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A SCENE IN INDIA.
(THE TIGER HUNT)

THE TIGER HUNT

THE TIGER HUNT

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

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BY L. E. L.

ON a fine afternoon in the lovely month of June, 18—, as Mr. Temple, the rector of Bonfield, was driving his wife homewards, they having been a few hours on business at the large manufacturing town of Ledston, their discourse turned upon the pleasures of a country life, compared with that passed by the inhabitants of such a town as they had just left; and as they breathed the pure uncontaminated air, and feasted their eyes with the bright green foliage and gay flowers on the hedge bank, they felt grateful to Providence, for having placed them in a situation, where they were surrounded by God's works and not those of man. The long line of, prison-like buildings called factories, which they had passed in the suburbs of the town, impressed them with a melancholy view of the factory system in general: but they had yet much to learn, having been but a few months in the neighborhood of Ledston.

When about two miles clear of that place, their attention was attracted by a group seated on a bank at the hedge-side: a pale sickly looking girl, apparently about eighteen, was supporting in her arms a younger one, who appeared to be in a fainting fit. This scene excited the sympathy of Mrs. Temple, and she got out of the carriage and approached the bank with an enquiry as to what was the matter; the elder girl said, that she and her sister had walked from Ledston, at their father's desire, to breathe the country air, for he said, "If anything will bring Mary about again, it will be that;" but the fatigue and heat have been too much for her, and how to get her home again I don't know."

"How far are you from home?" said Mrs. Temple.

"Three miles at least," said the girl, "for we have a mile to walk through narrow lanes before we get to that in which we live, which is Marsh-Jane, ma'am." Here a shrill cry from a bundle which lay in the girl's lap started Mrs.

Temple, but the old shawl which covered it being raised, the face of the miserable looking infant appeared.

Mrs. Temple was struck with horror, for never had she seen anything human at all like it; the skin was shrivelled and tightly stretched over the bones; the eyes rolled with a vacant stare, and all the features seemed pinched with suffering.

"How old is this child?" said Mrs. Temple.

"Ten months, ma'am," said the girl, "and it seems to have been dying every day since it was born, and yet it lives on, and I tend it night and day; and do all I can for it."

"Has it no mother?" demanded Mrs. Temple.

"O no, ma'am;" and here the girl wept; "my mother died when this babe was only three weeks old, and she gave it to my care, ma'am, and told me to do the best I could for it, for she said, 'It will not be long a burthen to you.'"

Mr. Temple had now come up, and asked the girl if she had a father living.

"O yes, sir, but he has not done a day's work at the mill for more than a year, being hurt by the machine, and he fears there is little chance of his ever working again."

"And is there no provision made for the lame and the maimed, when unable to work for their bread?" said Mr. Temple.

"No redress but starving," said the girl in a sulky tone.

"Then how do you live at present?"

"By the work of my two brothers, Sir, who go daily to the mill; but they are only boys, and their wages small, and we are hard set to keep life in us; poor Mary ill too, and the babe keeps me at home, so I can be no help by my work."

"Have you no friends or neighbours to assist you?" demanded Mr. Temple.

"Our neighbors are as poor as ourselves, Sir, or they would help us, and our relations cast us off when we left the country."

"How long have you lived at Ledston?"

"Six years, sir, and a weary time it has been since we turned our backs on Bonfield."

"Bonfield, did you say,—what is your father's name?"

"William Lee, sir. We had a nice cottage and orchard on the green just opposite the church, and a cow and a pig, and we were all so happy and content! and Mr. Harris the clergyman, put my brothers and me to school, and the last year I lived with Mrs. Harris, under the cook; and my mother said we had many friends, and many blessings to be thankful for: but we went to Ledston, and she never looked up after, for she said the factories were the ruin of young people body and soul; and O what misery have we seen since!"

Mr. and Mrs. Temple were deeply interested in the poor girl's story, and determined to make inquiry at Bonfield of the truth of it, with the view of assisting the poor family if they proved worthy, as they had been parishioners of Mr. Temple's predecessor; he took down the name of the lane where they lived; and the half-crown Mrs. Temple gave the girl produced tears of joy.

While they were talking, a dashing open carriage passed by, filled with ladies splendidly dressed. One look at the group on the bank sufficed; they turned their heads another way, and soon were out of sight; not so the groom, who was on horseback attending the carriage; he cast a look of recognition at the girl, and looked back till a turn of the road prevented further scrutiny.

"Do you know whose carriage that is?" said Mr. Temple?

"Yes, sir, it is Mr. Burton's, the owner of the mill we have worked in ever since we came to Ledston."

"And does he know of the destitution in which you are now placed?"

"Yes, sir; he knew of my father's being crushed in the mill at the time it happened, but such things are common, and the masters take no notice of them; if a limb is lost the sufferer is taken to the Hospital; but if the accident is not so severe, they have nothing done for them. When my mother was on her death-bed, Sir, and we were all nearly famished, she said, 'Susan, dear, do go to Green Villa, (that is Mr. Burton's country house,) and try and see one of the ladies; if they have the hearts of Christian women, they surely will not refuse a mite to those who have come to poverty and sickness in their service.' My father was against me going, and said it was of no use, but I did go, and asked to see one of the young ladies; the footman eyed me with contempt, and said, 'I know the answer before I

deliver the message;' and he soon came back, saying, the ladies were engaged with company; and what with fasting and the long walk, and the disappointment, I fainted away; and the servants came round me, and gave me something to eat and drink, and that man who rode by, proposed to make a subscription among themselves, for he knew my father was no impostor; and they made up six shillings, which cheered me, and I returned with a light heart, for I had a loaf and milk to feed those I loved, and my mother was thankful; it was the last meal she ate, for she died that night, but she was prepared for the change; and Mr. Selwyn, the clergyman of our parish, said he never saw any one so chastened or so resigned. She was decently buried at his expense, for he does all the good he can out of the little he has; and he once made a subscription for us when we had no coals; and another time he sent us a pair of blankets, which he got from a lady who is good to the poor. He often comes to talk to my father, but he can find no peace, because he was the means of bringing us to Ledston, and all for the sake of gain.

An empty cart was now coming up, returning to the town, and Mr. Temple offered the driver a shilling, to take the girls, and set them down at their own door: this he willingly accepted, and he carried the poor invalid, who appeared quite insensible, and placed her in her sister's lap, together with the infant, and drove away.

With feelings of deep sympathy, Mr. and Mrs. Temple saw them depart to their wretched home, and could not help blessing God for the scene of contrast which was presented to their view on a near approach to the parsonage; the house was substantial, and situated in the midst of a pleasure-ground; on a lawn in front of it was a party of healthy and happy children in all the enjoyment of infantine mirth; and on one side was a pretty flower-garden, where two elder girls were employed in tying up some luxuriant flowers; they flew to meet their parents, exclaiming, "we thought you had been lost, and dinner has been writing above an hour."

"Never mind the dinner, my dears," said Mrs. Temple; "we have that to tell which will I hope interest every member of our own little flock, and teach them how thankful they ought to be, that their lot has been cast in pleasant places, far removed from either poverty or riches."

When all were assembled round the table, Mrs. Temple related the sad story of Susan Lee, and her young auditors were much moved with sympathy for the poor family; one said, I have an old frock, another shoes, which might be of use, besides a little hoard of half-pence which they had accumulated for their little charities. Mr.

Temple said, "Our first care must be to inquire of the farmers the character of William Lee, and if we find him honest, as well as unfortunate, something may be done to draw his poor children out of the state of temptation to evil ways, in which they have been so unhappily placed;" and, accompanied by Mrs. Temple, he that evening paid a visit to Farmer Jones, to whom he related the history of Lee, as he had it from his daughter.

"O, Sir," said Jones, "if William Lee had but been content to go on quietly in this village, I never knew a man more likely to raise a family respectably than he was, what with his own exertions and those of his wife, who was an example for cottagers' wives; and she brought up her children so well, they were the civillest, neatest, and cleanest that ever went to the school, and we all looked for good servants amongst them; but some foolish stories, set about by cunning men, of fortunes being made in a quick way in the factories, and wages being at that time high, and three of his children at an age to get employment, he rejected the advice of his poor wife, who was sadly set against the factories, and took his whole family to Ledston; and after a few months, wages lowered, his wife fell into bad health, and died a few months since, and I have heard nothing of him lately; for you see, Sir, we all thought him so foolish, that he lost all his old friends by the change, and as for his children, why I suppose they are like others that work in the factories, good for nothing out of them."

"I hope not," said Mr. Temple; "surely good examples at home have kept them from contamination."

"O, Sir, you don't know the factories as well as I do; you have not lived all your life so near Ledston as I have done; I am convinced that for the most part all those who work in them are destroyed soul and body, and many honest labourers in all the villages hereabouts, have ruined the day they were enticed to enter them. Can any wages pay a man for fifteen or sixteen hours of incessant labour in hot unwholesome rooms? And when the hour of rest comes, he spends his nights in some dirty close lane, where the breath of heaven never enters, and where the sun never shines. I say, Sir, human nature cannot stand it, and the churchyards are filled with the victims; strong men are laid low before they have seen half their days; as for women and children, they die by hundreds. O! it is a shameful slavery in a free land! thousands in that town, Mr. Temple, are as badly off as William Lee; but there is no redress; the task-master will make money, and he must have slaves, and the slaves must have bread, and so they toil on till death releases them.

I am sorry for poor Lee," said Jones, "and would do a little to help him for old acquaintance sake, but you see, Sir, no one likes to take a servant into their house who has been in a factory, for fear of their corrupting their fellow-servants; 'one black sheep mars the whole flock;' and we have found it so."

"I regret," said Mr. Temple, "to hear such an account of the demoralisation of the people compelled to work in masses; to youth it is particularly injurious. 'Evil communication does indeed corrupt good manners.' I have made the round of one mill since I came to Bonfield, and I was shocked at the bold and reckless appearance of the operatives, young and old, and not one happy face did I see amongst them."

"Happy face, Sir! that is a sight most rare in Ledston, and though I live so near, I never went over but one factory in my life; why the sight of the pale meagre, decrepid, melancholy looking children, wasting away to fill an early grave, was enough for me: I hastened home to gladden my eyes with our village children playing on the green, full of noisy mirth suitable to their age; but when you have lived longer in this country, Mr. Temple, you will learn what a curse these factories are to this country, and I say they will be the ruin of it before this century is past and gone. The masters have much to answer for, and the day will come when gold will cease to dazzle the eyes, and then they must leave their possessions behind them: it is not for such as me to judge, but I can't help thinking that when death is near, the remembrances of tyranny to their fellow-creatures will come with force, and disturb the last moments of those who have used it."

"No doubt," said Mr. Temple, "it is a melancholy thought, and happy are those who have not been tempted in the search for riches, for we know not our own strength."

"Very true, Sir; and as to Lee and his family, if any thing can be done for them, I am one to assist, and I will speak to others of his old neighbours on the subject."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones, I feel a great wish, if possible, to draw the young people at least from such bad examples, and I shall go to Ledston to-morrow to make further enquiries about them."

The next day Mr. Temple was early at Ledston, and introduced himself to Mr. Selwyn, being the most likely person to know the real circumstances of Lee and his family. The latter gentleman gave a good account of the deluded man, and was loud in praise of his exemplary wife, who exerted herself to the utmost to keep her children from evil contamination, or rather by good words to warn them of the fruits of it hereafter; but

when once embarked in factory work, short is the time for the influence or example of a pious parent; the long day is spent amongst wicked associates, and the child returns home wearied alike in mind and body; and if they do not frequent the dram shop, which too many of them do, they seek that oblivion to their sorrows in sleep, which is so necessary to the over-wrought and still tender frame.

Mr. Selwyn expressed his belief that Lee's children might yet be snatched from evil, as, from what he had observed, the home affections were not quite dead in their hearts; for even the lads seemed to grieve at the distresses of their parents, and Lee had taken them to church, and made them attend the Sunday-school, as long as they had decent clothes to put on, but since he became a cripple, the wages of the children were scarcely sufficient for the purchase of food to keep life in them. "In short," said Mr. Selwyn, "the earnings of these two boys is all the poor family have now to live upon, and happily their robust frames have stood the trial, though their pale faces plainly speak of destitution. We have many good Samaritans in this town," continued Mr. Selwyn, "but their charities are like drops of water in the sea in such a multitude of claimants; my rector is truly zealous and charitable, and out of a few hundreds a year has many claims both public and private, and he endeavours, in the pulpit and out of it, to enforce the virtue of charity; and no doubt in some cases with good effect; and I flatter myself that many redeeming characters are to be found amongst the merchants even in this town; but I am sorry to say, we have numbers, who have made their thousands through the means of our poor operatives, who part as reluctantly with a sovereign as if it were their last."

Mr. Temple took his leave, and by Mr. Selwyn's direction, after threading many a dirty lane arrived at the poor tenement of which Lee inhabited one room. Susan opened the door; her eyes were red with weeping, but a transient smile passed over her face as she asked Mr. Temple to walk in. The room was small and dark, being only lighted by a window of four panes. She approached the only bed in the room, and whispered a few words to her father, who was too feeble to sit up; and having placed a wooden stool for Mr. Temple, she gave her attention to the poor infant, who was laid crying on a mat at the foot of the bed.

"It was very kind of you to come to this poor place, Sir," said Lee, "and I thank you for your kindness to my poor girls; one of them would have died on the road but for you: she got home Sir, but she was spent, and the Lord called her

last night; and there she lies, Sir, another victim to a cruel father."

Now that Mr. Temple's eyes were accustomed to the darkness around him, he perceived in the farthest corner of the apartment a figure stretched out and covered with a sheet, which was indeed the corpse of the younger girl, happily released from all her sufferings.

Mr. Temple now feelingly entered into the poor man's sorrows, and offered comfort; but Lee was suffering from the pangs of remorse, and seemed to try to obtain relief by a confession of his sins.

"I suffer much, Sir," said he, "but no more than I deserve. I was once well off, but I was not content; I wished for more and lost all, God forgive me! If I only suffered alone, I could bear it, but my children, Sir, they have been devoted to Mammon. When I lived at Bonfield I was strong and healthy, and could always support the family God sent me. I had a good cottage and orchard, and kept a cow and a pig, and I could enjoy the pure air of heaven, and see the green fields, and spend the Sabbath-day as it should be spent; and I turned my back on all this for the sake of filthy lucre, and brought my good wife (much against her will) and four children to this wretched town: and as if for a punishment to me, we had only been six months here, when wages fell, the price of provisions rose, and all our earnings were not so much as my wife and I could make at Bonfield, and no friends, no help, no pity; and I was too proud to ask assistance, from old neighbors, or to let them know of our troubles, so we went on till I was crushed by machinery, which crippled me, and reduced me to the state I am now in. Then I saw my poor wife drooping day by day: she had had two children since we came here, besides that sick infant, and they soon went to an untimely grave. I saw the poor girl who lies in that corner nearly bent double by working too young as a scavenger in the mill; Susan and the boys have stood the trial, for they were strong and country-bred, and to them I owe the bit of bread I now eat. But my greatest of all troubles was the death of my wife; she was a pious woman, she bore her trials meekly, and if my children have escaped from bad examples, it is all her doing, with the grace of God; she counselled them without ceasing, she made them keep the Sabbath-day holy, and oh! she looked sad when that day returned, and we had not decent clothes to put on to visit God's house; but we *did*, pray at home: and since her death that girl, Sir, has done her utmost day and night, and counsels the lads when they come home; but I shall soon be taken from them, and then who will care for them?"

"Say not so," said Mr. Temple, "remember who is father of the fatherless."

"I know, I know," said Lee; "but they *must* live on as factory slaves, no one will countenance them now, and then the evil example will take effect, and all my doing!"

Mr. Temple took some pains to bring him into a better frame of mind, and hinted the intention of his old neighbours to assist him if he should recover, and be able to maintain his family in the country.

"God reward all those who pity us," said Lee. "but I shall not long want assistance; I feel more feeble every day, and my complaints have been too long neglected to be cured now. But the children, Sir, if I could see them out of this vile town, and getting an honest living elsewhere, I should die in peace."

"How did it happen," said Mr. Temple. "that you left Bonfield against the advice of your wife and friends? Who tempted you to come here?"

"The love of gain, Sir, first led me astray, and I was not content with going on quietly as my neighbours did, and I was dissatisfied with my small earnings. I worked as a labourer many years with farmer Jones, and I had a cottage from him, with a small field, at a moderate rent; and as my poor wife had four children to make and mend for, besides the care of the cow and the pig, she could do no more, so that I had to garden, to get up my hay, my potato crop, and to gather my garden fruit, after I got home from the farm: and, fool that I was, I thought money would come in faster if I gave up working at Mr. Jones'; so I laid out a little sum I had in the savings bank, and bought a cart and horse and turned carrier, though there were two others in the village; and I soon found to my cost that I had but a small share of the business; and after a year's trial I began to repent of the change I had made. One day that I had come from Ledston with a load of apples, I was sitting in the public-house, complaining of the low prices I had got for my fruit, when a decent-looking man took up the subject, and asked me many questions and seemed so interested in my concerns, I thought him all at once a friend, and told him how hard I worked for a living; and he strongly advised me to come to Ledston, and work in a factory, where with my wife and four children, who would every day be more useful, and earn higher wages, I should not only live, but lay by money, if I chose to work every day; and so smooth was this man's tongue, (who I afterwards heard was paid for enticing country folks to come to the factories,) that I promised to bring my family at once, and he offered to get me into Mr. Burton's

mill, and I went home quite delighted with my prospects. When I told my wife of my plan, she was stunned, and would hardly believe me in earnest, but I soon told her I was determined on it; and O how she cried that night, and said that her children would be lost creatures, soul and body; but I was hardened, and said she did not consider how I worked like a slave, and was no better, but getting worse in the world; so in a few weeks I gave up all, and came to this town with a sum which enabled me to take a house in a tolerably airy situation, and furnish it decently; and as wages were that year very high, and we all got employment, I thought all my dreams of independence in old age were to be realized; but the next year wages gradually lowered, and my wife fell into bad health after her confinement of a child, which was soon carried to the grave; and the children lost their spirits, and came home tired and worn out, and ready for bed before the night set in. Susan went through the toilsome tasks of scavenger and piecener, but being a strong girl, she was soon advanced to better work: not so my poor delicate Mary, who now lies there, she suffered from the employment given to the younger children, and her bones became soft, her feet swollen; her memory failed, and she came home above a year ago to droop and die, another martyr to the factory system. I have seen her daily dying by inches, sir, and prayed for her release; for she was so patient and submissive under her sufferings, that I feel assured she has joined her mother in heaven. O that I was as fit for the awful change!"

Never had Mr. Temple seen distress realised in more vivid colours than in this poor abode: the small window just gave light enough to display the wretchedness of extreme poverty; the sick man lay upon a thin straw mattress, with a single blanket and rug over him; the floor was sunk below the street, the walls green with damp, a few cinders burned on the hearth, a small table and two stools were the only articles of moveable furniture, and yet there was an air of cleanliness apparent in the little room.

Mr. Temple used all his efforts to speak comfort to the heart of the afflicted man, and promised something should be done both for him and his children; supposing they were willing to leave Ledston.

"Willing, Sir, not one of my children but would bless God for such a deliverance; and I know my poor lads would go to sea, but their wages are all now I have to live on; and they are good boys, and I don't doubt, if in any other way of earning their bread, they would do no discredit to their master, thanks to the pious counsels of their poor mother; and I do believe her prayers

for them have prevented them from falling into the sin and wickedness they see around them. When I am gone, and the poor baby, I hope, by God's grace, that girl, who has been such a slave to us all, and her brothers, may walk in such a course as to make friends."

As Mr. Temple was about departing, the door opened, and two tall thin pale boys came in, and were at the bedside before they perceived a stranger, when they slunk away, as if ashamed of their mean appearance. Mr. Temple, anxious to observe their manners, spoke to them of their father's situation, and hinted that he hoped to send him relief very soon; they replied civilly and respectfully, and a tear glistened in the eyes of the elder, when Susan said, "This is the good gentleman from Bonfield." She had been preparing each a basin full of crusts, over which she poured a little milk, and they gladly began to partake this humble fare, when a tall, half-clad Irishwoman entered, and set upon the table a plate of hot potatoes.

"There, boys," said she, "it's you that have no father to work for you, and seldom get a hot meal, welcome you are to a portion of Norah Flanagan's pratees, and I wish it were better worth your having;" but on turning and seeing Mr. Temple she resumed, "I ask your pardon, Sir, I did not see a gentleman in this poor place."

"No apology is necessary, my good woman," said Mr. Temple, "you are on a visit of charity, and I honour you for it."

"That's true for you, Sir," said Norah, "and if I was but once more in my own country, I should have a hundred pratees for one to give away; woe me, it was a dark day when I left the green island, and crossed the sea to come to this place of slavery, expecting to cut white bread and the good flesh meat, and to have decent clothing for the childer, and more than that, money to lay by to carry us back to our own dear country when we were tired of this."

"And how long may you have lived here?" said Mr. Temple, whose ears were ever open to the complaints of the poor.

"A matter of two long years, your honour," said Norah; "Murphy and I, and six children, left kith and kind, and country, to come and serve them as has no more hearts than the stones they tread upon; they make us work, work, toil, toil, till all the strength is gone out of us, and then we may die in the streets for aught they care; but as sure as my name's Norah Flanagan, I will see the green island before I am two months older!"

"But how can you take so long a journey without money, and with so large a family?" inquired Mr. Temple.

"O your honour! the like of us can travel when our betters can't; we can beg our way to Liverpool, and I have a cousin as is captain of a ship belonging to Cork, and he will give us a free passage any day; and then only set foot on Irish ground, we shall do, for at every farm-house the bowl of milk and the big pratees will be handed to us with a kind welcome."

"And who induced you," said Mr. Temple, "to leave your own country, and come to Ledston, on an uncertainty of finding work?"

"Well, your honour, I will tell you all about it: I had a cousin as was footman up at Shannon Hall, (may be you know the place where Squire O'Neil lives;) and he had been over to this country with his master; and he told us they had been visiting at a grand house like a palace, not far from this here town; and as true as I speak it, your honour, the master of it was, in his young days, a ragged boy, the son of poor parents, and he got into a factory, and from one thing to another got to be master, and has had thousands to work for him; and he built a fine house, and has serving men and serving women, and gold as fast as he can count it; and so this story set us all a wishing to try our fortunes: and Murphy says, says he, "What, if one of our boys should thrive so well, and if one does it will be the making of all the rest;" and so we gave up the cabin, and sold the cow and the pig, and got to Ledston in a decent way with the money; and woe me! when we got here, wages were low, and went high, and it's all we can do to keep life in us; and but for the strong country boys I brought with me, they might have been laid under the sod long since, as hundreds of their comrades are; but the sun shall shine upon them soon in the county of Clare, if it please God they live a little month longer."

Just as the garrulous Irishwoman finished her story, the door opened, and a little girl covered with rags put her head in, saying, "Mother, come quick, for the boys are eating up all the pratees, and wont give me one!"

"Tell them, I'll send the priest to them," said Norah. "But they don't fear the priest in this country, nor any living creature. Them are factory manners, your honour," said she, turning to Mr. Temple: "before we came here my boys were notified for their manners; they always made obeisance to the squire, and the priest, and all the quality they met, but now they have no respect for their betters, and I rue the day my cousin Mic told his tales about English factories, for that began our ruin."

