to living comfortably with me, and I was not going to play the fool for her. But the worst of it was, that all the galls looked suspiciously at me; and I found that I must go farther a-field, for a third wife. My uncle had a drove of cattle for the London market—I undertook the charge of them—sold the

beasts advantageously for him, and returned with the money and a wife. My uncle was glad enough to get the money, but he made a sour face at the wife. She was not to his taste, but she exactly suited mine. We had a bit of a quarrel about my hasty marriage, as he called it. I got mad at the rude things he said, and we parted. I thought that he was too fond of little Betsy, to do an ill-natured thing; but I was mistaken. In order to revenge himself on me, he married his housekeeper, by whom he had soon a large young family.

"All my hopes in that quarter were now at an end. Says I to my wife, 'My dear, we can no longer depend upon my uncle—we must learn to shift for ourselves.'

"With the little property I got with my third wife, I opened a butcher's shop; and we got on comfortably enough for a few years. She was a good woman, and made me an excellent wife. She was the mother of my son and the two youngest of my galls. Suddenly our luck took a turn. My partner, (for I had been fool enough to take one,) ran off, and took along with him all my little savings, leaving me to pay his debts and my own. This was a hard blow. I felt it more than the death of either of my wives.

"To repine was useless, so I sold all my cattle and furniture, paid my creditors the last farthing, and then wrote to my uncle requesting him to lend me fifty pounds to transport myself and family to Canada. The old man knew me to be an honest, hardworking fellow, and for little Betsy's sake, for so run the letter, he sent me a draft upon his banker for fifty pounds, with a gentle hint that it would be the last I must expect from him, as children were nearer to him than grand-children. This was true enough, but I still thought that those children had no right to stand between little Betsy and him. I was very glad of the money, and I wrote him a letter of thanks, promising to repay it if ever I was able. This, with the blessing of God, I did two years ago; and the money found him in a worse state than I was when I left Old England; and I have his letter full of gratitude for the same.

"But to return to the wife. She and the children reached these shores in perfect health. It was in 1832, the year of the great cholera; and I never once imagined that it would attack us who were strangers in the country. A friend, whom I had known in England, hearing of my arrival, wrote to me from Bytown, to come up and look at a farm near him, which he wished me to hire.

"Not caring to drag my wife and children up the country, until I had seen the place myself

and prepared all things for their reception, I left them in lodgings at Quebec, and proceeded up the country. I had not been two days at my friend's, and was still undecided about the farm, when I got a letter, written by my eldest gall, which informed me that my poor wife lay bad of the cholera; and if I wished to see her alive, I must start immediately.

"Off I went that very day, vexed to my heart at this untoward accident. Still, Mr. S——, I had left her so well, that I did not think it possible that she could die so soon. While stopping for the boat at Montreal, to proceed on my journey, I met an old school-fellow whom I had not seen for many years, and did not know what had become of him. He had been settled for twenty years in the country, and was now a wealthy merchant in the city.

"'Oh! Sam Woodruff,' says he; 'who would have thought of meeting with you in Canada. You must come home and dine with me—and talk over old times.'

"'With all my heart,' says I—'but my wife is sick of the cholera at Quebec, and I am waiting for the next boat, to go down and see her.'

"'That is bad,' says he; 'but a few hours cannot make much difference; there is another, and a far better and more commodious boat, starts at six in the evening. Come, don't say no. I long to have a friendly chat over a bottle of good wine.'

"Well, Mr. S——, I did not think it could make much difference. It was only three hours. I should certainly be in time to see my wife—besides I felt sure that she was already better.

"I went to my friend's. We had an excellent dinner, and some of the best wine to relish it, I ever tasted. And what with hearing his adventures and telling my own, and comparing the merits of the two countries, the time slipped away very fast.

"I heard the clock strike six. 'My wife,' says I, springing to my feet. 'Depend upon it, Woodruff,' says my friend, 'that you will find her quite well, and don't forget to bring her to see me, as you pass up.'

"I was only just in time for the boat, and I reached Quebec late the next evening.

"And your wife?" said I.

"Was just dead when I arrived. If I had not gone to dine with my friend, I should have seen her alive. But who would have thought that the trifling delay could have made such a difference?"

My brother looked again at me. "What an unfeeling wretch!" thought I. "This man looks

upon his wives—much in the same light that he would upon a horse. His grief for their death only amounts to the inconvenience which it occasions. Heaven defend me from such a husband!"

"I wonder," said my brother, "that you could live so long without a fourth."

The old man's heart now began to warm with the punch which he had been drinking—and nodding facetiously towards Miss Smith, he said:

"All in good time, Mr. S——. I am not so old that a wife would come amiss. When my girls are married, I must get a woman to take care of the house, and make and mend my clothes. Besides, these long winter nights are cruelly cold, and blankets are very dear; depend upon it, the very best thing an old man can do, to keep himself warm and comfortable, and to prolong his days upon the earth, is to take a young wife."

The old man was as good as his word. The next time I passed through ——, I found the pretty young wife in the chimney corner, and the old man as hearty and as hale as ever.

## VESPER INSPIRATIONS.

BY P. J. ALLAN.

Day seems the flash of God's own boundless mind,

Bursting in floods of glory on the eye  
And weaker spirit of our fallen kind,  
Filling the man of thought, with feelings high,  
Awful emotions that can never die—

They are the children of the mighty Sun,  
And to the zenith, with the eagles, fly:  
For Nature openeth her joys to none,  
Save those whose eyes can pierce to that Eternal One.

Night's is a pure and mild, religious light,

The soft reflection of the burning day,  
That veild and made endurable to sight,  
O'er contemplation sheds a genial ray,  
Which welcome as the dews to lap of May,  
Softens the heart to love and piety.

Oh! starry, tranquil Night! thou seem'st to say—  
An emblem of the Saviour view in me,  
Whose perfect Spirit fled on the accursed tree!

Twilight of both is off-spring. When the sky  
Is bright with ling'ring glances of the day,  
And, clothed in silv'ry lustre; from on high  
Vesper sends forth her pure pellucid ray,  
Like a clear well of waters. Heav'n's highway  
Assumes a darker azure, like the eye

Of one who thinks profoundly. I obey  
The call of fancy, and methinks espy  
The gentle Dove of peace, "the Word" that cannot lie!

## PATRONAGE—ITS USEFULNESS—ITS EVILS.

BY W. F. C.

"This, this, is then the world!"

MRS. MOODIE.

It is interesting to note the many constituent elements that go to form society. Friendship and hatred—union and strife—argument and rivalry, all mingled in the great mental and moral organization of mankind, afford us the fact, that parts apparently incongruous may often form the most compact whole. Systems of government founded on the hypothetic principle of absolute equality, are but pillars of sand on bases of water; and the great laws that govern their impossibility, are as immutable as the prospect of eternity itself. Even in those lands where the most extravagant notions of civil and religious liberty have been originated, the idea of perfect uniformity in rank has never yet been realized. Mutual dependance is necessary to human existence. A scheme for levelling every earthly distinction may indeed appear plausible, if viewed through the medium of a deeply disordered and too luxuriant fancy; but the crudest common sense rejects at once the supposition of its practicability, and the analogy of nations encounters the chimera with unlimited contradiction. Yet though the most obvious truths—among which is the *necessity of dependance*—have been deduced from analytical, analogical and inductive reasoning, there still exist in every community certain individuals, whose spirits are imbued with a longing desire after dangerous nonentities. These raise their voices against long-established usages, and constantly disseminate the seeds of destructive innovation. They cry down all diversity of rank, reflecting not upon the imperative conditions of subordination and superior power. They do not consider, that though all may have equal *legal* rights, all are not blessed with equal talents; and that this circumstance alone would naturally elevate one above another, thus constituting the co-relative situations of patronage and dependance. They see nothing—they will be convinced of nothing that approaches to a contradiction of their darling principle. With the utmost arrogance of human nature, blinded in their conception, they would almost bring the Creator to the level of the creature. They expatiate on the propriety of immediately reducing mankind to such a level, that

the patron and the patronized hitherto may hereafter exist independently of each other. It is of this that we wish to speak—of those certain tendencies that patronage, generous and judicious or otherwise, exerts upon individuals commencing the career of life. Although the theme be not *entirely* new, its has not yet received the attention it deserves.

Nearly every commencement in life is difficult; and whether tyros act in a professional, literary or political sphere, under similar circumstances, corresponding results will universally ensue. To all, every effort at first seems fraught with ill-success. Each relies upon himself alone, and toils patiently to remove the obstacles that beset his course. The lack of opportunity for displaying talent, or, after this is obtained, of appreciation on the part of others, is by every one without a patron for a while most perseveringly endured. Vanity may feed on air, for its nourishment is seldom derived from aught more stable. But the noble consciousness of innate ability seeks always a season for its development, when that which now lies comparatively hidden and obscure, shall be exposed, in the ruddiest glare of criticism, to the gaze of an admiring world. The journey of life lies through devious and desultory paths. At first, perhaps fertile plains are seen, where the murmur of each gliding stream finds an echo in the rustling woodlands; wheresmiling fields produce their harvests of plenty and luxuriance; where all is peace and happiness and quietude. Thence a thousand ways branch off, and all present allurements to the traveller. Unadvised and unprotected, he chooses one and then another. His march lies here and there, and almost seems without an end. Clambering up the mountain steep, he sinks again into the vale. Seas and lakes and rushing rivers, impede his progress. Fearful gulfs yawn beneath him; and these appear to forbid escape from ruin. A few—and truly, they are very few—successfully encounter these terrors alone. But others, hand in hand with experienced directors, pass safely onward, acquiring diversified knowledge at every step they make; and when these guides are gone, they

are themselves able to lead others in their turn. This is patronage—this its use. Eminence *may* accrue from it, but is seldom attained without it. We say seldom, for there are great exceptions. In strategy, Bonaparte,—in literature, Johnson,—succeeded without the slightest assistance of any patron. The latter, indeed, did at one time nominally have one; but how much the “learned Hottentot” was indebted to the “accomplished gentleman,” his withering epistle, written on the publication of his celebrated English Dictionary, will sufficiently attest. But these were giants in intellect—almost more than men. Where thousands sink irrecoverably into the depths of oblivion, scarcely one like them reaches the acmé of fame. The unsophisticated require instruction, and the patronage of the great can alone prepare them for the attainment of eminence.

This patronage should be regarded most particularly in connection with men of the highest order of genius. Their peculiar mental constitutions render decidedly requisite to their success an assiduous and careful training. That the patron should become the teacher may appear strange, yet it is true, that in a measure this is his proper position. Great genius, through excessive imagination and extraordinary weakness of will, is often liable to error and misfortune. Some, with spirit too exalted for converse with the sordid mass, with conceptions too elevated for communion with them, actuated by various circumstances that might have been prevented, choose methods of life unsuited to their respective abilities, and fail in consequence to render the world that benefit which would necessarily have otherwise accrued. The historic page is crowded with instances of the intellectually depraved—whose every energy and every thought have been engaged in the prosecution of evil. While they laboured in the expansive fields of science, while they reposed beneath the shade of art, while they quaffed luxuriously the ever-living waters of the “Pierian Spring,” their mental vigour had been untiringly dedicated to the degradation of man. With almost unbounded capacities they scorned all moral culture, and only sought the highest order of the intellectual. Their deeds are hidden in no happy oblivion. The remembrance of their guilt is still existing, and its mention is ever coupled with detestation and abhorrence. All this a judiciously exerted patronage might have obviated. That which proved so great an evil, under its influence might have become a lasting blessing to mankind. Well we know that by men of superior intellect the world must be instructed. By them our national laws are framed, and on them must we depend for the

administration of justice. They are those who should direct the study of the sciences and the cultivation of the arts—under whose guidance domestic prosperity should advance, and universal happiness be attained.

How then, we ask, can this be effected, without a system whose foundation shall be laid in the desire to advance the interest of inferiors?

How often might patronage be useful to the literary and scientific portion of the world, if it would but foster the first high aspirations of genius! How many, conscious from observation that their labors will be unappreciated, draw back from the performance of the noblest works! Others pursue the natural bent of their inclinations, yet too often with sad results. Compelled by rigid circumstances to incessant toil, they labour not for honour—but for *bread*. Can they be other than most ungrateful, at least, who suffer their benefactors thus to struggle for existence without even the trifling remuneration of thanks? We know that literary pursuits, when engaged in without intermission, are the sure generators of disease. The author, passionately enamoured of his task, and deeply absorbed, pays not the slightest regard to the preservation of health, and shortly hovers upon the brink of the grave. Then, involuntarily deprived of all solace for affliction, sourness of temper and harshness of disposition usurp the seat of comparative placidity, and together reign in its stead. Possessing as yet no reputation, with no hope of an enduring fame, he is constantly tortured with the dread of oblivion. He pictures to himself his final resting place. No monumental marble is inscribed to his memory. No tear is dropped upon his grave. No weeping-willow bends its boughs in seeming sadness, but all around is desolation, and no compassionate or forgiving thought for any former weaknesses of the unhappy dead. No fond mother kneels above his remains and offers to Heaven a petition in her own bereavement. No sister once dearly loved, twines the rose with the lily upon his grave. He lies forgotten—humbler than the dust which once he trod. Men see a lowly mound of earth, but passing on they heed it not, nor think of asking who it is that lies entombed beneath it. Such gloomy thoughts as these destroy the grandest mental speculations. It is for patronage, and it alone, to remove the evil, by cultivating philanthropy and abolishing that popular prejudice that denies to genius the assistance it needs. This can only properly exert itself in a sphere of its own creating. The tree that grows upon the water's edge can never thrive when translated to the desert, for its accustomed sustenance is wanting, and the atmosphere



around it is uncongenial to its nature. To the generous superintendent of its growth, then, it is especially important that the tree of genius be not implanted in matter-of-fact soil; for imagination and tender sensibilities can find no greatness in the din of commerce. While the striking diversity of talent everywhere remarkable in society, accompanied as it is by a corresponding difference of character, seems to demand its proper appropriation, it is evident that none can better effect this end than such as are experienced in the ways of life.

It is an undoubted fact, however, that many things of good may be corrupted into evil. The protection that at first seems prompted only by a spirit of generosity, on closer examination too frequently is found to be the result of ambitious motives. The statesman, for example, advances the interest of some rising genius, that at length he may make him entirely a creature of his own. In assisting him, he furthers his own cause; and if by any means he can place him under serious obligation, he seizes with avidity the opportunity of moulding him to his will. Beneath influence like this, the man of noble and exalted, though still undigested principles, becomes debased and mean. He descends from the high inheritance of his nature to the degraded and degrading position of a political intriguer. He discards all arguments suggested by public weal or private honour, and embraces the most contemptible chicanery in the support of wrong. Years pass away, and he is still unhonoured, having accomplished nothing save the total demoralization of himself and all his adherents. This is the result of patronage in its evil form. It is wide-spread, yet the persevering endeavours of the philanthropic may ultimately counteract its baneful influence. We have seen it on the other hand, characterized by genuine benevolence, prompting integrity and pointing out the means of shunning vice. To distinguish the one from the other, the nicest discrimination is necessary; for both at first hold forth inducements, and it may be that those of the first are more attractive than of the second. But flowers the most luxuriant and most pleasingly scented distil the subtlest poisons; and in the human as in the natural creation, it has become a truism that appearances are often deceitful.

This then is a subject worthy the consideration of every modern philanthropist. That the rarest talent should be corrupted in the heartless contest for self, that all its future kindly influence should be crushed by a pursuit of error, does indeed demand the most scrutinizing attention. A generous and judicious patronage will certainly, by

degrees, elevate and ennoble the social condition of men, while the opposite system will not less surely drain the world of prosperity and happiness. Therefore, since all are not blessed with equal talents, or equal opportunities of advancement, to the more fortunate it belongs to assist the exertions of those below them—not for purposes of self-aggrandizement, but of universal good.

## SCRAPS FOR THE GARLAND.

BY A. J.

### SCRAP THE FIFTH.

#### THE LOVER'S LESSON.

There are three little words that are pregnant with care,  
Abounding in sorrow and grief and despair;  
But with such naughty words we'll have nothing to do,  
I will tell you them now, love—the first is "Adieu!"

Thou knowest how well and how truly I prize,  
Each word from those lips and each glance from those eyes,

Yet even thy sweet voice would sound like a knell,  
How softly soever it whispered "Farewell!"

What extacy mine when at evening we meet,  
To whisper our love in some shady retreat;  
But happiness seems to depart with the sigh  
That bursts from our lips ere we breathe a "Good bye!"

These three little words, love, have prefaced more tears,  
Than e'en from your cheeks I could kiss in five years,  
And since they give both of us nothing but pain,  
Let us vow that we never will say them again.

### SCRAP THE SIXTH.

#### MUSIC.

Who hath not felt, when cares oppress,  
The gentle, soothing tenderness  
That melts the soul, when softly stealing,  
Some plaintive air to memory dear,  
Bright moments of the past revealing,  
Falls sweetly on the enraptured ear—  
So lightly touching on the past,  
It but recalls the happiest hours,  
As when at eve the night-winds cast,  
Their softened sighs o'er beds of flowers,  
They scatter nor disturb their bloom,  
Yet wait their sweetness and perfume.

Oh! such hath Music been to me—  
A Friend in all adversity;  
And though at times 'twill cause a sigh,  
A tear, for happier days gone by—  
Such sighs give pleasure far more sweet  
Than aught in noisier joys I meet;  
Nor would I give such tears as these  
For all the riches of the seas.

## CATHERINE OF ARRAGON

TO HER HUSBAND.

BY M. A. M.

To thee, my royal lord! to thee,  
 Be this my last epistle penn'd,—  
 Start not, this well known hand to see,—  
 'Tis her's—thy last and truest friend.

I would not now renew that love,  
 Effaced by years of guilt and sin,—  
 My hopes have long been fix'd above;  
 For me this world hath nought to win.

Nor seek I to recall the time  
 When thou didst love me passing well,  
 When from the morn till vesper chime  
 Was all too short that love to tell.

A worse than bootless task were mine,  
 To wake those visions pure as fair—  
 They could but fill a soul like thine  
 With all the blackness of despair.

I speak not as the injured wife,  
 Of all the long and weary years  
 With woe, and scorn, and insult rife,  
 And mark'd by ever-falling tears.

Nor yet as might the outraged queen,  
 The daughter of a princely race—  
 'Twere idle—kindred kings, I ween,  
 Behold my undeserv'd disgrace.

I plead not for my only child,  
 Nor ask for her a father's love—  
 Far happier, she from Courts exiled,  
 Her thoughts intent on heaven above.

Be none of these my motive now,  
 When earth is fading from my sight;  
 When death's cold damp bedews my brow,  
 And opes for me the tomb's long night.

Upon the verge of time I stand,  
 And backward turning, see but thee;  
 I find the fetter'd neck and hand,  
 And fain would try to set them free.

As Christian woman, then, I speak:  
 As wife who seeks her husband's weal;  
 The anguish'd tear rolls o'er my cheek,  
 Yet 'tis not for myself I feel.

Mine early love is all restored,  
 It burns with pristine fervor yet,  
 Again my bosom owns its lord,  
 And all my wrongs I would forget.

Then, Henry, husband of my youth,  
 Shake off the wicked one's control,  
 List to the silvery voice of truth,  
 Which ever whispers to the soul.

I charge thee, quit the paths of sin,  
 Where nought but fell remorse is found—  
 Turn to that narrow way, wherein  
 Sweet peace and heavenly joy abound.

Alas! a boding voice I hear,  
 Which tells me that my hopes are vain,  
 That he, to this sad heart so dear,  
 Shall ne'er seek virtue's haunts again.

That England, pale and agonized,  
 Shall writhe beneath his iron sway,  
 And laws for ages dearly prized,  
 In his stern grasp shall pass away.

Henry, adieu! my hour is come—  
 The voice of our dead children calls—  
 I go to my eternal home,  
 On all earth's scenes the curtain falls.

Now hear me, as though from the tomb  
 A herald unto thee werè sent—  
 Try to avert thine awful doom—  
 Turn to the Saviour, and repent!  
 Montreal, Dec. 1846.

## DAY-DREAMS.

BY B. S.

Who would not lift at times his eye  
 To mark the heaven that smiles above him,  
 And fancy bending from on high  
 Those sainted shades that guard and love him,  
 And think in clouds their forms he sees,  
 Or lists their voice in evening's breeze!

Who would not oft from ages past,  
 Bards, sages, heroes, patriots, call—  
 Earth's proudest boast—o'er whom are cast  
 The dazzling folds of glory's pall,  
 Nor burn to emulate the fame  
 That like a halo circles them!

Who would not weep when woman weeps,  
 Who would not smile when woman smiles,  
 Nor soothe the pang that never sleeps  
 Within her breast when man beguiles,  
 Nor prove her shield from every storm  
 Which may her fortune's sky deform!

As ivy round the lofty oak  
 Its slender arms enamoured throws,  
 And, safe from every tempest's shock,  
 Beneath its shadow calmly grows,  
 So, woman! Heaven intended thee  
 By man protected thus to be.

O, who could gaze when new-born day  
 Far in the orient opes its eye,  
 Or when its glories melt away  
 Like visions in the western sky,  
 Nor, like Elijah, mount afar  
 To happier worlds, in fancy's car!

O, who could wander when the moon  
 Through fleeting clouds by fits is seen—  
 When streams reflect her in her noon,  
 And earth is still, and air serene,  
 Nor feel his spirit by degrees  
 Enlarge and blend with all he sees!

These are the day-dreams of the mind—  
 Its interludes of hallowed joy—  
 Its blameless hours—in which we find  
 Our thoughts sublimed from earth's alloy,  
 And taught to relish purer bliss,  
 And scenes of brighter loveliness.

# LOCAL LEGENDARY TALES OF IRELAND.

BY PHILANDER OFFALIE, ESQ.

NO. III.

## THE TREASURE SEEKER.

"Thus seeking for the golden spoil  
Long hidden deep beneath the soil,  
By rules of art I dug the ground  
While night and storm were dark around."

CORNELIUS O'CARROLL, as he wrote his name, in cramp characters, with an O as large as a plate,—or as he was better known, *Con-na-boccaugh*, or Limping Lero, from the shortness of one of his legs,—was second in command, own man, foot, and errand-boy, charioteer, and body-guard, to the hospitable and happy Widow Moriarty. To give even an idea of the multifarious vocations of Corny would be impossible. He said himself he was "cook, slush and dairy maid." Equally impossible would it be to say that he fulfilled the duties of any one office, or even pretended to fulfil them. He was a distant relation to his mistress, and was consequently a privileged person; at least he thought he ought to be. His ready excuse was, "Arrah! sure blood's thicker nor wather any day; aint I the rest o' themselves?" Though Idler in ordinary, and Story-teller General to the establishment of Knockbeg House, yet he was sometimes useful and always in request. No one could give such pleasing accounts of the coming harvest and its prospects to the "Mistress," which he made out was principally due and owing, under Providence, to his own judicious management and industry; no one so ready to drive home, and spencil the cows for the girls, turn a spit, bring in turf, give a hand to wait on table, look after Master Brian's dogs and sporting gear, find out a hare's seat, or a covey of partridges; none could drive the ladies in such style, or, in a strange place, with hat in hand, pay them such obeisance; and none could tell—and this talent was the best feather in his cap—so many droll stories, legends of the past, personal adventures, and passing events, or repeat the dim old prophecies that told of the future. To be sure he was an idle, drunken, philandering, occasionally-light-fingered, lying sort of fellow, (his statements were always taken at a considerable discount, all due allowance being made.) He had one fault, it must be admitted,

and that was, staying out late. Every night, as regularly as the sun went down, was he engaged in some excursion, *shanoichis*, at the neighbors', or drinking, doacing, or something, at the "Cat and the Fiddle," or digging for hidden gold. It must have been owing to being out so much "twixt twelve and one" with his mental faculties in a certain state of aberration, that he saw, or thought he saw, so many strange sights; here falling in with the "good people," there carried off on the Pooka, encountering so many

"Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and gray."

At any rate,—on those occasions it was, that he collected or invented those tales with which he amused so often a credulous but attentive auditory round Mrs. Moriarty's fire-side.

But if he loved one thing more than another it was digging for hidden treasures. Having first discovered the locality in a dream, where they lay since the "troubled times," he thought he could not always be unsuccessful, but in some lucky hour, find a crock of gold, when with a coach and four, and rich as a Jew, he need shift no longer for a living, but live like the lords of the soil, an idea particularly grateful to his indolent habits. On returning from his nocturnal rambles, he prevented the reprimand, or turned away the volley of invective, by commencing a story as he raised his hand to the latch, by this manœuvre taking off the attention of the enemy from himself, and engrossing it with his "hairbreadth 'scapes" or traditionary tales, and thus in effect silencing the only battery that could be brought to bear on him, and from which he deserved and expected a running fire of small arms, or a heavy cannonade.

When out later than usual, he was ready with a circumstantial account of being led through bogs and morasses for two hours, by the mischie-

vous "Will o' the Wisp," bad luck to him! He could hear "ould Nero" barking, and the pigs grunting, and yet could not find his way home; or he had laid down by a fairy hill, or been crossed on the road by an evil spirit. All these assertions he maintained by a hastily constructed fortification and redoubt, of certain facts of time and place, which gave a colour of truth to his statements. He had on one occasion thrown Knockbeg House into dismay, by announcing that all the pits of Arateagh Collingum had suddenly filled with water; several lives, he declared, had been lost!—reverently adding "rest to the souls of the faithful departed!"—widows and orphans, he asserted, were as thick as blackberries. On another occasion he told them of the moving bog—the Bog of Allen—that had walked away with itself the week before, without saying so much as "by your lave," and settled snug and *sanstough* in the Black North, where the people were in sore want of firing. What should be done for coals or turf? Mrs. Moriarty was alarmed, and seizing the tongs, hurled off a quantity of fuel from the fire, and opened a volley on the housemaid for her waste and extravagance.

A small circle of country cousins, gossips, and followers of the family, sat one stormy night round the ample hearth of Widow Moriarty's kitchen, where a cheerful turf fire threw its flashing brightness on the faces of youth and age. The mistress herself sat there too in an old fashioned high back chair, for she loved to talk and listen to the hangers on of that mirthful region; and we read that even queens have been accustomed to visit such localities, for the song says—While

"The King was in his parlor, counting all his money,  
The Queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey."

Some girls were spinning or carding, or employed in other domestic concerns, and the lambent flame brought into view now and then the dark figures of some half dozen farm servants, stretched on benches or piles of turf about; while Master Brian's deep voice and merry laugh, and woman's musical tone from the parlor, told that the aforesaid young sprig was amusing his sisters, as in duty bound.

"Lucy, bolt the door at ten," said Mrs. Moriarty; "that limping cur shall not come into my house at all hours; but it doesn't matter," she added, "he'll get in somewhere."

"Let him alone," said a crony, "I think he'll come through the door yet."

"Surely he's not a ghost," answered the mistress of the mansion. "He can't pop through the keyhole."

"I've often heard that love laughs at locksmiths," the other responded. "Isn't Lucy there his sweetheart? Do you think she'd send him away like the wandering Jew?"

The girl blushed deeply. What a tell-tale is a blush on a young cheek! It ought to be ashamed of itself.

"Lucy," said Mrs. Moriarty, "has too much sense to mind the palaver of such an idle, little-good-for spalpeen as Con, unless he should find this crock of gold he's so sure of; and he fills the foolish girl's head with notions of wealth and coaches and castles, enough to turn her brain."

"Maybe he'll give her a love philter. If he does she'll go to the world's end after him."

"He'll want some magical assistance then—philter, or charm,—for he's not very charming himself either in face or figure; but Lucy'll give him the slip yet, or I'm mistaken, for he's every body's body, with a heart like a cullender, riddled with holes by this time. Any handsome girl—there was Kitty Malone, and Ellen Tracy, and Moya—; but here he comes!"

And his "save all here!" footsteps were heard approaching with a hop-and-go-constant motion. The dogs raised their rough noses from between their paws, growled and then wagged their tails; the latch was raised.

"God be good and merciful to your souls, I pray! But it was the poor sight!" said a weak sweet voice, coming in at the door.

"Oh! you *Sleeven!* What *raumaush* is now on the tip of your tongue?" said the widow, in high displeasure.

"Lord brake any one's hard cross! it's thrue as as you're there, ma'am," said the little ugly lame man, with a sigh, advancing; and having knocked a bag off a stool, he coolly sat down in the corner, without removing his kersey outside coat or cat-skin cap. The Crowner—

"Do you think to put your finger in my eye again, you night-walking, idle—?"

"I was goin' to tell how I was at the Crowner's Inquest, and I'm not the same since. The pity-fullest sight that—"

"Hold your tongue, you drunken, lying,—Oh wait till the priest comes; he'll make an example of you. You think the heart doesn't feel what the eye doesn't see; but I *know* my substance is going to the sheeben to pay your scores; they say the stones of the street are rising against the widow and the orphan,—God help us!"

"Faix! you may believe me this time; between me and death, if—"

"Whose Inquest, Con, agraph?"

"One Tim Delany—rest his soul! I can't say that I was one of the twelve men that

tried him ; I won't tell no lies ; but I was all as one. A dead man's head was found at Quaker Doyle's mill-dam yesterday, and the Crowner set upon it and found it guilty of wilful murder, or at the laste manslaughter. 'Twas odd, too, there was a pipe between the teeth,—and that reminds me, have any of yez a *shuagh* o' tobacco to spare ? my teeth are watherin' for a whiff, and there's not as much in my pouch as 'ud blind your eye. And to-day the body was found ; the Crowner set upon that agin, and discovered the right owner of the head, and a likely man he was. The eels, they say, wur cummin' out of the poor carcass, and Tom Dudley, the dirty devil ! caught one and brought it home to ate. 'Augh ! my heavy hatred on him ! it's upside down I'd turn at the thoughts of it, the *haythen* ! I'll never ate an eel the longest day I live ; they're snakes, make the best of them. Howsumever, a man came and swore that last Saturday week he was mowin' wid Tim Delany that's dead, by the side of the Barrow, and whin they came to the ind of the swarth, Tim went to look at the river and rest himself with his scythe in his fist ; whin what should he see, but a salmon sunnin' himself by the bank. So he ups with the spik'd scythe handle and makes a prod at the fish ; but it's not known to this day whether he hot it or no, for his head dropp'd before his face into the river, and he fell after it. You see he forgot, as he balanced the scythe handle, that the long blade was across his nick, and when he struck at the salmon, pop went his sponce into the wather.

"'Twould make the flesh creep on your bones to look at him. Och—ochone ! the verjickt was manslaughter."

"Och !—ochone ! the Lord be good to him ! Amin ! rest his sowl in glory ! Amin, amin ! God help the woman that own'd him, Och ! wirra-stru ! the crathur !" with sundry lamentations, followed the narrative of Con-na-Boccaugh !

"You're sure that's all true, Con ?" asked Mrs. Moriarty.

"Sartin. Oh ! May I grow to this stool if I tell you a word o' lie. But I wish the same Tim Delany had found it convenient to kill and drown himself some other place than by Grange Castle. I'm ever and always dhramin', dhramin', about a crock of goold that's buried near the spot ; I have neither rest nor pace but dhramin' of it, and I'm given to know, it's guarded by a black hound. Tim Delany haunts the place now, and I'm sorry for it ; he was seen near the ould castle last night."

I may mention here that the belief is very prevalent among our peasantry that there are large sums of money concealed in the neighbour-

hood of many old castles, raths and abbeys. It is supposed that as the Bank of Ireland was not then in existence, the abbots, before the love of lucre prompted Plantaganet to suppress the monasteries, buried the wealth of their houses in the earth ; and the gentry, when going "to the wars," either at home or abroad—for in those days, a portion of the people, belonging to a certain sect, debarred from promotion in their native land, were obliged to seek honorable employment for their talents on a foreign soil—concealed their riches near their paternal halls. Chief and churchman, fearing the hand of power, predatory aggression, or the midnight thief, are believed to have done this. Some animal is believed to have been slain, and buried on the site, to keep watch and ward over the hidden treasures, and the soul of him who made the deposit, or the sentinel, must hover there, and never go to rest till a discovery is made.

Hence the guardian of the gold is known to make revelations to the sleeper in a dream on three successive nights, provided no mention is made of the fact to point out the spot, and name the manner of obtaining it. And yet, when the attempt is made, he tries to defend his charge, unless prevented by potent antidotes, in the shape of spiritual agency, a bottle of holy water, a black-handled knife, a wand of witch hazel, or some other charm of equal power.

On what basis these theories are built, it would be vain to conjecture. The peasant dreams of hidden treasures ; ingots of gold, marks, florins, and doubloons jingle to his ear, while amethysts and rubies sparkle to his eye ; he digs and finds nothing. This is attributed to inattention to the necessary forms, to the absence of amulets, or to the fact of the invisible sentinel having previously removed the glittering store ; or the money digger is frightened from his labours by demons, the creation of his own fertile and excited fancy. In excavating raths, urns containing human bones are often found, these hills having been anciently the burial places of the Pagan Irish ; but it is believed that, but for the machinations of the spectre, or from their not being discovered by night, these would be filled with the purest gold. Tales are often told of rich men, having found a crock of gold in throwing down an old house, or on opening a long closed window or fire place ; for from many he will not get credit for having amassed his wealth by honest industry, as that would be a reproach to their indolent selves.

"And would you be afraid of Tim's spirit, Corny ? Who knows but he wants to be spoken to ?" enquired an aged man.

"Afeard, annah ! that's not the suck I gett.

Me afeard of a ghost ! I'm too well used to thim now. But as he had no time to make his pace, he may have somethin' heavy on his sowl, and might lay a pennance on me that I never could perform—I know he is in thruble."

"How do you know that ?" asked the widow.

"Know that, ma'am ! he appeared to his son, they say, on Sunday night, smoking his dhudeen at the fire ; the boy happened to waken and look from the room into the kitchen, and there he saw his father, very melancholy like in himself. Ever since that he lays a good fire down and a pipe of tobacco on the hob before he goes to bed. And Shane-dhu saw him since standin' under a tree by Grange Castle, reading his prayer book—its ezy seen he's in thruble—the Lord forgive him his sins !"

"Had he his head on him, ma-bouchal ?"

"I don't know how he could well read or smoke about it, tho' I never heard of a ghost that had a better right to appear with his head under his arm, as the Dallahans do, they say. I never saw one, barrin' the death-coach and headless horses."

"I thought you'd give up gold seeking and turn yourself to something useful since the night you were disappointed at the Barrack wall," said his mistress.

"That was no-fault o' mine, or the dhrame either ; the money was there, but I was robb'd and plunder'd, ma'am, if ever a man was ; the devil take the thieves, and that it may nivir do thim good that got it ! Some ould soger or officer hid his booty there, and maybe he did'nt get it honest—maybe he got it by plundering the dead in the field o' battle, or the livin' in a sack'd town, —or maybe he chated the King, for many a man that houlds his head high done that, in the ould wars, and in furren parts. Maybe he got it by making contracts, and then sending out a ridgetime of horse and foot to dhrive all the cattle before them into the barrick-yard, and then charging Government so much a head—so my father that followed the wars so long, said some o' them did. Faith ! he knew an officer who had a contract for buryin' the dead, who made one coffin do for all, by manes of a sliding bottom ; this was dhrawn out at the grave, and down the dead man wint ; he was covered up, and there was no more about him. 'Come bad go bad,' they say, and may all my ill luck go wid it."