Here she had a second call from the girl, and after a respectful courtesy to Mr. Temple, she hurried from the room. During her stay the

boys had hastily swallowed their scanty meal, the factory bell had rung, and they departed to their toilsome drudgery.

"All that I see and hear," said Mr. Temple, "convince me that religion and morality are at a very low ebb in this large town, and the consequences are dreadful to contemplate."

"They are indeed, Sir," said Lee; "for there are not places of worship for a tithe of the people; and as for schools, the needy parents are so bent on making all they can of their children, that they don't care to send them, and so this kind of charity is in a manner lost. And the Sabbath day!—O sir, it would shock you to hear how it is kept by thousands who neither seem to fear God nor Satan; but thanks be to her that is gone, we kept that day holy, and went to church as long as we could decently appear there; and my lads were kept from the beer shops and such like places, and made to read their Bible, though they were sully bantered about it at the factory."

Mr. Temple had heard and seen enough to interest his feelings, and increase his desire to snatch this poor family from perdition; and giving Susan the means to provide some comforts for her father, he took his leave, promising to arrange some plan for their good as soon as possible.

"Surely," said Susan to her father, "Providence put it into your head to send us to walk into the country (though Mary was dying) the very day that good gentleman had been at Ledston, for all the quality in the town would have passed by without notice."

"I hope not, I hope not; but the rich people of this town are so used to see objects of distress, that their hearts are hardened, like Pharaoh's: but, 'peradventure ten' be found,—there is Mr. Selwyn, Susan, and his rector."

"But they are not rich, father, and do not employ factory people, and they are God's ministers, and mother said that a shilling from them was as much as a hundred pounds would be from some of our employers, who make all they have by our toil."

"Very true, Susan, and the Scripture says, 'As well may a camel go through the eye of a needle, as a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

That night a bright gleam of hope sat upon the faces of Lee's family, and they talked of future days and better prospects till sleep overtook them, and rose in the morning with an alacrity, very different from their usual feelings, which had bordered on a sullen despair.

Mr. Temple followed up his charitable plans; he raised a subscription amongst the farmers, and prevailed with a widow woman to lodge

Lee's family for a few weeks; and the day after the funeral of Mary, they were brought in a cart to Bonfield, where in a few days the pure country air, and the happy faces of his children, so revived the poor invalid, that he was able to sit up, and never ceased praising God for his mercies. The suffering infant was now released, and Susan was enabled to take in needle-work, which Mrs. Temple provided for her, and farmer Jones employed both the lads, who soon gained health and strength on good wholesome diet, and gave satisfaction to their master. Susan was fluttered that her father would soon be able to go to church, and gain some easy work suited to his strength; but Lee felt that within which bade him prepare for the awful change so soon to take place, and his greatest pleasure was in the visits of Mr. Temple, who spoke comfort to the dying man, whose repentance was so sincere, and faith in Christ so firm, that his death-bed was one of peace; and he gave such advice to his children, on contentment with their lot in life, and spoke so strongly on the love of gain which had been his ruin, that their young hearts were deeply impressed, and we will hope the remembrance will not be forgotten. Mrs. Temple promised to take Susan into her service, when her duties to her father were over, and one month after his return to Bonfield, William Lee was laid in the grave. Mrs. Temple took the grateful Susan into her house as an under nursery-maid, and her good conduct and obliging behaviour won the esteem of all the family. She had, though so young, seen so much sorrow, and utter wretchedness, that her new situation appeared to her a heaven upon earth, and her gratitude to the family knew no bounds, and in a few months she had an opportunity of showing it by deeds as well as words. An epilemic disease attacked the whole family of children, and Susan rested not from the labors of attendance in the sick room night or day, till it pleased God to restore the invalids to health; and when Mrs. Temple thanked her with tears in her eyes for her exertions, she would say, "O maclan! can I ever do enough for you and yours, who have dragged me and those I loved from destitution? To serve you is my greatest happiness, and I have no wish to change my situation at any time."

"Make no rash resolves, Susan," said Mrs. Temple; "the hand of God directs aright, and trust all to him."

Susan's eldest brother had a wish to follow a trade, and the village carpenter took him as apprentice for a small sum, which Susan promised to help to pay off yearly out of her wages, as she was too prudent to lay it all out on dress, as many young women do; neither would she save it,

while her brother might be benefited by her assistance.

Time passed on, and at twenty-five years of age, Susan became the upper servant in the nursery, and Mrs. Temple reposed the utmost confidence in her, being assured she had the interest of her children at heart, from gratitude and attachment.

About this time a near relative of Mr. Temple's, with his wife and children, arrived in England from Jamaica, and paid a visit to the rectory; they were attended by a young negro lad who was much attached to Captain Ormond's children, and had a great wish to see this far-famed country. Captain Ormond had several objections to bringing Jaffier so far from his home, but the children's entreaties prevailed, and he was in raptures at the idea of seeing a country where all were free, all were happy, and where the streets were paved with gold, for so the poor simple negro had been led to believe. The family landed at Liverpool, made a hasty journey across the country to Bonfield, where Jaffier found the first specimen of free-born English in Mr. Temple's servants, and was impressed with the idea that all this class in our country were equally happy and content. He told them of all the sorrows to which his race were doomed in a state of slavery, of the cruel overseer, the burning sun under which they worked, and the contempt with which their masters treated them.

Susan was a willing listener to Jaffier's complaints, but on questioning him closely and minutely, she made him confess that each slave had his own cottage with a garden attached, and time given them for cultivation; that they had many little merry meetings amongst themselves, medical advice in sickness, and suitable diet: and so many little comforts found for them by their employers, that she could not help thinking that in her own free country there was slavery worse than that imposed upon the negro race.

"Don't suppose, Jaffier," said Susan, "that what you see in this house is a sample of the life led by all in our station in this country; gentlemen's servants are well off, and ought to be more thankful than they are for board, lodging, and easy work, with wages to use as they like: but go to Ledston, Jaffier, and see the factories, and how the poor creatures of all ages toil hour after hour without relaxation, and you will say there is slavery in a free land—in a Christian land." But Jaffier would not be convinced by her words, and went on railing at the task-masters in his own hapless country.

One day Captain Ormond ordered the carriage to take the children to Ledston to see a cotton mill; Jaffier was in attendance, and his master

said he might accompany the party through the working rooms, which gave him great pleasure. On passing some of the factories on entering the town, Jaffier was struck with the immense size and apparent grandeur of the buildings; the day was hot and sultry, and Jaffier remarked to his master, who sat by him on the barouche seat, that the people who worked in them were happy in being protected from the heat of the sun, under which the poor negro toiled without pity. Captain Ormond agreed with him, not having ever been round a cotton-mill, but soon did he change his opinion on this point.

Mr. Temple introduced the party to one of the largest mills in Ledston, where several hundred hands were employed; and a person came forward to explain the works, as they passed through a large suite of rooms. On entering one large room, filled by children of all ages, their good feelings were much shocked to see the pale sickly faces and feeble appearance of the poor little creatures, some of whom could not have been more than five years of age, who were employed as scavengers, that is, to snatch off all the loose wool, which adheres to that drawn out by the machine, and to throw it down fast enough to avoid a blow from the ponderous engine which goes to and fro without ceasing; and to escape this they are obliged to stoop continually, whilst the cotton dust fills the mouth and nostrils, till they can scarcely breathe. Others, who were a little older, were plying the arduous task of *piecener*, which, though not to be called hard work, requires that intense attention of the mind, so destructive to infancy, besides being surrounded by the confused sounds of the machinery and their eyes dazzled by the movements of myriads of wheels, reels, pulleys, chains, and other iron works; and should these poor infant operatives relax for one moment from their task, or should sleep overtake them, which often happens, the whip of the overseer soon arouses them to fresh exertion and unnatural excitement. Tears stood in the eyes of the young Ormonds and their cousins at the scene, and they moved forward into a large apartment where a number of women and girls were employed in gathering flakes of cotton torn by the cylinders: the air was so impregnated by the fine or fine particles of the cotton, that the visitors were much annoyed by it, which increased their pity for those who were doomed to live in the midst of its unwholesome influence. The hour of refreshment arrived, the machinery stopped as if by magic, the women either sat upon the floor, or stood against the frames, to swallow the comfortless meal they had each provided, which was abundantly mixed with the flue and dust; the rest from labour seemed

to bring no pleasure, their meals no refreshment; gloomy and silent, not a word was spoken, no animation of youthfulness appeared in the vacant countenances, but on every side were seen hollow cheeks, heavy eyes, narrow chests, stooping figures, and that helpless expression so near akin to despair. In a few minutes all were again in motion, pursuing the same round of monotonous business, hour after hour, with, to all appearance, as little feeling as the machinery they assisted: indeed, a looker on might truly call them the *human machinery*. The apartment, though large, was not proportionably lofty, so that the air was oppressive to a sickening degree; the sun shone through numerous windows in three sides of it, the heat was almost suffocating, and the smell of the rank oil used in the machinery increased the oppression. The survey of the mill detained our party above two hours, and glad were they to be free from the heat, and dust, and noisome odours which they had encountered; yet duly impressed with sympathy for the unhappy beings they had just seen. "O!" exclaimed Captain Ormond, "that any of our fellow creatures should be obliged to submit to such slavery, such degradation, to fill the coffers of their unfeeling, unchristian, and cruel task-masters!" and turning to Jaffier, said, "What think you now of happy England?"

"O massa!" said the negro, "seeing is believing; fine houses, great prisons; Susun's words all true, poor white man and white woman, and little picanniny, all toil as much as poor negroes in Jamaica, and look more unhappy; never more will Jaffier believe stories about *fin* country again, after what he see to-day, and he content to go back to his own country, where more glad faces than here; but O, to think of the man with the long whip stirring up the picanninies to keep them awake when they so tired. O dear! O dear! my heart sore. In Jamaica they take care of the young ones to make them strong, and they happy for some years, and work better by and bye."

"True," said his master, "it is one of the most impolitic steps that the factory masters can take to employ children before they have arrived at full growth, by which means, able workmen and workwomen will not be found, for I understand one-half of the poor children engaged in the mills are laid in an early grave, and those who survive, what objects are they! sickly, emaciated looking creatures, such as I feel ashamed to see in a Christian country; but I hope the day is dawning when the wrongs of these little white slaves will be redressed,—one or two of their champions have passed away, but we have still amongst the legislature of our land a few good

Samaritans, who will take up their cause for Christ's sake."

As they drove into Eonfield, Captain Ormond pointed out to Jaffier the happy looking cottage children just let loose from school, and explained to Jaffier the difference between the life of the peasantry in the country, and that of the manufacturing towns in large towns, and Jaffier was pleased to see that all England was not like Ledston.

In the evening, Captain Ormond and Mr. Temple discussed the unhappy condition of the labouring manufacturers in the large towns of England and Scotland, and the bad influence which resulted from the factory system on the morals of the people. "And I can assure you," said the former, "from all I have seen in our West India islands, I think the life of a working negro infinitely preferable to that of the operatives in your factories; though their work is harder, the hours are shorter, and they have more relaxation, and are provided with wholesome food. The negroes," continued Captain Ormond, "commence work about half-past five in the morning, and have an hour allowed for breakfast, and two hours for dinner; during the cane harvest they work rather longer, but are always cheerful and happy at that time: half of Saturday is allowed for the cultivation of their own plantations. Every head of a family has a house built, and kept in repair at the expense of the proprietor, with a piece of ground, on which he usually keeps fowls, a pig and goat, and cultivates for his own profit. Every full-grown labourer has an allowance of corn and potatoes daily, besides a dressed meal served to them at noon on their return from work; and half-a-pint of ginger tea is given them before they begin work in the morning, and a portion of rum and water at a stated time. They have also a weekly allowance of salt fish, molasses, and salt; and on Sunday some addition is made, also at Christmas and Easter. They usually attend a weekly market, and sell part of their provisions, as well as fowls, pigs, or goats, which they have raised, and there may choose such little comforts as they can afford. The heat of the climate does not require much clothing, and the articles worn are provided by the proprietor. On each estate is an hospital, where the sick have medical advice, proper diet, and attendance; the young children are carefully attended by nurses, while their parents are in the fields. The negroes are for the most part cheerful and contented; their favourite amusement is dancing, in which they indulge weekly in large parties, decked out in gay attire; as many of them are musical, these meetings are a scene of great hilarity."

"I rejoice to hear," said Mr. Temple. "such an account of a people whom I have ever been

led to believe were the most cruelly treated and most depressed in spirit of any race on the face of the earth ; but compared to our poor factory slaves, they may be termed happy ; and I don't doubt but as a spirit of Christianity enlightens the minds of their masters, the benign influence will extend to the slaves, and the exertion of the missionary will gradually spread ' peace and good will towards man.' "

" Within the last twenty years," said Captain Ormond, " great advances have been made in communicating to the negroes a knowledge of the principles of Christianity. Churches have been built; ministers appointed, and schools established; and though much yet remains to be done, through the efforts of all those on each side of the Atlantic, who sincerely desire the physical and moral happiness of all the negro population, we may hope to see the day soon when the name of slavery shall be no more heard, and when the master and servant will be equally members of Christ's church, in heart and profession. The scenes I beheld yesterday," continued Captain Ormond, " in your town of Ledston, made me ashamed of my countrymen, who, professing Christianity, spend their whole lives in heaping up riches, in bowing to the golden calf, ay, and at the cost of not only the health and lives of their fellow-creatures, but of the eternal perdition of their souls; truly this is the day when our great adversary, in the shape of Mammon, walks the earth seeking whom he may devour. The insatiable love of gold banishes all good feeling; our merchants have been called the princes of the earth; they have been extolled for their liberality, their benevolence, their charities, and every Englishman was proud of his country; but of late how changed the scene! Since the establishment of manufactories on a large scale, the proprietors are not content with amassing a fortune in the course of a life, but they must become cruel task-masters, that their coffers may be filled as if by magic in a few short years, while they live in a style of expenditure only suited to the nobility of the land, and yet, when called upon to assist in the works of charity, are their subscriptions equal to their means? Certainly not."

" I agree with you entirely," said Mr. Temple, " having now spent some years in the vicinity of men who have acquired rapid fortunes in trade, and I have often thought, when reading an ostentatious account of the magnificent gift of fifty or one hundred pounds to some public charity, that the sum of five pounds from a person situated as you and I are, far exceeds the rich man's liberality; we make some personal sacrifice to be able to afford it, he makes none; he cannot feel the loss of his gift, so that the merit is small; yet I

would fain hope there are many who feel and practise charity in a quiet unostentatious manner, even amongst manufacturers, and I think the day is coming when the cause of the poor operative will be sounded throughout the country; and as the benevolent Wilberforce was the successful champion of the negro slave, so may the exertions of Ashley and of Ferrand be remembered in future years, as having taken up the cause of the poor factory child!"

" But," said Captain Ormond, " are not the parents of these children alone to blame for allowing them to work at so early an age?"

" The first blame, in my opinion," replied Mr. Temple, " rests with the masters, whose avidity induces them to employ as many hands as they can meet with, at the least possible expense; while parents are induced, when wages are high, to make their children assist in gaining what too often is spent in riotous living; and when wages are low, from adventitious circumstances, it requires the earnings of a whole family to keep them from starving; and such has been the state of things for some years, that the generations now rising up are beyond measure hardened: the cheerless, though noisy monotony of their lives, and the total absence of all that can elevate the mind in the contemplation of God's works, stamps the character with gloom and selfishness; all kindly feelings are nipped in the bud while breathing an atmosphere which God never made, but which the destroyer, man, has planned for the lust of gold; poverty induces parents to sacrifice their children, and mill-owners consider them as beings born for their use alone. There are a few schools established in Ledston," continued Mr. Temple, " but neither the mill-owners nor the parents are anxious to take advantage of them; and as to the way in which the Sabbath-day is passed by the multitude in that town, I grieve to say the recital would appal any one, who has not lived within the sound of such things; but so great is the population, that there are not places of worship for a tenth of the people; our churches are well filled, and our clergy are diligent and zealous in their callings, but what can they do among so many!"

" It is indeed pitiable," said Captain Ormond, " to hear the English nation extolled to the furthest parts of the earth for boundless charities, while thousands of her own people are so benighted and so little cared for; yet I trust the day is dawning when such a stir will be made as to these present grievances, that good shall encompass evil; and we shall rise from the aspersions which might be justly cast upon us by other nations."

" There is another crying evil," said Mr. Tem-

ple, "which you are not aware of, and which tends forcibly to engender discontent; I mean the 'Truck System.' Many of our most respectable mill-owners keep a store, or shop, where the poor creatures who work in their mills are expected, indeed compelled, to take provisions and clothing at a price fixed; so that on Saturday night, instead of the workman receiving his wages, and laying it out how and where he pleases, he has no alternative but to take the offered goods, which are of high price and of an inferior description, or lose his situation: it is the same with regard to house-rent; the mill-owner builds a number of small inconvenient tenements, and he expects his workmen to occupy them at a most extravagant rent, and this is of course deducted from his wages. While these things last, can we expect the lower class in the manufactories to be more content and happy than they are?"

"Alas! no," said Captain Ormond, "and ill as I always thought of these overgrown manufacturing towns, I was not prepared for such iniquity; but as Jaffier wisely said, 'seeing is believing; and I am convinced that the woes of the lower class, or human machines, are mostly to be attributed to those whose slaves they are in all but the name.'"

"When I see many of my pious brethren in Ledston," said Mr. Temple, "spending their whole time in doing good, and with apparently so little benefit to their poor parishioners, I thank God, who has placed me in a situation where I can number my flock, and take that interest in both their spiritual and worldly concerns which the minister of an over-grown parish cannot possibly feel. O, that these worshippers of Mammon would look to themselves! that they would give themselves time to think of the inevitable visit of the King of Terrors which awaits them, when that sickness overtakes them which the art of the physician cannot cure; when the appetite palls at the very sight of the luxurious meal; when the voice of flattery charms no more; when worldly thoughts of aggrandisement bring no comfort;—then will the hardened oppressor of the poor feel, that the God he has worshipped has no power to help him; then will he wish he had served the one true God, and Him only had he worshipped."

Those who have felt any interest in the simple history of the "Yorkshire Factory Girl," may like to hear that her merit was not unnoticed by those in her own station of life, and she received an offer of marriage from an industrious young man, who was an under-gardener to the proprietor of Bonfield Lodge; and Susan accepted him on the condition of his waiting a few years till they had saved a sufficient sum to furnish a house.

and begin the world with a fair prospect of thriving in their situation. To this he readily agreed, and the arrangement was most agreeable to her kind mistress, as she was so trusty and valuable a servant. Susan's brothers gained friends; the carpenter is now in good business on his own account in Bonfield; and Mr. Jones has promoted his brother to the situation of foreman on his large farm. Thus has the good conduct of the three once destitute orphans placed them in a situation of humble happiness; and they have not forgotten their obligations to Mr. and Mrs. Temple, who were the means, under Providence of raising them from the abject and degraded state in which they had found them. Jaffier returned to Jamaica with Captain Ormond; his feelings were much changed during his visit to this free country, and he had learnt to be quite content with his lot from the day on which he had beheld the sorrows of the

FACTORY SYSTEM.

THE WISH.

Freedom in life has ever been mine—

Free let me ever be;

In death let no coffin my limbs confine,

Let no prison be dug for me—

But sink me deep where the surges swell,

And roll for ever free—

Yes, bury me where I've loved to dwell,

In the depths of my own blue sea—

Rather would I with the roaring storm,

Be borne on the breaking wave,

Than make a feast for the noxious worm,

In the dark and narrow grave.

Oh! let me rest where the pearl glows forth,

And the nautilus o'er me sails,

In his fairy car, from South to North,

At the mercy of the gales—

Where the stormy petrel hovers round,

And the sea-bird screams on high;

And the billows heave with a hollow sound,

As the rushing gale sweeps by!

But place me not, as ye love my soul,

In the cold earth's breast of clay—

Lest my spirit, loosed from earth's control,

Should haunt thee night and day.

On the ocean wave I have loved to be,

In its bosom let me lie—

Its spray be the tears that are shed for me,

While the gale shall o'er me sigh—

Then sink me deep where the surges swell,

And roll for ever free—

Oh! lay me at last where I've loved to dwell,

In the depths of my own blue sea.

THE SUMMONS.

BY DR. HASKINS.

Emerg'd the Lost from the waves of Hell,
From deeps where the fiery surges swell;
Fiercely and fast, fiercely and fast,
Swept they along to the portals vast,
Beneath whose arches Death awaits
With massive keys at the iron gates.

Demon and fiend, from the pit of flame,
With shout like the blast of thunder came;
Like meteors, when the moon is low,
When sullen storms at midnight blow,
Loud o'er the hill with graves bespread
Clar'd fiendish eyes from th' unholy Dead.

Burst wide those gates with terrific swing,
And strode within the tremendous king;
His eye was fierce, his demeanour proud,
His brow was black with a sable cloud;
The clarion upon his neck that hung
He blew—at the blast Hell's caverns rung.

Far—deep—below the burning wave,
Ten thousand fathoms down—where lave
Their limbs the Lost in unslirring fire,
And die the death, yet ne'er expire;
Where howl Despair and Rage and Fear,
Sped that Summons its warning dear.

As pour the stars from the glitt'ring east,
When his weary wain hath the Sun relens'd,
Streaming in floods o'er the sapphire sky,
Enkindling earth from their founts on high;
Numberless as those orbs of light
Rush'd fiends along in their fury's flight.

As sandy clouds by the tempest hurld,
Where the desert outspreads its arid world;
Where Caucasus rears his rocky chain,
As headlong hurry the streams to the main,
With voice like th' earthquake's roaring deep,
Onward, onward, their legions sweep.

As frowns a cliff o'er ocean's foam,
When at will of the wind the billows roam;
Gigantic uplifts o'er the din of waves
Its awful brow; and the billows braves;
Thus Satan stands; while at his feet
The haughty floods of the faithless meet.

"King of the Proud! whose sovereign sway
The numberless hosts of Hell obey;
Lord of the dauntless, the fierce, the strong,
Wherefore speeds thy Summons along?—
Behold, around thee, submissive bands,
Expectant, await thy high commands."

"Souls of the Free, the Fearless, who own
No monarch's sway save mine alone;
Subjects liege of a dauntless lord—
Belov'd in Hell, tho' in Heav'n abhor'd;
Demons miscall'd, of high descent,
Pine-fram'd of a nobler element.

"He who reigns in the highest Heav'n
Had of old a promise to mortals giv'n—
To burst their bonds in a future hour,
And rescue their race from Apollyon's pow'r;

That his son belov'd should a ransom be
To set them for aye from our thralldom free.

"Draws on the day—that hour is near;
Prophetic sounds are in mine ear;
Arm for the strife!—one final blow;
Nor let us tarry our right feroe,
Nor basely to a victor quail,
One struggle—if we fall, we fall!"

He spake: on swept his words as a stream,
The fire-floods cast a ruddier gleam;
And yell and shout exulting rose
From the hearts malign of Emmanuel's foes;
With curses that made e'en stern Hell shiver,
They swore to war with him for ever.

Then echoed a voice thro' the central deeps,
Like the wind on the shore when Ocean sleeps;
Though still and small, at its awful tone
A breathless trance o'er that host was thrown:
And boastful fiends, by its pow'r o'ercome,
Shrank into naught, and at once were dumb.