"How did you lose it, Corny ?"

"Well ! I gave John Madigan a hint—jist the wind o' the word—and what does he do but goes hims-elf and gets it ; when I wint, Lucy there, came wid me."

"Now, Con, it's a great shame for you, so it is," said the blushing girl.

"Faix ! and you did, and held the lantern too.

"Twas so sure. I did'nt want to give shares to others. A great blow it was too ; howsmever, I dug—dug—dug,—sayin' my prayers as hard as I cu'd. At last I cum's to a fleg. 'Here it is, Lucy !' said I hitting it a prod ; 'here it is ! and our fortin's made, and the fortin of our sivin ginerations.' But I was spaking to the wind ; sorra a blessed syllable she heard, for the first word wasn't out o' my mouth when she fell down in a faint—dead as a doore nail, with joy or fright, I don't know which—she can tell you herself ; so I ups and throws a bottle of whiskey slap in her face, for we hadn't a sup of wather—not the bottle, but the contents I mane,—and slapped her hands, and bawled in her ear till I thought she was gone ; at last she opened her eyes, looked up in my face and sighed, the crathur ; 'Corny,' says she, 'I'm a poor, wake girl,' says she, 'not fit to be the wife of a strugglin' man ; but I wish I was as rich as Dives for your sake.'"

"Now, Con—indeed I did'nt. Is'nt it a shame for you, now ? The back o' my hand and the—"

"May I never stir but thim was your very words ; 'arrah ma colleen bawn dheelish,' says I, givin' her a kiss.

"Corny Carroll ! well if you ever—"

"Afore God and I did so. 'Arn't we all as one as book sworn, *ma colleen bawn dheelish* ?' says I ; 'sure I'm as rich as Nebiodnaazer the King o' the Jews,' says I. 'Where's the treasure ?' says she. 'Wait a bit and you'll have the full o' your aprin in no time,' says I, jumpin' into the hole again, and liftin' out the flag. 'Now for the crock !' says I ; and sure enough there was a crock, and a big one too ! but not as much money as would jingle on a tombstone. 'Robbery !' says I ; 'Jack Madigan, you're a desaver,' says I ; 'you have the goold, and de devil do you good wid it !' Wid that I came home, thinking all the way it wasn't worth his while to lave the crock behind.

"I thought poor Lucy wu'd cry her eyes out ; It was a heavy blow to us both, ma'am. Jack's risin' his head of late and so well he may, for his pouch is lined with my money ; I'll nivir go behind the bush, but some bad ind 'll cum ov it, and more o' that to him."

"I think I could throw some light on that affair," said Mrs. Mortarty ; "Madigan told my son of your intentions, and both went with a milk pan of mine, and laid it in the place you went to dig, and covered it with a flag ; and as to his prosperity, I have rented him a farm lately, and given him two cows to begin the world with ; you know he's Brian's foster-brother ;

but I think he will take a treasure from you in the person of Lucy."

"Well! I ax God's pardon for accusin' him in the wrong; but as for Lucy, he might as well think o' takin' the apple o' my eye. Her, indeed! wu'd no one else shute him? The never a bit o' her'll tie the knot with him, with her tongue, she can't open with her teeth."

"But I haven't seen you since dinner time yesterday; pity you should be absent this morning, when the old avenue ditch was levelled; Brian said you had expectations there," said Mrs. Moriarty with a smile.

"And so I had, ma'am; it's not down is it?"

"Down to the ground; and Pat Karney, he says, found something, for he went away and hasn't returned since."

"Do you tell me so, mistress? Oh fire and smoke! ah I'm done for now anyway; that was my best dipidence. There now, Masther Brian! you'll nivir have a day's luck, nivir! nivir! I say it and I'd swear it,—you'd nivir consint to come wid me; and I tould him two of the family should be presint, or one black stranger. And there's the black stranger has it afther all! O chone! o chone! By the table o' war! I knew well it was there, and I tould him so. What will become of me now?"

Corny buried his face in his hands, rocked his body to and fro, in mental agony, till his bitter grief found vent in a flood of tears.

"My father afore me was unlucky," he continued; "he dug for a crock of goold one night in the Castle of Carlow, and got a dale of opposition; the candle was blew out as good as tin times; the ravins flapped their wings about his head, and tried to pick his eyes out; but he had the heart of a lion, drunk or sober. He dug away as gay as a lark, till he cum to it, and dug it up. 'Twas an ould iron helmet full of doubloons; and whin he held up the treasure, and he scarce able to sthagger undher it, a soger comes up and whips it out o' his hand, as you would a feather! And that's all the good he got ov it."

"It was very natural to find an old helmet in such a place, filled with clay; and no doubt he disturbed all the bats, owls, and pigeons of the old tower; but, Corny, here are the girls coming to hear a story from you. Don't fret, agraph! for the treasure lost to-day; the early bird gets the early worm; you'll find a pot of gold yet. Come sit down."

"It's a bad day I wouldn't give the best in the wallit to Miss Emily; take an air o' the fire, Miss; the Lord mark you to grace, and bless your purty sweet face! Miss Mary, throw the light o' your eye on us, *alanna machree!* Faix! its many

a fellow 'll be brakin' his heart for you yit, plaze God! She's your very piethur, ma'am,—a second. Molly Cokely she'll be! Half the young gintleman died for the love o' her, and the other half were shot fightin' for her. The greatest beauty she was, they say, that ever lived; like a beautiful fairy in a mortifying glass; tindher as a cooin' dove to her friends, but proud as a paycock to others. She wint by the name o' 'Murtherin' Molly.' Give me a kiss, *ahudgeen*—don't be afraid; do you think I'd bite you?

"Afther atin' my breakfast,—God bless the purwidiers!—in this very kitchen, one fine mornin' at the peep o' day, and thinkin' to myself, whether I'd go to break the young coult, or mould the pigs, or look afther the cattle, or get the pony shod, or stale a game cock from Kilconney House, or feed the pigeons,—who should come in, with his 'good morrow and good luck to you,' but Tim Karney. I bid him the time o' day, and asked him to take an air o' the fire. Tim and I was always very thick in regard of a likin' I had for a sister of his; a sweet purty colleenshe was as any in the barony. She was too good and beautiful to live—welcum be His holy will!—and the heavens be her bed!"

Here he knocked or pretended to knock a tear out of the corner of his eye, with a sling of his hand, in which he brought two fingers together, with a crack that had a highly ludicrous effect.

"Tim says to me, 'I want to spake to you, Corny, consamin' a dhrame I had now for three nights successively,' says he; 'its a pan o' goold buried near the ould castle, and I'll have neither rest nor pace till I thry my luck,' says he; 'say the word and we'll go shares, and none need be the wiser.'

"'It's makin' game o' me, Tim, you are,' says I, 'this holy and blessed mornin,'—twas Lady-day in harvest. 'Be this and be that, its too good to be throe,' says I. 'Indeed, and it's not,' says Tim, layin' his hand on his breast; 'an' it's sorry I'd be to do the same.' 'Well,' says I, 'there's the blessed sun dancin' abuv in the heavens, and I tell you, Tim Karney, in his presence, I'm a helpless, harmless boy, and don't bring me into any scrape,' says I. 'Its God's truth I tell you,' says he. 'Give us yer hand,' says I. 'I'll go, and no objection, not the laste in life, and glad to be ax'd: but Tim,' says I, 'we'll want one to hould the candle, and two to dig.'

"We got Jack Griffin—the Lord be good to him!—we used to call him Cheney Shanks; you'd think he was threadin' on eggs, he walked solight; but it's many a year the daisies are growin' over him. Off we set, and a cruel cowlid night it was; 'twould perish the Danes. I shiver'd and shook, in heart and limb, like a dog in a wet sack,

thinkin' every bush and rock was a ghost, for the night was as black as the ace of spades. And that was my first night o' goold seekin', but not my second, nor my last, I hope.

"As we wint by the orchard wall, what should I see, but poor Ramsay's ghost, as I thought in a shroud,—that was before the priest *laid* him,—and I fairly took to my scrapers, till Tim called me back laughin'; and there was a white puckawn goat standin' on his hind legs, clippin' the ivy from a tree. 'Here's the spot,' says Tim, when he came to an ould rumpike of an ellum. 'Here's the goold!' says he, 'and here goes, in the blessed Name!' And they did dig sure enough—troth if Andy Hagan handled his spade with half the haste, the corpses needn't be waitin' so long in the cowlid to have their graves dug,—but they say he can take them out in half the time he puts them in. He was ever and always complainin' to Father Daly that the neighbours called him 'Lift-'em up;,' but the priest made light of the thing, till he tazed and tazed to be cleared on the altar. So he says—his rivirence, I mane—to get shut of Andy, one day at a station: 'Be me word!' says he, 'I think you do, and ate them also; look at his long teeth,' says his rivirence,—the heavens be his bed!—he was the pleasant man! Andy said he'd write to the Bishop on the head of it, and Father Daly just calls him back, and takin' him by the showlder, runs him head-foremost out in the doore, and gave him a kick as he was goin'. Oh! he was a handy man with his foot—God bless him!—or rest his sowl in glory! I mane—'Now put that in for a postscript,' says he.

"But where am I? aye at the ellum tree. I hild the candle as well as I cu'd, and at last they reached a nice round flag, as smooth as a plate; Tim threw it on the grass, and stooped to lay hould o' the treasure that was shinin' in the bottom o' the hole,—so they say—I didn't see it myself—when deed and deed! (I don't curse) it's as thrue as if I had the Book in my hand,—you'd think all the artillery in Ireland wur firin' about our heads; the thunder rowled and rowled, and I saw with my own two eyes, a black man comin' up by the castle wall, with a three cocked hat on his head; and wid that Tim was hoisted up out o' the hole, and rizing a parch in the air, was cast into a brake of briars, and a gush of wather spouted up in the pit. And there it's to be seen to this day. Tim and Jack ran; I was left behind, and I gave myself over for lost, thinkin' every minit that the black spirit would nab the skirt o' my coat. And so ended my first night's goold-seeking.

"Next night we wint agin, but took good care

to make a ring of holy wather round the tree, but as fast as the clay was cast up, 'twas cast down you'd say twice as fast; so we give up, and Tim said he wouldn't go agin for a mint o' money. Poor fellow! he's dead now. The treasure is there to this day, and nobody knows it but myself?"

"Why don't you try your luck again?" said Mrs. Moriarty.

"I'm thinkin' of goin', ma'am, as soon as the night's get a little longer. But I never tould *you*, Miss Mary, of the time we dug at Parristown Churchyard. I had the dhrame for three nights successfully, and till after the third night, never opened my lips about it to man or mortal—well knowing if I did, the treasure would be turned into knucklebones and ashes; but I was give to understand a life should be lost. In due time I let Terry Malone, and Shemus Soolivan—he was called Buck Soolivan by some, and Soolivan the Rake, by others—any way I let them into the secret, but when I said there was a life to be lost they turned pale. 'If you meet any one on the way home,' says I, 'they'll wondher you got out o' your comfortable bed, this cowlid night, or may be, ask if you had no nearer friend to appear to, for yer as white as a sheet,' says I. They didn't look a bit pleasanter, nor their faces less long, when I said that the goold was guarded by a headless blackamoor, and a black grey-hound. Terry said, 'Ketch me goin', if he got as much goold as wud break an asses back;,' and Shemus swore dreadfully, for he'd curse and sware till you'd say he'd rise the roof off the house—God forgive him! He was an imp of Satan, if iver there was one. 'Twas him took seven skulls from Rosnacreena berrien ground for a wager, and when the ghost cried out, 'that's me granmother's skull' he swore like a throoper he didn't care whose it was, he'd take it; and so he did. A wild rogue he was surely, always roaming with the girls, or drunk as a lord, or cursin' till he'd rise the hair o' your head—but a good natured fellow for all; and a fine fighter. 'May I never handle shillelah again,' says Shemus, 'if I'll put one foot past t'other with you, Corny,' says he; 'no,' by the mortal man! for I'd sooner fight a legion o' devils than a headless crathur of that kind. *May I never see Sunday with my life!*' says he, 'if I stir a peg'—and he got his prayer—we niver should have a bad word in our mouths. By the dint of over persuasion, I got them to come at last, for I thought it might be all *moryeh*; and that when I turned my back they'd dig for the money themselves. I tould them 'for sartain that the ould Squire buried his goold there before he wint to the wars in Garmany and Portingale,' and axed them if they would let a chance of being made up forever,



slip thro' their fingers? 'If we do,' says I, 'we deserve to be poor and hungry all our lives.' Each then thought that he might escape,—one trusted to luck, another to courage, and myself to a gospel that was blessed by Father Daly, and hung round my neck by my mother on her death-bed. We got our forks and shouls, a crowbar, lantern, canteen o' whiskey, a bottle of holy wather, a dark hafted knife to stick the spirit, and a black cat to kill and throw in the hole, when we got the goold, in place o' the life that was to be lost. Whin we came to Parristown churchyard, Shemus was the same dare-devil as ever. 'As we're gone so far, there's no back doores now,' says he; 'let us see it out; for, be all the saints in the callendur! I'll give in to no man with or without a head, while a breath of life remains,' says he. 'If I don't live here, I must live some place else,' says he, callin' for the bottle, and he did take a pull sure enough! not as much as you'd sprinkle yourselves wid he left; not a toothful. And then he laughed at us for *omedhauns*. 'Come, boys!' says he, strikin' a light, and handin' the lantern to me. 'Rouse your hearts, and stand like min till we come to the treasure,' says he, 'for we won't get it without a struggle;' so he pulls off his coat, and stuck his fork a foot and a half in the sod at the first dash, and down he and Terry dug till they cum to a flat stone, an' hot it a prod; and the sound riz up in the air, and seemed to swell over the heavens; and then we heard a rumbling nize as good as three or four miles away, cummin' nearer and nearer till it surrounded us, and a fairy blast-like swept past, and nearly whipt me off with it. The air was filled with the din and tumult o' contendin' armies, and the lightnin' flashed in the form of sogers, their swords cuttin' and hackin' all afore 'em. I tho't my last minit or the end o' the world was come, and I'd have given a mug of moidores to be sittin' where I am now; but to crown all, I hears a bull lowin' in the next field, thin the rattlin' o' chains as he tore up the airth. 'It's the divil himself,' says Shemus; 'd'ye hear the chains how they rattle?' 'Boys, boys! come away, come away,' I cried, 'while there's an inch of life in us, and let him keep his dirty goold;' and off we pelted as fast as legs could carry us, leaving forks and shovels to the marcy o' the roaring reprobate, and never looked behind till we put the runnin' wather atween us and the evil spirit; and whin we got to the far side, would ye believe me, Miss Mary? there he was like a ball of fire. Faith! we had the hought of a lucky escape that night.

(To be continued.)

## AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ALEX. SKAKEL, L.L.D.

Ah, woe! he's gone—and now my soul doth mourn  
With bitter, scalding tears. I weep for one  
Whom Death hath taken to his darksome bourne,  
And left a void in countless hearts, that none  
Can e'er fill up again. Oh! he has throw  
Through many a young mind, the deep bright rays  
Of his own genius. Now he is gone  
Like some bright, flashing meteor, that displays  
Its transient beauties, and then sinks from mortal gaze!

Ah! 'tis the fate of life to die, and yet  
When friends we cherish and revere, lie down  
To rest through all Eternity—regret  
And bleeding ties do bind the soul, and drown  
The beauteous earth in sorrow. Who could frown  
On the bereaved who weep a cherished friend?  
Oh! none. The sight wrings sympathy, to crown  
The truth, that with our earthly fate must blend  
Sorrow and tears—and unto these mankind must meekly  
bend.

The sun shines, but he feels it now no more,—  
The birds sing, but they gladden not his heart—  
And the bright flowers of earth cannot restore  
The beam within his sunken eye;—the dart  
Of death hath chilled his life-blood, and the spark  
Of consciousness is quenched:—none can relume  
The vital flame within him. There's no art  
To warm the clay within the frozen tomb,  
Nor cast one gleam of sunshine through Death's midnight  
gloom.

Philosophy came to him, and she wept  
To see her child upon the deathsome bier;  
She scattered flowers above his form that slept,  
Eternal sleep to earth,—and all that's fair  
And beautiful to mind wept mournful there;  
And Death was shamed, and left his mighty throne  
To hide his grim repentance:—for the stare  
Of thousands was upon him,—and the bone  
Of his dry cheek grew red at sight of what he'd done.

From earth his soul hath flown—but he's enshrined  
Within my heart's sad depths; and memory  
Its halo of love round him doth wind  
And turn in varied thought, with many a sigh  
For the hours I've passed beneath his guardian eye.  
He's gone. Alas! all things must pass away—  
The fiat hath gone forth from Him on high;  
And life at most is but a sunny day,  
That smiles a while on earth, then seeks a brighter ray.

Our forms decay, but as a brilliant star  
The soul shines sweetly down from Heaven's high dome.  
Death is the Monarch of the Charnel-house—we are  
The subjects he reigns over in the tomb.  
Let him!—throned though he be in sunless gloom,  
He cannot for the soul forge chains or gyves—  
He can but usher the bright spirit home,  
And set it free from all its earthly ties,  
With the bright angel band to live beyond the skies.

# BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BY ARESKAT.

Far from the busy town and crowded mart,  
How joyous 'tis alone to wander forth,  
To leave the scenes of man's ambitious views,  
And all the things of art—to look upon  
The noble works of nature, and to dwell  
With silent admiration on her charms,  
Displayed on every hand—to watch the change  
From the first breaking forth of early dawn,  
To the high noon and evening's closing hour!

How beautiful the woods,

When shining fair  
Beneath the rosy light of leafy June!  
When they put forth the blossom and the bud,  
And cast soft shadows on the turf below:  
And when the calm sweet breath of summer morn  
Is breathing gladness over hill and glade,  
Nature casts off the drowsy chains of sleep,  
And "feathered minstrels" warble in the grove,  
Tuning their matin lays of liberty,  
In their own sweet and untaught melody:  
And the young leaves upon the forest trees  
Like emeralds in the early sunshine gleam,  
And the wild flowrets on the river's brink,  
Bend their light bells and quiver in the breeze,  
Seeming as if to elfin trioes they rang  
A fairy chime, unheard by mortal ears.

How beautiful!

When many-coloured Autumn comes—  
Tinging their foliage with its changeful hues,  
And scatters them upon the passing breeze.  
While the sere leaves (like old attachments) cling  
Around the branches that had cherished them,  
And which so soon will coldly cast them off,  
And welcome in their turn, to fill their place,  
The green and joyous children of the Spring.

And such is human friendship!—

For awhile  
Man clings to some one whom he calls his "friend,"  
And cherishes the kindly feeling—'till  
Wearied with gazing on the self-same face  
Day after day, he wishes for a change:—  
And coldly severing, without remorse,  
The chain that long had bound them to himself,—  
When every thought and wish was mutual,  
And Friendship held uninterrupted sway  
Over their thoughts and actions,—turns his back  
Upon the friends of old, for younger forms,  
And newer faces, false perhaps, as fair!—

They're beautiful when bursting into life,  
Or standing desolate 'mid winter's snows,  
Like the last scions of a mighty race,  
Whose days of glory have long passed away,  
And down the stream of years were swiftly borne  
Lone and majestic,—stern in their decay,—  
Stretching their forked branches far and wide,  
As in remonstrance 'gainst the dark'ning sky;—  
Like an old man bereft of every tie,  
Whose friends, like autumn leaves, deserted him.  
Leaving him lone and destitute to die,  
And one by one dropp'd off, till none remained,  
To cheer his heart in his last dreary hours.

The hills are beautiful!

When silence reigns  
Triumphant 'mid the over-arching pines,  
All darkly waving to the western sky,  
Like banners of a spirit host, arrayed  
In the proud majesty of the coming storm:  
And when upon the towering, snow-clad peak,  
Dark desolation holds his gloomy reign.

They're beautiful:—

Whene'er the sitting sun  
Is sinking calmly to his gorgeous couch,  
Shedding a wild and fitful splendour o'er  
The dizzy precipice and lonely dell,  
The tangled brake and deepening forest shade;  
The light fades lingering on the rugged steeps,  
And wild flowers blooming on the fertile slopes,  
Disclose their beauties to the lunar beams.

The Lakes are beautiful!

As they repose  
Like crystal mirrors in the woodland shade;  
Each wide expanding disk lies motionless,  
Reflecting in its waters clear and deep,  
Each quivering leaf that trembles on the shore,  
Each light and shadow of the sky above—  
While the bright waters lave the sunny bank,  
And the wild deer come forth with stately step,  
To pause and drink of the pellucid wave;—  
And all is calm around; and in the rays  
Of the broad sun descending to his rest,  
Like waves of liquid sunshine lie they there,  
In silence deep as death.

There's music in the sound of rippling streams,  
Meandering softly through the verdant plain,  
They're beauteous as they wind along the scene,  
Like the bright spirits of a brighter sphere,  
Wandering abroad, in careless merriment,  
As if enraptured with their liberty.  
Now flowing on and dancing on their way,  
Now lost to sight and winding through the shade;  
Gliding 'mid leaves and flowers and sweet perfumes,  
While o'er them droops the weeping willow's boughs,  
As mourning o'er them ere they flow away;  
Now hidden for a time, and then again,  
In all their loveliness bursting on the view;  
And in a string of gem-like sparkles glide  
Upon their murmuring way.

And such is life!

The shallow streamlet like a shallow mind,  
Makes its loud ripples tattle of its depth,  
To draw th' attention of the passers-by;—  
While the deep river silently rolls on  
Its placid course, all conscious of its power,  
And which, if doubted, well can stand the test.

The Sea is more than beautiful!—

'Tis grand  
Majestic, striking, in its smiles and calms,  
And in its terrors awful and sublime!—

'Tis beautiful, when in the summer calm,  
And not a breath is felt upon the wave,  
And the wild ocean lies in slumber deep,  
Unstirred and motionless.

'Tis beautiful

When the dark clouds are flying o'er the sky,  
Passing like restless phantoms o'er the face  
Of ocean's wide immensity; like those  
Dark hours of man's adversity, that cast  
Their gloomy shadows o'er his sky of life,  
Bidding e'en Hope recoil before their path;  
Yet rushing on their heaven-directed way,  
And passing onward as they would impress  
Upon his mind to trust, and not despair,  
That brighter hours are yet to store. For thus,  
Kind words and actions, like the genial rays  
Of summer sunshine, lighten on the soul,  
And bid the heart rejoice, and once more freed  
From the dark frowns of fortune that had lour'd  
Upon his destiny, like storm-clouds hurled  
Across the face of heaven—but ere long  
To brighten up again in sunny smiles,  
And gaily gleam upon his future path,  
Through life and all its changes:—And behold!  
Even now the dawn is breaking o'er the sea,  
And nature springs to welcome back the light,  
And the broad billows, bursting into spray,  
Are rolling wildly round, and seem to be  
Endued with life; and when the merry morn  
Puts on her blushing robe of rosy light,  
Shedding her radiance o'er the billows blue,  
That rise and sparkle in the glancing ray.  
What a proud feeling 'tis to stand upon  
The lofty deck of some tall stately ship,  
And gaze around us on the spreading foam,  
That ever and anon comes whirling by,  
In sheets of snowy whiteness from the bows,  
As on we go!—career'g o'er the wave!

But 'tis amid the tempest's awful hour,  
When the wild winds are sweeping o'er the sea,  
Raising the billows to the very skies,  
As on they come in close and quick array  
Like moving mountains on the stormy main,  
When rolling thunders, pealing through the air,  
And the forked lightning flashing o'er the wave,  
Oh! who could look upon a scene like this  
And not confess that it is beautiful?—

Change we the scene!

Go! watch the setting sun

Descending to his palace in the west,  
From clouds of gold and purple pouring out  
A stream of mellow radiance o'er the scene;  
And gilding mountains, woods and rushing streams,  
In one deep flood of glorious splendour wrapt,  
'Till in the broad illimitable sea,  
He sinks at last, majestic and serene!

She's doubly beautiful, when on the wave,  
In calm unclouded brilliancy array'd,  
Rises the silver moon, and rides in light,  
Shedding her purer ray o'er hill and plain;—  
While far above, amid the clear dark blue,  
And boundless field of ether spread around,  
The starry myriads send forth their light,  
Like diamond spangles on a purple robe—  
And all is hush'd and still, and nature sleeps  
In deep unbroken silence, like the rest  
Of infancy and innocence.—Then might  
The thoughts of one who gazes on the scene,

Rove free and uncontrolled, and fancy dream,  
That those bright spots in heaven's immensity,  
Are eyes of angels looking down on him,  
To cheer him with their influence from on high.  
Look to the Ocean! o'er the slumbering tide.  
Reflected see the moonbeams shining bright,  
Along the gentle heavings of the wave,  
Like an illuminated path to some  
Fair region of the blest;—far—far away,  
Where all is light and glory;—where the sun  
Is never veiled behind his cloudy screen,  
Nor do the beauties of the seasons wane—  
Where sorrow cannot enter, and no tear  
Save that of joy, e'er glistens in the eye;  
Age and deformity usurp no place,  
Eternal freshness blooms upon the cheek,  
Where all the happy spirits ever dwell,  
In calm and sweet tranquillity.

'Tis beautiful!

When darkness dwells around,

Enclosing in its deep mysterious shades,  
The things of earth and sea from human sight;—  
E'en then there's splendour in the flashing wave  
All gleaming in its wild phosphoric light,  
Casting a blue and spectral glare upon  
Whatever objects come within its range;  
Seeming as if we held our sparkling way,  
Through streams of liquid fires wild eddying round,  
Like lightning's glances on each rising wave!—  
The radiant moon now bows her silver brow,  
As if in welcome to the coming dawn,  
The mists hang curtained on the topmost boughs,  
Of the surrounding woods, and roll away,  
In denser volumes of white fleecy vapour,  
From the steep ridges of the mountain's side:—  
The rising sun smiles over winding streams,  
And all around is brightening into day.

But nought of earth can match the breaking dawn,  
Where the wide ocean's pathless regions spread,  
A restless, wild, and boundless solitude!—  
The piled up clouds on the horizon's verge,  
Are tinged with streaks of gold and crimson light—  
The ruddy heralds of approaching Day;  
No objects meet the eye but sky and sea;  
The wide and vast in lonely grandour reign  
O'er all the broad expanse.

Nature is beautiful in all her forms,  
In every aspect and in every change!  
And each revolving season in its train,  
Brings some fresh beauty that the rest have not.  
The verdant freshness of the early *Spring*,  
The *Summer's* more matured and ripening hour,  
The golden harvests of the *Autumn* day,  
And *Winter's* snowy wreaths and icy chains,  
The *Woods* that revel in luxuriant pride,  
The *Streams* that sparkle through the flowery vale,  
The noble *Mountains*, towering far above,  
In all their grandeur and sublimity,  
The mighty *Ocean* in its placid mood  
Or raging madly in the sudden storm,  
The *rosy Dawn* and *Sunset's* gorgeous hour,  
And silent *Night* with all her starry train,  
And all combining to impress the mind  
With heavenly thoughts and aspirations deep;  
For who could coldly view such lovely scenes  
In all their grand variety, and not  
Confess the beauty that pervades the whole,  
And that the hand that formed them is divine!

## NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

" Books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, when pure and good.  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

WORDSWORTH.

No. I.

### THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED,

A SERMON BY THE REV. W. AGAR ADAMSON—PUBLISHED BY ARMOUR AND RAMSAY.

THIS little tract is as forcibly written as the title is happily chosen. The text, which is taken from the 1st chapter Ruth, 8th verse: "The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me," speaks to our souls of bereavement and sorrow, of gratitude and kindness; and while our hearts cannot refuse to sympathize with the suffering of the widowed Naomi, these feelings merge into admiration, as we contemplate the heroic devotedness of the faithful Ruth. The distresses of the widowed mother-in-law have many parallels, were they only sought for in those abodes of sorrow and want, which mankind take too much pains to avoid. But where shall we, in these cold-hearted days, meet with a second Ruth? Where shall we find one, whose own distress could be lost sight of, that another's woes might be mitigated—who could face want and destitution, rather than violate her love; who could expose herself to penury, rather than dishonor her husband's memory, by deserting her who gave that husband being? Duty to the dead, and love for the living, prompted the prayer—

"Entreat me not to leave thee."

We remember as children that the sufferings of Naomi, and the self-sacrifice of Ruth, made our young hearts beat more quickly, and caused the tears to rise unbidden to our eyes; nor are we ashamed to confess before a cynical public, that our manhood is not proof against that which the world in its coldness has learned to call weakness, for we can still weep over the misfortunes of Naomi, and the devotedness of Ruth.

We do not know whether the beautiful stanzas by Swain were present to the mind of the writer when he said that "the gloomy crape of the widow, and the mourning garb of the orphan, in language more eloquent than words, speak to

the soul of the existence, aye, and of the departure of better days;" there is so much of nature in the passage—of truth laden with experience, of experience encrusted with sorrow,—that we cannot withhold it from our readers:

'Twas said she had known better days;  
Sad words—*how old on earth!*  
The voice which fortune here obeys  
Is but of fickle birth!  
How oft we mark some faded dress,  
Where decent pride betrays  
Still mournfully, 'mid all distress,  
An air of better days!

Ah! poverty hath many a shape  
To make the thinking weep!  
The little hat whose scanty crape  
Turns pale the widow's cheek!  
They touch me most, who fain would hide  
Their fall from fortune's ways;  
I can respect—nay love, their pride,  
Who have known better days!

When we our trifling cares reveal,  
Cares which too oft we seek,  
Could we but feel what others feel,  
Our lips would shame to speak!  
To see the morn, but not the *means*—  
How dread that morning's ray!  
Alas! they bear life's hardest scenes,  
Who have known better days.

The Judgments of the Almighty upon us, may perhaps be forgotten in the business of life: the occupations of the world will banish disquieting thoughts, for the duties which custom has devolved upon man, exclude him from that class of suffering, which but too generally attends to heighten the affliction of a woman's bereavement. God help the widow! especially her who has seen better days, for man, having appropriated to himself every description of profitable industry, has left to woman, nothing real but her misery,

no absorbing occupation, but to gaze without interruption upon the view of her own unhappiness.

The sermon was preached in behalf of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Church Society, and the claims of the families of deceased clergymen are eloquently enforced in the following touching and truthful passage :

Remember that the branch of the Church in this Province, is, in a pecuniary point of view, poor and needy. Its Ministers, who are mostly missionaries, have no hope of preferment, and are without the ability to make any provision for their families ; in labouring in the forests, they are content if their daily wants are supplied, and they are happy to toil on, till God shall call them to their reward. But to whom, then, shall they entrust the care of their families, if the Church refuses to provide for their support. Oh ! friends, mitigate by your bounty the only bitterness which attends their dissolution, enable the Church to fulfil her duty by accepting the trust, and thus by sustaining the living, you will deal " kindly with the dead."

The appeal ought to reach the heart and influence the contributions of men, for it is made in behalf of women who have seen better days, but whose grief is therefore noiseless, the pain of its recital will never reach our ears. She suffers grief, but she complains not ; she exchanges wealth for poverty, but she tells not of it. It may be that sadness clouds her smile, and a sigh, but one so gentle, may fill up the pause in her heart's vain throbbings ; but man regards it not, for to him she will strive to

—Appear

All smiles, as unknowing

A sigh or a tear !

Ah ! little we think

Whom the light laugh beguiles,

That hearts which are breaking

Hide sorrow 'neath smiles.

And why is it that she thus cloaks her grief ? The answer is plain—Because she has known better days.

In pursuing the subject of his discourse the author has assumed the by no means improbable hypothesis that Naomi's poverty may have arisen from Elimelech's forgetfulness or neglect, in omitting to make a " testamentary disposition of his substance ;" and from this Mr. Adamson was naturally led to remind his hearers of the solemnity of a duty too often neglected, and he might very properly have added, too seldom enforced ; and lest any should suppose that in referring to what many may have imagined a new requirement, he was not urging upon them the obligations of ancient custom, he says :

But, my brethren, it is not only my duty to ask, whether you have made your wills, but I am commanded by that Church of which I am a

Minister, " not to omit, earnestly to move such as are of ability, when doing so, to be liberal to the poor."

Mr. Adamson then proceeds :

Having demanded of you, whether you have made your will,—let us pause to enquire in what spirit that duty has been discharged ?

And how much must a good man be pained by the revelations of many a will. One's heart is saddened by contemplating the motives which may have induced the deceased to enrich one relative, and pass without notice the claims of another—to add to the accumulations of wealth, and to withhold it from the necessities of want. The following with which we close our extracts, expresses, most forcibly, the truth of these remarks:—

The casement which has remained darkened since he breathed his last, is now opened, and by the returning light, is read the last deed of him whose soul is gone to judgment. No sound is heard in that silent chamber, above the voice which audibly states, item by item, his last will and testament. His family are provided for, and they are satisfied. His friends are remembered, and they are grateful.

Though sometimes it happens that a hasty word, or a youthful indiscretion, has excluded a wife or a child from his regard. An unwelcome remark, or a thoughtless jest, may have hardened his heart to a friend or a brother. But mankind acquits him of blame, for he never forgave them—he never forgave them ! He, who affecting to trust to his Saviour's merits, pleaded for pardon by his forgiveness of others, has entered that Saviour's presence, with the guilt upon his soul of having lived, and died, with the determination never to forgive.

Oh ! friends, if human frailty cannot pardon the slight offences of human frailty, how can the Divine Purity overlook the iniquities of those who have never learned to forgive.

The testimony of the world, however, speaking by the practice of its votaries, but ill accords with the testimony of the Church, speaking in the precepts of the Gospel. Both will comment on the motives which animated the dead ; but one will argue from the practice of men, the other will reason from the commandments of God.

It is true, to a certain extent, the world and the Church agree in their testimony, for both declare that the dearest of earthly ties, is that which binds us to the wife of our bosom, and the claims which nature must cheerfully acknowledge, are those which exist between parent and child. There can be no more beautiful communion of hearts than that which is witnessed in a united family—a family, whose love has not been quenched by domestic strife, whose affection is purified by the interchange of kind offices, and perpetuated by acts of disinterested devotion.

Of these, the world and the Church unite in urging you, as you loved them in your life, to bequeath to them some memorial of your fondness at your death.

If in the company of your kindred, there is one upon whom the hand of misfortune has pressed heavily ; one who has been the victim of fraud, or made poor by losses, whose integrity

has not won for him honour, or whose industry has not secured for him competence ; oh ! think of him kindly, and let not his poverty teach you to forget.

If there be one sad and widowed soul, whose tenderness and love have enabled her to suffer grief without complaint, and whose smile of kindness but ill conceals a broken spirit ; oh ! be moved by Christian pity, to help her helplessness ; let your bounty mitigate the anguish of the canker which death has wrought in her heart ; let your remembrance of her necessities enable her to encounter the future difficulties of life.

If there be one young and tender child, who claims your kindred, one who has been deprived of father and mother, forsaken by the guide of his infancy, and the adviser of his youth, without friends or counsellors, without education or restraint, then act kindly, I entreat you, to the poor orphan. Think of the mis-directed energies of the boy, the perilous solitude of the girl, and as far as in you lieth, shelter their young and generous hearts from the snares and seductions of a world full of temptation.

But, my friends, your own relatives should not be the only objects of your regard. That substance, which you hold in trust for the Almighty, should not be confined to the members of your own family ; this is not the condition of your stewardship ; it is not the purpose for which God has blessed you with abundance. Do not perpetuate beyond your life the abuse of his gifts ; leaven your bequests with charity, evince that you have been mindful of your Redeemer, by remembering the poor who are His representatives, and that in thinking of his Body, the Church, its claims and its wants, you have been actuated by love to Him who is its divine head.

We think the book might fulfil the part of a quiet monitor for the clergy in their pastoral visits, as it would serve to remind "some, of the importance of duties too often neglected"—duties which it is very difficult to introduce with delicacy, or to enforce verbally without offending. It should find a welcome into every house, and the

practice it enjoins ought to be engraven on every heart.

Since writing the above we have been favored with a perusal of the Sermon of the Bishop of Montreal, which was preached for the same object, and which is published in the Church Newspaper of the 11th December. This discourse, like that of Mr. Adamson, presses upon us the importance of duties fearfully neglected ; and, recommending it to the careful attention and serious consideration of our readers, we cannot forbear suggesting at the same time, a thought connected with the channel through which it is published. We cannot but think that the circulating of that valuable public journal, the Church Newspaper, would be greatly increased ; and the principles it inculcates proportionately extended, did it come to us in the form of a periodical instead of that of a newspaper, or even if printed in such a shape as to be conveniently preserved and treasured by its readers. It might, we think, fulfil all the purposes of a newspaper, but yet assume the form of a magazine. By this means subscribers would secure, at the end of the year, a valuable addition to their library, in the possession of a handsome imperial octavo volume.

We trust the publishers will excuse the suggestion, but it is pressed upon us by the conviction that the Church Newspaper deserves to occupy a higher place in our colonial literature than it now enjoys ; and we feel satisfied that while the course suggested would render it more acceptable to many of our acquaintances, it would induce every subscriber to read it more attentively, and preserve it more carefully.

ERASMUS OLDSTYLE.

## THE ADVENT OF THE ALMANACS FOR MDCCCXLVII.

BY ERASMUS OLDSTYLE, ESQ.

The close of November 1846, drew on apace.

The aborigines of this continent had extinguished the fires in their forests. The smoke which appeared to float in dreamy beauty, vanished in thin air, and the sunbeams which had been mellowed by the softening influence of the Indian summer, burst forth again in unimpaired brightness, though diminished in strength by the bracing breath of the north wind chillily sailing over frozen regions of snow.

The warm dews of the heavens fell kindly, but the earth had hardened her breast, and refused to be softened by their visitations. The

skies had poured forth their showers of noiseless refreshment, and covered the fair bosom of nature with a mantle of dew drops ; but the north breeze stole silently by, and encrusted them into gems of evanescent magnificence, just able to live for a moment in the sunlight, and perty reflect back again the bright rays of the morning, then retire from the gaze of the Day-god, melted and softened at having so saucily braved the power to which they were indebted for their brilliancy and beauty.

The wind too was now enabled to moan an undisturbed requiem over the summer which had

departed, for the leaves of the forest had found their last resting place beneath the shade of their parent trees; the panorama of nature was no longer arrayed in "living green," nor indeed "clad in russet," but frosted and beautiful like a forest of isinglass, seemed bearing for its fruit living clusters of crystal. But the candied drapery dissolved, clouds of a bluish slate colour loomed in the horizon. From the north the wind howled dismally—impatient to discharge his frozen storms. The country was dreary and wearisome, a fire-side became acceptable and home comforts were courted. The Canadian gentry forsook their yatches to search for their snow-shoes and furbish up their carioles, and the dames and the damsels who lingered at the watering-places, returned again to their husbands or parents satisfied that rustic drives and sea-bathing had ceased for the season.

But although the fair ones could no longer flirt in the forests like fawns, or sport in the water like Naiads, they did not therefore suppose that the year had closed upon their comforts, or that pale-faced winter would yield them no enjoyments; their minds, which, like their bodies, had been running at grass during the summer, required discipline and restraint, and they were prepared to accept with complacency, those supplies of intellectual refreshment which the generosity of native talent had provided as Nuts for Christmas.

But Canada unfortunately can boast but of few annuals; the "Maple Leaf" which has expanded its soft hues in the warm latitudes of Toronto, appears to shrink from exposure to the climate of Montreal. We must therefore confine our review to those which have been issued in this city, and whose annual pretensions are sustained by their appearance in the form of Almanacs.

First in the order of time, and according to the view of the Editor, first in the order of talent, is the never-to-be-forgotten, ever-to-be-remembered, "useful, interesting and edifying" "FAMILY CHRISTIAN ALMANAC." As this pamphlet has already afforded merriment enough for the public, and we dare say, mortification enough for the author, we feel little inclination to discuss it at length, or point out its many drolleries. It has been reviewed, and we confess with some show of reason, more as a "comic" than a "Christian" publication, and the fact of its being open to this treatment will impress the author with a conviction, if indeed he intends this book to be the beginning of a series, that he must contrive to make it less exceptionable in future.

The next in succession is the "CHURCH ALMANAC," published by Messrs Lovell and Gibson, and edited by the Rev. Joseph Abbott, M. A. It agrees in two respects with the Family Christian

Almanac, for it is its first appearance, and it comes before us under the protection of an editor, whose name, like that of Mr. Wadsworth, is printed in capitals. But here the agreement terminates. Mr. Abbott, either from the lack of courage, or the presence of delicacy, has not dedicated his production to a nobleman whom he never saw, nor has he sought to claim patronage for the "Church Almanac" by assuming a superiority over other publications of a like nature. This Book, which only aspires to be, an Almanac for Churchmen, is also a Companion to the Prayer Book,—for so well is it adapted to the latter object that members of the church will find it convenient to have a copy not only in their houses, but also in their pews at church. When we inform our readers that in addition to the Lessons and Psalms for the day, its pages are enriched by gems of holy beauty—gems taken from the wreath which Keble, and Herbert and Heber have entwined around our Ritual, and strewn with fragrance the pathway of our ecclesiastical year. When we tell them moreover, that a few thoughts from the rich armoury of sanctity which Beveridge and Taylor, and Jolly and Horne have bequeathed to us in their writings, adorn its pages, we think we need add no more than recommend it cordially to the attention of every member of the Church.

In obedience to the wish expressed in the preface, we will offer two suggestions. The first is a hint to the printers that the Red-letter days of the Calendar should be printed in red type. The second is a hint to the author, that he should contrive to make his publication not only a Companion to the Prayer Book, but also a Hand-book to the Diocese of Quebec, and we think by giving certain statistical information respecting the extent and population embraced within each mission, Mr. Abbott would succeed in making it more acceptable to Churchmen at a distance, and more interesting to those who reside in the Diocese.

"The last on the list, is Starke's "MONTREAL POCKET ALMANAC;" and with all deference to the opinion passed by Mr. Wadsworth on his own production, we feel in justice constrained to state that this is the prettiest and the cheapest Almanac printed in Canada. To that portion of the public who are already acquainted with the merits of its predecessors nothing more need be said than that the issue for 1847 not only sustains the reputation which they so deservedly acquired, but that it exceeds them in the beauty of finish and in the correctness of its information. To those who require an Almanac, either for commercial purposes, or general information, we have much pleasure in recommending that published by Mrs. Starke, for 1847.

# FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

BY MRS. JEMIMA PRIMROSE.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

"FAINT heart never won fair lady, nephew," said a stout gentleman, somewhat on the shady side of forty, to a pensive youth, who, with his head leaning on his hand, looked the very personification of a day-dreamer. The smart clap which accompanied the words, roused the young man from his reverie; but his rising ire was checked, by the frank, good natured smile, and pleasant countenance which greeted him.

"I know well, uncle, that it has ever been your motto, and you have proved true to it, in word and deed," he replied smiling; "and to you, it has brought all your heart's desire; but I have not the—the—"

"The impudence that I have, you would say," he answered laughing; "well, Frank, that word will do for want of a better, and if you can only assume a little of it, yourself, I will ensure you equal success. Here you go on, month after month, sighing, and writing 'sonnets to your mistress' eye-brows,' and though you receive sigh for sigh, and know surely that the lady's heart is won, you are thrown into despair because the father looks coldly on you, and the mother chooses to think you are not a fit match for her daughter. Now, listen to me, Frank, and if you are wise, take a lesson from my true story:

"You know I was born the heir to a very humble name, and a still humbler inheritance; indeed, my childish years have left so few pleasurable remembrances, that I am quite willing to forget them altogether. I assisted my poor father in his daily labours, and blessed the long winters when they came and gave me some respite from toil, and also the privilege of picking up a little learning at the village school. I had quick apprehension, and was very ambitious—two qualities which contributed to my success even in early life; for the one enabled me to go beyond most of my companions, and the other stimulated me to overcome every difficulty in my path. After my father's death, a neighbour,—a small country trader,—finding I could be useful to him, took me into his family, and placed me behind his counter. I was a ready accountant, and a good financier, in my limited sphere: so I rose from one step to another, till at last, behold me transported to the great city, and filling a

responsible situation in one of the largest mercantile houses in New York.

"I began to mingle in society with other young men, to visit places of public amusement, and to assume airs of prodigious consequence. Looking back upon what I had accomplished, I fancied that the world's wealth was within my reach; in fine, there were no limits to my self-conceit. When I was twenty-one, I began to cast about in my mind how I should obtain the object of my wishes—how, without capital at command, or influential friends to assist, I should seize the golden prize, and secure a commanding position in society. Vanity came to my assistance. My mirror reflected from its polished surface the image of a tall and comely youth, who, aided by the best efforts of a fashionable tailor, and the finish of a neatly trimmed moustache, had already attracted some attention in the drawing-rooms to which he was admitted. I was also indebted to nature for some ease of manner, and a certain fluency of expression; and a happy assurance enabled me to make the most of my advantages, natural and acquired.

"Among the many beautiful women who kindly displayed their fair forms and fairer faces to the admiring loungers of Broadway, several young heiresses were pointed out to me; and the idea possessed me that the readiest way to make my fortune was to win the heart and hand of one of these fair ensnarers. Fortune soon gave me an opportunity of trying my chance in this new speculation.

"One day as I was passing through Bleeker-street, a showy equipage, driving rapidly along, suddenly came in contact with the wheels of a vulgar cart, which struck it with such force as nearly to overturn it. The startled horses began to rear and plunge, when I sprang forward, and seizing the bridle-rein, held them fast, till the footman alighted, and came to my assistance. In the meantime, two ladies, who were inside, in the extremity of their terror, burst open the door, and the youngest, who uttered the prettiest screams imaginable, in her haste to alight forgot the steps, and came tumbling, like a little ball of wool and feathers, at my feet.

"I hastened to pick her up, with all imaginable



gallantry, assuring her she was in perfect safety; and then, with much deference, assisted her somewhat stately mamma to alight. As the horses still seemed restive, and the ladies were much agitated, I procured a cab, and was permitted to attend them home. They stopped at the door of an elegant mansion in Waverly Place, and the elder lady, with many expressions of gratitude for my attention, requested my name, and invited me to call on them. I was nothing loth to avail myself of this good fortune, and blessed my lucky stars which had thrown so pleasant an adventure in my way.

"Before long I found myself on easy terms with the whole family, and admitted, as a privileged visitor, at all times. I talked politics with Mr. Crumpit, whose single idea forever revolved on the possibility of electing a Loco-foco to a perpetual chair of state; and I listened, in silent admiration, to Mrs. Crumpit's music, for she prided herself on her taste, and particularly on her vocal execution; and, if strength of lungs is a test of excellence, she was certainly unrivalled. But while thus ingratiating myself with the elders, the pretty Fanny, their only daughter and sole heiress, was not neglected. She was a lively little girl of seventeen, attractive enough to win attention, even without the aid of her golden charms. Her mamma, who piqued herself on her own juvenility, chose to consider her as still a child, and really did not seem to think that any serious attentions could possibly be directed to her.

"Mr. and Mrs. Crumpit were specimens of a class common in every city—people who had risen from very humble life, step by step, and by some lucky turns of fortune, till, to their own amazement, they found themselves in possession of great wealth, sufficient to command some social influence, and to render them persons of importance in the world of business and fashion. This was all very well; but, as usual in such cases, their minds had not grown with their fortunes; their small stock of ideas had not been put out to interest, or employed in speculations, like their pounds and pence; and, therefore, they filled a prominent station, with minds as vacant and souls as contracted, as when Mr. Crumpit toiled at manual labour, and Mrs. Crumpit, like a notable housewife, bustled about the daily duties of her humble *ménage*. Still, this was not so very bad, considering how few ideas are required in the intercourse of worldly and fashionable life; nay, how troublesome even it is to be burdened with superfluous knowledge; and Mrs. Crumpit, with woman's tact, soon learned to adapt herself to the artificial atmosphere in which she lived,

far more readily than her less malleable spouse, whose odious mistakes were sometimes piquant sauce to the guests at his expensive entertainments.

"Mrs. Crumpit, who felt the importance attached to her own wealth, and heard much about the value attached to family distinction, at last quite forgot that she had ever been otherwise, than the wife of a rich merchant,—or that she had any poor relations, though they sometimes reminded her of the unpleasant circumstance. She assumed airs of great aristocratic importance, and even boasted of her name, which she often assured me was a very ancient one. As you may suppose, I gave little gratuitous information about my own family, especially after I discovered this folly of Mrs. Crumpit; but I made rapid advances in the good graces of my little Fanny, notwithstanding the pretensions of a certain gallant, named Jack Haliday, whose superior fortune and fashionable connections gave him great advantage in the eyes of Mrs. Crumpit. But I had reason to believe that Fanny gave me the preference, and, one memorable evening, I determined to bring the question to a final issue.

"I went to the house at an opportune moment. A small party were assembled in the richly furnished drawing room, and all seemed most agreeably intent on their own amusement. Mrs. Crumpit was seated at the piano, giving great effect to the execrable trills of a most protracted piece of music; she was assisted by a young lady, who stood by her, ready to turn over the music leaves, and whose voice blended in wonderful discord with her own. Mr. Crumpit stood near the instrument, and behind the chair of a very fashionable looking lady, who, while apparently engaged in playful conversation with her host, was really amusing herself at his expense. Behind Mrs. Crumpit sat my rival, Jack Haliday, carrying on a lively flirtation with a very lovely girl, who turned her pretty head towards him, as if pleased with his silly trifling. He had his hat in hand, like myself, and seemed to have just dropped in, and, I fancied, he was trying to excite Fanny's jealousy, or punish her coldness;—for she stood by the fire, quite alone, but seemingly paying very little attention to him, or suffering very little annoyance from his gallantry to another. I soon placed myself by her side, and encouraged by her blush and smile, while we seemed disregarded, and all others were engrossed with their own fancies, I ventured to pop the important question.\* It is enough to say, that my avowal was favorably received, but, like a dutiful

\* See Engraving.

child, she referred me to her parents for a decision.

"But alas! 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' her parents closed their hearts against our entreaties. My want of fortune—the lowness of my birth—were insuperable objections. I could smile now to think what a pitch of indignation I wound myself up to! but it was of no avail,—I persevered till the doors were politely closed against me, and I could no longer contrive any means of communication with Fanny.

"Soon after this event, business called me to New Orleans. I remained there a year; but I wrote often to Fanny, and found means to have my letters safely conveyed to her. I was not willing to be forgotten, and I knew well that I had still great influence over her mind. I also heard of her, through my sister,—your mother, Frank, who, when I began to prosper in life, I had placed at school, and she was then, very well married in New York. I knew that Fanny had rejected Haliday; and a few lines from herself informed me that she was allowed a year of grace, her parents hoping that time might effect a favorable change in her sentiments towards him; she also wrote me, that they were about making their annual visit to Saratoga, where they would remain several weeks.

"My mind was soon made up, and I resolved to make one more desperate effort, to accomplish my wishes. A year and a half had considerably changed my appearance; I had grown stouter; the southern sun had somewhat bronzed my complexion, and I cultivated my mustachios so sedulously, that my appearance, on the whole, was sufficiently *à la brigand*, to justify me in losing my identity. I arrived at Saratoga, one day, in fine style, attended by my servant, booked my name as Count d'Orson, suited my accent to my foreign appellation, and passed for a traveller of distinction—in short, I was soon quite a lion among the gay parties at the Springs.

"Fanny had been apprised of my intentions, and knew how to act her part; and Mrs. Crumpit was well pleased that her daughter had so soon captivated the fancy of one who bore so aristocratic a title. A week passed away with perfect satisfaction. I played back-gammon with Mr. Crumpit,—listened to Mrs. Crumpit's music, and occasionally sang with her,—and, though I scarcely knew one note from another, she praised my skill, and declared that foreigners understood the power of harmony far better than her own countrymen. Above all, I had ample time, and opportunity, to make love to Fanny; but I was not quite decided whether it would be prudent to risk an avowal, with all the details it

must involve; or to make less ceremony of the matter, and persuade Fanny to elope with me. This I could easily have done; but I knew her father to have an obstinate, gunpowder temper, and I felt quite certain that I should get no dowry with my pretty bride, in that case; and as yet I could not afford to live entirely upon love. While in this perplexity, my evil genius took the affair into his own management, and saved me the trouble of deciding.