"Woe—woe to the worm that madly strives
With him by whose breath each creature lives;
That dares to dispute his righteous will
Whose smile is life, whose frown can kill;
Who speaks, and worlds are in atoms strown,
Stars, Suns, in final ruin o'erthrown.

"Woe—woe to rebellious worms that strive
With him whose thunders the mountain rive;
Who fetters the floods with his icy chain,
And stills the rage of the roaring main;
Who holds in his hand Earth, Heav'n and Sea,
And fixes the stars with his firm decree.

"Shall the dry stubble, the chaff, the brinr,
Content with blasts of the raging fire,
Shall the weak grass its stem appear
In the lightning's blaze, and its fury dare,
The thistle's down the tempest withstand
That strews with death both ocean and land?

"Shall the light cloud, whose silvery sail
Gleides softly along on the gentle gale,
When fiercely on high tornadoes sweep,
Uplifting the waves of the mountainous deep,
Proudly oppose the whirlwind's might,
And stand unmov'd in the storm's despite?

"Earth may mock in its guilty pride,
Archangels wonder, and fiends deride;
Satan!—thy haughty heart my swell,
Triumphant o'er thee and Death and Hell,
Shall rule and reign over all my Son;
My word is pass'd, and it shall be done!"

POETRY AND LOVE.

If there be poetry in this world, it is in the depth
of an unrequited and an imaginative passion—
pure, dreaming, sacred from all meaner cares and
lower wishes; asking no return, but feeling that
life were little to lavish on the beloved one.

PLACE DE LA CROIX.

BY T. H. THORP.

THERE is much of beautiful romance in the whole history of the early settlements of Florida.* De Soto and Ponce de Leon have thrown around the records of their searches for gold and the waters of life a kind of dreamy character, that renders them more like traditions of a spiritual than of a real world. They and their followers were men of stern military discipline, who had won honors in their conquests over the Moors; and they came hither not as emigrants, seeking an asylum from oppression, but as nobles anxious to add, to their numerous laurels by conquests in a new world. The startling discoveries, the fruits, the gold, and the natives that appeared with Columbus at the court of Isabella, gave to fancy an impetus and to enthusiasm a power that called forth the pomp of the 'Infallible Church' to mingle her sacred symbols with those of arms; and they went joined together through the wilds of America.

Among the beautiful and striking customs of those days was the erection of the cross at the mouths of rivers and prominent points of land, that presented themselves to the discoverers. The sacred symbol thus reared in solitude seemed to shadow forth the future, when the dense forest would be filled with its followers instead of the wild savage; and it cheered the lonely pilgrim in his dangerous journeys, bringing to his mind all the cherished associations of this life, and directing his thoughts to another world. In the putting up of these crosses, as they bore the arms of the Sovereign whose subjects erected them, and as they were indicative of civil jurisdiction and empire, the most prominent and majestic locations were selected, where they could be seen for miles around, towering above every other object, speaking the advances of the European, and giving title to the lands over which they cast their shadows. Three hundred years ago the sign of the cross was first raised on the banks of the Mississippi. From one of the few bluffs or high points of land that border that swift-running river, De Soto, guided by the aborigines of the country, was the first European that looked upon

its turbid waters, soon to be his grave. On this high bluff, taking advantage of a lofty cotton-wood tree, he caused its majestic trunk to be shorn of its limbs; on this tall shaft was placed the beam that made the cross. This completed, the emblazoned banners of Spain and Arragon were unfurled to the breeze, and amid the strains of martial music and the firing of cannon, the steel-clad De Soto, assisted by the priests in his train, raised the host to Heaven, and declared the reign of Christianity commenced in the valley of the Mississippi.

The erection of this touching symbol in the great temple of nature was full of poetry. The forests, like the stars, declare the wonderful works of the Creator. In the silent grandeur of our primeval forests, in their avenues of columns, their canopies of leaves, their festoons of vines, the cross touched the heart, and spoke more fully its office than it ever will, glistening among the human greatness of a Milan cathedral, or the solemn splendor of a St. Peter's.

Two hundred years after Ponce de Leon mingled his dust with the sands of the peninsula of Florida, and De Soto reposed beneath the current of the Mississippi, the same spirit of religious and military enthusiasm pervaded the settlements made by both French and Spanish in this 'land of flowers.' Among the adventurers of that day were many who mingled the romantic ambition of the crusaders with the ascetic spirit of the monk, and who looked upon themselves as ambassadors of religion to new nations in a new world. Of such was Rousseau.

It requires little imagination to understand the disappointment that such a man would meet with in forest life, and as an instructor of the untractable red man. The exalted notions of Rousseau ended in despondency, away from the pomp and influence of his church. Having been nurtured in the 'Eternal City,' he had not the zeal and lacked the principle to become an humble teacher to humbler recipients of knowledge. Disregarding his priestly office, he finally mingled in the dissipations of society; and in the year 1736 he started off as a military companion to D'Artaguette in his expedition against the Chickasas. The

* The name of 'Florida' was given originally to almost the whole of the southern portion of the continent east of the Mississippi.

death of D'Artagnette and his bravest troops, and the dispersion of his Indian allies. Left Rousseau a wanderer, surrounded by implacable enemies, he being one of the few who escaped the fate of battle. Unaccustomed to forest life, more than a thousand miles from the Canadas, he became a prey of imaginary and real dangers; unprovided with arms, his food was of roots or herbs; at night the wild beast howled round his cold couch, and every stump in the day time seemed to conceal an Indian.

Now it was, that Rousseau reviewed the incidents of his past life with sorrow. He discovered when it was too late that he had lost his peace of mind and his hopes of a future existence for a momentary enjoyment. Wasting with watching and hunger, he prayed to the Virgin to save him, that he might by a long life of penance obliterate his sins. On the twelfth day of his wanderings he sank upon the earth to die, and casting his eyes upward in prayer, he saw far in the distance, towering above every object, the cross! It seemed a miracle, and inspired strength in his trembling limbs; and he pressed forward that he might breathe his last at its foot. As he reached it, a smile of triumph lighted up his way-worn features, and he fell insensible to the earth.

Never perhaps was this sacred emblem more beautifully decorated or touchingly displayed, than was the one that towered over Rousseau. From indications, some fifteen years might have elapsed since the European pilgrim had erected it. One of the largest forest trees had been chosen that stood upon the surrounding hills; the tall trunk tapered upward with the proportions of a Corinthian column, which, with the piece forming the cross, was covered with ten thousand evergreen vines, that spread such a charm over the southern landscape. It seemed as if Nature had paid tribute to the sacred symbol, and festooned it with a perfection and beauty worthy of her abundance. The honey-suckle and the ivy, the scarlet creeper and fragrant jasmine, the foliage enamelled with flowers, shed upon the repentant and insensible Rousseau a shower of fragrance.

Near where he lay, there was a narrow and amply-worn footpath; you could trace it from where it lost itself in the deep forests to where it wound round the steep washed bank until it touched the water's edge. At this point were to be seen the prints of footsteps; the traces of small fires were also visible, and one of them still sent up puffs of smoke. Here it was that the Choctaw maidens and old women performed their rude labor of washing. In the morning and evening sun a long line of the forest children might be seen with clay jars and skins filled with water, carrying

them upon their heads, and stringing up, single file, the steep bank and losing themselves in the woods; with their half-clad and erect forms making a most picturesque display, not unlike the processions figured in the hieroglyphical paintings of Egypt.

Soon after Rousseau fell at the cross, there might have been seen emerging from the woods, and following the path we have described, a delicately-formed Indian girl. In her hand was a long reed and a basket, and she came with blithe steps toward the river. As she passed the cross, the form of Rousseau met her eyes. Stopping and examining him, with almost overpowering curiosity, she retreated with precipitation, but returned almost instantly. She approached nearer and nearer until the wan and insensible face met hers. Strange as was his appearance and color, the chord of humanity was touched; the woman forgot both fear and curiosity, in her anxiety to allay visible suffering. A moment had hardly elapsed, before water was thrown over Rousseau, and held to his lips. The refreshing beverage brought him to consciousness. He stared wildly about him, and discovering the Indian form bending over him, he sunk again insensible to the earth. Like a young doe the girl bounded away and disappeared.

A half an hour might have elapsed when there issued out of the forest a long train of Indians. At their head was the young maiden surrounded with armed warriors; in the rear followed women and children. They approached Rousseau, whose recovery was but momentary, and who was now unconscious of what was passing around him. The crowd examined him first with caution, gradually with familiarity; their whispers became animated conversation, and finally blended in one noisy confusion. There were many among those present, many who had heard of the white man and of his powers, but none had ever seen one before. One Indian, more bold than the rest, stripped the remnant of a cloak from Rousseau's shoulder; another, emboldened by this act, caught rudely hold of his coat, and as he pulled it aside there fell from his breast a small gilt crucifix, held by a silken cord. Its brilliancy excited the cupidity of all, and many were the eager hands that pressed forward to obtain it. An old chief gained the prize, and fortunately for Rousseau, his prowess and influence left him in undisputed possession. As he examined the little trinket, the Indian girl we have spoken of, the only female near Rousseau, crossed her delicate fingers and pointed upward. The old chief instantly beheld the similarity between the large and small symbol of Christianity, and extending it aloft with all the dignity of a cardinal, the crowd shouted us

they saw the resemblance, and a change came over them all. They associated at once the erection of the large cross with Rousseau, and as their shout had again called forth exhibitions of life from his insensible form, they threw his cloak over him, suspended the cross to his neck, brought in a moment green boughs with which a litter was made, and bore him with all respect towards their lodges. The excitement and exercise of removal did much to restore him to life; a dish of maize did more; and nothing could exceed his astonishment on his recovery, that he should be treated with such kindness; and as he witnessed the respect paid the cross, and was shown by rude gestures that he owed his life to its influence, he sank upon his knees, overwhelmed with its visible exhibition of power, and satisfied that his prayer for safety had been answered in the perfection of a miracle.

The Choctaws, into whose hands the unfortunate Rousseau had fallen, (although he was not aware of the difference,) were not the bloody-minded Cherokees, from whom he had so lately escaped. Years before, the inhabitants of the little village on their return from a hunting expedition discovered the cross we have described: its marks then were such as would be exhibited a few days after its erection. Footsteps were seen about its base, that from their variance with the mark left by the moccasin satisfied the Indians that it was not erected by any of their people. The huge limbs that had been shorn from the trunk bore fresh marks of terrible cuts, which the stone hatchet could not have made. As is natural to the Indian mind, on the display of power they cannot explain, they appropriately, though accidentally, associated the cross with a Great Spirit, and looked upon it with wonder and admiration. Beside the cross there was found an axe, left by those who had formed it. This was an object of the greatest curiosity to its finders. They stuck it into the trees, severed huge limbs, and performed other powerful feats with it, and yet fancied their own rude stone instruments failed to do the same execution from want of a governing spirit equal to that which they imagined presided over the axe, and not from difference of material. The cross and the axe were associated together in the Indians' minds, and the crucifix of Rousseau connected him with both. They treated him therefore with all the attention they would bestow upon a being who was master of a superior power.

The terrible and strange incidents that had formed the life of Rousseau, since the defeat of his military associate D'Aragnette, seemed to him, as he recalled them to his mind, an age. His dreams were filled with scenes of torment and

death. He would start from his sleep with the idea that an arrow was penetrating his body, or that the bloody knife was at his heart. These were then changed into visions of starvation, or destruction by wild beasts. Recovering his senses, he would find himself in a comfortable lodge, reposing on a couch of soft skins, while the simple children of the woods, relieved of their terrors, were waiting to administer to his wants. The change from the extreme of suffering to that of comfort he could hardly realize. The cross in the wilderness, the respect they paid to the one on his breast, were alike inexplicable, and Rousseau, according to the spirit of his age, felt that a miracle had been wrought in his favor; and on his bended knees he renewed his ecclesiastical vows, and determined to devote his life to enlightening the people among whom Providence had placed him.

The Indian girl who first discovered Rousseau was the only child of a powerful chief. She was a maiden, and the slavish labor of a savage married life had consequently not been imposed upon her. Among her tribe she was universally considered beautiful, and her hand was sought by all the young 'braves' of her tribe. Wayward, or difficult to please, she had resolutely refused to occupy any lodge but her father's, however eligible and enviable the settlement might have appeared in the eyes of her associates. For an Indian girl she was remarkably gentle; and as Rousseau gradually recovered his strength, he had through her leisure more frequent intercourse with her than with any of the tribe. There was also a feeling in his bosom that she was, in the hands of an overruling Providence, the instrument used to preserve his life. Whatever might have been the speculations of the elders of the tribe, as day after day Rousseau courted her society and listened to the sounds of her voice, we do not know; but his attentions to her were indirectly encouraged, and the Indian was almost constantly at his side.

Rousseau's plans were formed. The painful experience he had encountered while following the ambition of worldly greatness had driven him back into the seclusion of the church, with a love only to end in this life by death. He determined to learn the dialect of the people in whose lot his life was cast, and form them into a nation of worthy recipients of the 'Holy Church,' and the gentle Indian girl was to him a preceptor, to teach him her language. With this high resolve, he repeated the sounds of her voice, imitated her gesticulations, and encouraged with marked preference her society. The few weeks that Rousseau passed among the Choctaws had made him one bitter, implacable enemy. Unable

to explain his office or his intentions, his preference for Chechoula had been marked by the keen eye of a jealous and rejected lover.

Wah-a-ola was a young 'brave,' who had distinguished himself on the hunting and war-paths. Young as he was, he had won a name. Three times he had laid the trophies of his prowess at the feet of Chechoula, and as often she had rejected his suit. Astonished at his want of success, he looked upon his mistress as labouring under some charm, for he could find no accepted rival for her hand. The presence of Rousseau, the marked preference which Chechoula exhibited for his society, settled in his own mind that the 'pale face' was the charmer.

With this conviction, he placed himself conveniently to meet his mistress, and once more pleaded his suit, before he exhibited the feelings of hatred which he felt towards Rousseau. The lodge of Chechoula's father was, from the dignity of the chief, at the head of the Indian village, and at some little distance. The impatient Wah-ola seated himself near its entrance, where from his concealment he could watch whoever entered its door. A short time only elapsed before he saw in the cold moon-light a group of Indian girls approaching the lodge, in busy conversation, and conspicuously among them all, Chechoula. Her companions separated from her, and as she entered her father's lodge, a rude buffalo-skin shut her in. Soon after her disappearance, the little groups about the Indian village gradually dispersed; the busy hum of conversation ceased; and when profound stillness reigned, a plaintive note of the whippoorwill was heard; it grew louder and louder until it seemed as if the lone bird was perched on the top of the lodge that contained Chechoula. It attracted her ear; for she thrust aside the buffalo-skin, and listened with fixed attention. The bird screamed, and appeared to flutter as if wounded. Chechoula rushed towards the bushes that seemed to conceal so much distress, when Wah-a-ola sprang up and seized her wrist. The affrighted girl stared at her captor a moment, and then exclaimed: 'The snake should not sing like the birds!' Wah-a-ola relaxed not his hold; there was a volcano in his breast that seemed to overwhelm him as he glared upon Chechoula with blood-shot eyes. Struggling to conceal his emotion, he replied to her question by asking, 'if the wild flowers of the woods were known, only by their thorns?' 'The water-lilies grow upon smooth stems,' said Chechoula, striving violently to retreat to her father's lodge. The love of Wah-a-ola was full of jealousy, and the salute and reply of his mistress converted it into hate. Dashing his hand across his brow, into which the savage workings of his passion were

plainly visible, he asked, 'if a 'brave' was to whine for a woman, like a bear for its cubs? 'Go!' said he, slinging Chechoula's arm from him, 'go!' 'The mistletoe grows not upon young trees, and the pale-face shall be a rabbit in the den of the wolf!'

From the time Rousseau was able to walk, he had made a daily pilgrimage to the cross, and there upon his bended knees greeted the morning sun. This habit was known to all the tribe. The morning following the love-scene between Wah-a-ola and Chechoula, he was found dead at the foot of the sacred tree. A poisoned arrow had been driven almost through his body. Great was the consternation of the whole tribe. It was considered a mysterious evidence of impending evil; while not a single person could divine who was the murderer. 'The mistletoe grows not upon young trees!' thought Chechoula; and for the first time she knew the full meaning of the words as she bent over the body of Rousseau. She attended his obsequies with a sorrow less visible but more deeply felt than that of her people; although the whole tribe had, in the short residence of the departed, learned to respect him and to look upon him as a great 'Medicine.'

His grave was dug where he had so often prayed, and the same sod covered him that drank his heart's blood. According to Indian custom, all that he possessed, as well as those articles appropriated to his use, were buried with him in his grave. His little crucifix reposed upon his breast, and he was remembered as one who had mysteriously come and as mysteriously passed away.

A few years after the events we have detailed, a Jesuit missionary, who understood the Choctaw language, announced his mission to the tribe, and was by them kindly received. His presence revived the recollections of Rousseau, and the story of his being among them was told. The priest explained to them his office, and these gentle people in a short time erected over the remains of Rousseau a rude chapel; his spirit was called upon as their patron saint; and Chechoula was the first to renounce the superstitions of her tribe, and receive 'the holy sacrament of baptism.'

In the year 1829 a small brass cross was picked out of the banks of the Mississippi near Natchez, at the depth of several feet from the surface. The crucifix was in tolerable preservation, and was exposed by one of those cavings of the soil so peculiar to the Mississippi. The speculations which the finding of this cross called forth revived the almost forgotten traditions of the story of Rousseau, and of his death and burial at the PLACE DE LA CROIX.

The surest way to make yourself beloved and honored, is to be the very man you wish to appear.

MILDRED ROSIER.*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

In the meanwhile, Lucy retreated to the bar-room to get rid of her chagrin, in a flirtation with the Lieutenant. She found that worthy officer, in the very act of pouring a glass of the widow's best brandy, down his throat.

"La your honor!" said the pretty, sullen looking girl, "I wonder it does not choke you. Why don't you ask mother to shew you the permit, before you take off her cordial in that ere free and easy way?"

"It tastes rather contrabandish, Lucy. But I never ask impertinent questions of my friends. Stolen waters, the wise man has said, are sweet, and the same may be said of spirits. I suppose Solomon, with all his wisdom, had to find out that new thing under the sun. Had his king-ship tasted a glass of this cognac, it would have made him write a song, that would have tingled in the ears of all generations. With your permission, Miss Lucy, I will take a leetle drop more. Thank you—thank you—that's enough. The brandy will conspire with your bright eyes to kill me quite."

"Make you tipsy, perhaps," said Lucy. "But you see I don't know how to refuse you. You officers have such an obliging way, and are so polite to the ladies."

"How is this?" said her companion, narrowly examining the tear stained countenance of the girl. "We poor Coast Guards have risen in your favour since last week. You could not then speak civilly to a blue jacket."

"I have changed my opinion, that's all," said Lucy, pulling violently at her checked apron strings. "I thought you no better nor thief-takers or sea bailiffs, who spent all your time in rummaging over old wives' casks, and looking and hiding about, to catch brave men, as honest, and far more generous than yourselves; but now I begin to see, that you are honorable gentlemen."

"Thank you, Miss Lucy," said the Lieutenant, raising his hat and bowing with a mock gravity. "The true blues are generally indebted to you for

your good opinion. Pray, what has produced this change?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't care—I sha'n't tell you," and Lucy turned coquettishly to the window, hoping that he would ask.

"What a storm we have had to day," said the sailor whose knowledge of the character and wiles of women were small and his love of martial affairs very great. "Two ships parted from their anchors in the road, to day; I think it more than probable that they are ashore at Hazeboro'."

"I heard Captain Tasker say, that they stood in for Yarmouth, and were safe," replied the girl.

"One was a very doubtful, rakish looking craft," continued Scarlet, in a musing tone. "Should not at all wonder if she were the smuggler, that has given us so much trouble. By-the-bye, Lucy," and he approached the window where she stood, and accosted her with a brisk air. "Can you inform me, who this Captain Tasker is, and what the profession that he really follows?" Lucy smiled, and gave him a meaning look, but shook her head, "Come now—You know?"

"Perhaps I do. He is an old sweetheart of mine."

"And is so still?"

A shrug of the shoulders, and a disdainful toss of the head, was the reply.

"Jealous perhaps?"

"Of H-i-m—P'shaw!"

"Well, what is he?"

"A man—as you are—but somewhat handsomer."

"Comparisons are odious, Miss Barnham,—What is his trade?"

"Ask the winds and the waves. His actions are as free, and as inconstant too."

"Humph!—I guessed as much—and what does he do here?"

"You had better ask him. He is in the next room. He is not very ceremonious in the replies he gives to such questions. I would advise you

* Continued from Chapter IX.—page 365.

Lieutenant, not to interfere with his private concerns."

"He is a bully!" cried the Lieutenant.

"He is very evil to mother and I," said Lucy smiling, "and he pays like a gentleman for what he gets."

"Small thanks to him," returned the officer moodily. After taking a few turns through the room, he stopped abruptly before the girl, and asked in a stern voice, accompanied with an air of command, that made her start: "If she had ever seen Christian, the celebrated smuggler and pirate?"

"No," said Lucy, very innocently. "Have you?"

"Perhaps. You have heard of him?"

"Oh! dear, yes. Who upon the coast has not?"

"You would not knowingly harbour such a villain?"

"Bless me!—no—why, what a question to ask decent, honest people. I wonder Lieutenant, at you."

"No offence, my dear. But supposing that this man Tasker, should be Christian, in disguise, and you could give him up to me without any danger to yourselves—should you have any objection to receive the reward that the government has offered for his apprehension. It would make a nice little marriage portion, sweetheart, would it not?"—he continued, chucking her under the chin.

"Lieutenant," said Lucy, glancing cautiously around, and putting her small mouth close to his ear—"You talk with the wisdom of Solomon now. Don't breathe a word to mother, and the reward shall be mine. In a few days I will engage to deliver ship, cargo, and Captain into your hands."

"Give me a pledge," said the delighted officer, "that you will keep your word."

"I have nothing to give," said the girl, "but this,—which was never offered unasked before," and she held up her bright red lips to the Lieutenant.

"Judas!" muttered a voice near them.

"What was that?" said Lucy, starting from his embrace. "You sailors are so rude," continued the little traitor hiding her face in her apron. "You gave me a salute loud enough to be heard by Bony's fleet at Boulogne."

"Ha! ha! ha! It will hardly secure the Frenchman from his foe. But tell me Lucy, there's a dear good girl—how did this Tasker become acquainted with Miss Rosier?"

"Dear only knows. I am sure they don't let me into their secrets. But I saw him this very

day kiss her hand, and that I think was going far enough on the road to ruin."

"She is a very imprudent, foolish girl, Lucy Barnham; I met that man this morning, coming out of old Rachel Lagon's cabin, with Miss Rosier upon his arm. What took them there?"

"To have their fortunes told. That's only natural—why, Lieutenant, I have been there myself before now, and a queer customer that old witch is, I can tell you; she told me some things that were true, and more a coming which I did not half like."

"I have heard of her before, but never saw her until this day," said the officer. "and by Jove! Lucy Barnham, I never wish to see her again. She told me many things that had happened to me in my boyish days. Events in my life, only known to myself and the great keeper of all human secrets. She told me likewise, to beware of the tenth of September. To beware of fire and water, and a foreign foe."