"I was one day playing the agreeable to Fanny, and her father and mother looking complacently on, when a gentleman was announced, and directly Jack Haliday entered the apartment. Fanny turned as pale as ashes, and, in spite of my assurance, I felt a little trepidation. However, I retained a bold air, and went through the ceremony of introduction very well. But Haliday was quick-sighted and suspicious,—he watched me so closely through the day that I was on the point of losing my temper and my prudence,—the truth must have flashed across his mind, but my metamorphosis was so complete he dared not assert it, without stronger proof.

"I resolved to leave Saratoga on the following morning, and trust fortune, for better success at some other time; but almost at the moment of putting my purpose in execution, I came in contact with Haliday,—he was rude, and some altercation arose between us,—in short he accused me of being an impostor, and called me by my real name. Fanny could bear no more, but dropped into a fainting fit; Mrs. Crumpit stared at me, with dilated eyes, for a moment, and then burst into a torrent of upbraiding wrath,—wondering that she had been so long blind, and blessing heaven that it was not yet too late. I raised Fanny, and given her to an attendant, and though I saw that the exposé was made, and that I could no longer trust to my disguise, or my assurance,—I stood with perfect composure, and waiting till the lady had ended, very coolly replied, 'Madam, you do me very great injustice,—that gentleman is mistaken,—were he worthy of the honor, I would chastise his insolence; but a scion of the noble house of d'Orson, disdains to take revenge of a plebeian republican.' So saying, I bowed with great condescension, and turned slowly away. My impudence overpowered them—Jack Haliday was too indignant to reply—Mrs. Crumpit was bewildered, and her worthy lord rubbed his eyes, as if doubtful whether he dreamed, or were awake.

"But, though I can laugh at it now, Frank, the adventure sorely disappointed me,—for I loved my little Fanny very dearly. I returned to New York,—the Crumpits went to their

country seat, and I could find no means of communicating with Fanny. Winter came on, and the family were again in town, but I could gain no access to Fanny. I wrote to her, and my letters were returned, unopened. It was rumored that she was soon to be married,—and Haliday was named as the fortunate man, who had won from me my bride and her fortune; but I will do myself justice, I loved her for herself alone, and would then have taken her gladly without a shilling.

"At last, it was truly said that the day for her marriage was fixed—and at the appointed hour, I entered the church, where the ceremony was to take place, to witness, with my eyes, if it could indeed be true. It seemed to me an age before the bridal train entered—it came at last,—my little Fanny,—pale, but not so miserable as I could have wished,—the happy Haliday—groomsmen, and bridesmaids,—parents, friends,—a long procession,—silks, laces, and jewels in profusion. I cared for none of these,—I only asked myself, does *her* heart beat lightly, under the splendid dress of the bride? I remained with wonderful composure, to the last. As the clergyman pronounced the blessing, Jack Haliday took a fit of coughing; I looked at him,—he seemed to me, paler, and thinner than formerly. I thought to myself, there is hope for me yet! and I left the church, carelessly humming *nil desperandum*.

"In a few hours, I was on my way to New Orleans. I made some fortunate speculations, and finally embarked on an adventure to the East Indies. I was successful,—I accumulated wealth—I saw much of the world,—and, in eager pursuit of the phantom which had dazzled me from boyhood, ten years of the best part of my life were consumed. Still, I had enjoyed much. I had lived temperately, and retained unbroken health, and cheerful spirits. The image of my little Fanny often flitted before me,—I sometimes wondered if Jack Haliday's cough was cured by happiness—and whenever my sister wrote about her, I always closed the letter with a sigh. No one had ever taken her place in my affections, for I was too busy to fall in love, and I had seen no one among the adventurers of the East, who could satisfy my heart.

As I grew stouter, and white hairs began to plant themselves rather thickly in my head, and certain ugly lines, called *crow's feet*, were gathering round my eyes,—it seemed to me that a comfortable home, in my own native country, would be a blessed resting place,—I wondered if another Fanny could be found there, who would be to me like the vision of my youth; in fine, I wrought myself up to a fit of impatience, wound

up my affairs as soon as possible, and took passage in the first good ship, bound for New York.

"As I drove up Broadway, to my lodgings, the cab was impeded for a moment by a stately funeral. I inquired to whom so much honor was due, and with mingled feelings, heard that my old companion and rival, Jack Haliday, was enshrouded under the sable pall.

"From regard to our early friendship, I called on the fair widow, as soon as decency would permit, and she received me with the frankness of her girlish days. Time had only multiplied her charms,—it had expanded her slight figure into the full proportions, of a mature, and somewhat *enbonpoint* matron,—and it had also added four little responsibilities, who called her by the tender name of *mamma*. Her parents were dead, and she was the sole inheritor of their wealth; she was surrounded by every luxury, and in full possession of that entire independence which the heart of woman covets, perhaps above every other gift,—and probably, because she can so rarely attain it. But Fanny was still an unspoiled child of fortune,—with simple tastes, and a loving heart; neither was she fond of power, and care was a burden to her,—so, in due time I proposed to relieve her of the burden, and,—you know the rest, Frank.

"So now you have heard my story, nephew; cheer up, and profit by the moral of it; and believe me, a faint heart does not *deserve* to win a fair lady; but whoever has patience, resolution, and a persevering will, seldom fails, sooner or later, to attain the object of his wishes."

## THE MAGIC SPELL.

A SONG.

BY J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE, ESQ.

The magic spell, the dream is fled,  
The dream of joy sent from above;  
The idol of my soul is dead,  
And nought remains but hopeless love.  
The song of birds, the scent of flowers,  
The tender light of parting day—  
Unheeded now the tardy hours,  
Steal sadly, silently away.

But welcome now the solemn night,  
When watchful stars are gleaming high,  
For though thy form eludes my sight,  
I know thy gentle spirit's high.  
O! dear one, now I feel thy power,  
'Tis sweet to rest when toil is o'er;  
But sweeter far that blessed hour,  
When fond hearts meet to part no more.  
Belleville.

# BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

## STOLZENFELLS.

It is morning on the mountain—the green morn of bursting spring,  
And the dew is on the violet—the sky-lark on the wing;  
The kine are lowing from the fold—the owl winks at the light,  
And the breezy fields are wafting by the lingering shades of night,  
And the wakened echo murmurs to the chime of holy bells,  
For 'tis morning—merry morning—on the crested Stolzenfells.

Now boldly, like a Lanzknecht, with a carol and a shout,  
From the green glades of a mountain farm, a young Gräf rideth out;  
He turneth but to bless his home, that, like a nestling, lies  
In the bosom of the vintage, hallowed o'er by tender skies;  
Then shakes the rein so gaily twined with garlands and with bells—  
And 'tis morning—dewy morning—on the crested Stolzenfells.

There's a sound within the village too—all tremblingly alive,  
Like the hymn of the rejoicing bees around the teeming hive,  
Now 'tis singing—now 'tis laughter—now the bird-like mountain call,  
That warns the herdsman on the hill at dewy evenfall;  
To the young Gräf, wending downwards, what a pleasant tale it tells;  
And 'tis morning—sunny morning—on the lofty Stolzenfells.

And a Fraulein through the jasmine leaves that cloud her casement round,  
Is gazing on the mountain path, and lists a welcome sound,  
While, like a marmotte, leaps her heart at each new voice she hears,  
And a rosy smile is breaking through and mocking her sweet tears;  
For well she knows the eager steed—the garland and the bells—  
And 'tis morning—happy morning—on the lofty Stolzenfells.

The young Franz, like the eaglet, hath his cyrie on the hill,  
Doräthen, like the wood-dove, in the valley calm and still;  
But low and gentle was his voice—serene his haughty brow,  
When he wooed her, 'mid the roses, in the downy vale below.  
So blessed be the bridal pledge—the banquet and the dance—  
For the young Franz loves Doräthen and Doräthen loveth Franz!  
And our dove will rest delighted in that stormy nest on high,  
With the wildest blast unheeded for her lover's softest sigh;  
She will gaze within his eagle eyes confidingly and lone,  
Until his look becometh soft and dovelike as her own.  
And he will bless her as he lists the merry matin bells,  
That hailed his bridal morning 'neath the crested Stolzenfells.

## OBERWESEL.

THE chimes of Oberwesel—O! how pleasantly and clear,  
Far floating down the sunset Rhine, they steal upon the ear,  
And the reaper on the furrow turns—the bargeman from the oar—  
As solemnly the Angelus sweeps down the river shore.  
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,  
From the peasant by the Brunnen to the Kaiser on the throne.

The chimes of Oberwesel—O! their spell may ne'er depart—  
Like the sound of waves in ocean shells they live within the heart!  
For I pine for the Old Rhineland slopes, where first I heard them rise,  
And trellices of gushing grapes, and beaming Rhineland skies;  
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,  
From the peasant by the Brunnen to the Kaiser on the throne.

It is not that the golden palm a softer shadow flings,  
It is not that the jungle stream a sweeter roundel sings,  
That the orient hath a festal crown that blesseth the long day—  
The old chimes are a Ranz-de-vache that clouds them all away;  
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,  
From the peasant by the Brunnen to the Kaiser on the throne.

Amboyna's soaring minarets, melodiously on high,  
Like the lark's triumphant *joeln*, they fill the sunset sky;  
But give to me—oh! give to me—the pleasant chimes that come,  
Like the trilling of the hermit thrush in the slowly bush at home;  
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,  
From the peasant by the Brunnen to the Kaiser on the throne.

Though gorgeous be the hues that clothe this sultry land and air,  
They're strange with all their gloriousness, and dull with all their glare;  
'Tis not my young fresh heart I've brought to this far foreign strand,  
No—Gott-sey-dank!—that never leaves our own dear Father-land;  
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,  
From the peasant by the Brunnen to the Kaiser on the throne.

Montreal.

## AUNT PATTY'S DAY AT THE SEA-SHORE.

BY T. D. F.

Among the diseases rapidly developed within the last few years, should be classed what may be termed "*Mania Aqua Marina*," or "*Mania à litus*," "the Sea Shore Mania," which rages during the dog-days with an intensity which sweeps all before it, sparing neither sex nor age, developing itself with more or less violent symptoms, according to the temperament of the victims. Though so violent and unsparing in its effects, it has not yet been decided whether it is contagious or not, if induced by a peculiar state of the atmosphere, by imprudence in diet, or association with those who in former years have been afflicted with the disease. This seems the most probable cause. As yet the attention of scientific men has not been sufficiently called to the subject; they, wrapped and engrossed in the mysteries of science, resting upon what has been, are slow in entering upon new fields; but it cannot be long before a deep interest must be awakened in this new and perilous disease, which is sweeping like a flood over our land, destroying the comfort of home, invading the peace of families, and banishing hundreds, aye thousands, from the luxuries and comforts with which they have been surrounded by the hands of affection, and sending them forth, like the lepers of old, to inhabit the waste places of the earth.

The symptoms of the disease are an alarming restlessness, which comes on at the first approach of warm weather, and a constant turning of the thoughts to some distant place, some barren beach, accompanied by the same *hankering* with which the inebriate turns to the fatal glass. The poor victim to this new intemperance finds it impossible to turn away the thoughts from the tempting visions which are constantly coming up before him. Crested waves rise and dash with their low deep music at his feet—the sea breeze swells and pours its cadence on the listening ear,—the merry shout of the bathers, as they plunge, dive, and swim about, echoes from the surf-dashed rocks. No home music, no crying of

children, no kind welooming of coming friends, can drive away these thoughts; they come, and come again, till all effort at resistance ceases, the imagination is excited, the patient loses all appetite, the movements become languid, the eyes heavy, and finally the physician is called in, and prescribes an immediate change of air; he cannot answer for the consequences if the patient does not immediately depart for the sea-shore.

Then follows such a consultation as to the different places. If the person is fashionable, fond of a train of admirers, wishes to know and be known by all similarly affected patients in our vast continent, if she requires the exercise of dancing to warm her debilitated system on the hottest day in August, if the tonic of an occasional *bal costume* is thought to be invigorating, and if the appetite is better when the whiskered and mustachioed fops are by, to offer all the little pleasing assiduities of the table, then Newport or Nahant are considered most beneficial. If wishing to unite some of these pleasures with not quite so many of the restraints of fashionable life, then, heigho! for Rockland or Rockaway. But those who seek these places have not the disease in its purest state; it has united with one previously existing in the constitution, and which thus forms a compound, and far more fatal malady. This is the most frequent and dangerous kind; it racks the body and mind, producing often the most unhappy results, and, in most constitutions, returns year after year with increased violence, not having the power like other fevers of exhausting itself.

Never did the disease seize upon a more favorable subject than Aunt Patty, a dame "fat, fair, and forty," full of life and spirits, with all the buoyancy of heart, though alas! not of form of early youth. She was a rare specimen of conjugal devotion, and for years her tastes, which were for society, had been given up to Uncle Dick, who, queer man that he was, loved the ease of his own sofa and fireside, better than the

pumps and gaities of life. A ring at the door bell, after he had ensconced himself in his dressing gown and slippers, and stretched his huge length (a tall man was Uncle Dick) for a quiet evening's enjoyment, was a signal of alarm to the little group. Uncle Dick fidgetted, though he was too dignified to do as he desired, —fly from the room. Aunt Patty sighed and rolled up her enormous eyes, while the colour mounted to Cousin Lizzie's cheek, as she feared it might be some friend of hers come for a game of chess, or an hour's gossip. But by degrees these alarms subsided, for neighbors soon learned not to intrude upon the quiet domestic circle.

But Aunt Patty's love for the world and society was no way diminished; though it did not show itself, it was slumbering in the deep recesses of her heart, only waiting a favorable opportunity to burst forth; habit had so accustomed her to her quiet life, that, in the winter, balls and routes had no power to stir her pulse; satins and silks might wave before her, but she cared not for them; feathers and flowers awoke no latent spark of ambition to mingle in the gay revels of the season. But when summer came, and the sea-shore epidemic commenced its ravages, then it was a hard struggle for her to resist the insidious poison; for years she struggled with it, but the time came at last when she could resist no longer. The last summer was one of oppressive heat, no cool breezes relieved the hot dry air; by degrees Aunt Patty lost life and animation; her appetite failed, her movements became languid and drooping, her robust figure lost some of its roundness, and finally she said she must send for her physician. He came. The most fascinating of men, he knew just what each patient most desired; by an almost instinctive glance he could read their whole hearts, and thus by ministering to a mind diseased, he wrought most wonderful cures. He shook his head as he placed the important thumb and finger on Aunt Patty's slender wrist; aye! slender indeed were those delicate wrists; they and the small rounded ancles betokening that the tall robust person had not always been as rotund as now; but the pulse was beating in them with most irregular flow, for Aunt Patty had a slight fear that her good "Medicine Man" might not prescribe just what she desired. Cousin Lizzie, who had had a peep behind the scenes, and knew what string to pull, stood near, and as the grave man counted the pulsations by his little repeater, she said:

"Have you been to the Rockland this year, Doctor?" Aunt Patty gave such a start, for her nerves had got quite beyond her own control, that she twitched her hand from the doctor's grasp.

He looked up surprised, then a significant look betokened that he had begun to see the cause of this unusual illness of Aunt Patty's.

"No," he said; "he had not been to the Rockland; he had so much to do in sending others to the sea-shore, he found no time to go himself, for it seemed now the only relief for all diseases. If a person has a diseased heart, nothing but the sea breeze would cure them; if the tendency was to pulmonary affections, sea bathing must be prescribed, or the patient would die from very spite; but as for you," he continued, turning to Aunt Patty; "it will not do for you at all; the excitement is too great. I cannot allow you to go to the sea-shore, or even to remain here, in the country; the air, laden with the vegetable farina, is not good for you, and you must consent for two or three weeks to go into the city. You must come to me, and be where I can watch you constantly."

"That is quite impossible," said Aunt Patty; "I cannot leave home; Dick never would agree to it."

"Why here is Cousin Lizzie; she can do quite as well for a short time as you can; she can pour out tea, and render the thousand little assiduities which make home a paradise."

"Aye, yes," said Cousin Lizzie. "Uncle Dick is always quite satisfied with my house-keeping, and we can get along very well without you, Aunt Patty, for a little while."

"I shall not do it," said Aunt Patty with a curve of her small thin lip, which marked her strongest determination. It was wonderful what a settled will that peculiar arching of the mouth betokened; it was well known in the family that after that expression had appeared, nothing could change her. But the doctor did not know her quite as well.

"I will leave you this powder now; it will quiet and soothe your nervous excitement, which is great, and tomorrow I will see you again."

Cousin Lizzie's eyes sparkled with pleasure as she received the powder, for she was a mischievous loving sprite, and she well knew Aunt Patty's determined aversion to all pills, powders, or anything bearing the name of medicine; but as the good dame had often taken pleasure in forcing poor Lizzie to swallow the most nauseous doses, she enjoyed the thought of the revenge she should have, in obliging her to take the powder, and she resolved in her own mind that she would mix it in as large a dose as possible. With bland smile the doctor took his leave, and no sooner did the retreating sound of his horse's hoofs betoken his departure, than Aunt Patty sprang from the couch.

"I will not submit to it; I will go to the sea-

shore—this medicine is all nonsense." She took the powder from Cousin Lizzie's hand, walked deliberately to the window, and scattered it to the four winds of heaven. Then putting on her bonnet, she merely said; "I am going to see if Bessie Lee will go to the sea-shore with me on Saturday."

Off she went, leaving Lizzie in a state of amaze; she was convinced the fever must be at its height, or Aunt Patty never would have dared bid defiance to the good doctor, who had always had unlimited sway over her, and she waited her return with some anxiety; but the shades of evening were closing round before Aunt Patty made her appearance; her excitement had a little worn off.

"I am so annoyed," she said. "Bessie Lee will not go with me unless I am willing to go to Bender's and I don't like it; I wish to go to the Rockland House; but Tom Lee insists that Bender's is the best place, there is not so much show and fashion there, but everything neat and nice, and the situation beautiful; but I do wish I had not said anything to Bessie about it. The Harts and Horns were at Bender's last year, and I went to see them; they spoke well enough of the place though the rooms were small; but Tom says they have built a new house, and he will get our rooms in that. What do you think, Lizzie? I do wish you would speak," added she impatiently, "and not sit there, as if you did not care a pin about it."

"I was thinking what arrangement you could make," said Lizzie, very quietly; "I am sorry to have you go to Bender's, but as you have spoken to Bessie about it, I think you must go with her; besides Uncle Dick will like it better; he will feel more at his ease there, than under the restraint of a fashionable house like the Rockland. I think you had better decide to go to Bender's."

"I must let Tom know in the morning, as he will go down and engage our rooms. Why, Lizzie, the very determination to go has quite restored my strength and spirits."

Uncle Dick soon came home; he looked very grave as Aunt Patty unfolded her plans; he could not understand why people wished to leave their comfortable houses, nicely furnished, to go to those sea-shore hovels. It was always hotter there than any where else; it was the paradise of musquitoes, and flies, and in short there was no comfort. But for once Aunt Patty's will was the strongest, and he consented to go down with her on Saturday, remain over Sunday, then return home and perhaps go down two or three times while she remained. Aunt Patty, highly delighted, regained all her animation; a message was despatched to Tom Lee, and a note to the doctor, to inform him of her sudden recovery and determination.

The next day many persons were in, and, unfortunately for Aunt Patty's serenity, several who had been at Bender's the previous summer, and all seemed reluctant, when they found Aunt Patty had really engaged rooms there, to say anything about the place. One said

"Oh! if you have rooms in the new house, and carry your own sheets, you will be very comfortable." Another,

"If you like fish, you can do very well for a week or so." A third,

"If you are fond of music, Mrs. Bender will give you as much as you like;" but no one spoke at all enthusiastically. At night Tom Lee came out with fine accounts; he had secured the best rooms in the new house; there were very few persons there now, and for a great wonder, no ladies; but there would be quite a large party the next week.

Saturday morning was dark and foggy. Uncle Dick strongly protested against going on such a black looking day, but Aunt Patty was firm, so the necessary arrangements for meeting at the boat were made. Soon after breakfast the packing began; Aunt Patty's trunk was filled with books, dresses, caps, and all the appurtenances of a three weeks wardrobe; then came Uncle Dick's valise, and in it were deposited Sunday coats, shaving apparatus, snow white linen, and all the necessary paraphernalia. Long consultations were held with Bessie Lee, as to what would be needed, and what not. Cousin Lizzie's fingers were here, there and every where, arranging all things, for Aunt Patty's mind was too much occupied to allow her to do much. At three o'clock up to the door drew the "No Monopoly," the little "buss" with the big name, and the pair of meek looking horses, who looked as if fully sensible they were at each and every one's beck and call; trunk and valise were placed upon the top, and then in lumbered Aunt Patty, with a big book in one hand, a big bag in the other, a shawl on each arm, her wild eyes gleaming with pleasure and her ample figure shrouded in a neat black travelling dress. Cousin Lizzie followed her, and they went for Bessie Lee; she stood at her own door, her sweet face peeping out from under the prettiest of English cottages, her large basket in her hand; she was eagerly watching for the summons. She gave one kiss to the dear mother and sister, who watched with loving looks her graceful form, and she sprang in as Cousin Lizzie jumped out. One crack of the whip, one wave of the white kerchief, and they were gone.

It was a mizzling day; the clouds hung like a leaden pall over the city, shrouding all in misty gloom, through which it seemed impossible the

sun could ever again penetrate; but little recked Aunt Patty of the cold east wind, or the vaporous clouds, for her spirits rose with every lash of the shivering driver, who pressed on his jaded quadrupeds. They soon arrived at the wharf, where they saw Uncle Dick marching back and forth, with the air of a martyr. He had evidently encouraged a hope that Aunt Patty's courage would fail her, for a look of keen disappointment crossed his face as he saw them descend from the omnibus, and a half-muttered expression about self-willed women escaped his lips; but he resigned himself to his fate, gave directions about the luggage, and led the ladies to the boat. A cheerless place it was, the decks wet and slippery from the drizzling rain; the steam was hissing and fuming like an impatient scold, occasionally snorting forth a signal for despatch. The black cinders rose from the pipe, hovered a few minutes in mid air, and then fell heavily upon every thing, apparently choosing the cleanest looking people and nicest benches for their repose; groups of marketers with their baskets and boxes, crowded the stern; and a few exquisitely miserable looking individuals, with valises, paced up and down the promenade deck, occasionally pausing to look over the railing into the deep water, as if almost preferring a leap into its dark chill bosom, to the prosecution of the enterprise on which they were bound.

Aunt Patty was the only one who seemed determined on enjoyment; she seated herself directly in the eye of the wind, and looking archly up into Uncle Dick's face, she said:

"How delicious is this breeze! I have not felt anything like it for months. It invigorates me; I feel like a new creature."

Uncle Dick, blue and shivering, could only respond with a heavy sigh, and a closer buttoning of his coat, while poor Bessie Lee darted down the cabin stairs, to get shelter from the piercing wind. By degrees the few passengers huddled together; Aunt Patty's glowing face being a sort of beacon light of hope, seeming to promise enjoyment to come. Questions were asked, as to where each one was going, tongues were loosed, and praises poured forth on each person's favorite place.

"Where are you going, Mrs. Matticap?" said an acquaintance, to Aunt Patty.

"To Bender's."

"Bender's! What evil adviser sends you there? Do you know what kind of a place it is?"

"Yes," chimed in Tom Lee; "the very best place in the world. Those who choose can go to the Rockland, and such places, but any one who wants comfort, will go to Bender's. I know all about it; I go down every week."

"It is well enough for gentlemen, who go merely for fishing and the sea air; but surely, Mr. Lee, you cannot think it a suitable place for ladies."

"Good enough for any sister of mine. A lady who would not be content there, has not been brought up as she should be. Who expects a palace on the sea-shore?"

"No one, surely; but a quiet, neat house, all ladies require," said Mr. Cooley, a demure looking gentleman, with the neatest fitting wig, the brightest gold headed cane, and the glossiest boots in the world.

"An Aristocrat!" muttered Tom Lee, turning on his heel, and walking off to put an end to the conversation.

Aunt Patty had listened with a perplexed and troubled air, to the short dialogue, while Uncle Dick seemed mightily to enjoy it; his roguish spirit whispered he should find some amusement in the peculiarities of the place to which they were going; and he thought, too, he did not much care if Aunt Patty did find annoyances and discomforts; it would make her willing to return home, and be the most effectual cure for her "*Mania à litus*;" but he suppressed the laughing twinkle of his merry blue eye, and drew on a sober expression as he met Aunt Patty's beseeching look.

"What does this mean, Dick?" she said, "Do enquire about Bender's; I don't want to go there if it is not a pleasant or respectable place."

"Don't be troubled, Patty dear; Mr. Cooley is one of the too particular men; he is no judge of what is really pleasant; he is too fastidious,—every thing must be just *comme il faut*, to suit him."

Just then a lady came up with Bessie Lee from the cabin. "Oh, Mrs. Matticap! pray what did induce you to go Bender's? you had better change your plans now; you will not find it pleasant, I assure you; it is not yet too late."

Poor Aunt Patty was the most fastidious of persons; she shrank as from contamination from intercourse with persons who were not refined, and though she could be content without the elegancies and luxuries of life, it was essential to her comfort to have everything neat, and with that degree of refinement which even the most homely place will admit of. Her spirits sank at these repeated intimations of the estimation in which the place she had chosen was held, and she bitterly repented her hasty assent to go there. Could she have looked beneath Uncle Dick's quiet exterior, and seen the chuckling delight with which he was listening to the hints of the discomforts of Bender's, she would have felt doubly



annoyed. He had forgotten cold, mist, the chilling east wind, and all, in the pleasure of picturing the cure to be wrought in Aunt Patty,—for the only cause of complaint Uncle Dick had ever found against his good wife was her propensity for the sea-shore, the symptoms of the mania manifesting itself at the first approach of summer.

The dark fog had entirely closed in when the boat reached the wharf. Coaches, waggons, and cabs, waited for the passengers, and the porters from the different establishments pressed eagerly forward: "Rockland, sir"—"Old Colony, sir"—"Lovett's, sir"—"Coach for Bender's!" shouted Uncle Dick.

"Here, sir!" and a little old waggon, lop-sided and high from the ground, was twitched forward by an old spring-halt horse. In it were deposited the trunk, valise, &c., then Aunt Patty, crest-fallen and subdued, climbed in, followed by Bessie, Tom, and Uncle Dick. In silence, like a funeral train, they moved off, and as they wound along through a narrow road, rocky and uneven, the damp fog and rain chilling their very hearts, they looked more like shadows wending their way to the shades of Avernus, than a troop of gay spirits bound on a pleasure excursion. Tom Lee would break forth every now and then into praises of the road, so wild and romantic by day-light; it was the pleasantest for twenty miles round. On they jogged, the two miles seeming like leagues; at last a faint light gleamed from the windows of a house placed high up from the road, its faint outline just visible.

"Hurrah!" said Tom Lee, "here we are at last—now we shall be comfortable."

The waggon stopped; they all descended, and followed Tom; he pushed open the outer door, and they found themselves in a large room, lighted by a single lamp, the black wick half an inch high, filling the room with smoke; a long table in the middle covered with a cloth which looked as "if a sheet by night, a tablecloth by day;" it had been in long service; a waiter with a dozen cups of different sizes and colours, two plates of brown looking bread, and one of soft oil-like butter, a few chairs, and a rough sofa, on which was stretched out at full length a man puffing away at a long pipe. These were the first objects which presented themselves to Aunt Patty's fastidious senses; her long nose, which was famed in the family for its quick perception of all unpleasant odours, conveyed to her the mingled perfumes of fish, tobacco, and lamp smoke. She turned to leave the room.

"I cannot stay here," she said; "you have surely mistaken the place."

"Don't judge too hastily," said Tom Lee; "wait till you get your tea, and you will find it quite comfortable."

"At least let me go to my own room," said Aunt Patty; "I cannot stay here."

"Why, your room is in the new house; it is quite a walk—you must wait till you have taken tea."

Aunt Patty threw herself into a chair with an impatient gesture, and poor Bessie Lee, the most shrinking of beings, who had never seen or thought of so comfortless a place as this, burst into tears.

"Do let us go home," she said. "What a fool I was ever to come here; I wish I was in my own dear little room once more, and nobody would catch me coming to the sea-shore again."

Just then Uncle Dick came in. "Why what is the matter with you, girls? Cheer up—cheer up! When the sun shines to-morrow, you will find you have got into a nice place—we will have rare sport here yet."

"Aye, aye," said Tom Lee; "wait till to-morrow and see the glorious view from the rocks, and the freedom and ease of the place; why, you can do just as if the house was your own." Aunt Patty blessed her stars that they had not given her such a place to call home, but resigning herself to her fate, she threw off bonnet and shawl, and tried to cheer up Bessie. Tom went out to hasten the preparations for tea, and soon a slip-shod maid appeared, with a huge broken nosed tea-pot in one hand, and in the other a dish of something yclept fish, but which it required a dweifer upon the sea-shore to identify. A large bell was then rung to announce that all was ready. Our unfortunate party took their seats, hoping at least to have the discomfort of the place to themselves, that being the only relief the case admitted of. But this luxury was denied them; door after door opened, and black spirits and grey came trooping in, unshorn, uncombed, in loose coats or no coats at all, till the long table was surrounded by them.

It was impossible for Aunt Patty or Bessie to taste a morsel; they sipped their tea with down-cast eyes, and waited impatiently for Uncle Dick to rise, but he, roguish elf, enjoying their discomfort, lingered at the table, talked with this one and that, apparently finding much pleasure in the entertainment.

"Pray, let us go to our rooms," said Aunt Patty; "we may be more comfortable there."

Uncle Dick called for a light, and asked to be shown to their apartments. The servant brought in a dark smoky lantern, and, throwing open the outside door, said, "It is a bit of a walk; the women better put on their bonnets."

With despairing feelings, Aunt Patty and Bessie followed him, while Uncle Dick, scarce able to suppress his merriment, trotted behind them. The rain was pouring in torrents, and the faint light of the lantern hardly marked the rough path. On they went, now climbing over rocks, now dipping into hollows, till Aunt Patty's patience was thoroughly exhausted.

"How much farther have we to go? it is a perfect imposition upon your boarders," she said impatiently.

"Don't be vexed, marm; its close at hand, and a nice place it is," said the servant.

He held the lantern up, and its faint rays fell upon a rough, unpainted house, from one window of which gleamed a dim light.

"I guess you can find it now," and, turning abruptly away, the man left them to make good as best they could, their entrance into the house. They stumbled up the high and uneven steps, and entered a dark entry, across which gleamed one ray of light from a crack in a side door. Uncle Dick tapped lightly upon it, and it was opened by a person, who, in the *clair obscure*, looked like a being from the other world; her long black hair fell round a face of ghostly whiteness; she was wrapped in a loose robe, her dressing comb was in one hand, and a small taper in the other.

"Oh! you are come, are you?" she said. "I knew you was expected; I am right glad to have some companions at last."

All the tales she had ever heard of haunted houses and robber inns, flashed upon Aunt Patty's mind.

"As we were expected, perhaps you will be kind enough to show us the rooms we are to occupy," said Uncle Dick.

"Ah! yes, certainly." And crossing the small hall she opened a door and ushered them into an apartment more desolate than any they had yet seen,—uncarpeted, curtainless, two wooden chairs, a washstand with a broken bowl, and a ewer that would hold scarcely a pint of water, a small bed covered with what was once a white Marseilles quilt, but whose colour or pattern it would have been now impossible to prove. The trunks and valises were in the room, indicating that it was indeed intended for them.

"A nice roomy place this, ma'am," said the lady, who seemed inclined to be quite communicative.

"Not a very comfortable one," said Aunt Patty, dryly. A small taper stood on the mantelpiece, and Uncle Dick lighted it by the lamp held by their conductor, at the same time bidding her good night. She took the hint and departed.

Aunt Patty and Bessie commenced a closer examination of their apartments; a door opened into an inner room, which was evidently intended for Bessie; but this was also without curtains, and though the windows were so low as almost to reach the ground, there were no fastenings upon them. A bed in the damp heather would have been more attractive than the black heap which was crowded into one corner. Poor Bessie peered into its torn and yellow coverings, and threw herself upon the floor, declaring she would sleep there, with her bag for a pillow, and her shawl for a covering.

Poor unfortunates! how fervently they wished they had never left home; oh for its comforts! and even Aunt Patty resolved within herself that she never would go to the sea-shore again; she would be contented and quiet at home. Uncle Dick saw the spell working upon her and he carolled out gleefully snatches from all the applicable songs he could think of—"Saw ye ever the like of this?"—"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home"—"Away with melancholy." Closing most emphatically with the "Three wise men of Gotham;" leaving Aunt Patty to draw the parallel.

It was long before any arrangements could be made for comparative comfort; the trunks and valises were ransacked for clean linen, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c., to take the place of the untidy sheets, and finally they retired to rest, but not to sleep,—this was impossible. The wind rattled the loose windows, the roar of the surge beating upon the rocks, the occasional entry into the house of some of its various inmates, the deep bass of one of the seven sleepers, in the room adjoining Bessie Lee's, and a creeping sensation of fear, which the timid nerves of Bessie and Aunt Patty, could not help feeling, fairly routed away the gentle spirit of repose.

The hours passed heavily till break of day, when Aunt Patty begged Uncle Dick to rise and make arrangements for their immediately leaving the house. Uncle Dick declared that was quite impossible; lodgings had been engaged for a month, and stay they must; but as he was very weary of his sleepless night, and thought the fresh air might revive him, he rose, and went out to reconnoitre. The clouds still hung in heavy masses over the whole scene, the rain fell gently, and all without was dark, dank, and miserable. Aunt Patty was soon up, and any one who had looked at her could have seen the expression of the strong will and determination around her compressed lips; she dressed herself, rearranged the trunks and valises, and was soon entirely ready for departure.

"I will go," she said to Bessie Lee; "if I have to walk home, nothing shall induce me to stay here another day; we can get the same waggon we came in, and if Mr. Matticap don't chose to drive us, why we can drive ourselves,"—a most magnanimous speech for poor Aunt Patty, who never drew a rein in all her life, and was afraid to trust her weighty person with any but the most experienced "whips."

While forming a hundred plans in her mind, Uncle Dick came in to say breakfast was ready.

"I don't want any breakfast," said Aunt Patty, "I cannot eat anything here—do let us go."

"You must be content a little while longer," said Uncle Dick, who seemed touched by her lugubrious visage, such a contrast to her usually bright and happy one. "After breakfast I will see what can be done."

With mournful steps they picked their way to the old house, as it was termed. The fog and mist were so thick they could not get one peep at the magnificent ocean, though they were upon a ledge of rocks which commanded the whole extent of the harbour; sometimes for a moment there would be a lifting of the dark clouds, then the white caps foaming and dashing along, would be seen for an instant, and then disappear. All was melancholy and sad. Could the sun have but looked out, and lighted the scene, the whole aspect would have been changed, and the glories of nature would have atoned for the artistic defects in the arrangements about them. As it was, it seemed as if the waves were chaunting a requiem, and the spirits of the deep with low and sullen murmurs were conspiring to drive away the shadow of enjoyment.

The breakfast, which was a suitable pendant to the previous evening's entertainment, was soon over, and then Aunt Patty, who distrusted Uncle Dick a little, herself asked if they could have the waggon.

"It is a stormy day to go to church," was the half questioning reply.

She would like the waggon at any rate, Aunt Patty said, and whispering to Uncle Dick to hurry the hostler, she and Bessie retraced their way to the "new house;" they were soon bonneted and shawled, waiting impatiently for Uncle Dick. It was full an hour before the old waggon rumbled along, Uncle Dick perched on the front seat, rein and whip in hand.

"What do you intend to do now?" he said.

"Just put the trunks into the waggon and get away from here, then we will decide," said Aunt Patty. And she and Bessie, before Uncle Dick saw what they were about, dragged out the large trunk; they had never lifted such a weight be-

fore, and nothing but desperation could have enabled them to achieve the feat. All were seated, and Uncle Dick snapped the whip, and off they started.

"Halloo!" shouted a voice behind them, "you are taking the wrong road to the church; you must turn your horse's head."

It was Bender himself. But Uncle Dick heeded him not, but pressed on the old pony, and they were soon out of sight of the house.

"Now where are you bound, and what do you mean to do?" said Uncle Dick.

"Drive to the Rockland, and see if we can get rooms there," replied Aunt Patty, in her most decided tone.

"It is all full; there is no use in making the attempt."

"We will try it, however," said Aunt Patty in that manner which Uncle Dick never thought of contradicting; so on they went for dreary miles. At last the imposing front of the Rockland House loomed up through the misty air. Aunt Patty's face brightened, and even Bessie Lee smiled. They did not consider what an unprepossessing looking party they were, in the old waggon, their wet clothes giving an air of misery to the whole group. They drove up the long avenue, to the magnificent hotel. Aunt Patty, as soon as the waggon stopped, was preparing to get out, when Uncle Dick quietly suggested it would be as well to wait and see if they could get rooms.

"But they *must* take us in," said Aunt Patty.

"What if they have no rooms?" said Uncle Dick, as he descended from his post, and entered the house; he returned almost immediately, and with a mournful shake of the head, announced no rooms to be had for love or money. Alas! for poor Aunt Patty.

"Where now!"

"To Warwick's," was the brief reply. Again the poor horse's head was turned, and they wended their way more silently than before, till they reached the huge square house planted in the midst of a sand bank, shaded by one spindling elm; out of sight, though within sound of the ocean, so long the popular resort of all the sea-shore pleasure seekers, a dull and dreary looking place enough; the windows were closed; as the waggon rattled up to the door, from each one peered a curious face, anxiously looking for something to vary the monotony of a rainy Sabbath, that horror of pleasure seekers, when decency forbids bowling and whist playing, the usual so-lace of the storm-bound victims.

The door was opened by the fat burly landlord. He touched his hat respectfully as he recognised Aunt Patty, who had, before she had taken the

vow to yield her tastes to her husband's, been one of his most constant guests.

"Ah! Mr. Warwick, I'm sure you have rooms for us."

"Very sorry, very sorry, ma'am—have not even a closet to put you in,—full, full, more than full,"—and he put his hand complacently upon his fat round paunch.

"Where can we get rooms, do you think, Mr. Warwick?"

"Why ma'am, perhaps at the Old Colony House."

Again was the poor Rosinante whipped to his utmost speed, and the disconsolate party started off in the direction of the "Old Colony." They soon reached it, and a ray of hope warmed their hearts as they looked at its spacious walls. Surely there was room within for them. The dapper barkeeper came to the door, with the cringing smile that bespeaks the profession.

"Can you give us rooms, Sir?" said Uncle Dick.

"I'm sorry to say, just five minutes too late. Our vacant rooms have just been taken, and we have not a place to put you in. Perhaps at Lovett's you could be accommodated."

"Where is Lovett's?"

"Between Warwick's, and the Rockland House, Sir."

"We have just been in that direction—must we return there?"

"It is the only place about here, where there is a chance of your finding rooms."

With a dispirited feeling, the hapless party retraced their route; it was quite mid-day before they arrived at Lovett's. Mrs. Lovett herself answered the impatient summons.

"Can you give us a room?"

"I can give you a small one for the ladies; it is not much more than a closet, but it will do for the ladies; but I have no place for the gentlemen."

Aunt Patty forgot for once her usual disinterestedness; she sprang out of the waggon, and called Bessie to follow her. "You can find room dear, to-night, somewhere, I dare say," she said to her husband: "we will stop here, I really cannot go any farther. I am sorry," she added, as she saw Uncle Dick's half quizzical, half annoyed expression, "you gentlemen can manage

any way; I will write to you in a day or two, to tell you how we get on, and perhaps in a short time, there may be a room for you."

"If you catch me in it, you will do well," muttered Uncle Dick; "one day at the sea-shore is enough for me."

Once more the trunks and baskets were taken out, but Uncle Dick retained the valise, and having seen the ladies safely ensconced in their apartment, he bade them adieu, and drove away, to return the waggon to the landlord, and account for the abrupt departure of the party.

But how he sped in his arrangements; how he started off, valise in hand, to walk home, some twenty miles; how he met a friend, who invited him so urgently to go with him, and pass the rest of the day at his beach residence; how, when wet and weary, he had reached the friend's house, and retired to a room to repose himself with the luxury of dry clothing, on opening his valise, he found that Aunt Patty's dressing gown had taken the place of his dress coat, her night-caps of his vest and collar, and so on through the whole catalogue, even his shaving apparatus had disappeared, and in its place was the pretty "Lady's Companion," full of sewing utensils; of Uncle Dick's chagrin, and his thought, that if he were not the most good-natured man in the world he should be seriously vexed. All these things it behoveth not the chronicler of Aunt Patty's sea-shore experience to record. Suffice it, that he returned home with a firm determination, never to be tempted to look even at the sea again. A resolution manfully kept till letters from Aunt Patty came, describing the comforts and pleasures of Lovett's, and intimating that his presence was all that was wanting, to make her perfectly happy. Such delicate flattery could not be resisted, and the next Saturday, with valise in hand, Uncle Dick departed for another trip to the sea-shore. On Monday he returned with a mournful tale of death by mosquitoes, suffocation in a room so small, it was impossible for him and Aunt Patty to move in it together; and the only satisfaction he experienced, was his seeing Aunt Patty enjoying so much, in the simple fact of being on the sea-shore, that she heeded not all the annoyances. But to his great consternation, she declared a fixed resolution of going every year to the sea-shore.

# PESTAL.

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

SECOND VERSE. *Proud oppression! vain thy*

Musical notation for the second verse, vocal line. It consists of three measures. The first measure has a whole rest. The second measure has a whole rest. The third measure contains the melody for the words "Proud oppression! vain thy". The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

FIRST VERSE. *Yes, it comes at last, From a troubled*

Musical notation for the first verse, piano accompaniment. It consists of four measures. The first two measures are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

*at most tyranny— Come, and thou shalt see I can smile at*

Musical notation for the second part of the first verse, vocal line. It consists of four measures. The first two measures are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

*dream a waking; Death will soon, will soon be past, And brighter worlds around me*

Musical notation for the second part of the first verse, piano accompaniment. It consists of four measures. The first two measures are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

*thee— Mine will be the triumph, mine the vic-tory, Death but*

Musical notation for the third part of the first verse, vocal line. It consists of four measures. The first two measures are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

*breaking. Hark! methinks I hear sweet voi-ces sing to me, Soon thou wilt be free,*

Musical notation for the third part of the first verse, piano accompaniment. It consists of four measures. The first two measures are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

## PESTAL.

*sets the captive free; Mine will be the triumph, mine the vic-tory, Death but sets the captive*

child of mis-ery; Rest and endless joys in heaven are waiting thee— Spirit speed wings, and thy

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in two staves, treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The music is in a simple, rhythmic style with a focus on the vocal melody.

*rec. Rept.*

flee. Yes, the strife is o'er—With all its pangs, with all its sor-rows, Hope shall no droop

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It begins with the marking 'rec. Rept.' (reprise). The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'flee. Yes, the strife is o'er—With all its pangs, with all its sor-rows, Hope shall no droop'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support for the vocal line.

more, For endless day shall dawn to - morrow. *Sym.*

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with the lyrics 'more, For endless day shall dawn to - morrow.' followed by the marking 'Sym.' (Symphony). The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

Pestal was a Pole for many years confined by the Russian Government. On the night previous to his execution, he scribbled the lines printed above, on the wall of his dungeon. They have been since set to music, and by the few who have seen them, have been very much admired. Through the kindness of Mr. WARREN, by whom the music has been arranged, we are enabled to give them to the readers of the Garland.

## THE OLD THREE-LEGGED STOOL.

FROM the large accession to our list of readers, since the commencement of the publication of the GARLAND, and our inability much longer to supply the demand for all the volumes which have been issued, together with other causes moving us thereunto, we have had serious thoughts of commencing another new series.

"Oh! monstrous!" exclaimed a friend at our elbow, who heard our cogitations as we repeated the sentence, to see how it would look in print, "Why, people will then call it the 'serial series,' or the 'three series,' and remind everybody who is acquainted with the locality—of the village of the Three Swans near Liverpool—the Old Swan, the Original Old Swan, and the Old Original Old Swan—capital!"

"We see nothing capital about such nonsense," we replied somewhat tartly; "nor how it applies to us, any more than to the three estates of the Realm,—the three Kingdoms,—the three Graces,—the three Gorgons,—the three Fates,—the three Kings of Cologne,—the three-e-e—"

"Muses!" interrupted our incorrigible friend.

"Well! admitting it to be the third time we have come out with something new—our appearance has on each occasion been improved—our general style and manner—aye, and matter, too—has been better, and more stately our behaviour."

"Yes; just as it is in the three ages of woman, which you seem to have forgotten, although you have reached the last."

"The three fiddle-sticks! But where were we? Oh! about our materials."

"The less you say about them the better. Your tales in prose are trash, and your poetry, as you call it, doggerel rhyme, and sometimes hardly that."

"Ye cankered suld donnerel! ye're getting serious, are ye? Now just reach us down one of the numbers at your elbow, will ye? No, not that; the other pile to your right—that's it. Nay, open it yourself, or ye'll maybe say we pick out the best. Read out. What's the first thing you see?"

"The Broken Mirror, by ———"

"Never mind who its by; it's the writings, not the writers, we're talking about. It's not by Coleridge, or Carlyle, or Kit North, we'll warrant you. If it were, you would applaud it to the echo. There, too, there is its sweet sister tale of innocence and beautiful simplicity, 'the Musk Rose,' not far off. Try again; and mind you

don't stumble upon it. Well! what have we next?"

"Marco Visconti—a Translation from the Italian."

"Just as good as original, and a well-told tale it is; we care not if all the world should hear us say so, and we are somewhat proud of our judgment too. Try again, old fellow. We think we shall soon convert you by evidence of your own furnishing. But mind that old rickety, three-legged stool, or it will be down with you, as sure as your name's Andrew Glommerhead. Now for it again. Out with it."

"It's not worth while. I was only looking at some old musty legends about hobgoblins and bargaists, and I don't know what besides."

"Give us the book. Why you're a regular born fool. These are the 'Border Legends,' praised even by Dr. Barker, who barks at everything not his own. Then, there's the next article to it—'Scenes Abroad;' find us a better one in any of the magazines in the ———"

"United States, eh?"

"No. We were not going to say the United States; but since you've put the words into our mouths, with one or two exceptions—and these are of a different order,—we do not fear a comparison with the best of their magazines. We know, and the knowledge is not confined to us, that our matter is at least equal to theirs. Trash, indeed! In the whole five thousand pages we have printed you cannot find fifty that are not good—multitudes of them are very good—tales which would not shame Blackwood or Bentley, or Fraser or Tait. Why, when we think of it, we are actually proud of what Canada can do; and are very much inclined to question the fact, or statement, that our country is in a state of literary infancy. Try again; but mind that old stool,—one of its legs is cracked—besides, you are not accustomed to be so set up on high. What have you got there?"

"Nothing particular; only some clever nonsense about 'Popping the Question in the Dark'—"

"There! we told you so. We were sure you'd be down, and a pretty smash you've made of it, with eight years of our incessant labors on your head."

"Eight!—only eight! There must have been at least eighteen, I thought, from their excessive weight."

"There ye're out again. If they have a fault

at all, it is their being too light. But never mind your fall—you're not hurt. What have you got now?"

"The Maid of Saragossa.' But who the deuce are your authors? They seem ashamed to give their names. I would like to know who they are."

"Yes! ye're the very personification of all the grumblers—ye are! Is there anybody here that anybody knows? is the question asked by every one of ye, for none of ye have confidence enough in your own judgment to decide upon the character of a production from its merits alone. Fortunately for Canada you belong to a class that will soon become extinct. We tell you again, and all who think like you, that it is not the writers but the writings we're talking about."

"But about your poetry—ye've shirked that."

"Nay, not we, but yourself. We suspect you were hunting for specimens rather unfairly, when you fell—and fall ye will again."

"Well! here's a beautiful specimen—nobody can deny."

"Granted! We make no pretensions to perfection, but contrast that with many pieces which you will find quite easily,—with gems—real gems—by Mrs. Moodie, E. L. C., Dr. Haskins, and many others, and the Ballads of the Rhine, which will appear in January. Give us fair play. Try again, old boy, if you are not convinced."

"Well, then! just look at this. I have you here on the hip, or I'm mistaken. If there's one spark of poetry left in your whole composition—if ever it was there at all—ye must denounce such stuff, as arrant trash, foisted on your readers, without mercy, and without one mitigating excuse."

"No, not so, dear Andrew! spare us. It's bad enough, but recollect, it might have been worse."

"That I deny. The thing's impossible!"

"Is it, though? What think ye of the following, sent to us, and from a paying subscriber too, with an earnest prayer for its insertion, and a threat besides?" It is an ode to the St. Lawrence, which is described, as 'rolling along

'From Monday morning till Saturday night,  
And even on Sunday knows no respite.  
It travels its course, and gambols awhile  
Before the sweet village of Boucherville,  
Then breaks into many rude shakes and quivers  
Before it comes to the town of Three Rivers.'

"And thus it proceeds, until

'With a bound and a stretch of its glorious neck,  
It comes to the city of ancient Quebec.'

"What do you think of that?"

"Not so bad as the other, inasmuch as it has at least one merit which the other lays no claim to—and that is originality. And this reminds me of my last and heaviest charge against you, which is your inordinate vanity in pretending that your miscellany is made up of matter chiefly original—certainly, in a new country like this, a great and very flattering distinction—a characteristic which would not only tend to disarm criticism, but that would lead all well educated men in this our infant state, as far as native literature is concerned, to treat your publication with all, and more than all, the indulgence you could anticipate. But your assertion,—I like your Magazine myself after all, and am sorry to be compelled to say it—is not true; not borne out by facts. Look for instance at the contents of any one of your numbers, and by your own

showing it will appear that hardly one half of your articles are original. Take the number now accidentally in my hands, for instance, which happens to be the one for December, 1845. Out of seventeen articles, eight, or nearly one-half, are not original."

"We said you were an old fool; or, if we did not actually say so, we thought you were, and that's equally actionable in the law of libel; but we are really glad you've mentioned the circumstance, as out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,—endearing nursery terms, we apprehend, for older fools,—men learn wisdom; and our readers may possibly learn a little from your stupid and foolish remark."

"Eight out of seventeen articles, in our number for December, 1845, are not original, and this glaring, stubborn fact, in the face of our assertion, made upon the assumption of 'inordinate vanity'—the expression does stick in our throat"—he did, we confess it, he did here touch us on the raw. "But let us examine the vile calumny a little closer—let us apply to it a more critical and scrutinising analytical investigation than either you, Mr. Glommerhead, or any of your indorsers ever thought of, and see whether or not you can maintain it."

"Eight articles, forsooth! out of seventeen—a fair, and fearfully large proportion of the whole; and yet, in our 'inordinate vanity,'—confound the fellow!—we say that our miscellany is chiefly composed of original matter. But it so happens that when in our 'inordinate vanity' we made this assertion, we alluded not at all to the number of items, but to the quantity of matter. And it so happens, as if for the very purpose of nourishing and cherishing this 'inordinate vanity' of ours, that we can elicit from this very number of our magazine the most triumphant answer to your very illnured and groundless charge against us for our 'inordinate vanity.' We cannot forget the odium of the accusation. In doing this, we have only to direct your attention to the fact, that this unfortunately large proportion of articles in that number,—unfortunately large when compared with the whole—unfortunately large for your impudent and scandalous assertion,—occupy only the very small modicum of four pages out of forty-eight. Truly, old Glommerhead, you missed it this time with a vengeance; and your fall here was much worse than from the old, ricketty, three-legged stool."

"All this is very fine, but doesn't satisfy me, that there's the least necessity for commencing a new series. I hate new serieses—its nothing but a new fangled book-making trick—a regular cheating of the public—there's nothing new about it—no not even in its name."

"Oh! yes; we would give it a new, and, as we think, a better and more imposing, and more appropriate appellation. We meant to call it the 'BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.'"

"And what would your subscribers—your masters, as I may call them,—say to this? You must first consult them about the matter."

"Perhaps you're right, Andrew, for once in your life; and to show you that we have still, notwithstanding, some lingering liking left for your opinion, we will follow your advice, and not commence a new series till the commencement of another New Year."