At this moment, they were joined by Mat Swain.

"What news?" asked the Lieutenant, sharply.

"Eh he—not much. That ere was the smuggler's craft, Lieutenant, that run from her anchors in the gale."

"Well!" shouted Searlett, impatiently; "what then?—Is she wrecked or captured?"

"No such good luck, yer honor. Captain Netherby gave chase, but she got clear off. He bade me give this here peice of paper to yer honor; which, I suppose, contains sailing orders."

"Not exactly," returned Searlett, looking over the note. "He thinks that the smuggler is lurking about the coast, and orders us to proceed by land to Covehithe, and form a good strong party about the ruins, as he considers it more than probable that the smugglers will take advantage of the wind and tide to run their cargo ashore in that direction."

"It looks plausible," said old Mat, turning his quid in his mouth. "But I hates this land business. When it comes to the push, we are so much stronger nor they, that it is downright murder. Shall I call the hands together?"

"Yes; let them be well armed, and bid the fellows take their prog along, as they may have to watch all night."

"All shall be ready by the time yer honor steps up to the look-out. I wish Christian would shew himself. I am heartily sick of this game of hide and go seek."

"Amen!" ejaculated the Lieutenant, with an energy that leaped from the heart. "Good-bye, Lucy, if we have luck, you shall have a new gown and shawl for next Sabbath."

He left the room, and from behind a high Dutch hetherscreen, stalked the tall form of Josiah Tasker. He cast one long, withering, contemptuous glance upon the terrified Luey, and with a bitter, derisive laugh, which seemed to defy her to do her worst, he followed the path that Scarlett had taken to the cliff.

CHAPTER X.

Yes, from my very cradle I have been,
The sport of an untoward destiny.

It was midnight. The storm had passed away, and the full moon slept tranquilly upon the waters. All was clear and bright in the cloudless expanse above, and the stars were softly mirrored in the deep blue shadowy expanse below. Heaven stretched its arms down to the ocean which gently heaved itself upward to receive the beloved embrace. "What a blessed night of holiness and love, after such a stormy day," sighed Mildred, who, the only waking thing in that house, sat thoughtfully and sorrowfully at the casement; the moon-beams glistening in the tears, that gilded her pale cheeks, as with many painful reflections, she reviewed the events of the past day.

"I have acted foolishly," she thought. "I have placed myself in the power of one, of whom I know little, and even that little is of a suspicious character. I wish I had never seen him—that I may never see him—again," she would have added, but the unfinished sentence was choked by her fast falling tears. Reason at length asserted her empire. She struggled with the passion which consumed her, and for a while triumphed in the new strength which it inspired.

"I will fly from him!" she exclaimed. "From myself! I will leave this neighbourhood, so dangerous to my peace, and do penance for my imprudence in that house of horrors. I will try to overcome this fatal partiality—this strange absorbing interest in the welfare of an unknown being, which is growing upon my heart. I will not—I must not—I dare not love him. I cannot break my mother's heart, and forfeit my own self-respect; I cannot be his wife. But ah! how his image haunts me. Waking or sleeping, at work or in the open air, he is ever before me. He presses and crowds upon me, robbing me of freedom of thought and will. Those dark, searching eyes, are for ever looking into my soul, and I cannot shake off the feeling they inspire." She bowed her head upon her knees. She endeavoured to shut out the phantom, which she had conjured up, but a deep lethargy fell upon her soul, and her eyes were almost closed in sleep.

when a strain of music floated upward on the evening breeze, and roused her from her unnatural slumber.

She rose from her seat. She unclosed the window, and looked abroad into the night.

A boat lay rocking in the surf, and a tall figure in a seaman's dress, stood beneath the casement playing upon the flute. Mildred knew without seeing the face of her nocturnal visitor, who the minstrel was. It was the very being whose presence she most wished to slay, and with a deep sigh, she drew back, as he emerged into the broad moonlight.

"Mildred Rosier," murmured a voice. "Mildred the beloved, do you sleep? or will you rise and listen to me? I will not detain you a moment."

No answer came. Mildred held her breath.

"One word, Mildred, one little word before we part?"

"Go, go!" whispered Mildred, impatiently waving her little hand from the window. "We must never meet again."

"Is that my final sentence?"

"It is. Away, away."

"Did your heart come to that decision?"

"No. But reason tells me that it must be so. For your own sake—for mine. In God's name, go!"

"Be merciful in the execution of your cruel sentence, Miss Rosier! Come to the window, and let me see your face once more."

Mildred listened to the voice of the tempter. She went to the window, gently unclosed the casement, and bent down from it towards her eager lover.

"Farewell!" she said. But neither stirred. Their eyes met. There was a strange fascination in that mutual gaze. Tasker held up his arms to her. "The distance from the ground is nothing. One spring places you safely in these sheltering arms, and makes you mine for ever. Why should we part?"

"Fate forbids us to meet."

"Nonsense! See how one simple net can make or mar destiny. You love me, Mildred."

"I know not what I love."

"Listen to me—I can tell you. But you know that already. An idle fear—a miserable cleaving to the opinions and narrow prejudices of the world, hinders you from boldly avowing the truth. You love, Mildred, a man who has no character to lose. A man, who must ever remain an alien among his fellow men. A man who has gained some notoriety in these parts, by circumventing the bloodhounds of the law, whom a tyrannical government have sent to hunt his life. A man, who dares to carry on a forbidden traffic with

hostile lands, without paying the exorbitant duties imposed by avarice and power. A man, who has been the sport of misfortune from his cradle—who was unwillingly forced into crime, by the wickedness of others—the victim of cruel persecution and unrelenting hate. Oh! Mildred, were this poor outraged heart laid bare before you! Could you see at a glance, all that it has suffered, all that it continues to suffer, and must still endure and dare, how would your gentle spirit mourn for the lost creature, who, under more favorable auspices, might have been both good and great!"

He turned with bitterness away.

"Stay!" said Mildred, every feeling of her heart absorbed in intense interest. "Do not leave me, until I tell you how much I feel for you. Yes," she continued, vehemently; "more than I can find words to express. If my life could restore you to peace and happiness, the sacrifice would be gladly made."

"Not your life, sweet girl. The world would be worse than a blank to me, wanting your dear image to cheer and gladden the darkness of my soul. Give me your love. This is the treasure I seek—the jewel that I prize, more than the wealth of a Rothschild, or the power of a Napoleon."

"It is yours. But the gift is valueless, for I cannot withhold it from you. Reason tells me that I err, but my heart speaks with the loudest voice, and I am impelled, whether for good or evil, I know not, to obey its dictates. If I am wrong, the guilt must rest with you."

"My own! my beloved. I do not deserve this blessed gift, for I am a sinful man; violence and blood have been in my paths, and the ways of peace I have not known. Henceforth, I will cease to live for myself; I will live for you. I will make one last trip, I will place the brave fellows who have followed me through good and ill, and the tight craft, in safety, and will abandon this lawless traffic forever. With the wealth I have accumulated in my dangerous career, we will fly together to the free American shores, and in spite of the sneers of the world, be happy in each other's affection."

This scheme looked so plausible, that Mildred smiled through her tears. She saw not the dark cloud upon which the sunbeams of hope were weaving the rainbow. Youth admires the beauty and grandeur of the storm. It knows not, and fears not its danger. The rainbow in Mildred's dream of happiness was doomed to fade, and the night to descend upon her soul, in storm and shadow.

"Oh!" she whispered with a sigh of stifling agony. "How happy should I be, could I love you without self reproach?"

"Have faith, Mildred, in the beloved. I am not as bad as I appear! Man is the creature of circumstances. Those which proved my ruin, commenced with my birth. Over these I had no control. I was the victim of, not the active agent in events, which contributed to my mental and moral degradation. Years of sorrow, how do ye return upon my soul, scorching into my brain like fire, while memory delights to treasure up against a day of wrath, all my unwept and unforgiven wrongs! Forgive this outbreak of passion. Soon you shall know all. If I have no opportunity of unburthening my mind of the past, I will write to you, Mildred; I will tell you all. Not even its madness or its crimes shall be concealed. You shall be the judge, who shall sentence, or forgive, your unhappy lover.

"Why not here? Why not to-night?" demanded the impatient girl.

"It is impossible. Time is precious, and I must tear myself away. In a few moments, those waves must bear me onward, on a mission of extreme danger, from which indeed, I may never return."

"Fly then," replied Mildred; "nor remain in a spot which exposes you to the malice of your enemies. How you have contrived so long to elude their vigilance, is a matter of astonishment to me. You walk freely among them, as if you wore a charmed life. This security must in the end betray you."

"It has hitherto been my safeguard, Mildred. But concealment is past. I rashly confided my secret to women. Self interest made me rely upon their silence. I forgot their sex in their promises of fidelity, but wounded vanity can never be appeased. I have aroused the jealousy of Lucy Barnham. She has denounced me to the commander of the coast guard, and my incognito is at an end. Farewell, dear girl, think kindly of me. We shall meet again."

Without waiting for her reply, he bounded down the cliff, and springing into the boat, seized the oars and pushed off from the shore. Then suddenly rising and folding his arms, he sang in a clear, manly voice,

THE ROVER'S FAREWELL.

Away! away! o'er the sparkling tide,
In the light of hope shall our vessel glide;
For the signal is given by the fairest hand,
That ever waved back from its native strand.

By thine eyes blue heaven! so coyly hid,
Beneath the dark fringe of its snowy lid:
I swear that my love, like the waves at sea,
Shall flow on rejoicing eternally.

When the tempest gathers and winds are high,
And the billows are raging tumultuously,

The signal shall beam o'er the foaming track
Of the pathless waters to call me back!

The boat shot onward, on her seaward course. The clear tones of the manly voice died away in the distance. Mildred still lingered at the open window, gazing upon the little bark, until it became a speck, and was finally lost amid the turmoil of the restless billows. A hand suddenly grasped her shoulder—with an ill suppressed cry of terror, she turned and beheld at her side, not the mother whom at that moment she most dreaded to see, and to whom she dared not impart her secret, but the old decrepit, faithful Abigail.

"Child! child! what takes you out of your warm bed on a cold night like this—mercy o me! and at the open window. It is enough to give you your death. What will my mistress say to this?"

"She must not know it—You must not tell her Abigail! why should you try to make her unhappy?"

"Then why do you do things which you know, Miss Mildred, would make her so? Oh! my dear child! all is not right with you. To whom were you talking just now? I heard a man's voice. It roused me from my sleep. I had an ugly dream of you, forbye. I thought I saw you in an open boat at sea, exposed to the fury of the waves. The boat upset. I saw you sink. I cried aloud for help and awoke in a cold sweat. I ran to your room to see if you were safe—and I find you talking with a strange man at the open window at this late hour of the night. I don't like to blame you, pet; but what am I to think of it?"

"Do not entertain any unworthy thought of me, Abigail. I am innocent of any fault which would call up a blush in your cheek. The person with whom I was talking, is the gentleman who saved my life. He is about to leave this part of the coast, and came to bid me farewell."

"Strange," returned the old woman, "that he could not time his visit better. I don't like concealment; something must be wrong, when it has to be hid from friends. I think, Miss, that it is my duty to inform your mother of what I have heard and seen. If any mischief should come of it, old Nappy will be sure to be blamed."

"Dear Nappy!" exclaimed Mildred, flinging her arms about the old woman's neck, and looking imploringly into her face. "No harm has or will come of it. If you ever loved me, I implore you not to tell mamma; I will tell her myself, but I suffer no third person to interfere between us."

"But will you tell her the whole truth?" asked the provoking old woman.

Mildred was exasperated. She thought that

the whole world had conspired to rob her of her secret, and her usual mild temper gave way to sudden and violent anger. In no very gentle tone she told the old woman, that she should not be a spy upon her actions, and bade her leave the room, and inform her mother if she pleased.

Astonished at the temper she had raised, Abigail hobbled to the door, determined to execute her threat without a moment's delay; but when on turning round to close it, she saw that her young lady had sunk down upon her bed in an agony of tears, her heart smote her, as the cause of her distress, and she tottered back to assure her, that she might dry her eyes and take comfort: "That she was not one who would betray her dear child."

Humbled in her own eyes, Mildred, without raising her head, sobbed forth an incoherent "Good night." The door closed, she was once more alone. This was the beginning of trouble.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN.

Oh! those English! how I should hate them if I did not love them! but I do love them, for they are the only people now-a-days that do not stand in awe of a revolution, but go on fearlessly, in their own way, without troubling themselves with the apprehension of such an event. The French are a people of words, we (Germans) of thoughts the English of actions. We are better and more humane, perhaps, in as much as thoughts are mostly purer than actions; but in moral vigour and courage, and in self-confidence, the English far surpass us; and those are the qualities by which a nation grows to greatness. England will fall one day, but not before, like Rome, she has held the mastery of the world.—*The Countess Hahn Hahn's Letters.*

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

THE little Erskins are real children, and allowed to enjoy children's happiness. After seeing my poor little nephews and nieces dressed out like puppets or dancing-dogs for the gratification of parental vanity, it comforts my eyes to look at Margaret Erskins's progeny in plain clothes, which admit of climbing and sprawling, riding and running—little healthy, dirty, happy, honest creatures, who promise to grow up into worthy men and women.—*Mrs. Gore's Blanks and Prizes.*

A GREAT drinker being at table, they offered him grapes at dessert. 'Thank you,' said he, 'I don't take my wine in pills.'

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER BABE.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

Sleep! sleep! my child! thy mother's breast
Affords thee still a place of rest.
Sleep! while thy mother's arms enfold
That form thy scarcely now can hold;
And gently falls upon thy slumbering ear,
The voice thou ne'er again may'st waking hear.
Sleep! sleep! my child!

Yet, loved one, no! I could not brook
To part for aye, without one look
Of infant love from that soft eye;
Nor hear thy prattling ere I die:
Nor feel once more thy gentle, fond caressing;
Wake and receive thy mother's parting blessing.
Wake! wake! my child!

Life's latest sands are sifting fast,
On earth's glad face I've look'd my last;
But scenes ere long I trust to see,
Brighter than aught on earth can be.
To leave thee helpless, to another's care,
This is a keener pain than all I bear.
We part! we part! my child!

Thy whiter'd look proclaims a fear
Of some impending danger near;
But far beyond thy feeble power,
The anguish of this present hour.
The bitter pang when dearest friends depart;
The starting tear—the aching, bursting heart—
Thou feel'st not these, my child!

But though no tear drop dims thine eye,
Though parting now cause not a sigh,
Yet, when in after years they tell thee
Of this first sorrow that befell thee,
Ah! then a tear of heart-felt grief thou'lt shed,
In mournful memory of the long lost Dead.
Wilt thou not, my child?

And oh! that in that soft'ning hour,
When sad and solemn thoughts have power,
Thy heart, dear child! may turn for aid
To Him on high, whose Word hath said,
That they alone shall lasting peace receive
Who on the Eternal Son of God believe.
May it be so with thee!

May He the helpless orphan bless—
The Father of the fatherless!
Show thee the brightness of His face—
Bestow on thee His saving grace,
And all His richest, choicest blessings send thee!
Into His holy keeping I commend thee.
Farewell, my child!

Fainter and fainter falls the sound,
Till nought is heard but the sobs around,
And the infant's wail, as the mother's clasp
Relaxes its fond and tender grasp.
A moment more her pale lips move—
No mortal ear those sounds may prove,
But fervent Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Shine forth in her features mild.
Her glazing eye is upward cast—
She breathes one gentle sigh—her last—
"The bitterness of death is past."
The Mother hath left her Child.

EMBLEM OF A DEPARTING SAINT.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snows—
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er that still radiance of the lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
Till in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robes the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven:
Where to the eye of faith it peacefully lies,
And tells to man his glorious death-wis.

THE AUTUMNAL LANDSCAPE.

YET what a gorgeous splendour is on an autumnal landscape! The horse chestnut, with its rich mixture of orange and brown—the sycamore, with its warrior scarlet—the coral red of the small leaves of the hawthorn, mixed together with an oriental pomp; as if the year died like the Assyrian monarch, on a pyre of all precious things. Winding its way in broken silver, the sunshine dancing on every ripple, the Thames lay at the edge of the grassy sweep. The blue sky, with the light cloud floating on its surface, mirrored in the depths of the river; but, as if it lost somewhat of its high tranquillity under the influence of our sphere, the reflection was agitated and tremulous while the reality was calm and still. It is but a type of our restless world, and the serene one to which we aspire: we look up, and the heavens are above, holy and tranquil we look down on their mirror below, and they are varying and troubled.

COQUETRY.

THERE is a cruelty in feminine coquetry which is one of nature's contradictions. Formed of the softest materials—of the gentle smile and the soothing word, yet nothing can exceed its utter hard heartedness. Its element is vanity, of the coldest, harshest, and most selfish order; it sacrifices all sense of right, all kindly feelings, all pity, for the sake of a transient triumph.

MARSHAL SAXE.

THE great Marshal Saxe was very fond of gaiety, and used to say, "The French troops must be led on gaily." His camp was always a gay scene; and it was at his camp-theatre that he gave the order for battle. The principal actress used to come forward and say, "There will be no play to-morrow, on account of the battle which the Marshal intends giving; the day following we shall act 'The Cook of the Village,' and the 'Merry Intriguers.'"

SCENES ABROAD.

No. IX.

BY ONE OF US.

It was about five of the afternoon, that we came in view of the pleasant hamlet of Fontenay, after a march of some twelve hours from Fontainebleau. I was quite ready to prosecute the journey, after resting a while, but my servant Charles was completely knocked up. He threw himself down on a bench before a miserable *cabaret*, at the entrance of the hamlet, and persisted in stopping there, notwithstanding my directions to the contrary.

As further progress, *a-foot*, that day, was out of the question, in consequence of the pedal condition of my follower, I left him, in search of another and a better house of entertainment.

A couple of comely girls, in Parisian *coiffure*, were gazing at the passers-by, from the window of a house of tolerable appearance, and I took the liberty of accosting them, to learn the *locale* of the "meilleure auberge" of the place. Covered with dust, after a twelve hours march in hot weather, and a foot traveller besides, was perhaps the cause of their misapprehension. (as afterwards appeared) of my enquiry. Had I driven up in an equipage of my own, there would have been very little risk of misapprehension. I take it; but as things were, they lent but inattentive ears, merely pointing out a mean-looking house, at some distance, as the object of my search.

On approaching it, two Gens d'Armes came out, and addressed me: "You are a traveller,—your passport, if you please?" (There is no such thing as moving about on the continent without that abominable *foreign* contrivance, the passport.) I handed it to them. Having obtained it in London, it was a very different description of document from what they usually saw; so I fancied at least, from the curiosity they exhibited as they unfolded it. Being in English, they could not make much of it; and after some ineffectual attempts at pronouncing my name properly, it was returned to me. I then asked them if the mean-looking place before me was the best public-house in the place. "Oh, no," said they; "the best house is where you see those young girls at the window." I accordingly returned there. It appeared, the damsels had understood

me to enquire '*pour la mairie*,' or the mayoralty, and had been curious to know what a travel-worn stranger, on foot, could want at the *Mairie*.

Entering, I asked to be shown to a private room. This was done, but not before some glances of inspection at me, made me aware that a foot traveller, covered with dust, must not expect the supple civility always shown at inns to the representatives of wealth. At this moment, too, who should hobble up, but my servitor, Charles; and his appearance, (apparently my companion) was not calculated to inspire much additional civility: I next enquired when the Diligence would pass; not before nine o'clock, was the reply. So, to while away the time, I ordered dinner, and threw myself down on some chairs, to rest from my lengthened march.

About an hour after this, I was engaged at the restorative meal, conversing with Charles, (who was seated in the room, lamenting over the suffering caused by his pedal blisters,) when a sharp knock was heard at the door, and, it was pushed open. In stalked, *sans ceremonie*, a military personage, some six feet in height. "*Bon appetit, Monsieur*," said he, addressing me; "*permettez moi de voir votre passeport*." I perceived there was something unusual in the wind, for, besides his *brusque* and unceremonious manner, the open door disclosed the cocked hats of Gens d'Armes, and saundry eyes gazing inquisitively into the room. Without rising from the table, I pulled the document out of my pocket, and handed it to him. I went on, discussing the dinner, and he, the while, was engaged comparing my personal appearance with the description in the passport. Suddenly he exclaimed: "But, Sir, you are not five feet ten inches high." "The deuce I'm not," said I, immediately rising from the table. He continued, "I'm not that height myself." Now, as he was taller than I, the recollection that the French and English foot are different, immediately occurred to me, and I explained this to him, but the explanation did not appear to satisfy him. I began to suspect I was on the threshold of a very unpleasant adventure. He almost immedi-

ately observed in a tone of voice as if to intimidate. "Sir, you look confused." The remark made my face to flush with anger, and I replied, "it may be I do, for I'm unaccustomed to be catechised in this way, and still less to be suspected of being other than my passport represents. I have to tell you, Sir, that your evident suspicion is totally unfounded. I am an Englishman, journeying through France, on foot; it is my pleasure; I choose to walk over the country rather than travel in the Diligence, for the purpose of acquiring a better acquaintance with the people and the localities, than I should were I to post over the kingdom. The passport you hold in your hand, I procured at the French Ambassador's in London, and that person (pointing to Charles) is my servant, whom I hired at the hotel in Paris." Whilst I spoke, he kept his eyes fixed steadily and suspiciously on me. The displeasure evident in my look and manner, at his proceedings, seemed, however, to satisfy him all was right, for, after looking over the passport a second time, he returned it. He next demanded Charles' passport, and I resumed my seat not a little nettled at the scene; for, by this time, the door of the room was blocked up by Gens d'Armes and the people of the house, all looking mighty curious and expectant of an arrest. They were not disappointed.

Scarcely a minute had elapsed, ere the Brigadier of Gens d'Armes, (such my catechizer proved to be,) discovered an irregularity in Charles' passport. It appeared, that, to save a franc or two, he had got the *Commissaire*, or clerk, of the Hotel, at Paris, to fill up a blank passport for him; as might be supposed the furtive eye of a brigadier of Gens d'Armes perceived the cheat at once. He made matters worse by stating he had obtained it at the British Ambassador's, as if he were a British subject. Then came the arrest:—"Je vous arrête, au nom de la loi," exclaimed the brigadier in a loud tone of voice, and Charles was a prisoner. Two of the Gens d'Armes entered the room, placing themselves one on each side of the poor devil, who looked the very picture of misery and dismay. He was a sufficiently forlorn-looking object, prior to the arrest, but it finished him. It was a veritable *coup de grace*;—in the phraseology of Jonathan, he was entirely "used up."

How annoyed I was at the whole scene! However, it was necessary to do something, for the arrest of Charles had not served, it may well be supposed, to remove suspicion from me,—and I shuddered at the very possibility of being taken in charge by the Gens d'Armes, as a malefactor. I immediately expressed my regret to the Brigadier at the irregularity of my servant's passport,

representing that, as Charles was a Frenchman, in his own country, I had supposed, as a matter of course, he would have furnished himself with a proper passport, and had never even thought of the matter:—that I had hired him at Paris, to accompany me on a tour through the country, and that I was quite sure he was a decent person, notwithstanding the irregularity of the passport. I entered into further details about myself, to remove suspicion of me from his mind. My imperfect French, more than my English passport, satisfied him I was an Englishman. The travelling a-foot, however, he did not like. I explained to him the motive, namely, my desire to see the French people, their customs, manners and condition, more closely than the rapidity of a stage coach would permit,—and finally, I produced my Journal, in the shape of some dozen sheets of paper stitched together, to corroborate my account of myself. It is true, that, for any thing he could make of the journal, I might just as well have put an Arabic MS. into his hand; but it had the effect, nevertheless, of satisfying him completely; for, after turning over the leaves a little, and looking very wise at the writing, as if he could read it, he returned it, expressing regret at having disturbed me; but, notwithstanding all I could say in favor of Charles, he would not liberate him. Finding he was quite determined to send him to prison, and learning it was some three miles distant, I begged he might not be made to walk there: "No," said he, "he must walk." What a grimace poor Charles did make! Seeing that matters could not be mended, I put some money into the poor fellow's hand, assuring him I would not desert him, but would meet him the next morning, at Montargis; encouraging him at the same time to keep up his spirits. In a few minutes, he was marched off, and I was left alone, to give vent to abjurations, not loud, but deep, against Gens d'Armes and Passports, and against Frenchmen and France, *en bloque*.

Shortly afterwards, in conversation with the Brigadier about the arrest, he informed me that an unusual degree of vigilance and severity was exercised at the time, from several causes. The Carlists were then active, agitating and traversing the country in all directions; the invasion of the cholera had struck terror, and the peasantry were greatly excited by the belief that the wells were poisoned by strangers; and incendiarism was very common.

The apparition of myself and Charles in the hamlet under such circumstances, a-foot and travel-worn, and evidently strangers, excited suspicion, and this was increased by the declaration made to him by the two pretty damsels alluded to, that I had made particular inquiries about

+ manuscript

"la mairie," or the mayoralty. Ah! these women, methought, they are at the root of all mischief, and have always been so from the time of our common ancestress, Dame Eve, down to these girls of Fontenay.

It may well be supposed, after all the trouble and annoyance I had experienced, and the suspicion that had been excited against me, I waited with some impatience for the Diligence, to get away from the place. What was my vexation then, when it drove up to the door, to find it crammed with passengers! So I was, perforce, obliged to stay where I was till morning.

The people of the inn had become much more civil and respectful on learning from the Brigadier, I was "an Anglais," and travelling for amusement. They had shown me to a neat sitting room, and I had no difficulty in obtaining a snug bedroom to myself.

I had practical acquaintance, during my brief sojourn at Fontenay, of the vast difference made between the *crime* of poverty and the *virtue* of wealth. Suspected of the former, a civil reply is barely accorded; suspected of the latter, one is overwhelmed with courtesy and supple servility. It was absolutely comical, the different treatment I experienced when first suspected of the former, and next of the latter. However, one meets with this every day, in all countries. A shabby coat, or hat, condemns like the verdict of a jury. A lord in the prisoner's box is one half acquitted ere the trial commences. How frigid and distant the salute given to an humble or poor acquaintance! What wreathed smiles welcome the approach of the he or she of fashionable importance! Annoyance or pleasure from such treatment depends altogether, however, on the calibre of the mind. Some, it provokes to laughter and merriment; others, to vexation and tears.

I left word with the landlord to have me called for the Diligence of the morning, and retired to rest. I slept soundly after all the fatigue and vexation of the day, but awoke very early, and immediately arose, determined to be in time for the conveyance for Montargis. Descending, I partook of the invariable cup of "café au lait," prepared at all inns in France for the early traveller; and, the cabriolet Diligence appearing, Fontenay was soon behind me.

The country was pleasant to the eye, the weather delightful, and the perfumed atmosphere of early morn, delicious, as we rolled on towards Montargis.

Approaching this place, two or three immense chateaux looking edifices commanded my attention. They were paper mills, and it seems, are of celebrity in France. Near them the canals of Orleans and Briare unite, in the midst of a vast

extent of meadows which reach to the walls of Montargis. The neighbourhood exhibits a good deal of water; for, in addition to the two canals, the Loing flows near.

When I speak of the walls of Montargis, it must be understood that I speak rather of what was, than what is. There exist only the remains, but these still exhibit bastion, and curtain, and loop-holed masonry, and a tall tower. The tower is probably part of the royal chateau built by Charles V.

In the year of our Lord 1427, Montargis was besieged by the English, but the valorous resistance of the inhabitants, compelled them to raise the siege. To reward them for their bravery, the king relieved the town from taxation.

Formerly, the reputation of the town and environs for salubrity of air, was so great, that the Queens of France came here to lie in. It was thence called "the cradle of the children of France." The canals, however, that run near it, have rendered it unhealthy, and subject to intermittent fevers.

That popular melo-drama, "The dog of Montargis," has made the place known to thousands, who otherwise never would have heard of it. I was reminded of the tragical subject of the melo-drama, by the representation, over a shop door, of the fierce and faithful dog in furious combat with his master's murderer. In the olden time, when schoolmasters seldom went abroad, and the field was left in the undisputed possession of the dwellers in Monasteries, it was an article of faith, that Heaven never gave the advantage to the evil-doer on earth. Hence the "trial by battle," was in infinitely greater favor than trial by one's peers. Thus it happened that, strong suspicion who the murderer of the unhappy gentleman whose corpse was found in the forest, attaching to a nobleman of the court, in consequence of the fury of the dog when ever he saw him, the King ordered the "trial by battle," the faithful dog against the murderous noble. The latter was permitted the use of a club, as the only weapon of defence or offence. The lists were marked out, the court and the country round, spectators. The dog was within the lists, tranquil and playful: the trumpet sounded, his antagonist appeared. The animal rushed at him with the fury of a tiger, prostrated him instanter, and throttled him; the King, court and people looking on the while. The result was ascribed to Heaven's justice, and it has ever since been a settled thing that the lord of Montargis came to an untimely death by the hand of the dog's antagonist.

I may here observe that it is not more than twenty years, since appeal to the "trial by battle," was made in England by the murderer of a girl,

named Mary Thornton. The reader may perchance be incredulous, but the fact must be within the recollection of great numbers, and is of record in England. The judges on the bench, the whole court, in fact the kingdom, was confounded when the criminal, through his counsel, demanded the "trial by battle" with his accuser, the brother of the murdered girl, a mere boy. It was then ascertained to be the existing law of the land; and the prisoner escaped, in consequence, the hangman's cord. Parliament lost no time in declaring that appeal to "trial by battle" should never avail again, but in the mean time, the murderer of Mary Thornton proceeded to Liverpool and embarked unmolested for the United States.

The popular belief in the even-handed-justice of the trial by battle, was of a piece with the practice with regard to unhappy old women suspected of witchcraft. They were bound, hand and foot, and pitched into deep water; if they sank to the bottom and perished, the lynchers of the olden time went away rejoicing; she was no witch; but if by any accident, the old lady did not sink like a stone, she was dragged out, and forthwith murdered. In those fine old times, the discovery had not been made, that, in war, Heaven is generally on the side that has the most Artillery. Since this has been found out, a change has come over the spirit of the popular dream.

I have entirely lost sight of Master Charles, in alluding to the Dog of Montargis, and the famous trial by battle.

The Brigadier of Gens d'Armes at Fontenay had advised me to call on the Procureur du Roi, or Attorney General, at Montargis, as the shortest mode of effecting Charles' liberation. Accordingly, soon after my arrival, I had an interview with him. A short explanation served the purpose. He counselled me to give up my pedestrian journey, and to take to the Diligence, representing the country to be in a very disturbed state from various causes. He was a very gentlemanly person, the said Procureur, and surprised me not a little by the knowledge he possessed of English public men and affairs,—I took my leave of him after a lengthened conversation thereon, to proceed to the Police-Office. As I approached it, who should I see coming in the opposite direction, but poor Charles, a-foot, between two war-like Gens d'Armes, on horseback, with drawn swords. I hurried into the Police Office, and by the time he reached the door, he was again free to go where he would.

He accompanied me to the Hotel, but it was some time before he found the use of his tongue. He had been sadly harassed, and was completely cut down in body and spirits. Recovering a little, he described what had occurred to him after

his arrest. He had been marched to prison, a distance of a league or more; and this alone, with his blistered feet, was no trifle. The dreary walls of the prison-house, and the still more dreary cell, where he was confined, gave him the horrors. He thought I might abandon him to his fate, and assured me he passed a very wretched night. In the morning, before being ordered to march to Montargis, a bowl of watery soup and some black bread were set before him, to break his fast. To one accustomed to the culinary delicacies of a Parisian Hotel, this was the unkindly cut of all, and he burst into tears. "Oh! how happy I was when I saw you!" he exclaimed.

I have been thus particular in describing the whole adventure with the Gens d'Armes, in order to bring vividly before the Canadian reader, ignorant of "local affairs" in Europe, the working of the odious passport system. Thank fortune, we, British, know nothing about it at home. It is an invention of Despotism. Freemen are very restive under it, when in foreign parts.

I had had quite sufficient experience of the annoyance of being encumbered with a servant in travelling, and determined to send Charles back to Paris. He was not indisposed to return, although reluctant to leave me. A couple of Napoleons reconciled him to the parting however, and away he went in a return Diligence. I would strongly advise every travelling bachelor to avoid the encumbrance of a servant. He requires to be looked after a great deal more than the baggage; is seldom at hand when most wanted, and is infinitely harder to please than his master. Captain Marryat gives similar advice for the same reasons, in his Diary of a Missé. If a servant relieves one from a few annoyances, he causes a great many.

The day of arrival at Montargis, was the day of the Annual Fair. The streets were crowded with peasantry, and manufacturers and traders from a great distance displayed their wares in booths on the square and in the streets. I amused myself promenading through the crowd of sellers and buyers. Every thing was orderly; no drinking, noise or dissipation. As may be supposed, not the least attractive of the objects presented to my eye, were the youthful *paysannes*, arrayed in their holiday bibs and tuckers. Buxom lasses they were generally: there was not much beauty of feature among them, but they were young; and youth, in woman, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. I noticed that, almost without an exception, a necklace was worn, to which was appended a cross, so, methought, notwithstanding all the infidelity of the *beaux-esprits* of France; notwithstanding the moral shocks of the horrid Revolution, Religion still sways the French mind;

still exercises its benign influence over the peasantry. The Christian symbol adorned the bosom of almost every female peasant at the Fair of Montargis. They reminded me much, those peasant matrons and maidens, of the wives and daughters of the habitans of our Seignories; in feature, form, and costume, notwithstanding a considerable dissimilarity in their *coiffe de pays* habiliments.

For the first time, in France, I met a procession of Priests in the streets. It was a funeral procession, and the priestly chaunt was reverently and piously listened to by all the passers-by. The people uncovered as it passed. In and around Paris it would not have been so. The triumphant mob of the Barricades detested the priesthood for their attachment to the Bourbons, and the priestly robe was a proscribed thing. I was happy to observe that, away from the moral infection of the capital, there was a different feeling. An illiterate people without a pious priesthood, is a fearful spectacle. Religion is the Pole-Star of Society, and as there must be pilots to direct the tempest-tossed bark to its destined haven; so must there be pilots to steer the illiterate mind to Heaven.

Montargis wears all the appearance of antiquity. One mark is, meanness in the style of the buildings; another, narrow and ill-paved streets. The modern invention of side-walks would have been deemed in the glorious olden time, an impertinent pretension. Even at this day, the French know as little of the luxury of side-walks to a street, as a beggar that of a morocco-cushioned coach.

The promenades on the outskirts of the town are extensive and agreeable; chiefly along the sides of the canals and River Loing. There are many bridges, large and small. The remains of the ancient military defences frequently arrested my steps. I had observed in the Salle à Manger of the "Grand St. Antoine," where I lodged, sundry representations of the attacks of the English on the good town; in which, (as is natural to suppose,) our ancestors were made to exhibit great aptitude at running away. Well, as in my walk, I came across a remnant of the old defences. I was wont to stop and muse over the past; the time, the Talbots of England made the central earth of France, to quake with very fear. Had it not been for the *afrescati* pictorial representations of the successful defence of Montargis I should never have dreamt of the days of Cressy, Agincourt and Poitiers; so I could say to them, as Fitzjames to the bold Highlander:—

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the Word!"

A regiment of Lancers enlivened the town con-

siderably. The Lancers' costume is dashing and gay; jackets of green and trowsers of scarlet. Their long pennoned weapon, gives their military array a knightly aspect. The officers of the Regiment were a dashing set of fellows. Young Frenchmen of rank and wealth patronize the cavalry chiefly. This explains the fact, that the French Cavalry officer is a much more gentlemanly personage, generally, than he of the Infantry. The officers of the latter branch of the service, are noted for brusque, rough manners; what a French gentleman designated to me, as, "les manieres troupieres," that is, troopers' manners. The coarse soldier mistakes effrontery for ease; audacity for self-possession. This is by no means an unusual military mistake.

The advice of the Procureur du Roi, against prosecuting my pedestrian tour, in France, was not thrown away. Curiosity yielded to prudence; and though travelling over a country in a Diligence never can make one acquainted intimately with the domestic manners of a people, the personal risk attendant on travelling a foot, caused me to relinquish the idea, and I left Montargis in one of the Diligences of La Fitte, Caillard & Co. for Lyons.

It was with great reluctance and vexation, however that I relinquished my pedestrian project. I particularly desired to see the Gaul, at home, *en dishabille*, as it were. The foreigners, one sees in England or America, are all like one another as so many peas; in costume, manners and appearance. Commerce and fashion have cast the superior rules of European society in one mould, as it were. To see national peculiarities, therefore, one must sit at the domestic hearth and make acquaintance with the Household Gods of a people. He must pierce into, what Shakspeare has called, "the bowels of the land," not skim over the surface, as a swallow.

It was the hour of ten at night, when I entered the Coupé of the Diligence. There was no other passenger in that portion of the vehicle, though there were many in the others; and this leads me to give a description of it.

The French Diligence is the mail-coach of England, but as much like it as a Satyr like Hyperion. There is as little resemblance between them, as between the cumbersome elephant and the springy gazelle. The ponderous waggon seen on the turnpikes of England is of the same family as the Diligence of France. It is a vast, clumsy, vehicle, requiring some half dozen stout horses to move it at a trot. The light, blood-horses of the English mail-coach, could do nothing with it. It rumbles over the *pavé* with a noise like that of moving artillery. The body is divided into three compartments. The coupé, in front,

has but one seat. The passenger here can survey the passing scenery to advantage, for glass is the only protection against the weather. It is the costliest apartment of the machine. The centre space is called *l'interieur*, and accomodates six passengers. Behind this, is a third chamber, called the *Rotonde*, where are stowed away the unfortunates of slender purse. The Postilion sits on one of the wheel horses: the *Conducteur*, or person in charge of the Diligence, is established on the roof, in front, over the coupé. Behind him, on the roof, is piled the baggage of the passengers, and such other traps as are conveyed by it. Over the baggage, to protect it from rain, canvas or oil cloth is stretched on semi-circular hoops, extending the whole length of the vehicle. One can form some idea from this description, what a mountain of a thing the Diligence is. The horses, as may be supposed, must be ponderous and powerful animals to draw such a vehicle. They trot, but are entirely innocent of the gallop. The harness is coarse, and held together, in many parts, by rope. The postilion is in keeping with the voiture and horses. His costume is a glazed hat, a jacket of blue, red cuffs and collar, and ponderous hessian boots, with soles an inch thick. The whip he uses is the most noisy of instruments. He discharges from it, ever and anon, a perfect *feu de joie* of cracks. In fact, the postilion's whip is a substitute for the Kent bugle of the English coach, or the horn of the American stage-driver. Such a racket as it makes, conjoined with the artillery-like rumble of the vehicle when rolling over the stones of a French town! Once heard, it never can be forgotten.

It was the hour of ten at night, when I took my place in the coupé. Being the only passenger therein, I had abundance of room to stretch myself out, which I accordingly did, and was soon rumbled to sleep.

I was awoke by the sounds of a merry song and chorus. The Diligence was at the door of a *maison de poste*, changing horses, and the sound came from presants singing cheerily over the morning draught of wine, before the labor of the fields. The Frenchman is certainly a singing animal. There he was, at earliest dawn, as gay as the lark. His is the true philosophy. John Bull at that hour would have looked as serious as a judge.

Gazing through the glass of the coupé, I perceived we were near a wide river. It was the Loire. The word Loire makes one think immediately of the horrible *royades* of the French Revolution, when the adherents of the Bourbons, men and women and their children were tied like

cattle in large boats, which were then taken out in the stream, and sunk!

DANTE IN EXILE.

I.

It was the hush of golden eventide;
And Santa Croce's holy valley lay
In deepest silence. Worn and heavy-eyed,
As with long woes, a stranger wound his way.
Along the undulating mountain-side.
—Oh, loftiest singer of that triple Lay
Whose glory fills the universe, what sway
Of hard oppression or vindictive pride
Constrains thee now? Oh! for some pitying hand
To wipe away the dew of suffering
From his most mournful brow! Prophet and king
Of human hearts and passions, thou must roam
Far from thine own bright Florentine home,
Death-doomed and exiled, homeless, friendless, banished!

II.

And many passed him on that mountain road,
Unknowing who he was. But the tall trees,
The impending crags, and shady privacies
Of glen and grove, where formerly abode
Old Tuscan sybils and haruspices,
These knew him well. At once a murmur flowed
Through all the air, of "Dante!—he that trod
"The spirit-world! that sang its mysteries!"
Such murmur soothed his anguish. Journeying thus,
He reached the monastery: wonder-stirred,
Gazed he thine: had the portal in his keeping
On Dante's face: "What seek'st thou here of us?"
"Peace!" said the wanderer, and with that one word
His great heart burst in agony of weeping.

E. T. F.

Montreal, August 23.

GAY SPIRITS.

It is a strange thing, but so it is, that very brilliant spirits are almost always the result of mental suffering, like the fever produced from a wound. I sometimes doubt tears: I oftener doubt lamentations; but I never yet doubted the existence of that misery which flushes the cheek and kindles the eye, and which makes the lip mock, with sparkling words, the dark and hidden world within.

There is something in intense suffering that seeks concealment, something that is fain to belie itself. In Cooper's novel of the 'Bravo,' Jacobi concealed himself and his boat, by lying where the moonlight fell dazzling on the water. We do the same with any great despair; we shroud it in a glittering atmosphere of smiles and jests; but the smiles are sneers, and the jests, sarcasms.—There is always a vein of bitterness runs through these feverish spirits, that are the very delirium of sorrow seeking to escape from itself, and which cannot. Suspense and agony are hidden by the moonshine!

MEMGOG—A TALE.

BY NON.

"Look on this picture, and on that."

4

CHAPTER I.

ON the western shore of a beautiful lake, and not many yards distant from the edge of its placid waters, just on the open of a gentle slope of green sward that receded charmingly from the water's edge, once in bygone times, a humble, very humble dwelling—what, in those days was truly designated, a *log house*,—reared its unassuming roof. It was not a very aged habitation at the date our story commences; but it had seen one more year than had the person whom we intend presently to introduce to the reader's notice, as bearing a conspicuous part in our tale, and who was rapidly terminating his eighteenth year. And the reader may know also how long the owner of this habitation had been a sojourner in these parts, when we inform him that he had put up this dwelling the very year that he had emigrated to the country; and this was as soon as any other one did. Thus much for ages and dates; and now let us take a look inside this log structure.

We enter on the side fronting the water, through a rude door, that trembles and creaks ominously on its wooden hinges. In the entry way we stop short against the foot of a crazy staircase, that ascends in a curve into the chamber, or garret. Here we tarry a short time to look at various implements of husbandry and the chase,—such as an axe, hand-saw, hammer, hoes, an ox yoke, an iron banded Springfield musket, and an Indian hatchet, that lie, some in the corners, and some hanging on wooden pins in the walls. To the right and left of this entry way and grand receptacle, are two rooms about twelve feet square each, the doors of which, being ajar, leave us at liberty to examine their contents. In the one on the left hand a huge stone chimney, with its broad black fire place, meets our view. Various articles of hollow ware and cooking utensils are stowed away in its ample corners; some half dozen chairs of rude construction are ranged round

the room, on either side of a plain deal table, that is snugly shoved back under the only window of the room; some other minor articles of household furniture complete all that we can discover of the furniture of this homely kitchen. Turning to the right, we recognize the sleeping apartment of the heads of the family. It is Sabbath morn, and they are still indulging in sleep, after the labors of the former week. We glance hastily around this room, not wishing to disturb the privacy of the conjugal retirement; we observe, however, that it is encumbered with no great quantity of furniture; another half dozen of chairs of somewhat more stylish appearance than their mates of the kitchen. A rude chest of drawers, on which are deposited a few hard worn books (one of which is the family Bible, blessed book!) a dusty wooden clock, chinking solemnly in a corner; an oaken framed looking glass, depending from the roof, and a quantity of coarse garments and female dresses, hanging upon nails against the walls, are all that meet the view.

We ascend carefully the stairs into the garret; at one end of the low chamber, stretched at full length on his bed, yawning largely, as if just awakened from a sound, but refreshing sleep, lies the hero of our tale; the hopeful son and heir of this humble log dwelling, Jethro Sans, by name. As he is the only object claiming our attention here, we will survey him attentively, and mark well his motions. We notice, as he lies on his back with but a thin sheet covering his body, that he is of a robust frame; and, from his florid complexion and full face, we infer that he may possess a good appetite, and digesters to match. But now as he has desisted from a fit of rubbing his eyes and gaping, a golden ray from the warm and bright sun has found passage through one of the numerous defects in the roof, and fallen full on his face. It seems to reanimate him, and awaken within him some secret, and long cherished feeling; for he rises abruptly to a sitting

posture, and looking out into the fields, breathes forth into earnest soliloquy:

"Another morning is come, which commences another week, and still I am tied to this hateful spot, still irresolute in my purpose. Is it because I have not yet been sufficiently laughed at for my ill success in love, in consequence of my not being able to appear in as good clothes as my rival, that I still remain here, a slave to my poverty stricken father, and a prey to my feelings? No, this is not it; it is the thought that my absence might reduce my poor parents to the extremities of distress, that keeps me; but even this shall no longer restrain me. I cannot longer endure the taunts of my comrades, I must fly to something that shall relieve me from the degradation of poverty, and the ridicule of my pretended friends. I must have riches; in them lies my only chance of gaining the hand of her I love more than life. So here goes! This very night I leave my home (which, humble as it is, I love dearly,) and trust to my good fortune."

With these words the youth bounds from his bed; and we will leave him dressing himself rapidly, in his coarse garments, while we descend to the shore, and jumping into a light canoe, proceed to the opposite shore. As we near its bank, a broad extent of cleared lands presents itself to view; and in the midst of a well fenced field, in a conspicuous situation, and flanked on two sides by barns and outhouses, stands a comfortable, substantial framed dwelling house. The whole appearance of the homestead denotes forethought in its owner, and contrasts effectively with the lowly log hut we have just left. We land, and advance to the buildings, across a green pasture, which is skirted on either side by extensive fields of waving grass and grain. Sheep and cattle, well fed and nimble, gambol about us, or trot gaily from our presence. A hospitable old gentleman greets us at the door, and good naturedly ushers us into the kitchen (for we are speaking of the good old times) and introduces us to his wife, a matronly looking old lady, in a green woollen gown and checked apron. We converse freely and sensibly on various topics, and notice the large Bible on the table, which the good woman has been reading, (for you must recollect it is the Sabbath.) We admire the neatness and order of everything in the room, which, in this instance, is not scantily supplied, and if we were disposed to go through the different apartments of the house, we should discover, every where, evidences of abundance, as well as samples of good housewifery. But we will only follow our kind host to the "square room." What here strikes our attention at once? Why, these young persons, who rise, on our en-

trance, from a sofa. One is a tall youth, of a comely form, black hanging locks, and piercing eyes. A young female stands at his left hand, who, from her near resemblance to him in every thing but her retiring modesty, we instantly decide to be his sister. But who is that blushing damsel on the other side, who, at our interruption, turns away half frightened, and suddenly withdraws her trembling hand from the grasp of the youth? Her face reddens, and she attempts to conceal it in her handkerchief, while the brown locks fall plentifully around neck and bosom. We cannot help regarding her with much attention, which but increases her confusion. Who is it? Why, the gentle Eliza Hayden. Can she be the maid whom the luckless Jethro Sans adores? Aye, the very same, gentle reader, and a hard job, you may well guess, he will have of it, to win the lovely girl from the affections of the manly, generous-minded, open-hearted Charles Deuster, the only son of our stable host.

CHAPTER II.

It is Sabbath eve, and as the shades of evening deepen, merry voices are heard across the smooth waters of the lake, proceeding from boats carrying small parties of youth, enjoying that delicious pastime, a Sabbath evening boat ride in summer time. As we listen to their happy voices, and stretch our eyes into the distance to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the juvenile parties through the settling darkness, the measured sound of oars playing in their locks, strike upon our ears; and soon we hear their gentle dip in the waters, keeping agreeable time. The boat advances towards us, and presently we see the sharp prow of the skiff cutting the water, and rolling it from its sides in gentle diverging waves. It nears the shore, and as it makes a turn to run down the stream, we have a fair view of its propeller. It is Jethro Sans, and he appears moody and sad, as he rows his boat slowly along, looking down at his feet, as if in deep thought.

He is clothed in his best suit, but this is a poor one indeed, and it forms, no doubt, the chief subject of the wearer's present cogitations, and the cause of his down-heartedness; as he, poor fellow, attributes all his ill luck to poverty. The old Springfield musket, with its accompanying horn and pouch, lie in the bottom of the boat, and ensconced beside them is a long eared, gaunt hound, an animal which we had overlooked in our survey of the log house's appurtenances. The quick scented creature pricks up his ears and sniffs the air, as they pass us, which calls forth from the sullen master a sharp rebuke, when

it skulks again to its former position at the youth's feet.

The boat passes one or two projecting points of land, then draws in closer to the shore, as it turns the last one, proceeding almost noiselessly along under the dark branches of overhanging spruce and cedars. We follow it, nevertheless, until it strikes a landing place, at the bottom of a small cove; here the youth springs to the land, draws up his boat, carefully, and whispering Juno to lie still until his return, he walks up a small foot-path leading to a small cottage, within view, situated, apparently, in the centre of a grove of second growth maples.

He opens a wicket gate that ushers him into a small patch of cultivated ground, which showed, by the copes of fruit trees, and well tended beds of flowers and plants, the care of a tasteful and a skilful hand. Regardless of its attractions, Jethro walks hesitatingly across this garden spot, directly up under one of the windows of the cottage, and taps gently on its sash, listening at intervals, as if impatiently awaiting the approach of some familiar footsteps. At length the window opens, and a female face is seen looking out. The youth eagerly thrusts in his hand, as if to seize that of his beloved, but no female hand is seen in union of motion; and his falls, despondingly, on the window-sill, while a bitter reproach proceeds from his mouth.

"Cruel Eliza! are you then so cold as not to take the hand of your adoring lover? Are you then determined to cast me off because I cannot appear in as good a coat as my rival? Ah! curse on my fate! You don't speak to me, Eliza, you look cold and haughty. I see, I see, you are determined. Then farewell, cruel girl, and may you find that happiness with Charles Demster, which I would lay down my life to bring to you; and which, but for my cursed poverty, I should be permitted to bring to you, in the devotion of a heart not to be bought either by wealth or honors."

"Stay, Jethro Sans," cried Eliza, in a faltering voice, as she stretched forth the hand before kept back. "Stay, do not leave me thus. You wrong me; I do not reject your suit on account of your poverty, as you seem to believe. I appreciate the purity of your affection, and the goodness of your heart. I know you love me, and lament that my pre-attachment does not permit me to return your attachment. But my affections I cannot control, they are unalterably fixed. Be assured, however, that riches have had no weight in the matter. I am very frank with you Jethro; now if we part, let us do so in friendship, and with a good understanding: here is my hand."

The young man stood a moment looking on in thoughtful silence, he sighed, then raising his hand, he dashed a starting tear from his eye, seized the fair hand that was so generously offered him, and wringing it for a moment, he touched it with his lips; and, without uttering a syllable, (for his heart was too full,) he turned to go. Clearing the garden fence at a bound, he scarcely touched the ground in his progress to his boat, which, as soon as he had reached, he shoved into the water, and bounding into it, seized the oars and rowed it vigorously in a direction opposite to that of his home.

CHAPTER III.

On the same side of the lake with Jethro Sans' home, at the foot of a hill, or rather mountain, for it better deserves that name, it being a succession of bold heights of rocky land; in the deep crevices of a huge rock that had been rent asunder by some convulsion of old nature, an Indian had made his habitation. By dint of covering this fissure with bark, and stopping the open place in front by a blanket shat served for a door and strewing leaves on the ground for a bed, and arranging for his rude culinary purposes, he had contrived to render this lonely den comfortable. How long he had lived there, no one knew, but it was told by the oldest settler, that old Mengog was there, in that very spot, when he first came to the country. He seldom wandered to the habitations of men; and when he did, he did his errand shortly and tarried not, seeming desirous of avoiding any communication with his white neighbors that was not absolutely necessary for his existence. He lived alone, and chiefly by hunting and fishing; and his romantic, and austere character, attracted the curiosity, and excited the wonder of the settlers to no small degree, and many were the startling stories told of the hermit Indian and his wild solitude, by nursing mothers to their hopeful offspring, on a winter's evening, whilst clustered round the family hearth.

Jethro Sans found in the society of this unique old man a relief from the disagreeable feelings and thoughts produced in his mind by his poverty and ill success in love. He used frequently to resort to his cavern, and spend whole evenings in conversation with him; and when his father could spare him he would accompany the Indian in his hunting excursions. These predilections in Jethro for the lone Indian excited in the breast of the latter, a degree of friendship and regard, that no other person was able to call forth. To all others he was cold and silent; to Jethro he would open his heart, even to its inmost recesses, on all occasions, and with the characteristic recurrency of

his race, was ready on any occasion to do him any favour he might ask of him. Jethro had, from time to time, complained to him of his hard fortune, and opened to him the secrets of his love, and the Indian had deeply sympathized with him.

The aboriginalist hermit had retired to his leafy bed on the Sabbath evening in question, and was lost in sleep when the blanket door of his den was suddenly removed, and Jethro Sans stood before him. He called loudly for the old man to rise.

"What brings you here at this time o'night, son of the white man?" demanded the Indian, slowly rising, and lighting up his bear's grease lamp by means of his flint and steel. "Run away, hah?"

"No, Memgog," answered the youth. "I have not run away, but I don't return again to my home until you reveal to me the secret of the hidden treasures you have so often told me about."

"Ugh!" grumbled the Indian, as the light made the form of Jethro visible to his dim eyes, and cast a lurid glare around his solemn cave. "Ugh! rash youth, you know not what you ask, would you tempt the Great Spirit,—would you pry into the mysteries of the world unknown? Can you stand the red lightning, boy, or the dread thunderbolt? Then desist from your undertaking. Memgog wont bring upon himself the blood of his friend's dear and only son. No! no! no!" And the Indian sank to the earth, and dropping his head into his hands, between his knees, appeared lost to himself, as he muttered in his vernacular tongue something quite unintelligible to the hasty youth.

"Dear Memgog," urged the young man, "you have formerly given me hopes, in case I was driven to the last extremity. I am now; this is my last resort; I am desperate, and if you now refuse me, I know not, old man, to what lengths my frenzy may drive me, I pray you not to tempt me to do you violence."

The old man raised his head slowly, and cast his now bloodshot eyes to the face of the youth, as if to see whether his countenance expressed the same that his tongue spoke; and started to observe the determination, and almost despair, there depicted. His eyes glared, his nostrils were distended, his mouth contracted, his teeth tightly shut together; and his whole attitude was that of a man bent on a high, and determined purpose. The Indian's voice faltered, and his frame trembled as he said:

"Jethro! will you force me to call down to you the spirits of the air?"

"Old man!" broke in the impatient youth, "I care not for the spirits of the air: I am, as I said before, a desperate man, I will brave anything

even death itself, to accomplish my object. Wealth I must have; in it lies my only chance of gaining the hand of her I love more than life. So, no more words, but to your task!"

The Indian rose in trepidation, his countenance exhibiting strong emotion, and seemed as if he would fly from the cave; but the strong grasp of the youth arrested him, and held him firmly. Seeing no way of avoiding the revelation of his terrible secret, he, after a few moments thought, consented to Jethro's requisition; and requesting him to be seated, he threw himself on the ground beside him, and, after rubbing his forehead as if to recall his scattered thoughts, thus spoke:

"You have heard me speak of the village of the St. Francois tribe, on the St. Francis river? Well, my father, the renowned Hilo Memgog, was a distinguished chief of that tribe. I am his only descendant. Death, and the wars, have swept them, with, alas! too many of our race, to their long home; and soon I shall go, the last of my family, once so famous. Would that I could do so, and bear with me the secret that has descended to me!" and the old man shook with involuntary emotion. "It is now many summers since the village was one day suddenly invaded by a band of Americans. They quickly desolated our corn fields, broke into and ravaged our wigwams, and even entered the church, and committed the sacrilegious act of carrying from thence all the golden candlesticks from the altar; nay, they had the temerity to tear down the holy crucifix, and the image of the Saviour, and bear them off with their unholy hands. All this was done whilst our warriors were on a hunting excursion; so that there were none but squaws and children to oppose them. But the news was soon brought to my father, and he quickly assembled together his principal warriors, and started the next day in pursuit. The enemy was easily tracked, and our men being swifter of foot, and gounded on by desire of revenge, overtook him towards night of the second day, and instantly commenced battle. Night only put a stop to their fury; when, being fatigued with their rapid march, they soon sank into slumber. The Americans secretly escaped, and when morning came, our men were mortified to find nothing of them left but their dead of the previous day's engagement; and their fires burning. They renewed the chase with more ardor than before, and about noon came in sight of them again, and found them fortifying themselves on the opposite shore of this very lake. My father led on his men, boldly, as they all raised the warwhoop, with the intention of carrying the enemy's camp, tomahawk in hand; but they were met with such a

volley of musketry, that they were obliged to retire, with the loss of many of their bravest men. Seeing that the Americans had the advantage, by their log entrenchment, and that they could not be attacked from the water, for the want of boats, they bethought themselves of climbing into the tree tops, and firing down upon their foe. This project was instantly put into operation. My father sounded a retreat, and showed his men what he wanted of them by climbing himself into the thick branches of a tree. His men followed his example, and they soon opened a deadly fire in amongst the Americans, who were huddled into their small encampment, and were shot down like sheep. They did not long stand the fire, but jumping over logs, they made the best of their way into the woods, amid the deafening shouts of the victors.

Our men descended from their leafy castles, and gave chase; and now a deadly hand to hand conflict ensued, as they successively came up with the Americans. Man fought with man, the Indian with his scalping knife and tomahawk, and the American with his short sword, (for both parties had abandoned their fire arms,) and frequently both fell to rise no more.

"My father, with a few chosen men, went in pursuit of the leader of the Americans, who, he discovered, bore off in the midst of his chosen band, the stolen treasures. He came up with him, and both parties fought until the last man on either side fell, as those who remained alive of our men that afterwards followed on to see what had become of their chief, found only dead bodies. But what was strange, and to this day unaccountable, neither the body of the American leader, nor that of my father, nor any of the ravished treasures, could any where be found. For days they ransacked the woods to no effect, and only picked up, at some distance from the shore, at the foot of a tall elm, in the midst of the forest, a smooth slate stone, on which were discovered certain signs and characters, which the priest of our tribe interpreted to represent that the secret of the finding of the vanished treasures could only be found out by practising certain mysterious incantations, and invoking the aid of the spirits of the outer world, and this only by a true, and last descendant of the fallen chief, Mengog. This precious piece of slate was handed down to my father's relations, successively, until it has fallen to me, the last of the family, and with it the key to the incantations." The old man ceased.

"And is this all your story, old man?" demanded Jethro, quickly. "Do you not know the very spot where these treasures are buried, and have you not often visited it, and feasted your eyes on

them, in their hiding places? Say, answer me that, Mengog?"

"No," replied the old man, offended. "Many rash men, like you, have frequently dug for them; but the Great Spirit, who will never allow mortal to see them, except the incantations be made, has signally defeated their object. Sometimes he opens the earth and swallows them up; sometimes a terrible earthquake frightens them from their unholy labor, and confounds them; and at others, he allows them to obtain a glimpse of the boxes that contain the gold, only to see them vanish into the earth, which closes over them as if moved by the hand of the Great Spirit himself. All their efforts are fruitless."

The youth mused a while, then abruptly said: "And you are sure you possess the necessary power of incantation?"

"Certainly."

"Why have you never exercised it, then, to make yourself rich?" demanded Jethro, incredulously.

"I have already told you the reason," returned the Indian, gruffly.

"Well, then, old man, to-morrow I want you to begin your task. Aye, this very night, if you will," rejoined the youth.

"No, not till to-morrow night," replied the old man; "and then, not if it be cloudy, as we must have a clear sky. But, in the mean time, we can make the necessary arrangements. We will do that to-morrow. Let us now to rest." The youth reluctantly complying, they both camped on the ground, and Juno crouching beside her master, all were soon lost in sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

On the eastern shore of the lake, and nearly opposite the mountain, at the foot of which lived the Indian, Mengog, several houses and buildings were built close together, and amongst them one was occupied as the store, and another as the tavern of the "village;" as these dwellings were called by the people round about.

Several days after the events described in the last chapter, three young men entered the bar-room of the tavern, in the edge of the evening, when the following conversation ensued:

"Well, Uriah Jut," said the landlord, (a portly old man) addressing one of them, who, from his look and bearing, one might easily determine was the leader; "have you yet found Jethro Sans?"

"No, he d—d to him," returned Jut, walking up to the counter, and calling for a bottle of the best whiskey. "Let us have a glass or so, old

Chandlee, to recruit our strength with, for we've had a hard jaunt, you may depend on't. Come, Neil and Joe, walk up."

"Where have you been? Have you heard *nothing from him?*" were the eager questions of the landlord, as he hastened to obey the somewhat urgent command of his customer.

"No—yes," replied Jut, in the same breath. "We found that he took Juno with him, and the boat—your health, Neil—and that he crossed the lake—and yours, Joe—ahem, hem. This is horrid strong stuff of yours, old Chandlee. I guess you didn't water it, did you?"

"Away with your nonsense, and tell me what you know of Jethro Sans," said the landlord in good humor.

"It is little that we know of him any way," returned Jut, as he threw himself into a chair and smacked his lips with real gusto.

"Oh, we've found out a mere nothing," rejoined the other men, "we've had our three days search for nothing."

"We did find out something, though," said Jut, smiling; "and that is, that he got the mitten, flat and plump, before he left."

"Ah! did he?" exclaimed the landlord rather seriously; "poor fellow, he hasn't drowned himself, has he?"

"Shouldn't wonder if he had," rejoined the men, shaking their heads gloomily.

"But what route have you been?" demanded the landlord again.

"Let us have another glass, and I will tell you," replied Jut, as he rose and helped himself to a stiff bumper; for it must be remarked, that, although he was still young, he was no slouch at such business.

"Well, we first dragged the lake, to see if we mightn't run foul of his body, for, you see, we did not know but he'd drowned himself out of spite to Eliza. But not finding him, we took to the woods, and run 'em through and through. We climbed over mountains, drove through swamps, and, in fact, went through the devil in all, to no use; and I'll be bound, I wouldn't do the same again for no body's body."

"And saw no traces of him?" asked the landlord.

"Not the least thing," returned the men.

"Have you noticed any lights on the Owl's head?" demanded the landlord, in a fearful tone of voice.

"No. What lights?" returned the others, quickly.

"Why, for three nights back, we have seen strange lights on the very top of the mountain. Haven't you been there, yourselves, to make

them?" continued the landlord, as he eyed his young friends to see if they were in earnest.

"Not a bit of it. We've neither been there nor seen any lights there," was the prompt reply. "But how did they appear?"

"O, they rose suddenly from amidst the darkness, and flaring about a while, went as suddenly out again. And some people hint that all is not right;" mysteriously replied the landlord.

"Why, how so?" demanded the others.

"They say as how there must be some foul play in this disappearance of Jethro Sans. But I know nothing," replied the landlord.

"Pshaw!" cried one; "away with your old woman's stories; Jethro Sans is well enough off somewhere. It's my opinion he's run away to get clear of the old man, and to fly from his disappointment in love."

"I a'n't so clear of that," rejoined Urinh Jut, with a sange shake of the head, (for he was a good deal imbued with superstitious notions.) "These lights remind me of a dream I've had lately, and also of what Jethro Sans has told me, in private, about seeking for the buried golden images of the Indians."

"Well?" demanded the others, in some curiosity.

"Listen, and I'll tell you," returned Jut; "but first I must take another drink." When he had done this he settled himself down, and with a very complaisant air, thus began:

"You know all about how that these images came to be buried in the ground; it is said some where near here? Well, Jethro——"

"Give us the dream!" broke in the others.

"The dream, the dream!"

"Hark then!" cried Jut, "and the dream you shall have. Well, I was asleep in my own house, in my own bed, and it was midnight. I had a dream, and I dreamed that old Memgog, the Indian, over there, stood by my bed side, dressed in his Indian dress, the same that you've seen him wear a thousand times. He spoke, and said, 'Urinh!' I waked up, and, whether you believe it or not, the room seemed full of a brilliant, golden light; and around Memgog's head, there was a golden circle, clasping his long hair; from which sparkled great numbers of small spots, like diamonds. His countenance was—was, not at all like a human face, and ——"

"Then you dreamed wide awake, did you, Urinh?" interrupted the landlord, with an incredulous smile.

"Devil a bit. I tell you I was fast asleep, and dreamed that I waked up, but I didn't. Well, as I was saying, he held in his hand a long wand, or steel rod, as bright as polished glass. And he stretched out his hand, and pointed his rod ex-

actly to the north; and the direction from where he stood there, in my room, must have been about in the range of this village. And he said to me, in a voice that I never shall forget——"

"Why, what sort of a voice was it?" demanded the listeners.

"It was so hollow, so deathlike, and solemn, that it made me think of the spirits of the other world, and I shuddered."

"How could you do all this when you was asleep all the while?" again broke in the incredulous auditors.

"Hold your confounded tongues! or I'll not tell you another word," returned Jut, rising in a flurry.

"We will, we will," cried they, as they placed themselves in an attitude of attention. "Go on, go on."

"Well, Mengog stretched forth his hand, and said in this grim solemn voice, 'Uriah Jut!' What, says I. 'I have come to reveal to you a secret.' 'What is it,' says I. 'I have come to tell you that I know where the golden images were buried.' 'What golden images,' says I. 'Those which were ravished from my forefathers' Church, at St. Francis.' 'Well, what of it?' says I. 'Mind, where I point my wand,' says he; 'in that direction they lie, and I will tell you how you can find them, if you will first promise me to do what I tell you.' 'Speak on,' says I. 'In the first place,' says he, 'as he drew forth from his breast pocket, a small piece of what I took to be slate; but which was as bright as a dollar, and had great golden letters on it. 'In the first place, you must swear on this, before the infernal spirit, Jumbo; that you will keep the secret to yourself; and that after you have found the treasure, you will faithfully do what I shall enjoin on you, under pain of dreadful punishments.' 'Well,' says I. 'Rise up,' says he. 'So I rose up in my bed, and as Mengog held out his piece of slate to me, and I had laid my hand on it to swear, that terrible spirit or ghost, or apparition, the infernal Jumbo, himself, appeared all at once in the room—and such a creature! O, I never shall forget how it stood staring at me as though it meant to swallow me, in an instant, should it discover in my mind the least wavering, or deceit.

"To hell with your oath, and your golden images too!" said I, throwing the slate from me. I jumped out of bed, seized the poker, and drove both the Indian and the devil from the room; for I then saw at once, that the cunning old Indian wanted to wheedle me into a league with the infernal spirit, and thus ruin my soul forever. 'Away with you,' says I, lying about me to the right and left. 'Uriah Jut will never desert his good old Methodist religion, for all your golden

images, this side of Tophet! And I thrashed about, until I waked up and found that I had, in getting the devils out, overturned all the chairs in the room, the table, and the fire dogs; and had got the clock case half way out of the window which I had smashed down to make room for it."

A shout of laughter followed this singular relation.

"You may laugh, if you like," rejoined Jut, no ways discomfited; "but if there wasn't spirits in my room that night, I'm no christian; and I can show you the mark they left on the window frame, as they went out, on this very day, if you will take the trouble to go with me, and see it. *It is a dark, burnt like spot, on either side of the frame.*"

"But how are you going to make that apply to Jethro Sans?" enquired one.

"Why, I'll tell you," replied Jut. "Now, you see, it is plain enough, that the mysteries of the other world hang around the Indian images. The strange sights and wonderful occurrences that have happened, whenever any one has dug for them, prove this. Well, you see, Jethro has told me, in private, that he had talked, frequently, with old Mengog about them, and that he had promised to show him how he might break the spell, or enchantment, that keeps them from mortal touch, and thus secure them to him, if he should ever be driven to extremities: and, you know, Jethro lays all his ill luck with the girls to his poverty, and being naturally of a proud spirit, his getting the mitten infuriated him, in my opinion, and he has fled to old Mengog to claim the fulfilment of his promise.

"Now, if I guess right, you may depend on't Jethro is no longer for this world; for, if he has suffered himself to be drawn into the hellish snare that Mengog laid for me, he is, by this time, past recovery. The devils have got him, soul and body; and I shouldn't wonder if these fires, on the Owl's head, are their rejoicings over his fall. So there you have it all," ended Jut, as he rose to help himself to another drink of the enlivening whiskey.

The auditors seemed struck with this singular application of the dream to Jethro Sans' case, and, notwithstanding they were sensible of the superstitious origin of it all, they could not readily free their minds from a certain vague fear, that all was not right with Jethro Sans.

The landlord rose, and mechanically looking out of the window, his eyes caught the dreaded lights, flickering and dancing around the brow of the Owl's head.

"As I live, there are the lights again. Come, and see!" exclaimed he, turning pale, and shuddering involuntarily.

"It proves what I told you," said Jut, in a tone of triumph, regarding the lights composedly. "I'll lay my life they are dancing Jethro's funeral dirge with those unnatural fires."

As they looked, the lights, darting from their shuffling track, rose high in air, and breaking into a thousand scintillations, totally disappeared.

"What a strange appearance," said the landlord.

"Very, very," added the others, as they shook their heads dubiously.

"Let us go out into the lake," said Neil, and watch the motions of the thing.

"I'm agreed," said Joe.

"And I too," added Jut, "though I recommend we keep a proper distance from the devilish machinations."

"Put your nonsense!" said the others, "we ain't afraid of devils, nor anything else."

"May be so," returned Jut, as he followed on after the others, mumbling something to himself.

The three men jumped into their boat, and rowed vigorously towards the Owl's Head. A half hour brought them near its dark base, when all at once, the mysterious lights burst out anew on the mountain, at the foot of which lived the Indian. They ceased rowing, and looked with wonder at this phenomenon. The lights, at first, were several in number, small, and of a bluish color. They gradually approached each other, and joining themselves together, made one large, bright ball of fire. This rose slowly to a few feet above the top of the trees, when, winding round once or twice in a circle, it started off in a straight direction across the lake, towards the village. It rested in the top branches of a large elm tree that grew all alone at the north of the village, and not far from it, and around which, though in an open field, the dead of the village were buried. Here, blazing awhile, like a beacon light, it suddenly dropped to the ground and disappeared.

In the same instant a sudden concussion of the air took place. The water of the lake, which before was calm and still, now shook and boiled, as though in one tremendous heated cauldron. A dark cloud enveloped the summit of the bald mountain, which emitted frightful lightnings, and resounded with terrible thunders. Moving forward in the direction the ball of fire had taken, it gradually expanded over the whole horizon, and rising slowly into the upper skies, it gradually died away in a light haze; leaving the stars again to appear, as before they were, bright and twinkling; and all again was calm.

The men in the boat sat with raised oars regarding these phenomena in the utmost consternation and alarm. Not a word was uttered by

either one of them until long after nature had resumed its wonted aspect; and Jut was the first to break silence.

"What say you now, boys. Now, you'll believe what I've been telling you, won't you?"

"Don't know what to make of it," replied one, drawing in a long breath; "never saw or heard of the like afore."

"Nor I," said the other; "and I never wish to see the like again. How the water boiled and trembled!"

"And what thunder! and such forked lightning, too!" said the first.

"Ah! The cloud contained the mystery. Did you notice how it rose, as it were, out of old Memgog's rocky habitation? There's the mischief. The cunning old Indian is at the bottom of it all," added Jut. "But come, let us back to the shore, and go and see what has happened to the old elm tree in the burying ground, for it seems there is some connection between these infernal machinations, and the graves;" continued he, as he turned the boat, and resumed, with the others, his rowing. They landed, and, in company with the landlord, and some others of the village who had been brought out by the unheard of noises, to see what was going on, they proceeded towards the burying ground, many with hearts quailing with fear.

As they came in-sight of it, they saw, through the indistinct light, two forms, in human shape, at work at the foot of the elm; and, from certain sounds that reached their ears, like those made by shovels throwing up the soil, they conjectured they were digging up the ground. A nearer approach convinced them of the truth of this.

"Gracious!" said one of the neighbours, "if they aint digging up Sarah Bill's corpse, who died yesterday of the falling sickness, and was buried to day in that very spot!"

"It is certainly so," added another, as all huddled close together, "and what on earth can it mean?"

"Mean!" cried Jut, "Why, it means the devils are after her."

All stood aghast, for none dared to advance, and their terror was now still more increased by seeing one of the men descend into the hole, and slowly raise the coffin to the surface. A crashing sound was heard, and then another as if the lid were wrenched off, and next, to their utter consternation, the shrouded corpse rose suddenly to its feet, and tearing the grave clothes from its arms and face, appeared to confront its robbers. A frightful shriek, and horrid cry, rent the air at the same instant. When lo! one of the diggers dropped suddenly on the ground, and the other, taking to his heels, came

rushing down towards them, with tremendous speed, followed, at a measured pace, by the shrouded form.

As the man neared them, many cried at the top of their voices. "Great God! It is Jethro Sans!" and sure enough it was him, but in his fright he had never noticed his neighbors; but with convulsive and haggard features, wild eyes and streaming hair, he sped past them like lightning; and before the company had time to think even of arresting his progress, he was out of sight and hearing.

They now turned towards the advancing figure in white, and observed that its steps were feeble and slow.

"Let us go to it," observed the neighbour who had first spoken; "I know it must be poor Sarah Rill; and it proves the doctor's words to be true, for he said he didn't believe she was fairly dead, but only in a syncope like, when they buried her."

"It's only her ghost," cried others trembling, "and its not safe standing even here;" and they began to move away. But now the form staggers and almost falls.

"Shame on you for cowards!" indignantly cried the first neighbor, "will you desert a poor fainting creature? See! she can hardly walk. I'll go to her, anyhow."

"And I'll accompany you," cried Jut, as they both started off to meet the figure. And it was well they did so, for they had scarcely reached it, before it was about to fall to the ground, when they caught it, one by each arm, and supported it between them.

"Sarah Rill!" cried the friendly neighbor, "it is you, yourself, praised be God!"

"Take me to my mother," gasped the poor girl, as she closed her eyes through faintness.

They bore her carefully to her home; and, amidst the assembled village, delivered her to her astonished, and confounded mother. In a short time the girl was able to converse, though feebly, and related the dreadful sensations she had experienced when the opening of her grave, by jarring her coffin, had brought her out of her death-like sleep, to become sensible of her horrid situation. She said that her distress was unspeakable, until they had torn off the lid of her coffin, when the cool air gave her strength to rise, and confront the men who were the unwitting means of restoring her again to life.

All that night was spent in talking over, by the inhabitants of the village, the wonderful events that had terminated in such astonishing things. On the next morning they went to the grave, and lo! at the bottom of it, was the body of Memgog the Indian. It was lifeless; and that same day

it was respectfully interred in the grave in which it was found; and which, in company with the deluded Jethro Sans, it had violated, in search of the golden Images of his fathers.

These extraordinary occurrences coming to be noised abroad, gave to the lake, and the village on its shore, the name of Memgog; which, to this day, with some slight alteration, is applied to them.

CHAPTER V.

MOXTUS have passed the depths of snow heaped upon the earth—the Memgog's icy surface—the busy plying of sleighs, trains and carioles, and the merry jingling of sleigh bells, not to say anything of the numerous antics and pinchings of Jack Frost, all proclaim the mighty presence of Old Winter.

Winter! how many and various are the associations that cluster around thy ancient and rugged brow. Fit representative art thou of the desolation and silence of Death! As Death cuts down all living beings and deposits them in the grave, so hast thou ruthlessly stripped nature of her emblems of life, and locked her in thy cold, icy, all powerful embrace. As death reigns in the grave, so thou reignest over nature; and yearly dost thou present to reflecting mortals, a sure type, in thy presence, of their latter end.

But this is only one of thy lessons, and thy only sad one. As in the midst of thy gloom nature begins to spring anew from her deathlike trance, to reach, by midsummer, regenerated life, so thou teachest man that, rising beyond the tomb, he blooms again in spirit, when time changes not and happiness never ceases.

But what a source of comfort, of pleasure, and of joy; art thou to the bold husbandman; and of delight to his mirth loving sons and daughters. The former welcome thee as the season of rest from the toils and sweat of the summer, when he can enjoy the abundance his honest hands have, through the blessings of a kind providence, brought him. The latter hail thee as the time of gaiety, of rides, of mirth, of weddings, balls and routs! All classes view thee as a season of pastime. What matter if thou bringest to their view some severe samples of distress and sorrow. They are driven quickly into the back ground, by thy soul stirring power.

But to return. We said it was winter. It was new year's day, that most jolly day of all the year. It was evening, and in farmer Demster's house was gathered a party, composed of young and old, but principally of the former. The simply furnished but comfortable "square room," was resplendent (as much as mere candles could make a

room so) with lights, and overflowing with numbers. Around its sides were seated spruce young men, and coy maidens, whose costumes, plain but tidy, showed the former to be the tillers of the soil, and the latter the twirlers of the distaff. Their countenances, fresh and ruddy, and somewhat browned by the wind, showed they had been enjoying through the day the usual pastime, on such occasions, a sleigh ride; and a certain air, discernable in the faces of the girls, and of soberness in those of the boys, together with slight exchanges of looks, sufficiently indicated that some important event was about to occur. In the centre of the room stood a stand covered with a snowy white cloth, on which were paraded the family Bible, a doubtful looking, oblong shaped, sheepskin covered scrap book, and a standish of ink and pens. In the midst of these stood a brass candlestick, neatly decked off with clean white paper fringes, and containing a burning candle.

Before this stand was placed a chair, while at one end of it were left four vacant seats in the midst of the snug line that surrounded the room. At the upper end of the room, seated in his arm chair, was the worthy, good humoured Mr. Demster; and at his side sat his matronly dame, dressed in her neatest homespun gown and checked apron; and still below her were another elderly pair. These staid old people, while the younger portion of the assembly were oying each other and the stand in the centre of the room, occupied themselves in conversing with a gentleman in black, whose white neckcloth, and measured, solemn accents, denoted him to be a man of God, the minister of the Parish.

But now suddenly all eyes are turned towards the door with an expression of longing curiosity, while the room is silent as the tomb. We hear light footsteps advancing, and soon two young couples enter the room. Ah! now we can understand the meaning of this formal parade, and those mysterious looks. It is the wedding night of Charles Demster and Eliza Hayden. And, Jethro Sans! it is well thou art not present to behold thy lady love, as she now, shrinking and blushing, hangs confidingly on the manly arm of her beloved, all decked in her robes of white, and adorned for her bridegroom; for thy heart would break! It is well thou art far away, perchance drowning the troubles of thy mind in the accomplishment of some scheme for getting rich, as wild and reckless as that whose termination caused thee such fright, and proved so disastrous to thy friend.

The couple who followed the bridal pair, and who are to act as attendants, are our friend Uriah Jut and his sweetheart, a girl we know not.

These parties walk across the room, and set themselves in the vacant chairs, at the end of the stand. The minister now rises, and advancing to the chair in front of the stand, opens the family Bible, and reads a chapter out of it. Then closing the sacred volume, he kneels and offers up a fervent prayer to the throne of grace for the welfare of all present, and more particularly for the blessing of the happy pair whose loves are about to be sealed in Nymen's silken chains.

The bridal pair are now called up, and in a few minutes the ceremonial, constituting them man and wife, is ended, and they retire to their seats, filled up with sensations and emotions—Ah! we will not attempt to describe them. *lest headlong youths, and tender hearted maidens may be allured to rush into the same delightful state before their time.*

After an exhortation and prayer from the minister, which have the effect to inspire all with the sacred obligations of the hymenial compact, the old people and the man of God retire. And now commence the lively sports. All seriousness is flown, and the lively dance, (though it be a country jig, or reel,) the "Blind man's buff," the "Twirling of the plate," the "Question and Answer," the "Awards and Punishments," and finally the whole catalogue of plays and pastimes take their turn, and afford the free amusement. Towards morning, and after each beau and belle had whispered the quantum of pleasant words, and bestowed upon each other's lips their parting kiss, some of them the sweeter for being stolen, and after they had observed the usual ceremonies and enjoyed their fill of fun and frolic—the gay wedding party broke up, and with that sort of languor and ill feeling which usually accompanies the termination of such assemblies, took their different routes homeward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ARTIST'S VIEW OF SUNRISE.

I saw the sun rise on lake Maggiore. Such a sun-rise! The giant Alps seemed literally to rise from their purple beds: and putting on their crowns of gold, to send up a hallelujah almost audible.

It is curious to note how gradually the flowers warm into the rich colors and aromatic breath of summer. First comes the snow-drop, formed from the snows which gave it a name: fair, but cold and scentless; then comes the primrose, with its faint, soft hues, and its faint, soft perfume—an allegory of actual existence, where the tenderest and most fragile natures are often those selected to bear the coldest weather, and the most bleak exposure.

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 pasture and our happiness will grow.”
 WORDSWORTH.

No. II.

HAY'S "WESTERN BARBARY."

BY EDMOND HUGONOT.

WE have already had occasion to record our high approval of the series of which this work forms a part, and at the same time our grateful sense of the exertions of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay to supply the Canadian public with this issue, at a rate even lower than the small price affixed by the English publisher. Each succeeding number has served more strongly to confirm the sentiments we have expressed, and to convince us of the value of the boon thus conferred on the reading public of the Colonies. The works previously furnished, though highly valuable and interesting, had all been in print before,† but in this number Mr. Murray takes a step higher, and presents us with an original work, of a character and interest sufficient to have ensured a ready sale, even at the old publishing rates of half-a-guinea a volume. The number of purchasers at the present price must, we are convinced, have such a large increase, as will more than remunerate the publisher for his liberal experiment.

The author of this work is the son of Her Majesty's Consul-General at Tangier, and during a lengthened residence in that town has had facilities of acquiring a knowledge of the manners, customs and language of the Moors of Barbary, such as are rarely enjoyed by Europeans. The results of his experience he has given us in the present volume, taking as framework the narrative of a journey which he made to Larache, in the year 1839, for the purpose of procuring for Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, a barb of the

purest breed. In this he was unsuccessful. Of late years the possessor of a horse so handsome and valuable, that its fame reached the ears of the Emperor of Morocco or his agents, has been repaid for his trouble in rearing it, by the immediate confiscation of the animal for the Imperial use; and the inevitable consequence has been the degeneracy of the Barbary breed, once so famous throughout the world. Even yet, however, some fine specimens are occasionally seen, such as those presented for Mr. Hay's inspection by the Sheikh Haulj Cassen, the Hakken (or governor) of Mona.

“ Several fine barb stallions, held by the Hakken's slaves, were led forward, amongst which was a powerful black colt, who, having managed by rearing and plunging, to break loose from his conductor, attacked, with thrown back ears, open mouth, and tail erect, another of the stud; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Arabs, accustomed to such freaks, a desperate fight ensued, — wheeling round as quick as lightning, rearing, and using their fore feet as dexterously as an expert boxer; then galloping away from those who endeavoured to catch them, determined to have out their duel, snorting and squealing most wildly. This was a moment for the admirers of horse-flesh to see every muscle and nerve come into play in their fine action unrestrained:

“ Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girls he breaks asunder;
 His ears apprieked, his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again
 As from a furnace vapours doth he send;
 His eye, which glistens scornfully like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his hot desire.”

* MURRAY'S COLONIAL AND HOME LIBRARY; No. IX.—Western Barbary: its Wild Tribes and Savage Animals; by John H. Drummond Hay, Esq. John Murray, London; Armour & Ramsay, Montreal. pp. 106. Price 2s. 6d.

† The “Travels of Captains Irby and Mangles in the Holy Land,” however, had only been printed for private circulation.

‡ Shakespeare.

"The black colt was at length seized by the neck by his more vigorous adversary, who, pressing him to the ground, held him there till men came to the rescue, and separated the combatants."

Our author's father, the Consul-General, was afterwards fortunate enough, during a mission to the Sultan's court at Fas (or Fez), to procure a horse of the description required, which now forms one of the ornaments of Her Majesty's stables.

The incidents of this journey were not very numerous or varied, but Mr. Hay's principal object was "to portray the character and manners of the wild tribes which inhabit this fertile but neglected country," and he has accomplished this, not only by giving his own description of men and things, but by recording the wild and fanciful stories which were related by the Arab companions of his journey.

One of these stories—the adventures of Alee the six-fingered, a Moorish freebooter—occupies a large portion of the work, and presents a vivid and animated picture of life in Barbary; but is of course too long for quotation.

We have already noticed the insecurity of property in these wild regions, an evil of which many striking instances are given by Mr. Hay. When the intended victims resist this spoliation, or show any reluctance to reveal the place where the coveted property is (or is at least supposed to be) concealed, they are subject to the most remorseless cruelty. Well might the Sheikh of Ibdowa exclaim, as he did to our author—"Wealth, in this land of tyranny, is a crime."

"The most horrible tortures are resorted to for forcing confession of hidden wealth. The victim is put into a slow oven, or kept standing for weeks in a wooden dress; splinters are forced between the flesh and nail of the fingers; two fierce cats are put alive into his wide trowsers, and the breasts of his women are twisted by pinchers. Young children have sometimes been squeezed to death under the arms of a powerful man, before the eyes of their parents.

"A wealthy merchant at Tangier, whose *'auri sacra fames'* had led him to resist for a long time the cruel tortures which had been employed against him, yielded at length to the following trial:—He was placed in the corner of a room wherein a hungry lion was chained, in such a manner as to be able to reach him with his claws, unless he held himself in a most constrained and unnatural position."

The character of the Moors, like the kindred Oriental nations, is marked by the fiercest passions; and so far from endeavouring to restrain them, their indulgence is considered an absolute duty. Such, for instance, is the custom of blood revenge: the nearest relation of any person who is killed, is bound to pursue the slay-

er—intentional or undesigned—and never to rest satisfied till he has compassed his death; the duty of revenge then falls upon the next relative of the latter, and so the horrible chain lengthens, link by link, till it reaches some one too isolated in the world to have any one to avenge his death.

These are the dark features of Moorish character, but it often presents those touches of feeling that "make the whole world kin."

"I remember on one occasion, travelling in this country with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine: we had arrived at a *dowar* near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the 'rebellers against God.' My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning round to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said—'Who taught you that we are disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves: he then repeated the Lord's prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed—

"May God curse me, if ever I curse again those who hold such belief; may more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer,* that it may be remembered and written amongst us in letters of gold."

"We then pitched our tents in peace, and shortly afterwards were visited by the priest, who entering our tent with a sorrowful face, told us his child was sick in bed, and begged we would come and cure him. We went to the tent, and found the invalid in a burning fever. My friend prescribed some harmless medicine, which was immediately taken in our presence: an hour afterwards the boy was a corpse. A murmur ran through the village that the Nazarenes had poisoned the child; so ere the following morning dawned we had struck our tent and were hastening our departure, fearing the fanaticism of the inhabitants; but before we had time to depart, the father came to us bringing a bowl of milk. 'Accept this, O Christians,' he said, 'in return for your kindly feeling towards my dear child; and think not that I join the ignorant in supposing you caused or wished his death. His hour had come; he is now happy; and God's will be done.'"

The intercourse with Europeans in the interior has been very slight, and they are almost universally reputed to be in league with the spirits of the nether world—a very convenient mode of accounting for their undeniable superiority, and saving the national and religious pride of the Moors.

"A camel led through a country town in England could not have excited more curiosity and astonishment than the appearance of my Spanish friend and myself in the wild village through which we were passing. At each door stood whole families gazing with amazement; whilst the younger children shrunk in terror at beholding such strange apparitions. One youth, bolder than the rest, having approached our party, demanded of the Hadj* what kind of beings we were.

* A Mahomedan of Mr. Hay's party.

The Hadj, with a grave face replied, that we were *Jins*, or evil spirits, which he had caught and was conducting to Laraiiche, to be shipped for the land of the Nazarene. Upon which the lad fled howling to his hut."

In Western Barbary, as in all Mahomedan countries, a madman or idiot is looked upon as a personage peculiarly favoured by Allah, who, they believe, retains their reason in heaven, while he permits their bodies to walk the earth. They are therefore not only secured from the injury and insult which too often attend a similar class in more civilized countries, but are regarded with superstitious reverence, and allowed to roam unchecked through the country. In the year 1840, Mr. Hay narrowly escaped with life from the attack of one of these sainted maniacs—an attack only dictated by insane caprice, but which would never have been noticed by the authorities, had it been made on any one of less rank than the son of the English Consul General.

"I happened to be walking on the sea-shore with my sister, immediately below the walls of the town of Tangier, when I espied above us a wild-looking fellow about seventy or eighty yards off, with a clotted head of hair that bespoke a sainted madman, aiming at me with his long gun, which he had rested on the wall. We were near a rock at the time, behind which we took refuge, and waited there a good while, in the hope that the madman's patience would be worn out; but he did not stir, and the passers by, whom I appealed to for their interference, shook their heads, muttered something about Seedy Tayeb, which proved to be the name of the saint, and went their way. In the meantime the tide was rising rapidly, and we had the unpleasant choice of being drowned or shot. We agreed it was better to risk the latter; so telling my sister to run off in another direction, I stepped forward and gave him the preference of a standing shot. The maniac took aim and fired; and I heard the ball whiz into the water behind me. I was proceeding to run up to him by a path which led to that part of the town wall where he was standing, when I observed that he was coolly reloading his gun; and as the next shot at close quarters might have proved more effective, I thought the best thing I could do was to follow my sister; so I fairly took to my heels.

"Having reached home, and described to our guard the appearance of the man, we were sallying out to seize him, when the maniac himself, Seedy Tayeb, rushed into our court-yard, laughing heartily, and presented me with a basket of melons. The poor fellow was a most confirmed madman, and consequently a very great saint; and as I had not the heart to proceed formally against him, I only required that he should be imprisoned until he could be sent to the interior, whence the governor of Tangier promised he should not return."

A very peculiar mode of courtship prevails among some of the Berber tribes, which is resort-

ed to as an evasion of the precepts of the Koran, which forbid all courtship before marriage. In the district of Benin Soar, an annual fair is held which is attended by all bachelors, maids, widows and widowers in the neighbourhood, who are in search of mates.

"In fact, the whole affair resolves itself into the women selling themselves; but to escape the ignominy of such a procedure, the traffic is carried on in the following manner:—

"Each lady desiring to enter into wedlock dresses herself in her best and most becoming attire, and taking with her a piece of cloth of her own weaving, sits down unveiled in the market-place. The men both young and old, who are candidates for matrimony, parade about the market examining the texture of the cloth displayed by the ladies, and scrutinizing at the same time their looks and behaviour. Should the customer be pleased with the maiden, he inquires the price of the cloth: she replies by naming what she would expect as a dowry, and the amount of this she raises or depresses according as the candidate for her heart may please her, resorting to the demand of an exorbitant sum should she be averse to the purchaser. During this barter the enamoured swain is able, in some degree, to judge of her temper and character. If they come to an agreement, the parents of the girl are appealed to; and they have the right to assent or not, as they please. Should they assent, the parties adjourn to a public notary, the contract is made, and the purchased bride is carried off to her new home."

We fear much that if the bridegroom be previously possessed of a fine horse, his spouse, even when newly wedded, will only reign over a divided heart. The affection of the Arab for his steed has become proverbial; and in many cases even money, the all-powerful, cannot separate them. A striking instance of this occurred in Mr. Hay's experience, as he accompanied the traveller Davidson, on his last fatal journey to the interior.

"As we were proceeding between Mehedeen and Rabit we were joined by a troop of mounted Arabs, one of whom was riding a mottled grey, the handsomest barb I ever saw. Riding up to the man, I entered into conversation with him, and having put him in good humour by praising his steed, I told him I would make him rich if he would sell me the mottled grey.

"What is your price?" said the Arab.

"I offered a hundred and fifty *mitschel*, about twenty pounds sterling, a large sum in the interior.

"It is a good price," said the Arab; "but look," said he, and he brought his horse on the other side,—"look at this side of him,—you must offer more."

"Well, come," I said, "you are a poor man and fond of your horse; we wont dispute about the matter; so, give me your hand." What say you? two hundred?"

"That is a large price truly," said the Arab.

* The Moorish manner of striking a bargain.

his eyes glistening, and I thought the horse was mine. But my eagerness, I suppose, had been too apparent, so the Arab thought I might go still further; and shaking the bridle off he went at full speed. The mottled grey curled its tail in the air and vanished to a speck in no time:—I turned to speak to Davidson, and the next moment the Arab was at my side; and patting the neck of his grey, he said, 'Look at him—see—not a hair is turned! What will you give me now?'

Davidson prompted me to offer even four hundred ducats rather than let the animal go. Again I began bargaining, and offered three hundred. On this the Arab gave his hand, and thanking me said—'Christian, I now can boast of the price you have offered, but it is in vain that you seek to tempt me, for I would not sell my horse for all the gold you or any other man possesses.' Having said this he joined his companions.

Calling the kaid, or chief of our escort, I asked him if he knew the rider of the grey.—adding, that I supposed he must be rich, as he had refused so large a sum. The kaid said, 'All I know is, that he is a great fool; for he possesses nothing in the world but that horse, which he bought when a colt, selling his tent, flocks, and even his wife, to buy it.'

If the wandering tribes of Barbary are excellent horsemen, they are no less experienced marksmen. It is by no means an uncommon feat to break with a musket ball, an egg placed between the ankles of a person stationed at some distance. Two Berbers named Seedy Tayeb Boocassan and Ben Geloou were especially famous throughout all Western Barbary for their unerring accuracy of aim.

"It is related that, on one occasion, when these two marksmen, who had just returned from a hunting excursion, were seated together, discussing the shots that had been made during the day, Seedy Tayeb challenged Geloou to fire a shot with him. Geloou made no reply; but called to a lad who was playing at foot-ball some fifty yards from them. The youth drew back the hood of his jelah, that he might approach him with due respect, for he was a Sherref: upon which, seizing his gun, he aimed at the lad and fired. The boy put his hand immediately to his head.

"'Has any one hurt you?' cried Geloou. 'Let us see your head.'

"'The boy came up, and there was a slight graze where the ball had passed.

"'What think you of that shot?' said Geloou to Seedy Tayeb. 'Fire, if you can, one like it, not any of God's creatures, and yet do him no harm.'

"'Tayeb took his gun, and fired at the lad as he left them to return to his playfellows. This time the boy gave a slight scream, and put his hand to his ear.

"'What's the matter?' cried Tayeb.

"'Oh,' said the boy; 'somebody has torn my ear!'

"'The ball had shot away his large Moorish earring.'

Possessing such skill in the use of their favorite weapon,

"The only law of the desert land—"

the sportsmen of Western Barbary show no reluctance to meet the numerous savage animals, that frequent its plains and forests. Hyenas, panthers, jackals, wild boars,—nay, the tawny kings of the forest themselves—yield to their skill and prowess; and some of the most entertaining portions of the present volume are those in which such adventures are recounted. These are rendered more amusing by the dialogue between the hunter and the hunted, which the narrator generally introduces—all in perfect good faith; for, according to Mr. Hay's account, the Moorish sportsman believes, not only that these animals understand every thing he says to them, but also that "every variety of sound which a wild animal utters is translatable into good Arabic."

"I have often been amused by the difference of tone in which the Arab sportsmen express themselves when speaking of the different animals, of chase. When they talk of the lion, it is always as if they considered him a particularly gentlemanly personage; and they treat panthers and boars civilly enough. But their contempt of the cowardice and stupidity of the hyena has no limit; indeed its Arabic name, '*dba*,' means addle-headed or stupid."

Our traveller's friend and companion, the Arab Iudj Abdallah, relates the following anecdote, to show that the hyena has fairly earned this character.

"The dull witted knaves fancy, that if they can hide their head in a hole, all the rest of their body will be invisible; and be assured, O Nazarene! that the Arab huntsmen are not slow to take advantage of their folly. I remember accompanying a friend of mine to a cavern which he had marked down as the abode of one of these rascals. We took with us no other weapons than our daggers and a long rope. Having reached the mouth of the cavern, which was situated in a thicket, my companion stooping down, peered within; and could perceive the hyena nestled in a corner, with its head thrust into a cavity of the rock. Turning to me, he said—and he took care to speak loud enough for the beast to hear him—'Did you say that the hyena was here? You must be mistaken, for he is not here now. O no! they call him a stupid fellow; but he is no fool: if he was, he would be here.' Then entering the mouth of the cavern with his eye upon the beast, my companion continued: 'O what a folly to suppose the hyena would be here! It is quite light; I can see everything; but the *dba*, poor fellow, he is gone. O no, he is not such a fool as we call him!' Then, cautiously approaching the animal, with his dagger in one hand and the rope in the other, talking loud all the time, 'Yes, yes,' he said; 'it would be very different with me if the hyena was here. He is a brave fellow; he is not afraid of two men,—no, nor of a dozen. He is a clever fellow, though men do abuse him.' Then sudden-

denly he slipped a noose of the rope round his hind-legs, and shouted to me, 'Pull away! pull away! He is here, the rascal, the coward, the fool! Pull, pull away!' So the hyæna was drawn out of the cave, and we despatched him with our daggers."

A very different mode of procedure is requisite in lion-hunting. When the tracks of one of these noble animals are discovered, a large party go out in pursuit, armed with a gun, a dagger, and four iron-tipped stakes.

"Holes about four feet in depth are dug, just wide enough for each man to crouch down in. The stakes are then driven into the ground with their iron points slightly inclined outwards; each sportsman, as in boar-hunting, takes his station in these places of safety, which are dug in the tracks of the lion. The beaters, making a great noise with drums, and shouting and firing of guns, drive the game towards the hunters: should they wound the lion, he generally springs at the man that fired, who immediately stoops, and the lion, falling on one of the stakes, is despatched with their daggers."

Instances have been known of hunters attacking and defeating a lion single-handed, but these are rare, and the very sensible advice given to Mr. Hay by an old lion-hunter of the country of Reef, was by all means to avoid any such encounter.

"They rarely attack a man, if unprovoked," said the old Reefian: "I have met them when alone; they have stood and looked at me. But in such cases a man must go on his way without appearing to notice the beast, and then he will almost always quietly walk away also. The best caution I can give," continued our gray-bearded guest, "in case you ever meet a lion, is, that you keep on your own path with all the coolness you can command, until you observe that the *yellow-haired** has passed out of view, or has ceased watching you; then turn sharp to another direction, and pursue it rapidly, lest the lion, having noticed the line of your march, should proceed to meet you at a distance on that track, as they often do with all the cunning of a cat; and you may then have some difficulty in evading his wantonness or anger.

This advice somewhat reminded me of the story of the old peer, who, being asked what he had done on meeting a lion in the Strand, which had broken loose from Exeter Change,—replied, 'Do?' I called a coach.' Nevertheless I treasured up the advice against a future emergency."

These detached specimens will enable our readers in some measure to judge of the varied materials which Mr. Hay has had at his command, and the ability with which he has prepared them for publication, and we, trust, will induce them to gratify themselves by a perusal of the work at large. An additional chapter at the close of the volume contains a very interesting notice of John Davidson the traveller, alluded to in a

preceding page, who was murdered during his journey to the interior of Africa, in the year 1836. Should Mr. Davidson's "African Journal," printed for private circulation, bear out in its general character the extracts given in this appendix, we must fain see it form some future number of the "Home and Colonial Library."

Mr. Hay's style, although generally easy and colloquial, betrays occasional traces of the young writer, but a short experience only would suffice to obviate this, and we hope ere long to find proof of this assertion, in the perusal of some new work from his talented pen.

OIL BREATHE NOT HER NAME.

Oh! breathe not the name of her whom ye love,
In regions below, or in realms above,
Oh! whisper it not, lest the sacred sound,
Should be caught by the echoing winds around.

Oh! speak ye it not, 'neath the pillar'd dome
Where the proud and gay have made their home:
Oh! tell ye it not in the ear of your friend,
For friendship to love is ever the end.

Oh! breathe not her name 'neath the glowing sun,
Nor yet at eve, when his race is run;
Nor whisper it low, in the courts of life,
Where all are mingled in secret strife.

Oh! speak ye it not 'mid beauty's glare
For danger and death lie hidden there:
Oh! tell ye it not to the babbling air,
And, oh! tell it not to the sons of care!

Then go ye afar to the forest streams,
And there conjure up in your waking dreams,
The form that ye love,—the form that's so dear;
Yet breathe not her name, lest others should hear:

Let the world be clasp'd in the arms of night,
Its beauties deck'd by the moon's silver light;
Let the stars shine bright from their world above,
Yet, breathe not the name of her whom you love!

Oh! tell ye it not; oh! whisper it not!
Yet still let that name be never forgot;
Speak ye of others, and speak of their fame,
But, her that ye love, oh! breathe not her name!

Oh! breathe ye it not! 'tis a holy thing
Should live alone within memory's ring:
Oh! tell ye it not, to night save the heart,
For from there the secret can never depart.

Let the heart be its home, thro' wend and thro' woe,
And then you are sure that no treacherous foe,
Can ever approach you with murderous knife,
To rob you of that which is dearer than life!

Then breathe not her name e'en at midnight's hour,
Mid barren rocks, or 'mid beautiful showers:
Let the heart alone its sweetest gift keep,
In its hidden recess, the secret sleep!

G. Sr. Editor.

Hamilton, August 12, 1844.

* An Arabic expression, signifying a lion.

A SCENE IN INDIA.

THE TIGER HUNT.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

AFTER a light breakfast, we proposed to mount our elephants, which came forward in turn and knelt down, while we ascended by a short ladder to our *howdahs* and pads. Every gentleman carried two rifles. In high glee the whole party set out for the Tiger Hunt.

In passing through a native village immediately on the other side, we came up to a poor little infant, of only a few months old, lying unguarded in the middle of the road. The elephant which led the *van*, without stopping, suddenly picked up the poor child at the very moment when I thought he must inevitably have crushed it, and in the most gentle manner placed it on the thatched roof of one of the low cottages. This, which I thought an occurrence of extreme interest and astonishment, seemed to inspire no surprise in the breasts of my fellow sportsmen, who afterwards assured me that the sagacity of these splendid creatures is only equalled by their love for young children and persons who are kind to them. No wonder, then, I felt annoyed and disgusted when I beheld shortly afterwards, a *mohut* wantonly and barbarously amuse himself by prodding the head of one of the elephants with an iron skewer, digging it into the flesh with a fury and savageness, which to this moment I cannot forget. The persons on the animal called out to him, and remonstrated with him on his unnecessary cruelty, reminding him of the revengeful temper of the animal. After a time he desisted, and, as the elephant showed no signs of anger, we hoped no serious consequences would follow.

After an hour's travelling, we arrived at the edge of a thick jungle, in which the royal beast is said to lurk. We therefore took up different points, in order to 'view him' as he left the covert. Here we waited for some time: at length a couple of elephants entered the jungle, and began to beat about.

At this instant we heard a sudden and piercing cry. We looked round. An elephant was just in the act of trampling an unfortunate wretch to

death. It was the imprudent *mohut*, who had a short time before so savagely goaded the animal he rode. At an instant when all was still, when every one was looking out eagerly to behold the tiger break cover, the revengeful animal had suddenly twisted his trunk round his rider, and with the greatest ease first raised him in the air, then dashed him with force on the ground, lifted him again, and a second time threw him on the earth; then, suddenly advancing he began to trample on the now insensible Indian, who in another moment was a shapeless, disgusting lump of human clay, his ensanguined and disfigured corpse resembling in no way the form of a man. Satisfied of his vengeance being complete, the elephant raised the remains of his victim, and throwing it into the jungle, quietly and safely trotted home, without guide or restraint, to the no small terror of the persons seated on his back.

The self-avenging elephant had scarcely got out of sight, when suddenly a royal tiger bounded out of the brushwood, close by the animal I was seated on. My companion and myself instantly fired at him. The nearest party to us also did the same, which I could not help looking on as a most dangerous act, since the slightest mistake in this cross-firing must inevitably be attended with the most fatal consequences. On the present occasion, however, nothing of this kind occurred. The tiger had evidently been hit; but, springing forward, he galloped along. We now began to pursue him: but it was very much after the manner that a good shot in England marks down his game, and follows it, for to keep up with the royal animal was impossible. We trotted about eight miles an hour; the tiger about sixteen at the least. We therefore contented ourselves with following him, and dislodging him whenever he got under cover. Finding a village in front of him, the people of which had turned out, and fired several shots, the hunted animal endeavoured to double. In effecting this manoeuvre, he came within shot of others of the party,

who discharged their rifles with such effect that in a few moments the tiger lay senseless on the ground. We now descended from our posts, and approached to view our prize, which seemed of more than ordinary size. We had just come up to it when one of our party, by way of explaining some remark, touched it with his gun. Imagine our horror and consternation when suddenly the beast sprang up, and with one bound cleared the circle.

For an instant we stood paralyzed, stupefied with excess of fear; then, rushing towards our elephants, we got under them; this being a comparatively safe shelter. The tiger, who had just risen, suddenly finding himself hemmed in on all sides, glared around him for an instant, and then made a dart at the head of the nearest elephant. The alarmed animal, closely coiling up his trunk, shook off his assailant, and as the latter fell heavily to the ground, attempted to transfix him with his enormous tusks. The tiger, however recovered his legs with great agility, but, discouraged by his rough reception, retired towards the jungle, instead of renewing the attack, as we had anticipated. As he retreated, several shots were discharged at him, some of which taking effect, so maddened the still infuriated animal, that he made a sudden spring upon the back of the elephant, on which sat the musicians, and bit at the principal performer, who was nearest the croup. The poor man naturally shrank back. The tiger, however, caught his foot, and tore off a considerable portion of it; then darted into the jungle, and despite a volley fired at him, succeeded in gaining the thick covert; from which for some time we vainly endeavoured to dislodge him.

Finding all other means fail, we at length sent in the elephant that carried the fireworks, and began to throw them lighted into the reeds and brushwood, in order to frighten the tiger from his hiding-place. Presently to our great horror the jungle took fire. The *mohut* in vain urged the elephant, by goading him, to leave the spot. Alarmed by the flames, he stood perfectly still; nothing could induce him to move. The *mohut*, therefore, and those on his back, were fain to slip down, and risking even a *rencontre* with the tiger, made their way out of the now burning cover. This they did in safety.

Never in my life did I look upon a more magnificent sight than the conflagration now before me. Disturbed by the fire, animals of every hue, burst from the burning jungle. The cries of lesser creatures, mingling with the roar of the affrighted elephant, struck awe into our hearts. The flames were high; the whole country before us presented one mass of fire. Nothing could

exceed the grandeur of the scene. Standing on the plain hard by, secure from the danger, we looked on with silent astonishment and admiration.

Presently a loud roar was heard, and the elephant dashed out of the fire. He had evidently been severely burnt. The pads and trappings on his back were in flames, burning and rankling into his flesh; the iron girths were actually red hot, eating into his sides. He was roaring with agony, and ran bounding along the open space, his trunk elevated, lashing his back with his disproportioned tail. Screaming, with torture, in vain we attempted to pursue him, or close him in. Pain had driven him mad; and as the huge animal galloped forward, the wind acting on the flames, caused them to devour still quicker his thick flesh. His mingled roars and cries I never can forget. At length, dashing into a *madhah*, he instantly cooled the iron chains, which plizzed in the water, and returning once more to their natural color, added one more pang to the wretched animal. We now attempted to offer him succor, but it was too late. The fire was extinguished; but as he came up he turned on his side, and with one convulsive roar expired.

We now proceeded to return home. The whole way the cries of the poor musician were occasionally heard. He was but too well aware of his doom. There is a venom in the bite of a tiger almost always fatal. So, alas! it turned out in this man's case. He died within eight and forty hours.

Our breakfast party again assembled at dinner; but alas! much of their gaiety was gone. The tiger hunt was anything but a subject of congratulation. Jamieson had lost one of his most faithful *mohuts*; one of the most valuable elephants had been burnt to death: the principal musician in the Resident's service was now dying.

VOLUNTARY labour, taken in due place and season, doth save much exertion afterward; and moderate care enables a man commonly to pass his life with ease, comfort, and delight; whereas idleness frequently doth let slip opportunities and advantages which cannot with ease be retrieved, and letteth things fall into a bad case, out of which they can hardly be recovered.—*Burrow.*

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

WHEN the English and French were disputing as to their respective rights to certain territories in America, Voltaire happily remarked; that they were quite agreed upon one point; viz. that the natives had no right at all to the land in question.

"THE LARK SINGS BLITHELY IN THE SKY."

WORDS AND MUSIC—BY J. W. D. MOODIE.

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

SLOW AND WITH FEELING.

The lark sings blithely in the sky; The

flowery banks and woods are gay, But sad - ly now I sit and sigh, And

dream the weary hours a - way. Sing, sing once more that

song to me, Sweet lark thy note re-calls the past; When roam-ing by this

ad lib.

summer sea, I tasted joy too sweet to last.

A CANADIAN HOLY-DAY.

(FROM THE EXILE'S PORTFOLIO.)

"Wherefore," I asked, "resound those joyous bells,
Filling the welkin with harmonious peals?
And why, with cheerful looks, and lightsome steps,
Those throngs of human beings, in attire bright,
Proceed towards the crowded city?" "This is the day
Set forth to praise their God, they hasten to their fane
To join the organ's glorious sounds. With sacred songs,
To bow before his presence in the host; and those bells
Remind the grateful throngs, that they may meet,
And join their priest in sacrifice."

What then, my soul,
Though different forms be ours; and shades subsist
Between their creed and ours; hast thou no cause
To join the general theme? and canst thou think
With apathy, upon this sacred day? True, each Sabbath,
With crowds thou may'st attend, and in the temple kneel
To supplicate the Deity, and celebrate the day,
When He pronounced "creation good;" and meet it is
That such completion noble, and rest therefrom;
Should be remembered, while creation stands!
For so complete and beautiful the design,
That the great Architect required no after thought
For its adornment: to will, was to perform;
And one great day of rest, a Sabbath of eternity is his.
And in his people's hearts, each sublimary day
The tribute of affection should arise, and holy joy,
That they were made, and breath'd his spirit blest.
And meet it is, that they should dedicate a day
From worldly cares, each week, to "God's own festival."
How brightly beams the emblem of beneficence, yon sun,
And pours his radiant gladness in the scene; the blue

The lovely blue of heaven, invites th' aspiring mind
To seek its native home; there, where all griefs shall
cease;

And perception deep divine, awaits the longing soul.
What though *yon field of sorrows* meets my gaze
When it descends to earth; and the heart's wrung with
woe

At thoughts of friends departed; the beloved, the good,
The sweet hopes blighted, and life's thousand ills.
Doth not the very contemplation of that scene
Produce a consolation and call forth for praise!
For since by man's rebellion, all this woe was wrought;
And from this world's paradise, death drives us forth
Ah! what, *with such a scene to close our view*
Could cheer us to support earth's cares? The spirit
crush'd

Must droop and mourn, and even despair nigh all,
But that best hope of immortality! heaven sent!
The re-union for eternity with those loved friends.
And all the glories of that heaven, that mortal ken
Can never reach, although its aspirations be sublime,
Partaking of the spirit that created it.
And there to laud Redemption's glorious plan,
Composed by love omniscient and divine.
Then join my soul, the anthem of this day;
A day that chains the gratitude of all!
And whilst the multitude of immortal spirits dwell
Here on the glorious Majesty of God; wide may their
hearts

Open to the influence of the Holy Spirit wield,
And prove the gratitude they profess to feel; and walk
This world's narrow path, in holiness and love
And mutual forbearance, the Christian's course
The very bond of righteousness and peace.

OUR TABLE.

PARKER'S COLLECTIONS IN POPULAR HISTORY.

THE series of publications begun under the above title, if the Publisher's promises be anything like redeemed, will form a most valuable addition to the popular literature of the day. The design is "to promote the intellectual amusement of the people," and particularly of the young, by issuing in a cheap form a great number of works, illustrative of the history, character and manners, of the different nations of the earth; prominent in the collection will also be many valuable Biographical works, Books of Travels, and Treatises upon Sciences and the useful Arts, while the whole will be enlivened with Tales, Romances, and works of fiction, which will afford profitable amusement to those who delight in receiving instruction in the pleasantest possible manner. We insert here an extract from the introductory remarks of the Publisher, which well explain the design of the publication:—

THE COLLECTIONS IN POPULAR LITERATURE will, therefore, embrace most of the features of an Encyclopædia, though the subjects will not be divided into fragments, or scattered over many volumes; each subject being treated with fulness and completeness, and its information brought up to the present time.

THE plan will embrace new and improved Editions of certain Standard English books, but the majority of the works will be newly written, translated, compiled, or abridged, for the present purpose; and the volumes will appear from time to time in sufficient variety to extend simultaneously, and in due proportion, the various branches of Popular Literature. The whole will be prepared with an especial view to the diffusion of sound opinions—to the promulgation of valuable facts and correct principles—and to the due indulgence of general literary taste.

IT is not intended that this series shall form a periodical, according to the strict acceptation of that term. Several works are already published, and others will quickly follow: they will all be uniformly bound in cloth and lettered. There will be no necessary connection between the various works, except as regards general appearance, and each, being complete in itself, may be had separately: nevertheless, the volumes, distinct, yet uniform in their object, will together form a valuable library.

SEVERAL works have been already published, and among them a volume containing four interesting tales, which we presume, are fair specimens of those which the Publisher purposes from time to time to lay before the public. They are each excellent in their way, being illustrations of domestic life in Ireland, the Highlands, Norway and Switzerland. The volume is extremely neat in the whole of its outward adornments, and the price at which it is afforded by the publishers, here, Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, is so reasonable

as to place it within the reach of all who desire to make themselves acquainted with it. Our opinion is that to persons having families whom they are anxious to instruct, the collection will be most valuable, and we cordially recommend it to them.

MARTIN CUZZLEWIT—BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THIS story, the publication of which has occupied twenty months, has at length been brought to a close. Taken altogether, we do not think it equal to some of the previous productions of its author, who seems on many occasions to have been under the necessity of dwelling too long upon some favourite idea, as if with a view to fill the space contracted for. It is, nevertheless, a really excellent story, full of passages of great force and beauty. The characters are drawn with the pencil of a master, and presented to the reader's eye as palpably as if they lived and breathed upon the page. One of the passages in the preface, (which, by the bye, seems to be rather an "epilogue" than that which its name imports,) is intended to explain the tameness which was supposed, during the course of the publication, to mar the effect of some of the numbers. He says:—

I have endeavoured in the progress of this Tale, to resist the temptation of the current Monthly Number, and to keep a steadier eye upon the general purpose and design. With this object in view, I have put a strong constraint upon myself from time to time, in many places; and I hope the story is the better for it, now.

At any rate if my readers have derived but half the pleasure and interest from its perusal, which its composition has afforded me, I have ample reason to be gratified. And if they part from any of my visionary friends with the least tinge of that reluctance and regret which I feel in dismissing them; my success has been complete, indeed.

HISTORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR—BY JOHN

BRINKWATER.

TO this work we had intended devoting a considerable share of attention, it being one deserving of much more than a passing notice at our hands. The want of room, however, prevents us in the present number from entering at length into its merits; but we cannot permit the opportunity to pass of recommending it to the attention of the general reader. It is undoubtedly one of the best books of the season, and being one of the Colonial and Home Library, may be had at a very reasonable charge, at the Bookstore of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay.