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# THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY, 1843.

{ No. 2.

## LAST-DAYS OF PRINCES.

the true but forcible apothegm  
is Philosophy teaching by ex-  
It will perhaps be found that the last  
princes afford more ample scope for  
tion, and yield more useful instruction  
department of philosophy, than are to  
ered from all the preceding events of  
signs as they are successively called up  
memory, and in a language that could  
derived from the lives of any other class  
kind. It is at such a juncture that the  
causes, to take a review of the life and  
of the departing great one of the earth;  
we that we feel impelled to calculate the  
amount of the good or evil, which has been  
the effect of his promptings or the result  
actions. We are irresistibly moved, at  
time, to investigate *motives* as well as  
quences, and, while we attempt to trace  
progress of events, we endeavour to ascer-  
whether they have terminated according  
the true intent of the mover, or whether  
have brought about a state of things  
he neither expected nor desired.

examinations like these, we may not un-  
tently discover, on the one hand, that bene-  
fence of motive and wisdom of design  
through an adverse concurrence of cir-  
stances, not only turned to misfortune in  
sult, but have fixed an undeserved and  
g stigma on the character of their pos-  
er; and that they have frequently embit-  
the latter days of those whose evening  
ought, in worldly justice, to have been  
and tranquility. On the other hand, it  
unusual thing to find that projects, which  
had their origin in no nobler source than  
y or ambition, or which may even have  
still more sordid motives, have neverthe-  
terminated in glory, have set a halo round  
head where real desert was wanting, and  
induced, even in the individual himself, a

false estimate of his own qualifications, inten-  
tions, and actions.

But the death-bed, with the consciousness  
that in all human probability it is such, is a  
wonderful illuminator of the soul. However  
mankind may deceive others, however they  
may deceive themselves, while in the glow of  
health, and in the vigor of action, *here* are the  
hour and the scene that will compel the pre-  
sence of truth, and cause us to know ourselves  
as we really are. Not that to those around,  
even at such moments, is the true state of the  
heart always displayed, for the hardest mortal  
task, to the vain and obstinate heart of man,  
is the confession of error and the acknowledg-  
ment of wrong. We may, like the cardinal,  
"Die and make no sign;" but, if the reflective  
and reasoning faculties have not forsaken their  
seats, the tide of retrospection will force its  
flood upon us, and well is it if it do not sweep  
away our hopes and our strongest dependen-  
cies.

Without violating the truth of history, then,  
we may place before us, as in a moving pic-  
ture, any prince who has swayed the sceptre  
of power on earth; and, in moments such as  
we have here assumed, we may call up the  
principal events in his career, arraign his life,  
actions, and disposition, try him by the evi-  
dence of fact, enter into his secret soul, and  
pluck from thence such lessons of wisdom,  
humility, and varieties of conscious feeling, as  
may be salutary to any condition of human  
existence;—remembering always, that human  
nature is the same in all conditions, and that  
the virtues and the vices of the great differ not  
from those of the humbler classes of society,  
save only as they may be modified from the  
effect of mental and moral education, or the  
power of volition, and of action.

NO. I. — WILLIAM, THE CONQUEROR.

— "Within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,  
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
 'To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—  
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
 Were brass impregnable;—and, honoured thus,  
 Comes at the last, and, with a little pin,  
 Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell,  
 king!" *Shakspeare.*

The carnage had ceased, and the thunder of battle was hushed. The town of Mantes was a prey to the devouring element, which, in various parts still blazed with uncontrolled fury, whilst in others, the smouldering embers cast forth occasionally a flickering light, as if emulous of the glare which was spread in so many directions. The soldiers in both the adverse hosts, and the people of the devoted city, were busily engaged; alas! how differently! The martialists according to the position in which the result of the day's action had severally placed them, the citizens in melancholy and heart-rending duties. All the horrors of war were at this moment experienced by the latter; and the spectacle which they exhibited, might have furnished an indelible lesson, to any but the prince and half barbarous people who at once executed and were the subjects of the picture.

Here, a party of sufferers were eagerly engaged in subduing the darting fires which were rapidly consuming their dwellings and their little all of possession;—there, were anxious relatives traversing the streets, earnestly prying over the defaced countenances of the dead and the dying, in order to discover their own lost ones; their hearts sickening over the distress and pain which they beheld, ever expecting also that the next examination of prostrate suffering would repay their search, by enabling them to give the rites of sepulture to their own beloved slain; yet, with an unconscious hope that their labors might be in vain, and that those for whom they sought might be still in life and health, even although in captivity. Other groups presented parents weeping over their children, children lamenting the loss of their parents, wives prostrated in momentary forgetfulness over the bodies of their husbands; the accents of despair, of sorrow, and occasionally of holy resignation mingled with grief, were heard in every direction. The stern effort at composure was manifested in the countenance of the wounded and helpless soldier, as though he felt that to betray the pain of his wounds was unworthy of his manhood; yet the mangled carcasses and broken limbs of some were productive of agony too

excruciating to admit of that stoic deportment and to writhed and yelled in excess of agony, torture. The deep and sonorous groans of the wounded or dying war-horse added horror to these discordant sounds, and the eye, the ear, and the heart were smitten by the contemplation of these dread effects of war, these awful consequences of turbulent ambition, wounded vanity, or sordid thirst of acquisition.

But there were other sounds mingling with these, as if to complete the horrid whole, and to convey a picture of very deep misery on earth. The licentious roamed likewise through the streets in quest of booty, others, for more and wicked objects.—Listen to the insolent ruffian, as he demands deducted to unknown or hidden treasures. Hear the shrieks of the defenceless female, as she falls within the grasp of the brutal and powerful assaillant, who, in the unbridled licentiousness of the hour, and the horrid scope and immunity given to victors in those days, was bent on his own degraded gratification, at the expense of all that is noble to the manly heart, and all that is held valuable in that of the feebler sex! *Hell, is indeed let loose*, in a sacked city; and all the enormities which expelled her legions from the seats of immortal happiness, are for the time committed in horrid triumph.

And whence arose the war which produced such devastating consequences? Was it to procure the restitution of rights?—Was it for the redress of injuries done to weaker powers? Was it in revenge of wrongs received? Was it in self-defence, or for the assistance of the defenceless?—Was there a holy, just, or even a worldly-important purpose to serve, in this wide and cruel destruction of life, property, and honor?—*It was caused by a jest!*

The kings of France and England were mutually jealous of the growing power of each other. The former was imperceptibly, but gradually and surely, advancing, from the condition of a mere nominal *suzerain* over many small principalities, towards that of the real sovereign of a large and powerful kingdom;—the latter, who was but a few steps in descent from a successful Danish marauder, and was himself under the stigma of illegitimacy, had, from a French vassal, become fully an equal to the monarch of France, and was able to demand concessions and territories, in a style that wounded the pride of the Gallic monarch. At this period there were dominions in dispute between William of England, now surnamed

the Conqueror, and Philip of France; but these were under peaceable discussion and might have been peaceably adjusted, had it not been for a jest! Philip has had his *jest*. A biting one! It has thrown his rival into a towering passion, it has caused him to call up his barons and their vassals, a numerous host, to cross the sea, and endure all the hardships of war; it has cost both the contending parties the entire loss of the town in dispute between them, together with that of thousands of lives, and of much private property, it has inflicted distress, privation, and dishonour, among those who were neither the jest nor its foundation, and has produced a wide extent of grief, mingled with execration of the heartless princes who thus trifle with the property, happiness, and lives, of those whom it is their duty to protect. And the king of France and his courtiers laugh heartily at the excitement produced by so biting a jest,—*which is so fearfully avenged.*

And the Avenger,—where is he? William, the Conqueror of England, the terror and scourge of France, how does he enjoy the punishment which he has inflicted upon his haughty and insolent rival? Does he fill high the wine-cup, and celebrate, with his warriors, the glorious exploit which he has just achieved? Does he threaten to advance onward with his victorious arms, and crush the arrogant King, who has dared thus to jest at his expense?—Does he revel in the foretaste of enlarged dominion, and in anticipated vengeance for his outraged feelings?—Is he in the bustle of preparation for another attack on his army?—*He is on his death-bed!*

On that bed from which he was never to be removed in life, lay the most powerful monarch of his time; and—there is good historical authority for adding—with all the principal actions of his eventful life in full array before him; producing the opposed sensations of exultation for sacred vengeance, remorse for crime and cruelty, pride for the extent of his conquest and dominion, and a humiliating sense of the vanity of all earthly greatness. A whole life, spent in quelling faction, in humbling his enemies, in increasing his power, and in rewarding his adherents, now produced in him no consolations to set against his deep compunction and his humbled pride; and there he lay, writhing in agonies fully as great as he had that day been the means of pouring forth on the thousands near him, and a monumental proof of the impotence of kings, when it pleases the King of kings to lay his almighty hand upon them!

But the train of events in which William had so conspicuously figured, and which now caused such conflicting emotions within him, must be traced considerably back, to be fully understood; and indeed, without this, it will be impossible fairly to contemplate the awful lesson presented by the last hours of the expiring monarch.

The Anglo-Saxon government had become distracted and corrupted; partly through the Danish influence which had been gradually infused in it, and from which it had just become disenthralled by the accession of Edward, the Confessor; partly through the all-but-extinct state of the Saxon royal blood; and partly through the accumulated wealth and power of a very few Saxon nobles. Edward was the nephew, and William the natural son, of Robert, Duke of Normandy. Edward had been educated at the ducal court of his uncle, where his family were refugees from the Anglo-Danish power, and had acquired its language and manners; he was, moreover,—and hence the pivot upon which the future Norman conquest turned—deeply prepossessed in favor of that people. In the course of time, the Norman power greatly tended to establish Edward on the throne of his ancestors, and he filled his court and the land with Normans, to the prejudice of the native Anglo-Saxons. William, who was usually styled "The Bastard," possessed the ducal throne of Normandy at the period of Edward's elevation; it is believed that gratitude towards a house which had protected himself and his family during the many years of their adversity, determined him to make the Duke of Normandy his successor, and that hence was the reason for the introduction of so many Normans into the British court during his reign. If this were so, it was managed with much impolicy, inasmuch as the insolence and arrogance of the foreigners stirred up the indignation of the Saxon nobles; and the strangers were at one time nearly all driven out of the country by Goodwin and his sons, powerful earls, of the Saxon race.—These, and a few others of the old blood, evinced a strong determination to keep out all foreign dominion; in which resolution patriotism had probably some share, and their own ambitious hopes still more.

At the death of Edward, the candidates for the crown were William, the Norman, and Harold, the Saxon; neither of whom, if the now-existing law of succession had been then of much force, had the slightest legal claim to it; nor, in fact, was there a legal claimant in

the world, for Edgar, the Atheling, although acknowledged to be the nearest in blood, was but the grand-son of King Edward Ironside, *natural son* of Ethelred II., and the Atheling, himself, was all but an idiot, besides. The sovereignty of England, therefore, was open to the person who could achieve it. The law of legitimacy was a dead letter in the eyes of William, who, himself a bastard successor, could point to numerous instances in his own period, of singular cases; and, as many a hero both before and since has declared, he conceived that "might makes right," and he determined to make himself master of the "scargit" England. He did make a conquest of it, and, under a cool consideration of all the bearings of the case, it is probable that a conclusion will be induced, that although neither of the conflicting parties could fairly vindicate its own cause, yet, on the whole, that of William bore quite as plausible a face as the pretension of Harold. So that here, at least, the character of King William was not deeply reproachable, particularly when the fierce and warlike dispositions of both the claimants and their followers are considered, and still further when we remember that the greatest virtue of the period was valor, and its most appropriate reward was acquisition.

William was "an iron man," such as the martial and semi-barbarous spirit of his age was calculated to produce. Constitutionally courageous, called to command at a period of early boyhood, and almost incessantly in arms, it is hardly to be wondered at that he should have become a man of decision and of energy. It is not improbable that he sincerely believed the promise, followed up by the will of Edward, the Confessor, as conveying something like a *right* to the throne of England, that he was, at least, conscious of as good a claim in right of blood as Harold could set up, and that he was justified by the usage of the times, in strengthening himself by artifice and imposition, such as he applied to Harold when the latter was thrown upon his coast during the Confessor's life-time. But there was one great consideration which either seems never to have occurred to William, or else seems to have been disregarded as unworthy his ambitious spirit. This was, the affectionate regard which the English people had for their Saxon monarchs and for the Saxon race.

That race had now been settled in the island six hundred years; and, except from the incursions of the Danes within the last two centuries of that period, they had enjoyed undis-

puted possession and authority. England had become essentially and entirely Anglo-Saxon, and her history of that time, although it be the history of a barbarous people, is that of unvarying love and loyalty toward her native monarchs. And although they were obliged for a while to succumb to Danish prowess and numbers, while they were under the government of the weak and worthless Ethelred, she continued impatiently to bend under Danish rule for the space of thirty years, yet the accession of a native prince once more, in the person of Edward, the Confessor, was greeted with such ardent expressions of satisfaction as must have convinced the world of their attachment to native blood. For two hundred years had the Northmen been as thorns in the sides of Saxons, it might therefore well be judged what would be their feelings on the probability of a Norman rule, the Normans being in direct descent from that hated people from whose dominion they had so recently become emancipated. Nor were their feelings softened by the deportment of those foreigners at the English court, to which they had flocked in such numbers, at the invitation, and through the misjudging gratitude of Edward.

The recollection of all these circumstances, though it might not control his ambition, did not prevent his carrying into effect his determination to make a conquest of England and to sway the English sceptre, should at least have had effect enough to render him merciful and magnanimous towards a people whose fidelity deserved admiration; and good policy might have taught him that under judicious training he might gradually turn that fidelity and affection towards himself and his government. But William was a *hard* man. Prompt and decided in his determinations, constant and immovable in carrying them out, reckless of blood, irascible in temper, impracticable of contradiction, arbitrary in command, impatient against remonstrance, and furious against active opposition. This was the man who at once controlled the destinies of the subdued English, punished the refractory nobles and adventurers of his native Normandy, and minated his thunders against the power and force of the French monarchy, and kept a check even the Papal authority, which everywhere else was becoming all but despotic. One cause for the course of action pursued by this prince, might possibly be the idea that was the madness of the Danish kings of England which had partly tended to the termination of that line; and that he was thereby sti-

culated to additional severity, that he might rush at once and for ever all the hopes of English emancipation from the Norman authority.

But whatsoever might have been the maxims of his life, when the passions had their way in at least as ample a degree as reason and prudence, he has now reached the goal of his career; wounded, bruised, helpless; tortured by pain, goaded by the thousand reflections which had so long remained dormant in his mind, and conscious that his thread of life was almost spun out, here he is! Lingered between life and death, what a variety of horrid images are conjured up to his mental vision: what a legend do the annals of his life present to his perusal!

To a coarse and brutal jest on his corpulency, uttered by the King of France, the style of which was conformable enough to the manners of the period, William replied in the same strain, and bitterly promised to illuminate all France on his recovery. Little did he anticipate how the *churching* solemnity would be concluded, nor his own particular part therein! They are now nearly at an end; let us draw nigh and observe how the King performs the important remainder of the part which he had allotted to himself, and ask ourselves whether this catastrophe be not in keeping with the conduct of the great living drama which it concludes.

In the abbey of St. Gervais, near Rouen, on the pallet which was to be his last in life, lay the scourge of England and France; in agony both of soul and of body; the whole of his past life brought in fearful array before him, in hues and complexion very different from those which they wore in the times of action. He was surrounded by prelates and priests, by barons and knights, by physicians and attendants; his sons, William and Henry, were by his side, and all, according to their several vocations and capacities were endeavouring to alleviate his sufferings, all were earnestly striving to ingratiate themselves in his favour, and to derive some advantage from his present position. But vain were the consolations of the churchmen; they rang too hollow on his ear and on his perceptions, and conscience told him that he had used their sophistries and the sanctions of religion to the worst purposes of ambition; vain were the boasts of his warriors and the assurance of power by his courtiers, for he perceived that his victories and his dominion were to him fast fading into the oblivion of death; vain was the skill of the leech-

es to one who felt that mass of inward wound which was far beyond the craft of their calling; nay, vain were even the attentions of his children, for the observant father knew too well the duplicity of their souls, the absence of filial affection from their hearts. He closed his eyes, as if to shut out external objects, yet did he thereby only increase the crowd within. How rapidly does the soul glance over the past, throwing into the compass of a moment the events of many years, yet giving to each its clear identity and its full details!

Now arose to his admiring, yet heart-stricken recollection, the brave and unconquered Harold, the people's choice, their native prince, who nobly perished in the field of Hastings.— Now appeared to his distracted view the Saxon earls, Edwin, Morcar, and Waltheof, the defenders of Saxon liberty, who had so severely suffered by his fury and his injustice. The wholesale robberies which he had perpetrated upon a brave but helpless people, in order to satisfy the extortionate demands of his own followers, now gnawed upon his heart, and the tortures thence derived were farther augmented by the reflection that even they to whom he had given so much, turned traitors when there was no more to give. How did his heart echo to the "curses, not loud but deep," which from every nook of England heaped their weight upon his head, for lands abstracted, for towns made desolate, for freemen made serfs, for the degradation with insult added thereto under which a whole nation groaned incessantly.

As his memory glanced over the once fair plains and fertile districts of England, how did his heart recoil at the devastation from Humber to Tyne, and nearly from sea to sea; three thousand square miles laid bare, the inhabitants of which, after enduring famine and misery in their most frightful forms, were finally obliged to prey, as brigands and as pirates, upon their own countrymen and fellow-sufferers, urged by that most desperate and goading of reasons, "*Necessitas non habet legem.*" From thence he turns to the south, and what meets he there? The New Forest! Not ravaged and desolated through the fury of the soldier, but turned into a wilderness for the mere gratification of his pleasure. Thirty miles in extent in each section does the barbarian lay waste that he may in solitude or with his satellites enjoy the sports of the chase; thirty churches are demolished, the priests and the people driven forth like brute beasts, that the four-footed beasts might have the larger

range; and however pressing the hunger of a man, the killing of a buck was at the cost of sight or perhaps of life to himself.

Has memory yet run over all her maddening relations? Alas, no! Her list is inexhaustible. A direful minister of his tyranny and extortion is now conjured up. Hugo, his Earl of Chester,—too appropriately surnamed the Wolf—together with his inhuman satellites, proclaim more cruelty and oppression in the west; mercenary troops from abroad brought to coerce the unhappy natives, at whose cost they are fed and maintained; the tax, odious above all other, of the Danegelt, revived and insisted upon, from wretches who cannot procure the necessaries of life; the native priesthood cast forth, deprived of their sacred functions, and suffered to starve or to gather a precarious subsistence from the piety of their bereaved and heart-broken countrymen; the shrines of the national saints dismantled and exposed; their very language condemned to obloquy and disuse, and the utterers made the butts of insolent mirth, or the subjects of Norman scorn. All these and the victims of thousands, ay, of *numberless* other oppressions, as with one voice and with myriads of uplifted hands, confound his senses, and make him writhe with tortures inexpressible.

Whilst thus he feels the first pangs of retributive justice, and rolls his eyes about distractingly, his glances fall upon his sons who hover round his bed. Does this sight bring consolation to his heart? No, not even this! He sees on one side Rufus, more rapacious, more blasphemous, more false than himself; rebellious in nature, treacherous, and remorseless in evil, yet to whom—obdurate and inexorable father that he is—he bequeaths the crown of England, in preference to the claim of his eldest but equally rebellious son, Robert. On the other side he sees Henry, his youngest son, cold, calculating, wise, and sagacious, but utterly without one spark of affection for his dying parent. Nature can no more, and amidst the mighty conflict of his feelings, and sufferings, he faints.

And these are the trophies of William, the Conqueror! "To this complexion he must come at last!" No solace from without, no hope from within! A mightier conqueror than he, is close upon him, and he finds, indeed, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."—Recovering for a space, he hastily endeavours to make atonement, by trifling resutations, which cost him little or nothing, and which yield him no relief. He orders money to be

sent to be employed in rebuilding the church of Mantes, the devastation of which had placed him in this fearful condition; he sends alms to the convents and to the suffering poor in England, in the vain hope that the works of moment may atone for the sins of years, releases many of his Saxon prisoners of distinction, but all this brings no real balm to soul; and he—*dies!*

And now, perhaps, that the spirit has passed to the judgment, the frail tenement in which it had lodged, will be honoured with worldly pomp, and gorgeous display, in its way to the last abode of mortality. No, the strong lesson to human vanity and fancied greatness is yet to be read! Rufus has hastened across the sea to receive his succession; Henry with equal haste, has gone to seize his bequest of money; the attendants have poured in, and have ransacked every hole and corner to possess themselves of the clothes, arms, jewels, and moveables, which so lately were the property of the conqueror; and the body of the King, stripped literally naked, lies neglected for two whole days upon some deal boards. The people of the neighbourhood for a time are in amazement, dread, and confusion; at length awake to some sense of their disorder. A poor peasant of Normandy, taking upon himself the expense of the funeral obsequies of his monarch, and William, unattended by one of his household or family, with one to grieve for him, is taken to Caen for interment.

His body has arrived at its resting place; the indignities to which it had been subjected are at end. Not yet! Even here, is one more lesson to mortal greatness. At the place of sepulture, a man stands forth, and forbids the ceremony until the price of the ground be paid to him, the lawful owner, who had been justly despoiled of it by the deceased. A post-mortem retribution is made and—"Farewell, King!"

This story of facts, carries its own moral—"He who runs may read" it, and vain would be the utterance of a train of reflections here to those who cannot suggest them for themselves. But although this be one example of the last days of *Princes*, it has many a modified applicability to human existence in general.



He who lies under the dominion of any of these vices, must expect the common effect of it, to be lazy, to be poor; if intemperate, to be diseased; if luxurious, to die betimes.—*Athen.*

For The Amaranth.

—  
THE BABY'S GRAVE.  
—

Was a spot of calm and shade,  
Far down the garden side,  
Where the mild summer breezes strayed,  
'Mid willows, branching wide.  
The blue sky glanced with soften'd light,  
Down through each trembling spray,  
And the sweet sunbeams seemed less bright,  
When on that grave they lay.

The earliest vernal blossoms there,  
Their gentle perfume gave—  
'Twas meet that flowers so frail and fair,  
Should deck the baby's grave;  
A turn would primrose, snow-drop, pale,  
With summer fav'rites shine—  
Loss-rose and lily of the vale,  
And fragrant eglantine.

Not far away, a streamlet kept  
Its course, with murmuring sound—  
A requiem to the one who slept  
Beneath the grassy mound:  
And standing near that lowly grave,  
The presence of the dead,  
A calm and holy feeling gave,  
Before which passion fled.

Not here, from their play, with step subdued,  
Two little ones would steal,  
Their young hearts with deep thought imbued,  
Beside the grave to kneel;  
Would speak of him, their brother dear,  
Who slept the sods below—  
Would'ring if he their words could hear,  
Or of their presence know.

Not to them it was a fearful thing—  
A thing of mystery,  
That their free steps could cease to spring,  
At will o'er lawn and lea;  
That all unheeded on their ear,  
Their mother's voice might fall,  
And birds, sweet flow'rs, and streamlet clear,  
Be hid in darkness all.

And yet a holy, "high belief"  
Dwelt in each youthful heart—  
Faith in a world where nought of grief,  
Of sin or pain has part;  
A happy home, the stars among,  
Where God is ever praised,  
And their young brother swells the song  
Seraphic voices raised.

But when the grateful twilight dews  
Refreshed the thirsty flower,  
The mother bent her steps to muse,  
Within that tranquil bower;

It was her first-born son, above  
Whose head the trees did wave—  
The earliest pledge of nuptial love,  
Now slumb'ring in the grave.  
With mournful pleasure she would dwell  
Upon his form and face—  
His soft blue eyes, the hair that fell  
In curls with so much grace;  
His cherub smile, the tott'ring feet  
That oft to meet her came;  
The voice, than music far more sweet,  
That lisped his mother's name!  
Ah! she that infant one had made  
The idol of her soul;  
Nor dreamed that clouds her star could shade,  
Or darkness o'er it roll.  
But he who rightly claims our all,  
And knew his erring child,  
In mercy did the gift recall,  
That had her heart beguiled.

It was a fearful stroke—she bowed  
At first in mute despair,  
Then faith unveiled her eyes and showed  
Her father's hand was there;  
Despair and weak repining fled,  
And faith the triumph won—  
She kissed the chast'ning rod, and said—  
"Thy will, oh, Lord, be done!"

Oft at that grave, for grace she sought,  
And grace to her was given,  
Safe through a path with danger fraught—  
To guide her babes to Heaven;  
And though remembrance of the past,  
At times her breast might wring—  
The hope of meeting there at last,  
Would ever comfort bring.

Oh! holy hope, thou art a ray  
Sent from a brighter clime,  
And shedding o'er the mourner's way  
A brilliancy sublime!  
A rainbow, rich with hues more fair  
Than ever spann'd the sky,  
And which a dearer pledge declare—  
"The loved shall meet on high!"

Halifax, N. S., 1843.

SARAH.

—•••••  
THE LAST DAYS OF LIFE.

"Does she sleep?" whispered Mary Canning, as she stepped lightly into the chamber of her sick friend.

Mrs. Mowbray shook her head sadly, and the patient sufferer softly replied, "No, Mary, my thoughts have been too busy. I have been pondering upon the home whither I am going. Home! what delightful emotions are kindled



at that word! how many pleasant associations cluster around it! even an earthly home, a transient resting-place; but mine is a house not made with hands; a mansion prepared by my blessed Saviour himself, eternal in the heavens."

Mary pressed her trembling lips to the white forehead of her friend, and as she did so Ellen felt a tear drop there. She raised her eyes to the sympathizing face bent over her and said tenderly, "Dear Mary, I would not grieve you or my mother; but these happy thoughts so filled my heart I could not forbear to express them."

"Do not forbear, my love," replied Mrs. Mowbray. "Your words are full of consolation."

"Dearest mother, what relief! How often have I longed to pour out my full heart to you, and restrained myself lest it should add to your sorrow. But why should a Christian mother mourn because her child is going home before her; because the gracious Father of both sees fit to remove it first from the pollutions and troubles of the world to His own pure, and blessed, and glorious dwelling-place?"

"Ah! my dear child; reason or religion cannot silence the voice of nature," said Mrs. Mowbray in a tremulous voice.

Ellen looked fondly towards her, and a tear dimmed her eye. "I know it, dearest mother; whilst I suffer your heart must ache. But when our Father in Heaven has done all for me which your love and sympathy could not do; when He has given me strength for weakness, ease for pain, joy for mourning, a crown of glory that fadeth not away for the passing illusions of earth; and made me perfect in holiness as well as in happiness, then you will not weep for me."

"Even then we could not forbear to weep," said Mary, with a quivering lip, "for you would not be with us."

"Ah! Mary, that would be a selfish sorrow. Besides, the parting will be short—we shall meet again so soon." Ellen drooped her head more heavily upon the pillow which was upon the back of her easy chair and continued silent a long time. A pale pink spot in either cheek finely contrasted with the exquisite purity of her complexion; her eyes had the strange unearthly brightness peculiar to consumption; and to the usually sweet expression of her face was added one so serene, so peaceful, that it seemed as if the love and happiness of Heaven already dwelt in her heart. Mary thought as

she looked upon her she had never seen; thing so beautiful.

"Life wastes slowly, very slowly," she said at length, in a low soft voice. "I trust I am not impatient. I am sure I would not part away a single suffering my Father sees needful for me. I would not have the slightest wish at variance with His will, but would resign all to His wisdom and care, just as confidently as the infant resigns itself to its mother's arms. Mine has been a happy life; this illness it was one long bright summer day; and it is happy even now, my Father deals so gently with me, and His grace imparts such peace, such hope to my heart."

A few mornings after, when Mary, as usual, came in to spend the day with her, she was painfully struck by the change in her appearance. Ellen held out her hand with her accustomed smile of welcome, and faintly murmured, "I was about to send for you, Mary. The last conflict, I think, is near."

"You do not fear it; you do not shrink from it," Mary replied, gently pressing the hand she held.

"No, Mary, no. I know not what is before me; whether severe suffering, or a gentle departure. I know not whether my Saviour's presence shall go with me, and the light of countenance disperse every shadow which rests on the dark valley, or whether it shall be permitted to gather blackness, and His blessed presence be withheld; but I can trust Him, and know he will do all things well."

"Oh! how good is God," she said after a little pause, "to give me such faith, such trust. Nothing else would answer now; nothing could give me a moment's peace; this gives me perfect peace. I am utterly helpless—helpless every way—I cannot procure for myself even as much as a drop of water to moisten my parched lips; but I have no fears, no anxieties. I can trust my mother and my Mary: you will not suffer me to want. Oh! how much more I can trust my Father in Heaven! My power is limited; you cannot do all you would; but His, oh! who can measure or comprehend it; He can supply all my wants. What happiness to give away all my cares to Him; to hang helpless, yet trusting, upon his sustaining arm; to feel that this faith, so precious and cheering, is His gift; to think I shall see you very soon, see Him as He is, 'and know, even as I am known.'"

"Yes, faith and hope shall soon give place to perfect knowledge, perfect happiness; and their sister grace never faileth. Even here

dled in the bosom, it consumes the dross, purifies the heart from every selfish earth-passion. Pride, envy, jealousy, anger, and unkindness, melt away before it. It expands the heart and makes room there for all brotherhood of man; all, all, Mary, the best and most despised. It even gathers its golden circlet the whole intelligent creation, and sends up earnest aspirations for the bliss and happiness of every creature God has made. *Without it we are nothing.* No, it never faileth.' While eternity endures it will continue to glow with a purer, brighter radiance, and more and more assimilate the blessed spirit to the image of its God. Here it burns so feebly; our desire to do good is weak; our power so limited. But in heaven all we not be ministering spirits, with an angel's power, sent forth to fulfil our Father's purposes of love? Happy thought!"

She spoke at intervals, and with difficulty; her mother, fondly kissing her cheek, said, "Will you not rest a little, love?"

"Yes, dear mother," she replied, with a tranquil smile, "in Heaven; the dwellers there are never weary."

There was a pause, a perfect stillness, while the anxious watchers gazed upon her fair and radiant face. The mother felt a gentle pressure on her hand she held; she bent her ear to hear, possibly, another precious word; it was softly murmured, "Peace, perfect peace." And the spirit was in Heaven.

#### TO "CLARA."

When late I turned those leaves most fair,  
Where oft thy name I met;  
I found not my loved "Clara" there,  
Whom I felt regret.

Oh, since from that deep silver cloud,  
Descended sweet "Estelle,"  
With grace and loveliness endowed,  
To glad each grove and dell.

Thou angel form those leaves has graced,  
In perfect taste displayed;  
Thou sweet enchantress has been traced,  
In truth and love arrayed.

Thou awake again some moving strain,  
With all thy taste and skill—  
Thou touching picture trace again,  
And wake the gentle thrill.

Thou shall my muse thy past renown,  
In softest numbers sing;  
Thou cupid twine thy May-day crown  
With the young flowers of spring.

John, February, 1843.

EGBERT.

#### ADRIAN HARANGUER.

ALL the fair dames who looked from the balconies of the Place Royale, upon the assemblage which filled the streets of Brussels, on the 5th of April, 1665, turned to gaze after one figure clothed in the garb of a countryman, removed one step above the lowest class. The spell that riveted so many bright eyes was to be found (after the advantages of a fine youthful figure and handsome countenance,) in the intelligence and animation of his features, and their deep concentrated expression of devotion to the cause for which this remarkable procession had been assembled. By his dress and mien he was plainly marked for one, of the many in that company—the poor heirs of noble houses long decayed in fortune. Such a figure in this assembly could not be viewed, even by the most unreflecting, without mingled admiration and fear. For at a glance might you see that he well knew for what he went to claim redress, and that he was of those to whom redress can never long be denied. Of the grievances which the Flemish protestants endured under the haughty Philip and his cruel minions, there are but too many melancholy proofs. It is true that the Regent Duchess of Parma was not herself, by her sex or disposition, inclined to tyrannous cruelties, but she was too often made an almost passive instrument in other hands; and partly from fear, partly from compulsion, she became an unwilling agent in many deeds of oppression from which her soul revolted. Well knowing in her own heart what strong grounds the unhappy protestants had for their remonstrances, she was panic-struck at this assemblage, and received the deputation with much outward kindness and many fair words. But her knowledge of Philip, and her fear of him, prevented her from giving any direct pledges, or from redressing any grievances. Aware that she was merely temporising with them 'till she had gathered more military strength around her, the petitioners were rather irritated than deceived by her forbearance and general protestations.

These feelings were stronger in Adrian Haranguer than in most of the assembled delegates. For he had just married a young wife, and though too lofty and fearless in character, to use this as a scripture reason why he "could not come," yet he had an additional motive to have rejoiced in any fair settlement of the dissensions of his unhappy country. It was, therefore, with much bitterness of indignation

against the Spanish counsels that he repaired to the Hotel de Culembourg, where the Counts Culembourg and De Brederode entertained the confederates on the day following the procession. He entered just as Orange, Egmont, and Horn, who professed to have come *fortuitously*, were received with loud joy.

De Brederode had arisen clothed in a beggar's cloak and wallet, to explain to the infuriated assembly that this garb was assumed to hurl back in bitter defiance the contemptuous taunt of one of the councillors of the Duchess, who had called the petitioners in scorn *un tas Gueux*,—a heap of beggars! The word was unanimously accepted with revengeful pride; and to this name the pledge went round in the cup, and an oath was taken to stand by each other to the last.

In the height of this enthusiastic ecstasy, and while Adrian's whole soul was thrown into the general feeling, a hand was laid upon his shoulder as if to bespeak instant attention. There was something in that touch which roused him at once, though he knew not at the moment why; and, hastily turning his head, he saw a figure on the seat next to him, clothed in a beggar's gray cloak, with the emblematic wallet, which he durst have sworn the room had not contained a moment before.

This was his youngest brother Erasmus, whom he had believed at that instant in the dungeons of the inquisition at Madrid. He was on the point of shouting out aloud with joy and wonder, when his brother made an emphatic sign of silence, and spoke to him these words in a very low whisper, "I came to give thee warning; heed me, it is for life and death. Three princes have now entered: the oath and the cup are given to them. Follow thou him who drinketh out the glass. The rest shall lead thee to the scaffold. Mark well! Egmont hath taken the cup in hand."

Haranguer, involuntarily turning his head at these words, gazed towards the upper end of the board, where De Brederode was receiving his distinguished guests. There stood Count Egmont, holding out the cup, and listening with fixed attention to the words which De Brederode spoke. As Adrian looked on that noble warlike man—the leader amidst a thousand—the hero of his age, as he marked the fire in his eye when, raising the wine to his lips, he repeated the oath after De Brederode—he could not but rejoice in the assurance that Egmont would be the last man in that company to leave unhonoured such a health. The Count was Haranguer's old leader and dear

friend, and he could not bear that upon the noble Captain should fall the omen he had heard. But his love had prevented him from discerning, with his wonted quick and clear perceptions, how the quivering indecision of Egmont's lip warred in his noble features with the triumphant radiance of his eye, leaving the palm of his undisputed daring and ascendancy of character resting upon military valour rather than sagacious boldness in the conduct of life. His first motions in seizing the cup, and repeating the oath, were full of energy and confidence. Hardly, however, had the wine reached his lips, when his open brow was shaded by some sudden foreboding; and he stood for a minute irresolute, with the cup moved from his mouth. Adrian was racked with consternation and dread; and, starting suddenly from his seat, he shouted aloud, "Drink it out, noble Egmont, for the love of Christ! your life is in the pledge!" Egmont, amidst the deafening roars of triumphant applause, when the Count (who was the idol of the people,) took the oath and touched the cup— a word that he uttered could be heard, and his voice merely swelled the general acclamation. There Egmont stood, as though lost in thought, unmindful of the transport around him; but last De Brederode, fearful lest his indecision should produce a reaction, turned to address the Prince of Orange, to whom Egmont handed the cup, gazing on him with mingled affection and expectation. Deeply as all Adrian Haranguer's thoughts had been 'till this moment engaged in his country's cause, he would now have gazed no more; for his sorrowful Egmont made him careless of what might follow, had not a doubt of the truth of the foreboding cheered him with a momentary hope. With the peculiar propensity common to those who try to force a conviction upon their own feelings, he resolved to rest his belief of the omen upon this test. Neither of the others would drain the cup. The conduct of Orange was now of the highest interest, and Haranguer watched him as eagerly as any of the motives. The brow of the prince was contracted, as if in deep thought; and nothing but intense attention to De Brederode's speech was traced there. This was succeeded by a moment of silence, which seemed an age of cold indifference to the excited feelings of the assembled multitude.

But the uneasiness of doubting soon passed away; with a full, manly, earnest voice which reached every heart, Orange repeated the oath

en looking upwards, and crying fervently, "We call on THEE for help!" he raised the cup to his lips, and drank out the last drop, saying, "So help me God, as I thus drain, to the dregs, whatever sufferings the cause of my unhappy country may lay upon me!"—A loud tumult of acclamation followed: there was a murmur of admiration, but the energy of his devotion had gone too near to every part to come forth anew in shouting from the mouth. Many a lip might you trace repeating, in a fervent whisper, the vow to bear long and suffering, even to the death.

Haranguer turned sick and dizzy; the fatal prophecy seemed stamped with fire into his brain, and he muttered it over unconsciously to himself. Yet another thought of comfort darted into his mind which, naturally cheerful, added but slowly to melancholy impressions. It was all some deception, a personification of his brother; he had been cheated by some painted resemblance. So he would look all round him, and soon discover the cause of his grievous delusion. The chair next to him on the left, in which the figure had sat, was now filled by his well-known neighbour, John de Soreas, whom he well remembered to have seen sitting there at the beginning of the feast: and as he gazed from him to the familiar faces of his friends and neighbours around him, he could no longer resist the conviction weighing upon his heart, that the vision had been no feat of the imagination. To this mournful certainty the seal was set by the words of Van Hessel, next to him on the right, which he caught upon awakening from a melancholy reverie, and which chilled him like ice to the heart's core: "Culembourg might have waited until Count Horn had drank the wine out!" Haranguer rose abruptly, and left the table, unmanned by fears which he could not repel. He walked mechanically to his own lodgings in Brussels, and entered the room where his young bride sat, reading at her work-table. She stood before her some minutes ere he regained the full use of his senses; her kisses awoke him from his stupor. She was surprised by his returning so long before the expected conclusion of the solemn feast, and yet more at his unwonted melancholy. Hanging round his neck, she strove by a thousand affectionate wiles to bring back his usual cheerfulness. "Nay, Maria," he cried, pressing her tenderly in his arms, "even thy love cannot make me happy in this sorrow. But it will make my sorrow such as I would never change for all the realms of Spain without thee!"

Adrian had no secrets from Maria: for to the perfection of womanly gentleness was added in her a firmness, produced by her excellent understanding and the simple truth of her feelings.—Upon this firmness he relied as upon Heaven. Though he shielded her as he would a delicate plant, or favourite bird, from all that could alarm or annoy her—for she was truly a woman in all her feelings and habits—yet there was nothing that he thought, knew, or felt—none of his joys or griefs, projects or wishes, hopes or fears, that he did not immediately tell her. In all of mind or heart, there was nothing but the most perfect trust—the closest union between them; and this was never disappointed nor disturbed for a moment.

When Adrian told her all the occurrences which had filled him with grief and consternation at the first hearing, her distress was greater than his. She shared all his love for Count Egmont, and her mind quickly glanced over the fearful chances of her husband being involved in that nobleman's ruin. Haranguer, she well knew, would be with his noble friend in life or death; and though this bitter thought rent her very heart asunder, she felt that she could not try to persuade him to desert his leader. They both were embarked in the perilous struggle for their country; and from that cause her Adrian never could turn back.

Still, even in her sore fear, she had comfort; and the greatest was in her power of comforting. "Grieve not," she said, "for noble Egmont. His death shall be better and more glorious than the life of meaner men—his memory shall be dearer than the friendship of princes. He shall be honoured—mourned for, and loved—even as thou art loved, my Adrian! For the rest, he is in the hand of the King of mercies. We cannot keep him alive, but we can pray for him!" She hastily turned aside to wipe away a tear; for all that she said of Egmont, her soul told her was of her own husband.

It was far in the night; Adrian had received tidings from Madrid of the death of his brother in the cells of the inquisition. He was sitting alone, for Maria had been ill, and was gone to rest. Weighed down with deep sorrow, he was interrupted in the painful duty of replying to these letters, by a low tap at the chamber door, which warned him that some one wished to enter. Haranguer mechanically said—"Come in!" without turning his thoughts from the mournful task before him: and the visitor was forgotten before the words had

passed his lips. But a well-loved voice called his name, and in a moment his eyes were raised from the letter, and perused Count Egmont's features with more uncasiness and apprehension than their gallant, open expression had ever before caused him. There he found a serious despondency to which hitherto he had been a stranger. "Adrian," said the Count, "so far we have gone together as friends—as brothers!—but here we part company: I am entering a dangerous sea; it is full of shoals and hidden perils. I fear nought for myself, thou knowest—it is not my wont; but why shouldst thou be wrecked with me? I will await Alva's commission. For all that is past, I cannot but trust our gracious monarch.—Perhaps I may stand between his anger and some of my unhappy countrymen. And thou knowest"—here he could not keep his voice firm, nor his eyes quite dry—"thou knowest, I have too large a house to stir, or leave. My dear wife hath given me eleven precious reasons for staying to take care of them. Whilst thine," here he tried to hide his emotion in a laugh, "thy Maria, hath yet given thee only one child, and that is lightly moved. But ye are but newly wedded, and by the grace of God, in good season."

"For Heaven's sake, my dear friend," cried Haranguer, "let us be serious in this weighty matter! What saith Orange—doth he stay?"

"He hath talked with me all yesternight," said Egmont, "and almost persuaded me to fly; but William is suspicious. Nevertheless, his last words dwell with me like a foreboding:

"'Trust, then,' said he, 'if so it must be, my noble friend, in the Spaniards' promises: but a presentiment (God send it be no true one!) telleth me that thou shalt be the bridge whereby they shall enter Brussels, and which they will destroy when they have crossed!'

"Yet for my fixed purpose to stay I can show thee many reasons." Count Egmont was firm in his design of remaining. Noble and unsuspecting himself, he could not comprehend the refined deceptions to which the crafty Philip descended; and had, in that monarch's intercourse with him by letter, been completely outwitted and entrapped. Haranguer, unable to persuade him, resolved to share his fate, and remain; but it was with a sad though steadfast spirit, for the warning came full upon his mind, and he looked upon both their lives as doomed.

"I will stay with you," replied he to Egmont, "though I do not much rely on the faith of the Spaniards: the more we are who re-

main, the better can we protect one another. Nor could the Count persuade him to leave Brussels.

\* \* \* \* \*

In his prison, and deprived, by the cruelty of the Spanish tyrant, of the sight of her who had soothed all his former sorrows, Adrian Haranguer was tortured by many bitter thoughts. The Spanish lion was loosed; the streets of Brussels flowed with the blood of her citizens; the last blow had been struck at the highest and most princely heads. After the mockery of a trial, and condemnation, the Counts Egmont and Horn were to be beheaded on the morrow, in the Place Royale of Brussels. Adrian himself was doomed to suffer on the following day. With keen grief did he remember the warning he braved; but even when he thought of life, thus to be lost to his wife and his country, seemed the most cruelly shortened in the career of youth and hope, his heart told him, what all to do again, he could not in his soul think of deserting Egmont; and when his thoughts turned to her, who was his sole comfort in trouble, "Even my Marie," he said, "despite as my death will cut down her life's happiness, would not bid me do other than I have done for her loved sake, I will die as a free and generous man—as her husband should die! Should these Spanish brutes will let me speak to her once again before—" his voice was choked in spite of all his firmness.

On the morning of that fatal day, when Egmont was to see the bravest of the last nobles die, for his devotion to her cause, soldiers suddenly entered Haranguer's chamber, and said he must be conveyed to a window in the Place Royale, during the executions. Alva had commanded that all the prisoners should be compelled to witness his infamy and cruelty. Adrian was at first inclined to resist this tyranny; but he remembered having promised Egmont, if possible, to look on him when he died; and he merely answered, "that he hoped he should be placed somewhere near his friend."

"Aye," said a gaoler, "close to the scaffold." They had to walk through two narrow streets, and turn an abrupt corner, etc. They entered the Place Royale. As Haranguer passed through these streets, surrounded by Spanish soldiers, with whom the town was filled, he remarked that all the houses were shut up, and the windows barred; and that not a soul seemed left there. Yet a well-known low man's voice followed the soldiers, singing, as it seemed in his very ear, the

ing favourite Flemish tune; he could not  
the singer, and fearing the guards would  
ceive him, he dared not even look round.—  
the words wakened up all his senses:—

They have cut down our king-oak; no more  
shall his glory

Broad shadows o'er us fling;

His blood shall arise; from that slaughter-  
place gory

A thousand trees shall spring!

The woodman beware! Some tall son of  
our forest

Shall crush him with his fall;

God helps the weak, when their need is  
the sorest,

And he shall hear our call!

Ye are marked—ye are doomed: the bright  
axes are ready!

But yet ye shall not die;

And far from the woodman!—his hand is  
unsteady;

Adrian!—he strikes awry!"

The mention of his name stung all Adrian's  
senses with joyful energy, and those who have  
ever suffered, will well imagine how many  
castles of bright hopes were built on these few  
words—castles, alas! founded on no rock.

On entering the great square, the desertion  
of the streets was explained. All Brussels  
was assembled there: for the cruel policy of  
Alva, whilst he provided for the disposition of  
such a military force as made resistance hope-  
less, had purposely given every encouragement  
to the attendance of the townspeople; hoping  
that a strong effect would be produced by the  
solemn and open execution of noblemen so  
powerful and beloved as Egmont and Horn.  
But sorely was he deceived. Each one came  
there to see how brave men could die for their  
country; and went home praying that his end  
might be like theirs!

Count Egmont's bearing on the scaffold was  
worthy of the man and of his whole life. Just  
before his eyes were bound by the heads-man,  
he begged for a moment's delay; and turning  
slowly, he looked carefully over the sea-  
faces below, and those in the balconies, as  
though searching for some one. At length he  
turned to the window where Adrian stood,  
quite near his right hand. He had found what  
he sought; and bade Haranguer farewell, try-  
ing by a mild and lofty expression of love and  
regeneration in his own features, to banish the  
fury and indignation which he saw in the  
countenance of his friend. Adrian knew and  
succumbed to that influence; he mastered his

soul's agony, to return such affection and firm-  
ness from his eyes, as might help to bear up  
the noble victim in his hour of suffering. And  
thus these two brave men looked their last  
upon each other,

Adrian had hoped for pardon or rescue to  
the last; and it was only when the shout of  
horror, which even the presence of the fero-  
cious Alva could not restrain, burst from the  
people at the murder of one whom they almost  
adored; then only did despair—deep, hopeless,  
almost unendurable—crush him to the earth.  
Yet, even in this state—all but dead as he was  
to what passed around him—his eye at once  
caught the figure of Maria, wrapped in a Span-  
ish cloak, and shaded by a broad drooping hat  
and wide feather, hastily winding through the  
dense mass by several richly clothed Spanish  
figures. With intense interest he watched her  
turn the corner by which he had entered the  
square. This gave rise to a thousand thoughts  
of vague fear and wonder, which for a moment  
wholly absorbed him. What could bring his  
wife into such a scene—so clothed, so attended?

Now approached the time for returning to  
his gloomy prison, there to spend, in no en-  
viable feelings, the brief and worthless space  
remaining to him of life. Though the crowd  
was so immense, and the feeling so universal,  
yet Alva had taken such excellent measures,  
that the square was cleared without tumult.—  
As soon as the last stragglers were gone, the  
guards marched off with their prisoners. In  
the narrow deserted streets through which Ha-  
ranguer's conductors had entered the square,  
the same gloomy, silent solitude awaited their  
return. Not a single being seemed to have  
entered any of the houses; and the mouldy  
doors, with dust piled over the thresholds,  
looked as if they had been closed for ages.

Yet these doors could open; for, in passing  
between two large-fronted houses, whose wide,  
folding portals were precisely opposite to each  
other—at the exact moment, when they were  
betwixt them,—the leaves on one side flew  
quickly asunder, as though by magic, and  
about twenty men, some clothed like the  
guards, others in the rich dress of Spanish  
generals, rushed furiously across the way,  
quarrelling, with drawn swords, and loud  
Spanish oaths and cries. The doors from  
which they issued closed as quickly as they  
had opened, and Adrian was swept across with  
them, the two soldiers who guarded him on  
each hand falling at once into the current.—  
The doors on the opposite side opened an  
instant to admit them, and at once closed again.

So rapidly and well was the whole done, that no resistance was made; and none, save those around the prisoner, knew where or how he went. Adrian found himself on the other side of the doors in darkness, and pressed in his wife's arms with an energy of love and joy that may be well imagined. She checked his cry of delight, whispering that all was not yet safe. Silently and rapidly they ascended the staircase, cautiously fastening behind them all the doors, which had been carefully prepared to open quickly and without noise, and to close with strong but aged-looking bars and locks. For, as he was afterwards told, all the day and night preceding the execution had been spent by his wife in urging and directing his oldest and best tried friends to prepare this plan of escape, which had been devised the moment that they knew of the prisoners attending this sad ceremony. They now passed through the upper rooms of several houses which had been purposely opened into each other, with means of instantly securing and concealing the apertures. At length they rested in the obscure chamber of a distant street, where they were safely concealed until they found means to quit Brussels, and fly to Prince Orange, in Germany. As soon as the first transports of their meeting in this wretched but welcome roof of refuge were over, Maria looked on her husband, and wept bitterly. "It will soon be over," she said, "yet I cannot help grieving for a while, dear Adrian; for I have merely saved thee a brief space for thy country, and not for thy wife. I feel, sorrowfully, that in these times of our distress and oppression, a noble life like thine must, sooner or later, be offered up for thy father-land.

It is a comfort to know that this foreboding proved gloomier than the truth. Though Adrian Haranguer was in every field where daring could do ought, or the confederate banners came to battle, he escaped with a few wounds, to rejoice in his land's freedom. And his fond and noble wife, after saving him from the block, and preserving his life through repeated wounds and sickness, when without her he had perished—enjoyed at last, in his unbounded gratitude and love such happiness as women like her alone can feel,—as they alone can deserve!



## LIFE.

THE advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them.

## THE ISWOSCHTSCHIKS,

OR HACKNEY COACHMEN.

MOST of these men are native Russians, from all the different governments of the empire. But there are also many Fins, Esthons, Lettes, Poles, and Germans, among them. They generally come to Petersburg as lads, or twelve years old, hire themselves to a coachmaster, who entrusts them with a horse and sledge, and they continue to take money from their employer 'till they have scraped together enough to purchase a set-out, with which they strive to establish themselves on their own account and to obtain a subsistence. Their profession, like all the arts in Russia, is precarious; if, therefore, fodder becomes too dear in Petersburg, they pack up their all and drive seaward, to try their fortunes in Moscow; and thence they remove first to one, then to another town, 'till their lucky star guides them to a place favourable to their business and permanent establishment. The Iswoschtschiks in Petersburg are a sort of Hamaxobites, who vagabondize among the palaces of the imperial capital from one year's end to another. They encamp all day in the streets and march to them also at night, their sledge serving them for a bed and bedchamber. Like the Bedouins they also carry with them a nose-bag, which they never fail to fasten about the head of their horse in moments of leisure. Provision has been made for all their wants in the streets, where cribs are set up at certain distances. For water, they take their beasts to one or other of the numerous arms of the imperial canals, intersecting the city; hay is sold in the bundle, in portions suitable for one or two horses, in a great number of booths; and numerous venders of kwas, tea and bread, afford a resource against the hunger and thirst of their masters. The animals are as great strangers to indulgence as their human governors. Both care nothing about wind and weather. They eat when they have time, and doze when and then when chance permits them. At the same time they are always in the highest spirits, the horses ever ready for a new trip, the drivers disposed to singing, fun and gossip. When not engaged in eating, or any other occupation, they lounge listlessly along behind their sledges, and, regardless of the princely palaces around them, sing some song which they learned in their native forests. When they meet with comrades, as they do at the corner of almost every street, they are at all sorts of frolics, snowballing, wrestling, and

jokes on one another, 'till the "Dawai, Iswoschtschik!" of a pedestrian gives the signal for seizing the whips, and instantly makes the most eager competitors of the job.—The poorest Iswoschtschiks in Petersburg are Finlanders. Their droschiks is frequently nothing but a board over the axle of the wheels, their small, long haired horses, with dim, botched head gear, and bony haunches, many of them perfect images of poverty and distress. Scantily covered with ragged rags, they frequent the outer rings of the city and suburbs, and, poor themselves, they employ the poor for a trifle to visit their equals. In the inner districts, on the other hand, you meet with very elegant equipages, as smart as the best that can be made, black horses, with harnesses that shine like satin, harness adorned with the precious metals, sledges of such light and elegant construction that they seem to be made for flying, covers tastefully lined with velvet, and drivers, with superb beards and long tresses of fine cloth, like Turkish pachas, who will not stir but for "blue tickets." \* \* \*

Even in wealthy Russian houses only the footmen wear the family livery, and the coachmen and the same old national uniform, though of different quality, you need but order the Iswoschtschik to hide the mark which distinguishes him as such under his kaftan, and then every body will imagine that horse, driver, and vehicle, are your own property.—Sometimes in fact, these are the carriages of the noblest quality, who have turned their coachmen into an Iswoschtschik for the time of their absence from Petersburg, and sent him to the streets to earn money for them.—Petersburg swarms, moreover, with people of all ranks, civil and military, who are sent sometimes this way, sometimes that, and who for a while authorise their speculative coachmen to earn provender for their horses and nothing to boot.

Though you may not speak Russian, you need not be apprehensive lest the Iswoschtschik should not understand you. A child in any respects in comparison with the German, is in others a man of the world, a cosmopolitan, compared with the latter. He has already had to do with all the nations of Asia; individuals belonging to all the nations of Europe have had dealings with him; and more than a hundred persons of every class from the beggar to the Emperor, have sat behind him. He knows how to behave fitly, civilly, decorously to each; he understands all the languages of this hemisphere, Tartar as well as French, German as

well as English, the language of the eyes, fingers, looks and gestures. When he has an Italian at his back, out of complaisance to him, he scolds and abuses his horse in Italian: '*Ecco kakoi canaille, signor!*' when a German, '*Dank Sfidar!*' when a Mahometan, he takes off his hat and says, '*Allah, grant you prosperity.*' In this respect the position of a Petersburg Iswoschtschik is more interesting than that of a hackney coachman in any other capital, and affords as much occasion for acquiring a knowledge of the world as a diplomatic post. At one time the companion of the Iswoschtschik is a cook returning from market with a load of vegetables; at another, an officer with a star, hastening to the parade; and again at another, a foreigner just arrived, gazing with inquisitive eye at the northern Palmyra; to-day a turban, the grave attitude of which the rapid driving has not a little deranged; to-morrow a Yankee, who does not know the right way to seat himself in this strange Russian vehicle; then a pair of lovers, who, as they fly around every fresh corner of a street, clasp one another the more closely; or a long legged Eissaki (a nick-name given by the Petersburgers to the English, from their continual repetition of the words, 'I say,') who sprawls his limbs over the droschka; sometimes a person of consequence, who wishes to be incognito, and muffles up his face in his furs, that he may not be recognized; sometimes a German journeyman mechanic, who looks exultingly around and would fain cry out, 'Look at me; see in what a high style I am riding about!' To-day you see him with mourners, slowly and dolefully following a corpse; to-morrow with wedding guests, gaily galloping to the dinner. As the Iswoschtschiks are always at hand, and ready to engage at a low rate in any speculation, the cabinet-maker employs them to carry him mirrors and tables, and the coffin-maker to convey his work to the house of mourning. The gardener beckons to them when he can get no farther with his flower-pots; and the policeman whistles for one when he has to take away a drunken man, whom he lays before him as the carpenter did the coffin."



GENIUSES make bad husbands and bad wives, and when two geniuses come together in marriage, it is like the meeting of two electric clouds which discharge their thunder and lightning at each other. No genius should ever get married.



Mr. Blatch's Lecture on "Common Errors."

[At the repeated solicitations of several gentlemen, who have expressed a wish to see the able Lecture on "COMMON ERRORS," delivered by Mr. BLATCH at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, on Monday, the 16th January, in a printed form, we waited upon that gentleman, and through his kindness and courtesy are enabled to give it a place on our pages.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

In carrying out the object of Institutions, such as this, within whose walls we are now assembled, divers are the means which may be employed, to effect the desired result; and multifarious are the subjects, to which the attention of the members may be advantageously directed. The instruction of those, whose opportunities of acquiring knowledge have previously been circumscribed, the education of the younger branches of the community, and the general improvement of society, by the diffusion of rational information and useful knowledge, and by exciting a taste for intellectual pursuits and polished habits, are the legitimate end of Mechanics' Institutes; which, though named after one particular class of individuals, yet, in truth, embrace within their scope all ranks and degrees, every age and sex. To furnish mental food for so many appetites, to gratify such numerous tastes, and to suit the necessities or deficiencies of such various species of disciples, requires a wide range of dissertation, a diversified selection of subjects and talents. The highest flights of scientific speculation and oratory may find delighted listeners, in so heterogeneous an assembly as the audience frequenting this lecture-room; while the simplest and most elementary principles of the same sciences must be familiarly explained, for the benefit of others. The interesting researches of the historian, the biographer, the geographer, the topographer; of the curious enquirer into the wonders of natural philosophy; of the practical mechanic, the grammarian, the etymologist, the statistician, and the moral philosopher, may all, in their turn, enlighten and amuse the enquiring auditory; and numerous as are the subjects which may thus from time to time engage your attention, so various may be the talents employed in presenting them to your contemplation. While, therefore, your admiration may be intensely excited, by the deep learning and

ingenuity of those who descant before you matters of abstrusity and profoundness; (as the admirable philosophical and scientific lectures to which you have so lately listened let a kindly thought be also bestowed on the who minister to you in humbler things. In mind, that all, in their degree, endeavor the limit of their ability, to contribute to gratification and improvement; and then, instead of measuring the talents and capacities one Lecturer by the standard of those who distinguish another, you will merely consider whether each has acquitted himself well of which he undertook to perform; and will decide on the competency of each individual the execution of his own self-imposed task and not by intellectual comparison with others.

In the variety of subjects already alluded to there are many to be found, of homely nature but of great practical utility; many matters which may considerably affect our personal success or comfort through life, and which would not be chosen by the mere mathematician or of elocution, as the theme of a lecture or an oration. Fortunately, the scope of a Mechanics' Institute admits of free dissertation on such subordinate things as these, and placing myself, therefore, on the present occasion, in the rank of humbler utilitarians, whom I have already claimed your consideration, I shall endeavour, this evening, to present before you a few homely observations on COMMON ERRORS, in a plain way; under the conviction, that a candid consideration of them may result in some beneficial effects, and in some degree legitimately promote that mental and personal improvement which is the object of this Institution.

Society, in this free country, is nearly homogeneous: there exists among us no titled aristocracy, no hereditary class of claimants to rank or honours: the only social distinctions we admit are those arising from the adventitious combination of circumstances, to which all are liable, and through which all may attain elevation. Probity, integrity, moral worth and industry confer the proudest titles which can dignify man; while they are, in this happy land, the surest means of procuring competence, distinction and respect. The road to public eminence and honour is open to all classes; the humblest origin is no bar to final exaltation; and when rectitude and successful exertion have placed an individual in the highest grades of society, he finds there no pre-eminent distinctions towering far above his newly achieved honours, but confidently clear

ality with those who have preceded him in similar career. This being the case,—the material for future merchants, magistrates, legislators and public men of various denominations being probably in a great measure included in present families of mechanics, and among members of the humbler classes, is it not desirable, that they should so far qualify themselves, by previous education, for a different sphere, as to be enabled hereafter to appear with credit and without diffidence, in a station superior to their present condition? To attain this qualification is easier than many may imagine; and to pass current in good society depends less on high attainments in learning or science, than on a simple refinement in speech and manner, and a reasonable attention to the minor requisites of politeness and good-breeding. How common an occurrence is it, that when persons have either neglected or not enjoyed in their younger days, the advantages of education, they are in after life exposed to innumerable mortifications in their intercourse with society; how often and how bitterly do they then regret their deficiencies; and how deeply do they feel their inferiority to many of their familiar associates, whose position in life may be no way superior to their own, but whose speech and manners and acquirements are more polished and passable. Frequently, indeed, does it happen, that such persons are placed in social and public situations, where their outward appearance in a known position would claim for them distinction and respect; but whose language and looks inevitably betray their uncouthness and ignorance, and who pass muster only while they refrain from opening their lips. To obviate these difficulties, to remove these obstacles to social intercourse, is a part of the object of Mechanics' Institutes. To incite all classes to *self-cultivation*, and to consequent self-respect and public esteem, is the legitimate end they have in view. The mechanic and farmer of to-day may become the legislator, the magistrate or the public functionary of tomorrow; and will thus not only be thrown into intimate communion with all, even the highest grades of society, but may on many occasions be called upon publicly to display his capacity and talent. But though changes such as these cannot be the lot of all, yet all are liable thereto, according to the operation of individual exertions and concurrent circumstances; and it can therefore, at least, be but antagonistic to the general tone of society, if correctness of language and civilization of de-

partment be sedulously cultivated by all. It may not be necessary, that every handicraft or common labourer should be distinguished, in the ordinary exercise of his calling, by the practised elegance of diction and the easy polish of manner of the habitual gentleman; but it certainly is desirable, in a country like this, where all society is progressive, and where exclusiveness can be but little tolerated, that every individual, however humble, should be free from vulgarity and ignorance, should be accustomed to speak and to act with correctness and propriety, and should thus form the germ from which, in due process of time, more finished manners may naturally emanate; so that a progressive advancement in the social scale may develop, without difficulty or affectation, a corresponding improvement of colloquy and behaviour. Even were this social progression not possible, were all grades and classes permanently stationary, yet such cultivation as is here contended for would at least promote general civilization and moral improvement. Whatever tends to humanize and soften the feelings and conduct of men, proportionably exalts their moral principles and lessens the probability of criminality; hence, mental cultivation and the encouragement of courteous demeanour among the poor and the humble, must redound to the public good.

Proceeding upon these principles, and confining myself, on the present occasion, to a humble section of the educational subjects which might be broached, in furtherance of my general theory, I shall devote the passing hour to a consideration of a few colloquial vulgarities and common errors of phraseology prevalent among us; and which, for the attainment of the improvement already suggested, must be universally abrogated.

It is commonly observed, by educated Englishmen arriving in New-Brunswick, that the native humbler classes of the Province, including even the coloured population, speak better English—that is, that their enunciation is purer and their language more grammatical, than that of the lower orders of the mother country. And this is the fact. I account for it in this manner. The peasantry and labouring population of England, born in the lowest sphere of society, almost hereditary hewers of wood and drawers of water, have in general no other prospect than hard and incessant toil, nearly from the cradle to the grave. The low rate of wages furnishes the poor labourer with scanty provision for the support of a family, and wholly denies him the power of giving any

thing like education to his offspring. Even gratuitous instruction in parish schools can be but briefly taken advantage of; the poverty of the parents compelling the children, at a very early age, to exercise their feeble powers in earning a trifling contribution towards their own support. Deprived, thus, of useful tuition, they grow up in rustic ignorance and clownishness; and their colloquial language is generally a barbarous corruption of their native tongue, peculiarly distinguished in pronunciation and idiom, by the local dialects which ancient usage and custom have established in their particular district. Thus it is, that the Yorkshire, the West Country, the Eastern counties and other rural districts of England so widely differ from each other in colloquial expression, and the dialects of all of them are nearly unintelligible to an unpractised Cockney, or genuine native of London. On the other hand, the natives of this Province, even among the humbler classes, have mostly been born in more comfortable circumstances; the same imperative necessity has not existed, for dooming the earliest years of children to exhausting toil; they have enjoyed the benefit of a good *common* education, in the parochial schools of Provincial establishment; there has been no diversity of local dialects to foster distinctive varieties of colloquial expression; and consequently the language of the population has become more uniform and correct. Still, there are numerous vulgarities and corruptions of speech, which require correction among us; our proximity to our speculative American neighbours, who are ever restlessly striking out, not only new mercantile enterprises and modes of traffic, but also novel orthographical compounds and distorted forms of speech, sufficiently accounts for the introduction of these barbarisms among us; but does not justify our adoption or usage of them.

Every *nation*, as such, has an undoubted right to modify or alter its own language at its own pleasure; but such modifications must be effected by general consent of the highest scholastic authorities, and on admitted principles of construction and etymology. A nation thus agreeing to innovations in its own peculiar medium of communication, has yet no right to insist that such innovations shall be introduced into the language of a country, from which its own was originally derived; nor are the inhabitants of such a country justified in debasing their own language, injuring its characteristic principles and construction, and violating the integrity of its genius, by

adopting the corruptions of a people who have taken licentious liberties with their borrowed form of speech. In this position do we, some degree stand, with regard to the neighbouring Republic. We consider ourselves, (Colonists,) as integral members of the British Empire; we glory in the name of Englishmen, and we universally speak the language of our great mother country. The English language, then, is *our* language, our native birthright, our *national* tongue; and we are bound, therefore, to use it and to preserve it in its established purity and perfection. The American nation, having renounced their connection with their ancient parent stock, to become an independent people, have obtained for themselves national privileges and rights; they have, indeed, retained the English language and language, as the basis of their own; but under their influence and accustomed to its use and excellence, the founders of the Republic could do no other than preserve them their country and descendants; but subjected they thus became, to the modifications and innovations of a new country, no longer connected with or controuled by the parent nation; those laws and that language, *in America*, may cease to be denominated intrinsically English, and should rather be distinctively styled *American*. With regard to *laws*, from the necessity of the case, this nomenclature has been established; and as the same nation has a right to alter, modify and transmute, as well to language as to laws, (although in the one case that right is exercised more frequently, and in accordance with the urgency of circumstances; while in the other it is chiefly the result of accident, caprice or custom,) the designation of "*American*" should also be given to the language of the Republic. It follows, then, that the American people have an inherent right, to make what changes they please in their national language, as well as their laws; but we have no right to adopt the changes in our use of our native English tongue, which are in them merely national peculiarities, become in us *inadmissible corruptions*; because our standard of correctness is the English and not the American language; and it is to established rules of English etymology and construction that we must refer our dictionary and our literary composition. The Spanish language is chiefly founded on the Latin, much so, that it is easy for a Latin scholar to acquire proficiency in the Spanish: the changes and modifications resulting from time and circumstances are indeed numerous, yet the

the language is still the Latin. Nevertheless it is the *Spanish* language, though founded on the Latin; and so, hereafter, must the *American* language, modified as it doubtless will be by national peculiarities and infringements, be distinguished by that name from its prototype, the English. The *French* language, by general custom and consent of nations, has become almost a universal dialect; it is commonly used as the medium of official communication, between functionaries of other countries, wholly unconnected with France; it is the general organ of intercourse with travellers, in all the various European territories; and no one, in the present day, can pretend to have received a liberal education, who possesses no acquaintance with the French language. Not that though thus universally used,—although technical terms and modes of expression are frequently borrowed from the French, and incorporated into other tongues, yet no one would ever dream of altering the pronunciation or meaning of French words, or of distorting the established mode of expression in that language; nor would the nation to whom that language pertains admit of such innovations, or allow any such foreign barbarisms to be ingrafted upon the genuine national language of France. So, then, should we be equally jealous of American corruptions of our English tongue, and ever watchful against their introduction into colloquial usage among us; remembering, that in our intercourse with the mother country and its native inhabitants, our diction and written compositions will be judged by them according to the established rules of the *English* language; and that our indulgence in American innovations and peculiarities will be considered, as evidences of vulgarity and ignorance.

Having thus premised the *principles* naturally incidental to this subject,—principles which should be carefully remembered and faithfully acted upon, by all who would cultivate correctness and purity of speech,—I now proceed to adduce a few examples, among the numerous corruptions already prevalent, as specimens of the innovations against which we are called upon to guard. These common errors may be divided into several classes: some are mere American barbarisms; others are ignorant perversions of the genuine meaning of words, *not* peculiar to our republican neighbours only; and others are *ungrammatical* modes of expression, which a little examination of Lindley Murray or Pinnock will enable every one to rectify. I would only

further remark, for the consideration of the *critical* portion of my hearers, that this lecture being merely a *popular* exposition of a few common errors, I deem it best to conduct it, not so much by referring the examples to *grammatical rules*, which would be presuming a previous knowledge, inconsistent with the design and objects of this dissertation; as by unfolding in a simple manner, the *rationale* of the criticisms advanced, and thus endeavouring to convince the reason, while exposing the erroneous practice. *Syntactical* knowledge must be the result of the private study of enquirers.

One of the most prominent verbal abuses borrowed from our neighbours, is the gross perversion of the verb "to *fix*." The best English Lexicographers define the meaning of this verb as "to *fasten*, to *settle*, to *determine*;" and it is never legitimately made use of, but to express such a mode of disposing of or securely settling anything, that it shall not be liable to casual removal or alteration. When, therefore, we hear such absurd expressions, as to "fix the tea-things," "fix the chairs," and many other such improper uses of that verb, we may at once set them down as gross vulgarities. The term "*fix*" is also often very improperly used in reference to personal *actions*, having no reference to positive fixation. Persons speaking together in business, will say, "I will *fix* it for you," or, "Will you go and *fix* that matter?" or, "Never mind, I'll *fix* him;" when they merely intend, that they will *arrange* or *settle* such and such an affair, or will set such and such a person right on some particular point. Now, although the verb "to *fix*," means "to settle or determine," yet its principal definition is "to *FASTEN*;" and whenever it is properly used, it is invariably to denote a *firm* and *permanent* establishment or securing of anything, and not a mere temporary settlement or arrangement. It is also especially to be remembered, that this verb rightly applies only to *things* and *inanimate objects*, and not to actions or to persons, unless some restraining and overpowering *force* is included in the expression; and therefore, to speak of *fixing* a person or animal, or of fixing a matter or affair which merely requires settlement or arrangement, is perfectly ridiculous. But the grossest abuse of this word "*fix*," is the transmuting it from a *verb* to a *substantive*. We often hear persons say, "I'm in a pretty *fix*," or, "He will find himself in a nice *fix*," and so on; thus creating a substantive which *does not exist in the English language*; while, at the same time, the meaning would be correctly

and sufficiently expressed by either of the legitimate nouns, "condition," "situation," or "dilemma." These examples may perhaps be sufficient, to turn your attention to the common and varied abuse of this particular term.

Another American innovation is the use of the word "Progress" as a verb. The pure English language recognises this word only as a substantive, denoting an advancement, a going forward, an onward course, an improvement. Its use as a verb is wholly of American origin; and its adoption as such was quite unnecessary, as the different operations which it is now indiscriminately employed to denote can be more definitely and clearly expressed by the several verbs, "to advance," "to go forward or onward," "to increase" and "to improve." It is but very recently, indeed, that this new verb has been suffered to creep into English dictionaries; the best writers still deem it illegitimate and refuse to admit it in composition; and although, perhaps, it has now obtained too much currency to be wholly abrogated, yet it is at best an inelegant term, as a verb, and should be avoided by those who wish to speak or write well.

The next verbal corruption borrowed from our neighbours is a most gross and glaring one; viz., the misapplication of the verb "to convene." This verb means "to call together, to assemble," and has no other definition or application whatever. But ignorant persons, happening to know that the adjective "convenient" signifies "fitting, suitable, commodious, apt," &c., sagely imagined that there must also be a verb "to convene," denoting "to make apt or fitting, to accommodate, to render suitable or convenient," &c.; and such persons, doubtless being quite innocent of any knowledge of the qualities of either verbs or adjectives, have perverted the use of the verb "to convene" accordingly. This term I have heard used even in legislative halls, when members, instead of saying that such and such a measure would accommodate a great number of persons, have gravely stated that it would "convene" a numerous body of people! This corruption is so gross, that it needs merely be thus pointed out, to enable any reasonable person to avoid it.

Another perversion is in the American use of the verb "to conduct," absolutely, and without a subsequent pronoun, thus giving it a meaning which cannot possibly belong to it. The substantive, "conduct" signifies "behaviour" or "self-management;" but the verb "to conduct" does not mean "to behave." It

is a transitive verb, derived from the Latin "Conducō," and from its relative nature, variably requires a pronoun or noun after it to complete its signification. "To conduct" simply to "guide or direct, to manage, lead," the sense of any one of which definite is incomplete without an object following the verb. To conduct a person or thing, therefore, or to conduct myself, (meaning, to manage, guide my own behaviour,) is a complete and correct expression; but the American mode of using the verb without an object, as "How do he conduct?"—"She conducts very well," is barbarous and unwarrantable corruption. The innovation has arisen, from forgetting that the substantive is formed from the verb, and not the verb from the substantive. The original meaning of "conduct" has no reference to behaviour or deportment; the substantive "conduct," therefore, being derived from the verb, merely means, "the manner in which a person manages his behaviour, or conducts himself," and is a useful term, to express a sense which would otherwise require several words; but being a comprehensive and figurative word, its metaphorical meaning cannot be reflected back to the verb from which it was itself derived, so as to enable "to conduct," (absolutely,) to signify "to behave."

Many other verbal abuses have been borrowed from our neighbours, more or less glaring than those already exemplified; all which, although very commonly perpetrated, even by those who might be supposed to be more careful in their phraseology, are grossly inelegant and vulgar; and should studiously avoided by all, who are desirous of acquitting themselves gracefully in general society. Some of these common errors consist merely, in continuing to use words to express meanings, originally legitimate, but which have long since become obsolete; others are positive perversions of the words, by applying them to senses to which they have really no reference; and as it is our business to maintain, in a British Colony, the purity of the English language, we should carefully study the genius and idiom of that language, and regulate our colloquial practice according to the most authentic models.

A few of the many corruptions thus alluded to may be instanced, in the vulgar use of the words "Guess," "Smart," "Clever," "Silly," "Ugly," "Grand," "Right-away," "Hassome," "Some," &c. Let us briefly consider the nature of these abuses.

"To Guess" legitimately means, "to con-

rightly, to FIND OUT." It can only apply to things future, things yet to be discovered, and invariably implies a *previous uncertainty or incomplete knowledge*. If, therefore, I guess at any thing, I inevitably mean, *I am endeavouring to discover something, which I am not yet fully informed*. But the vulgar use of the word "guess" violates the rules, and applies it indiscriminately, to those cases of which the guesser is already thoroughly cognizant, and which are actually past and accomplished. Thus, one will enquire, "Did you see Mr. S. yesterday?" the reply will be, "I guess I did;" or if the question be, "Did you see Mr. S. yesterday?" the answer will be, "I guess I saw him myself;" although the event was neither uncertainty, nor information to be discovered by the guesser, nor future occurrence involved in the guessing; the person guessing, well knowing at the time that the event had already happened, and that he was himself the actor in it.

The adjective "Smart," rightly expresses the idea of being smart, apparent to and affecting two only of the bodily senses, viz., those of *sight* and *feeling*, and has no legitimate reference to moral qualities or corporeal endowments. Thus, a thing gaudy or showy in appearance, is properly "smart;" and we speak correctly when we say, that a person very finely or brightly dressed, is very smart: this is the definition of the term, in reference to objects judged of by the eye: with regard to the *feeling*, or *taste*, which is only a species of feeling,) anything elegant, brisk, acute, quick, or giving lively pleasure, is correctly termed *smart*. But when the adjective is applied to *personal* qualities, whether mental, moral or corporeal, it is an abuse and corruption; and therefore to speak of a *smart man*, when we mean a clever man, an ingenious man, an active man, an intelligent man, or an upright man, is an unwarrantable perversion of the true meaning of the word, and a vulgarity which should be carefully avoided.

Equally abused is the adjective "*clever*," the genuine definition of which is "*skillful, dexterous, or ready*." Hence, this term is properly applied only to denote mental or mechanical talent; and when we speak of a *clever man*, we ought to intend, that he is a *skillful*, an *ingenious*, a *dexterous*, or a *well-formed* man. The vulgar practice, therefore, of using the word "*clever*," to denote *good character, amiability of disposition, mildness of temper, and similar qualities*, is an unjus-

tifiable innovation, and cannot be tolerated in an educated society.

We come now to a term which, more perhaps than any other, is commonly used, on this side the Atlantic, in a broad and comprehensive manner, to express every modification of its original or relative meaning, for which the polite usages of the old country have long since substituted other appellations. The adjective "*sick*," correctly means, "*afflicted with disease, disgusted*." The first of these definitions may strictly be considered to apply, to every description of malady or indisposition, and in this sense it appears to be universally used on this continent. No matter what the nature, the quality or the degree of disagreeableness with which the unhappy patient may be afflicted, he is invariably pronounced "*sick*;" and this nauseating term is used by all classes on all occasions, to denote every personal malady. It should be remembered, however, that among the educated classes of the mother country, this indiscriminate use of the word "*sick*" has long been utterly obsolete; and it is now never employed, to denote any other grade or species of disorder, than actual *nausea*, the effect of a revolting and painful derangement of the viscera, such as is commonly produced by the motion of the sea. The term "*sick*," therefore, should on no account be used, by those who pretend to ordinary refinement of speech, for any other purpose than to express something nauseous or disgusting; but in all cases of speaking of disordered health, the words "*ill*," "*unwell*," or "*indisposed*," should be preferred. Frequently have I witnessed the astonishment of persons arriving here from the old country, on hearing among us the common utterance of this unpleasant adjective; which, to their ears, conveyed only impressions of disgust and vulgarity; and to avoid, therefore, the continuance of this offence against the polite usage of society, let us abolish the objectionable expression, and substitute a more refined and delicate phraseology.

By a perversion similar to that already alluded to, with regard to the term "*clever*," the word "*ugly*" is also frequently misemployed among us. "*Deformed, offensive to the sight*," is the legitimate meaning of this formidable adjective; it is strictly applicable, therefore, only to the visible appearance of objects, and cannot be correctly employed to describe moral or mental qualities or infirmities. Hence, the common error, of speaking of a person of unhappy temper or crabbed disposition, as an

ugly person, is obnoxious to the condemnation already pronounced on similar corruptions; ugliness and beauty being qualities to be judged of (with the exception, as regards beauty, to be noticed hereafter,) only by the eye.

The next in this class of examples is the adjective "*Grand*," the correct definition of which is "*great, illustrious, high in power.*" Corresponding with these characteristic elucidations of the term, the adjective itself is never appropriately employed, but to denote things, persons or occurrences of a high and exalted order: the word is always associated with the idea of illustrious and pre-eminent qualities; and its adaptation to inferior objects is therefore puerile and absurd. Hence, the very common use of this word, in reference to the most trifling and subordinate actions in ordinary life, is a species of grandiloquence, peculiarly childish and silly: whatever style of speech is essentially contrary to established usages, and in violation of correct colloquial principles, is the result either of affectation or ignorance, or both, and is consequently inelegant and vulgar; and under this condemnation comes the familiar and depreciating use of the word "*Grand*."

My next instance of verbal corruption is of so gross a nature, as scarcely to require more than to point it out for your candid consideration, to ensure your instant admission of its inelegance and impropriety. The employment of the compound and senseless phrase "*Right-away*" to express "*immediately, instantly, directly,*" or "*at once,*" is to the last degree so atrociously low, vulgar and unjustifiable; at the same time, that with so excellent a choice of expressive and simple, legitimate terms, it is so entirely needless, that no further argument can be necessary, to induce every individual, desirous of cultivating correct phraseology, to discard for ever so ridiculous a corruption.

Congenious with the abuses already alluded to, of the terms "*clever, smart, ugly,*" &c., is that of the adjective "*Handsome*." The primary and almost exclusive meaning of this word is "*beautiful, graceful, elegant,*" and its adaptation is to the visible appearance of persons and things; for although we metaphorically apply it also to the moral qualities of generosity and liberality, and thus denominate a liberal action as "*handsome conduct,*" yet this is but the exception to the rule; and therefore the vernacular application of this adjective to a great variety of *other* actions and qualities than those now alluded to, is innately

incorrect, and betrays a carelessness and ignorance which cannot characterise well-educated men. Similar remarks may be applied to common abuse of the adjective "*elegant*" which is as much, or even more improperly employed than the term "*handsome*."

Another American vulgarism is the misapplication of the word "*some*," independently, instead of joining it to a substantive, to give it its proper effect, or using the term "*a little*." Thus we sometimes hear such queries and replies as these, "Did you frighten him at all?" "I *guess* I did, *some*." "Are you acquainted with the country?"—"I should think I am, *some*." The adjective "*some*," in these cases, should either be placed between the preposition and the noun "*measure*," or "*degree*," as "*in some degree*," or "*in some measure*," to give it its legitimate effect, or it should be wholly dispensed with, by the substitution of the term, "*a little*." The independent use of the adjective "*some*," is extremely abrupt and ungrammatical.

So the verb "*keep*" is similarly perverted and constrained to imply what can only be fully expressed by its conjunction with a following noun or pronoun. The remarks already made, with respect to the word "*dict*," equally apply to this verb. "*To keep*" is to "*retain, preserve or maintain*;" and its definition intrinsically shews, that the expression requires some *person or thing* to be retained, preserved or kept." The verb alone is incomplete; it has no object to act upon, and consequently is meaningless. How absurd, then, are such phrases as, "Does John *keep* here?"—"Who *keeps* in that house?"—"That is where Mr. B. *keeps*."—"What do you *keep*?"—These are extremely common but very erroneous expressions: they are definite and imperfect; the verb refers to an object. The persons spoken of may be *themselves, or others*; they may *keep* a barn, an ox, a cow or a sheep; they may *keep* an inn, a private house, a shop or an office; they may *keep* their money, or *keep* their bed; they may *keep* an exhibition or a prison; but in all these cases, as much as none of these various objects is expressed, the sense is indeterminate, and the phrase ungrammatical and improper.

I now briefly notice a corruption, in the forming a substantive into a verb. The word "*Loan*," in the English language, is a *verb* and a *noun only*. The language acknowledges no such verb. "A *loan*" is a thing lent; the act of delivering a thing as a loan, is "*to lend*;" and "*to lend*" is the only verb in

ish language, legitimately expressing "to use as a loan." The very frequent use, therefore, which we observe, of the word "ter" in the form of a verb or a participle, is wholly corrupt and inadmissible.

The latest barbarism borrowed from our neighbours, which I will now notice, is one so abundant and self-evident, that it is astonishing how any one, having the means of consulting a grammar or a dictionary, could persist in using it. The term "tri-weekly" is habitually employed by a considerable portion of the American press, and their example has been thoughtfully followed by our provincial editors, to express an exact opposite to its correct meaning.

The prefix "tri" is from the Latin "tres, trium," ("three,") but not three times, which is "thrice," a term expressed in Latin by the word "ter."—"Tri-weekly," therefore, means "three-weekly, every third week, or "once in three weeks;" and it neither does, nor can it denote anything else. So, "annual" is once a year or every year; *bi-annual*, is every second year, or once in two years; *tri-ennial*, once in three years; *quadrennial*, once in four years, (from which our new election law is derived the *quadrennial act*.) and so on; and in the same mode of composition, we have the terms "tri-weekly," or *three-weekly*, &c. The English language is settled and determinate, and should not be altered by the whims of editors, however they may manage to distort their native tongue: *tria* or *tres*, therefore, meaning only three, cannot be substituted for *ter*, which signifies thrice; and hence, to use "tri-weekly" as denoting "three times, or thrice-a-week," is fundamentally wrong. No compound term expressing this meaning has yet been adopted; and such a phrase is absolutely necessary, it should be "ter-weekly," and not "tri-weekly."

The examples which I have now elucidated appear to spring from an American origin; there are, however, equally numerous errors, common among us, and resulting only from carelessness or ignorance. To enumerate all these would require more time and attention than we can possibly devote to the subject; we must content ourselves, therefore, with the consideration of a few specimens, which may guide the way to a discovery of the remainder. They may be classified as *Etymological errors*, or using words in a wrong sense;—II. "*Errors of grammatical construction*,"—III. "*Errors of pronunciation*," and (IV.) mere "*Vulgarisms*."

In the first class I will briefly instance the

words "*Beautiful*," "*Humoursome*," "*Hire*," "*Learn*," and one or two others.

The substantive "*Beauty*" is defined by Lexicographers as "*that assemblage of graces which pleases the eye*;" and its cognate adjective "*Beautiful*" is expounded as "*fair, elegant, lovely*." The term, indeed, legitimately applies to qualities, which are objects of perception by one only of the senses, viz., that of sight. Whatever the eye can judge of, and deem fair and lovely, that alone can be rightly termed "*beautiful*." It is true, that by analogy we say, "*a beautiful idea, a beautiful thought, a beautiful expression*;" but ideas, thoughts and expressions are things comprehended only by intellectual judgment, and not by any corporeal sense; they are objects of mental perception, as much as outward matters are of ocular vision; and hence, for such purposes, the perception of the mind, and the sight of the body are so far synonymous terms. "The mind's eye" is indeed an established figurative phrase. It is, therefore, extremely erroneous, to apply the word "*beautiful*" to things affecting other senses than that of sight; as we often do hear persons speaking of beautiful sounds, or beautiful tastes and flavours.—Taste is feeling, and the organ of hearing has no relation to that of sight; which last is the only corporeal sense that can judge of beauty. With regard to the gratification afforded by any object to other senses, the words "*Delightful, delicious, sweet, good, excellent, harmonious, pleasant*," &c. afford a sufficient variety of definitions; but the term "*beautiful*" cannot apply.

We sometimes hear, in common parlance and sometimes perceive in the public prints, the term "*humoursome*" improperly substituted for "*humorous*." The words may appear, to superficial observers, very much alike; but their meanings widely differ. "*Humoursome*" is "peevish, petulant, addicted to cross and wayward humours;" while "*humorous*" is "jocular, whimsical, pleasant." This distinction should be carefully remembered.

The verb "*to Hire*" is often erroneously used. To hire is to engage for pay, to obtain the temporary use of a thing for a consideration; and hence, the term can only be rightly used, by the person obtaining or borrowing the thing; and not by him who lets it out for hire. When, therefore, we hear persons speaking of hiring out an article, when lending it for hire, we hear an unwarrantable expression, diametrically opposite to its legitimate mean-



ing. "To Let" is the verb which should be used in such cases; the lender "LETS OUT for hire," and the borrower "HIRES" the article.

A similar perversion, and more glaringly apparent, is that of the verb "to learn."—Very commonly do we hear people say, that a teacher did not "learn" a boy anything; or that such a person will "learn" another no good; or that they hope "you will learn the child better things;" thus thoughtlessly using the verb of acquisition for that of communication. It can scarcely be necessary to do more, than to remind those who commit this careless mistake, that "to teach" is to impart or communicate knowledge, and "to learn" is to acquire or gain it; to induce them henceforth to avoid this common error.

The verbs "affect" and "effect" are frequently confounded with each other, both verbally and in print; more especially in the latter use. "To Affect" is to have an influence upon, to excite, to move the passions; to Effect is to bring to pass, to accomplish. One little letter only marks the variance of orthography between these two verbs; but their sense is widely different; and those who pretend to correctness in speech or writing should carefully remember the distinction.

Precisely similar is the perversion which substitutes "ingenuous for ingenious," and vice versa. "Ingenious" means "witty, inventive, clever;" "ingenuous" is "open, candid, fair, generous." The distinctive pronunciation should be correctly remembered and marked in speaking; the definition of the two adjectives is expressly different; and therefore, the thoughtless or ignorant substitution of the one for the other sounds very ill.—Many other such examples might be adduced; but the foregoing are sufficient of their class for the present purpose.

I now pass on to a few instances of prevalent ungrammatical construction, which will bring me nearly to the close of my subject.

A very common colloquial error is the use of the awkward and inharmonious phrase, "you was," instead of "you were." This uncouth combination of singular and plural arises, most probably, from forgetting or not being aware of the reason for the conventional substitution of the plural pronoun "you," for the singular "thou," in addressing individuals; and from an idea, that as only one person is alluded to, a plural verb cannot be employed. Strictly, this idea is correct; but universal consent having adopted the plural pronoun, harmony and concord must be maintained, the gram-

matical rules of construction must be observed and consequently the verb must agree in number with the pronoun. Anciently, when singular "thee and thou" were universally used, there was no difficulty with regard to the verb; "thou wast," or "thou wert" fitted the natural and correct phrase. By the process of time, as manners softened, and our language became more polished, and modes of speech more courteous and refined, the use of the singular pronouns "thee and thou" was considered too harsh and abrupt; and imitating, therefore, the magnificent style of monarchs and grandees, whose puissance and greatness could not be supposed to be included within the limited bounds of one ordinary man, and who therefore habitually used the plural terms "we and us" to express their preeminent and voluminous importance, society in general began to substitute the plural for the singular pronoun, in common conversation. It soon became a mark of politeness to address an individual in a style, which supposed his importance to be more than ordinary, and he proudly exalted his consequence; and the adoption of the phrase "you were" instead of "thou wast or wert," was established and became universal. But this altered style consists merely in employing a figurative speech in common conversation; in plainness of address to an individual in a style, which assumes his multiplied distinctions, and flatters his self-esteem; but it does not alter the rules of grammar. Those rules unerringly require that nouns, pronouns and verbs shall agree in number; the plural "you" must still beget to the plural "were;" and therefore the phrase "you was" is ungrammatical and incorrect.

I may next briefly mention the frequent placing of the words "first" and "last" in ordinary phraseology. How often do we hear such expressions as "the *two* first," the "first last," and similar errors of speech. A slight reflection will shew the fallacy of this mode of utterance; since the terms "first" and "last" have a single, indivisible, and generic meaning, and cannot be applied

\* It may here be incidentally mentioned, that the Editorial "we" is a species of grandeur of the same genus; excepting that it is a self-assumed importance, not a conventional compliment of society. Its effect is the same as that of "you"—that of expressing an individual by a plural pronoun. Yet we see it conjoined with a singular verb, "we is" or "we is" would sound strangely to the most careless speaker; yet it would no more be ungrammatical or improper than "was."

more than one object at a time, in any other than a *collective* or *aggregate* manner. What is the number of objects of which we may be speaking, with reference to all the rest of the world there can be but *one first* and *one last*: the terms "*two last*," "*four first*," &c. are manifestly wrong. But if we wish to express concisely, in one term, the two, or three, four or more, immediately at the commencement or termination of any given number, we must do so in an *aggregate* or *collective* form, supposing the whole bulk or quantity to be divided into similar portions or numbers, and designating the first and last of such portions as the "*first three or four*" &c.,—the "*last three or four*" &c. Thus, if I take one hundred apples, and count them singly, the first one only will be the "*first*," the next the second, and so on 'till I come to the *final one*, which only will be the "*last*;" but if I divide the hundred apples into *lots of four* each, the first lot will be the "*first four*," the next the *second four*, and so on 'till I come to the "*last four*." If, however, I should count them singly, according to the erroneous phraseology now exposed, I might say, the *one first*, *two first*, the *three first*, &c. &c., and so on to the end; no limit to this mode of expression could be drawn, and thus the whole hundred might be styled *firsts*; and *ricé versá*, counting backward, from the *last*, we might style the one last, the two last, the three last, &c. 'till the whole hundred were styled *last*. The absurdity of this error must be strikingly apparent, and can need no further elucidation. I would proceed to comment on various other ungrammatical expressions, such as "*More than me*" for "*More than I*," "*Never once*" for "*Not more than once*," or "*only once*," &c. and similar improprieties, but my limits will not allow the indulgence. I hasten therefore to the only remaining example, which time will now permit me to notice, and which is of considerable grammatical importance. I allude to the very prevalent perversion of the auxiliary verbs "*Shall and Will*." I am aware, that with many persons, and especially, indeed, often, of superior education and refined phraseology, this common error is the result of early example and habit, and is contracted without any idea of its actual incorrectness. Permit me, then, to observe, that this is commonly the case with persons of Scottish civility or education; in which country the confounding of "*shall and will*" is a national habit, and excites no attention. To such persons, therefore, I would merely point out, with-

out censure or assumption, the true definition and application of these auxiliaries; while to all I would observe, that the application I shall thus submit, is warranted and sustained by the strictest rules of English Grammar, and by the undeniable authority of the best and profoundest writers on that science. Recalling, also, to your recollection, the remarks, in the opening of this Lecture, relative to the *national* character of languages, the right of individual nations to maintain their own standard of lingual correctness against the corruptions or misusages of other countries, and the duty of all persons to preserve the purity of their native or national tongue, I imagine it can hardly be deemed presumption in an Englishman, to contend for the established rules and idioms of the *English* language. However much our Scottish brethren, like our American neighbours, may be allowed to adopt new idioms or modes of speech, in their own internal use of the *English* language, yet such innovations cannot be admitted into the grammar of that language, and consequently must remain obnoxious to conflict with its established grammatical rules. Far, I am sure, would it be from any *English* scholar, to interfere with the construction or phraseology of *Scotland's* own national language; such an attempt would be presumption or sacrilege; and the same respect that Southron literati would pay to the genius of the Gaelic, they naturally claim from their northern brethren for *their* Saxon-Norman tongue.

The material disjunction, then, between "*shall*" and "*will*" is as follows.—"*Shall*," in the first person, simply *foretells*; that is, it announces an *intention* of a future action, liable, however, to *contingency* and *uncertainty*. "*Will*," on the contrary, in the first person, *absolutely* promises, threatens or determines; and expresses a *resolute* intention, liable to no impediment or interference.—"*Will*," then, is *volition*, *determination*, *certain resolution*, when used in the first person; "*shall*," on the contrary, when similarly used, is *possibility*, *probable intention*, *contingent action*. Thus, to say "*I will*," when the speaker absolutely *wills* and determines to do a thing, is correct; to say "*I shall*," with the same determination, is incorrect, as the idea of contingency and indeterminate intention is implied in the word "*shall*," used in the first person. But when these auxiliaries are used in the *second* and *third* persons, they change their nature. "*Will*" then simply *foretells*, because the speaker has reference

only to the *expected* actions of others, over whom he has no controul, and therefore he can express no volition or determination; while "*shall*" on the other hand, used in the *second* and *third* persons, denotes a positive influence of the speaker on the actions of others, and his resolute determination to compel them to fulfil his intentions. It therefore then absolutely promises, determines, commands or threatens.

For instance, with regard to the use of these auxiliaries in the *first* person:—suppose a person seized with sudden and dangerous illness, or accidentally left in perilous danger in a house on fire, and crying in vain for assistance;—he exclaims, "I *shall* die, no one *will* help me!"—or, "I *shall* be burnt, nobody *will* save me!" Here the word "*shall*" properly expresses the *possibility* or *probability* of his dying or being burnt, contingent on receiving no help; while "*will*" equally implies the *determination* of others not to help him. At the same time, the phrase "*nobody will*" being in the *third* person, (meaning anybody *will* not, that is, *he, she* or *they* will not,) also foretells that others will not, or do not intend to act in his behalf. But if the exclamations were altered, by changing the places of the two auxiliaries, thus, "I *will* die, nobody *shall* help me," or, "I *will* be burnt, nobody *shall* save me," how widely different would be the meaning! By this mode of speech, the speaker expresses not only his own volition or determination to die or be burnt, but also his positive resolution to prevent all others from interfering with him: there is no mere foretelling, no contingency or uncertainty in the case: his specific meaning is, "I *will* die or be burnt; I am *determined*, I am *resolved* on it; nobody *shall* save or prevent me: I will not *allow* any one to do so." Hence, we see, how important it is to remember the relative distinctions of meaning between the two auxiliaries, according to the *person* in which they are used, and to employ them with strict correctness in ordinary phraseology and composition; seeing that their real effect is so peculiarly varied by careless mis-usage. We thus perceive, also, that the very common practice of using "*will*" for "*shall*," in the first person, when contingency or mere possibility is implied, when a precedent action or influence is understood, and when *positive, absolute, uncontrouled* volition or determination is not intended, is manifestly erroneous and ungrammatical; yet how often do we witness the phrase "*we will*" employed, to foretell a probable result, dependent

on a previous contingency. For instance, "If the timber duties be altered, we *will* all be ruined"—"If the City become bankrupt, we *will* have to be assessed, to pay the debt"—"If the Legislature do their duty, and we *will* be saved"—"Gentlemen of the Jury, decide according to the evidence before you and *will* certainly receive a verdict at your hands"—"Let us all live according to the Gospel of our Saviour, and we *will* receive the inheritance of eternal life."—In all these cases, it is evident that the verb "*Will*" is falsely employed instead of "*Shall*," and these examples are sufficient to shew, that this misusage is indeed a very common error; so common, indeed, that not only is it frequently heard in colloquial intercourse, but also in pulpit and forensic discourse, and in other public and studied declamations, wherein we should least expect it.

It may perhaps be objected, by casual observers, that there are cases in which the phrase "*we will*" may correctly be employed, in connection with preceding contingent circumstances; and this, indeed, is true. But the fact does not invalidate the rule already laid down; it actually strengthens it. "*Will*," in the *first* person, must imply *volition*—a *personal power* of acting in the speaker; but in all the examples of false usage which I have adduced, there is *no volition, no power, no voluntary action*; the result *wholly* depends independently of the *will* of the person affected by it, on the occurrence of the preceding contingency, and therefore "*shall*" is the proper auxiliary to be used; but in the *correct* use of the auxiliary "*will*" in the first person, although there may be a previous condition of inducement, yet the power, the volition, the will of the speaker is still *free* to act at pleasure; and the performance of the subsequent action depends on that volition. Thus, in such phrases, "If you will pay the price, we will sell you the article,"—"If he will comply with our terms, we will enter into the agreement,"—"Let them pay the costs, and we will continue the action,"—in these, and all similar expressions, although there is a precedent condition to be performed, and the action of the speakers will not take place at all without a previous performance, yet still that subsequent action wholly depends on the *will* of the parties promising: it is in their power to do or not to do; they may still perform or refuse to perform their part of the agreement, and the action does *not inevitably* occur from the operation of the previous condition. It is wholly otherwise with the examples of *err*

ous construction already adduced, in which "will" is improperly substituted for "shall;" "If the timber duties be altered, we shall be ruined,"—"If the City become bankrupt, we shall have to pay the debt," &c.—In all such cases, there is no volition or personal power left in the persons speaking: the whole result will be the inevitable effect of the previous occurrence; it is what *must* happen, independently of the will of the parties, as a natural consequence of the preceding contingency.

Lastly, the following examples of the use of "shall" and "will" in the second and third persons will sufficiently illustrate the rule already laid down, with regard to their altered effect in those persons. "If the ship arrives, we will be fortunate,"—"if times improve, they will recover their losses,"—"let fortune smile, you will forget your troubles,"—"only persevere, and you will succeed."—In all these cases, the auxiliary "will" is used in the second and third persons, and therefore only foretells probable result, wholly dependent on a precedent contingency, and subject to no volition of the party spoken of. On the other hand, the positive, peremptory determination,—the absolute intention of the speaker, when referring to the subsequent actions of other persons, expressed by the use of "shall" in the second and third persons,—thus;—"He shall do this,"—"You shall pay me immediately,"—"They shall comply with my terms."

To these expositions must be added, that in asking a question, the use of "shall and will" is reversed. "Shall" only can then be used in the first person, as implying doubt, and seeking permission. Thus, "shall I go?" is a correct question, importing enquiry as to whether I may go or not; for, if I absolutely intended to go, without reference to the will of another, it would be absurd to ask any question about the matter; and therefore the phrase "will I go," so commonly heard among us, is incorrect, since it is, in fact, the speaker asking himself what his own will or volition is, which is ridiculously superfluous. On the other hand, "will" must be used in the second and third persons, as "will he go?"—"will they go?"—which is a question, enquiring as to the volition or determination of others; in which cases, "shall" would be improper, as it would have no reference to the will of the parties alluded to. The only case in which "shall" can be used, in the second and third persons, in asking a question, is when three distinct parties are concerned in the action;

that is, when one party asks a second party to give permission for a third party. As, if A. asks B. whether C. shall do so and so.\*

My limits warn me now to close the subject, leaving untouched the *third* and *fourth* classes alluded to, viz., of errors of pronunciation and mere vulgarisms, as well as numerous other examples which might have been classified with those already adduced. But the fear of too far transgressing the allotted time, and wearying your patience with so dry a subject, precludes me from extending the present lecture. Such common errors as using the personal pronoun "them" for the demonstrative "those," as "them ships," "them trees" &c., for "those ships, those trees," &c.; of pronouncing "engine" for "engine," "genuine" for "gen-uine," "helem" for "helm," "realen" for "realm," "commonality" for "commonalty," "hor-izon" for "horizon," and numerous similar corruptions, scarcely require more than brief demonstration to ensure their correction; but their number would far exceed the limits of our present time and space. I would now merely, therefore, for the sake of contrast, (inasmuch as I have treated on various errors individually, without displaying their united effect in conversation,) throw together a few examples of corrupt phraseology in a connected paragraph, to enable you to judge of the difference between a correct and legitimate style, and a vitiated and careless mode of speech. For instance, in the following sentences:—

"I guess, if I progress much further in this *here* style, I should learn you a few notions more than you *calculated*; and if I was to go on *fixing* such matters, and shewing you how you *conduct*, it would astonish you *some*; and then if you *was* to flare up, it would be *grand*, wouldn't it? But as I only want to be a little *humoursome*, you must not turn *ugly* about it, or else we shall get into a pretty *fix*. So, as you and I are *considerable smart, clever* folks, and want to do every thing *handsome*, I guess we will shake hands *right-away*, and if you'll shew me where you *keep*, we'll go along and settle all *them* matters together *right off*."

I presume the above paragraph needs no translation or comment: it may speak for itself; and it will serve to impress upon your minds, by force of its barbarous inelegance, the

\* It must here be observed, that all the rules and observations above introduced, relative to the use and abuse of "shall" and "will," equally apply to "should" and "would."

value of the rules and principles for which I have been contending, and the importance and advantage to all, who wish to make a respectable appearance in society, of a careful cultivation of correct colloquial expression.

To those whose age and avocations deprive them of the benefit of scholastic instruction, I would suggest, that self-improvement is ever the duty and privilege of all; and advantages and successes of the highest order have frequently resulted from the diligent exertions of men, placed in a very humble sphere of life, and impeded in their efforts by the pressing necessities of daily toil. I need scarcely remind you, of the brilliant list of self-instructed individuals, (who attained the highest eminence in literature, science and the learned professions,) which I had the honour of displaying before you two years ago, in the second lecture ever delivered within these walls. *Their* names remain as shining beacons, cheering future travellers onward in the self-rewarding career of intellectual pursuit; their examples prove, that no station or difficulty in life can effectually bar the determined seeker after useful knowledge; and although all may not attain to eminence and distinction, yet every sincere cultivator of his own mental and moral qualifications, must inevitably promote his individual enjoyment, genuine self-esteem and happiness, enhance the comfort of those around him, render himself more respected in society, and contribute to the general improvement of his species.

Let it be remembered, also, that *all* classes of the community are interested in the progress of this social amelioration; and this amelioration is the especial object of Mechanics' Institutes; which, though founded in beneficence, are yet based in self-interest, and designed for general advantage. The mere *title* of the Institution is not really significant of its whole import: although ostensibly devised for the instruction of the mechanical and labouring classes of society, and their consequent advancement in moral condition and estimation, yet the effects of the scheme can by no means rest there. The collateral results springing from such a cause must directly influence a far larger sphere. The improvement of the mind, in the humblest classes, by the diffusion of useful information, will enlarge the ideas and humanize the feelings; and by a pure and virtuous exercise of their influential powers, by those to whom the noble office of instruction and mental direction is entrusted, the moral qualities of their disciples will be healthily

toned, correlatively with the development of their intellectual faculties; knowledge thus not only strengthen the mind, but improve and polish the manners; the more animal propensities will be subdued by the ponderating influence of mental dignity; suavity and decorum will supplant uncouthness and vulgarity, and the whole deportment will come decorous and pleasing. Connected, as well with these desirable improvements in outward conduct, resulting from judicious cultivation of *correctness of speech*, such as I have advocated in this lecture, is surely a requisite adjunct, since the want of it is an inevitable token of ignorance or carelessness, and will often betray into unpleasant dilemmas those, who in other respects have passed muster in general society. To those who feel conscious of such deficiencies, and desire to remedy the defect, I would observe, that a good English Grammar and Dictionary, carefully studied, will be sufficient for their guidance; more especially if they use all available opportunities of obtaining advice from persons qualified to impart it. With these advantages, *prudence* will soon make perfect; and they will find it quite as easy, (*and far more pleasant*) to speak grammatically, and even elegantly, as it formerly was 'to murder the Queen's English, and to indulge in barbarisms and vulgarities.

In conclusion, to recur to the argument, that Mechanics' Institutes are calculated indeed to benefit *all* classes, let us reflect, that moral and moral improvement, such as I have described, must inevitably tend to increase general civilization, and to establish a greater degree of sympathetic philanthropy among men. Effects such as these must have a natural influence: they will engender a higher sense of duty than can exist in uncultivated minds; they will produce a rational conviction of the necessity of subordination, social distinction, and individual propriety of conduct among all grades; they will promote a love of peace and good order, and hence will foster obedience to the laws and regularity of life. Surely if this be the case, it would be absurd to the extreme to contend, that all classes of society, aye, even the very highest, will not partake of the beneficial results of Mechanics' Institutes judiciously conducted.

Above all, let it be especially remembered, that the prudent enlargement of the mind, and cultivation of the moral qualities, will prepare the way for benefits of an infinitely higher order. The cultivated intellect and softened

It will be far more adapted for the sincere conception and right apprehension of *Divine Truth*; without which, all the knowledge and improvement of this world will be worse than labour in the end. Human learning may flatter its possessor in this world, polished manners may secure him a flattering career in society, but neither the one nor the other will avail him for an existence beyond the narrow bounds of time, nor prove a passport to a more exalted sphere. "In all thy getting, get understanding," is the emphatic admonition of the inspired writer; and that *understanding* does not mean the mere conception and familiar acquirement of human knowledge, but a full and perfect acquaintance with the will of the Almighty Creator of the Universe, a sincere endeavour to do our whole duty in that state of life in which His Providence has placed us, and a humble desire to be and to do in all things to His Glory.



### THE OLD FAMILY MANSION.

A SKETCH FROM DOMESTIC HISTORY.

It is quite deserted now, that ancient edifice! The garden, once luxuriant with native plants and choice exotics, is now overgrown with noxious weeds and ragged brars. The very path which marked the march of time, when the sunshine was its chronicler, is broken into fragments, and the green mantle of the pool dries out the spot where once the silvery fountain shot high into the bright atmosphere. The mutilated statue of a nymph mourns over the deserted grotto. The box is rusty and unlimbered; the garden gate hangs upon a single hinge: and, in short, the very spirit of desolation seems brooding over this spot, once the Eden of the vicinage.

The house itself tells a sad tale of decay.—The roof is green and rank with an unhealthy antiquity, and the damp moss clings to the very weather-beaten shingle. The chanceler upon the weather-cock, as if stricken with the rheumatism, rarely moves unless the wind has blown from one quarter for some hours, regarding the vacant zephyrs and inconstant airs with supreme contempt as he shivers on the apex of his rusty rod. To a few of the windows yet cling some time-worn Venetian blinds, but the daring school-boys of several generations have made sad havoc with the glass, so that the wind has free ingress and egress and roars through the empty halls and vacant chambers like an evil spirit seeking whom it may devour. From the walk in front

of the mansion, with its party-coloured mosaic pavement, to the dilapidated stable in the rear, there is an air of mystery about the premises which piques the curiosity, and, of course, the edifice is not without its ghost. Every village has its haunted house, and why should Brookline be without one?

Be it ours to call up the spirits of the buried family from their dread repose. Some eighty years have passed since this rickety building was in its prime. A great day was that for the villagers of Brookline—the raising of the framework—and though Squire Witherell was reputed to be haughty and purse-proud, the lavish abundance of the table set out on this occasion silenced every murmur, and almost raised the wealthy gentleman to popularity.—I call him wealthy, for such he undoubtedly was for that colonial period. Everything about his dwelling betokened it. The deep embrasures of his windows were piled with costly cushions of cut velvet; the oaken chairs were curiously carved and gilded; the tables of massive mahogany were supported upon griffins' claws of the very largest dimensions; and the little round mirrors were brilliant as the silver bucklers of the Saraccenic chivalry. But why make an inventory of the pages of my sketch? The library deserves mention, whose volumes were selected by a master mind, whose pictures, few but choice, displayed an artist's taste. An amiable and lovely woman, and two fine boys, with a man and maid-servant, (in those days a liberal allowance for a gentleman's household,) completed the family.

In touching on some prominent features of the old family mansion, I had forgotten to mention one—the treasure-room. Here, guarded by grated windows, and by a double locked door, stowed away in boxes and bags of various sizes, reposed the sum of sixty thousand dollars, then composing a large portion of Mr. Witherell's wealth. Let us accompany him on a nocturnal expedition to this chamber of gold. He has just made a tour of the house, finds that the family are all abed, the fires all extinguished, the bolts all shot, and then he creeps noiselessly, taper and key in either hand, to the depository of his worldly gear.—Ah! it would have done you good to see the jolly fat bags, with their plethora of guineas, and the heavy boxes, surfeited with ingots, while I know not how many bills, bonds, and securities, reposed in the secret drawers of an escriptoraire. Here Squire Witherell used to pass an hour or two of every day, gloating over his possessions and trembling for their security.—

Yet he was an upright, pious, charitable man ;  
 "Gave dinners daily to wealth, power and  
 rank,  
 And sixpence every Sunday to the poor."

No military sway was ever more despotic than that which Marmaduke Witherell aimed at in his family. His wife yielded meek obedience, and so did Arthur, the younger and gentler of the brothers; but Hugh, the elder, as he grew to manhood, displayed a fierce and overbearing spirit, which gradually gained an ascendancy over that of his father. When the storm of the revolution rolled its full tide through New England, Hugh Witherell and his father sympathized deeply with the royalists, while the heart of Arthur bled for the sufferings of his country. Had the latter yielded to the earliest impulses of his patriotism, he would have gone forth to the struggle, but the tearful agony of his mother, and the stern commands of his father, compelled him to remain at home. Hugh went forth and joined the royal forces. His sword was red with patriot blood at New London, at Brooklyn, and at Camden. He fell at the storming of a redoubt, cursing the rebels with his latest breath. His untimely death cast a deep gloom upon the mind of his father, who from this time appeared under the dominion of a sterner spirit than before.

Though secretly sympathizing with the royal cause, he yet contrived to avoid the reputation of a tory, and on the cessation of hostilities remained at home in peace upon his customary good footing with his neighbours. Arthur, not formerly the favourite of his father, received an unusual share of favour when he became the only son by the misfortune of his brother. At the close of the revolution he embarked in commercial pursuits, abundantly supplied by the wealth and credit of his father.

Not long after commencing business, circumstances compelled young Witherell to visit Philadelphia. He was one evening indulging in a solitary walk, when, chancing to glance at a parlour window, he was struck with the countenance of a young lady of great loveliness. Their eyes encountered. Ardent and romantic, the young man seemed to have arrived at a crisis of his fate. He passed the house, hesitated, and retraced his steps. Again their eyes met. He hurried home and dreamed of the unknown. From that time her image was never absent from his mind. Engaged in business or pleasure, her sweet smile and graceful figure were constantly beside him; his daily walk conducted him past her house, but great was his disappointment at finding the parlour

window always vacated. The name of Mercer was inscribed upon the door-plate; Arthur found, upon inquiry, that, though married, he was childless. This mystery startled his fancy, and he found himself deeply in love, though he had cast on the enchantment but a passing glance. They were destined however, to meet ere long. At a large brilliant ball, which he attended with reluctance, Arthur was presented to a Miss E. Ashton, in whom he instantly recognized the object of his romantic attachment. He discovered a new passion as he gazed upon her innocent blue eyes, the delicate curved lip, the Persian brow, and Medicean contour of her rounded figure. To dance with her the next evening, to tread the floor as if he were moving over roses, to exclaim at the fleeting of time when the cold gray dawn broke in upon the fading lamps and withering roses of the festal were things of course to a young lover.

How rapidly he sped in his wooing we may gather from the words he addressed to the young lady as he drew her shawl around her polished shoulders.

"My own beloved one! you give me life! To-morrow then we meet, and the next day and the next; and soon—oh rapture!—part no more. Nay, fear not anything toward, for so do I interpret that sigh. I kiss my father well; proud, haughty, it may be, but just and considerate. I have but to present you to him in the colours of truth, and his answer will be approbation. Fear not, my dearest."

He led her to her carriage, and she returned under the pressure of his hand as she stepped lightly to her seat. As the horses bore her away the red sun rolled up from the east and gilded the spires of the city with its golden light; but the shadows fell long and dark upon the pavement.

"Which," exclaimed young Arthur, with something of a melancholy prescience, "what is the symbol of my fate? the sunshine or the shadow?"

He hastened home to write a letter to his father.

"Well, dear Arthur, what did your father say?"

The young lover turned a vacant gaze upon her. His countenance was changed: the redness of his forehead swollen; his eyes red as if with recent tears; his dress disordered; all symptoms of some overpowering emotion.

"Ask me not, Emily; yet why should

deal it? Were not your heart and mine—  
 which always beat in unison—heavy with a  
 foreboding? He tells me that he would  
 trust a young man's choice; that sud-  
 den loves make long enemies; that a passion  
 easily inflamed will speedily burn itself out;  
 that such will be, nay *shall* be the case  
 of mine; that he will never consent to our  
 union; and that, finally, he has views for me  
 in another quarter; that he has projected an  
 alliance which I must conclude."

"Then, Arthur, we part for ever."

"This from you, Emily!"

"Hear me, dearest. Believe me, no union  
 can be happy which is unsanctioned by the  
 consent of parents. Do we not owe every-  
 thing to our parents? even the sacrifice of our  
 best hopes?"

"You but repeat the sophistry of the de-  
 ceitful and selfish. Has a father the right to  
 violate the purest wishes and noblest desires  
 at the altar of mammon? Has he right to  
 sell his soul and body both? I have ever been  
 your dutiful son, but to this point my allegiance will  
 never carry me. And you too, Emily, have  
 not sworn to be mine through every trial  
 in every woe? I now call upon you to  
 be faithful to your vow!"

"I am yours, Arthur, now and ever. I have  
 staked my happiness to your keeping, and  
 will guard it as a sacred trust."

"Beloved one!" cried the young lover, "let  
 me clasp you to my heart; and here, as I im-  
 print the first kiss upon those lips, I swear to  
 protect you, even unto death."

Marmaduke Witherell was seated in the  
 library of the old family mansion.—  
 The rays of a study lamp which fell upon his  
 features showed them pale, but stern and reso-  
 lute. His teeth were set and he held the pen  
 in a firm grasp.

"Pursue him to the utmost rigour of the  
 law," so ran part of his epistle. "Demand  
 immediate payment of those notes. I disown  
 him; he is no longer my son; he has volun-  
 tarily embraced his ruin."

This letter was to Witherell's solicitor, and  
 in operation the fell enginery of the law.—  
 Now after blow fell upon the devoted head of  
 Arthur, who could still exclaim with Jaffier:  
 "But yet I am in love, and pleased with ruin."

His situation now became desperate. His  
 means of living had been torn from him, and  
 he beheld a new claimant upon his protection  
 a lovely female infant, and his heart sank  
 within him. What could he do?

"Go to your father," said his weeping part-  
 ner. "Tell him our distresses. His heart  
 cannot be wholly hardened against you, and  
 perhaps he will forgive you, if you tell him I  
 am dying."

"Do not speak thus," said Arthur, clasping  
 her in his arms, "or my heart will break. No,  
 no, dearest, you shall live, live to see better  
 times. *Le bon temps Viendra.*"

And with these consolatory words he sought  
 the old family mansion. The aged servant  
 who answered his summons to the door dared  
 not express his delight at seeing him; it would  
 have been as much as his place was worth.—  
 He was shown into the library to await the  
 coming of his father. The old gentleman was  
 not long in making his appearance. Arthur  
 sprang up to meet him, but Marmaduke folded  
 his arms upon his breast and bowed loftily and  
 coldly.

"What are your commands, sir?" he in-  
 quired.

"I come," faltered Arthur, "to lay my des-  
 perate situation before you; in plain terms, to  
 ask your assistance."

"After having rejected my advice; after  
 having embraced the ruin I forewarned you of;  
 you come as a beggar to ask me to drag you  
 out of your difficulties. Upon my word, sir,  
 you are modest."

"I ask for justice. I grant that you estab-  
 lished me in business; but I was led to believe  
 that, in any event, time would be allowed be-  
 fore I was called to account for my capital.—  
 You ungenerously pressed me, ruined me."

"Have you anything further to advance?—  
 I am impatient, sir."

"Father, can you shut your heart against  
 me? will you not give me aid?"

"Not a farthing, were it to save you from  
 starvation."

"Will you not see my poor Emily, for whom  
 I have braved your displeasure?"

"Never! Dare you propose such an inter-  
 view?"

"Then, sir, hear my last request. Before I  
 go forth to buffet with the hard, hard world—  
 go forth without your blessing too—let me see  
 my poor mother. I know her heart yearns  
 towards me; never an unkind word passed  
 between us; I was the very light of her life.  
 You cannot deny us a moment's interview."

"Hence!" exclaimed Marmaduke, in a tone  
 of passion. "You have cursed my sight too  
 long. I loved you once; I reared you; I fur-  
 nished you with money; I made you all that  
 you are, and you were ungrateful."



"No, father, not ungrateful. But no matter; my mother's heart will tell her how I yearn for her sight, and how I load her name with blessings. Farewell, sir; there will come a time when your own heart will be your punishment."

And these were the last words of Arthur ever heard in the Old Family Mansion. His wife had an uncle established in the West Indies, and thither the devoted and unhappy pair went. But the constant shocks of misfortune had undermined the health of Emily, and she was soon carried to a premature grave, whither—and let this be recorded with due deliberation—her heart-broken husband followed her in the course of a fortnight. On learning these events, the heart of the worldly Marmaduke was stricken, and, though he concealed his remorse even from the wife of his bosom, he sent for the child of the loving and wretched pair, to educate and rear. He found her beautiful and winning, and his affections soon centred in the child. Her infantile grace and angelic beauty flung a spell over the old family mansion. Her cheery laugh sounded musically and strangely as it echoed along the old chambers and the paved gallery. She grew up and was married, and now a portion of the ancient edifice was allotted for her dwelling, together with a liberal dowry taken from the treasure-room. But there was one peculiarity observable in the conduct of Marmaduke towards his *protege*, he always called her his *niece*. That he deeply repented his conduct towards his unhappy son was evident from the rapidity with which he declined towards the close of his life. At length his mind failed him. At times he passed hours in his treasure-chamber, listlessly counting his gold, or seated by the chimney corner, muttering and singing to himself.

One winter his faculties seemed to revive, and as Christmas approached he entered into all the gaieties of that season of festivity with spirit. On Christmas day he was engaged to dine with his grand-daughter and her husband. The latter had just received from his wife's West Indian relative a present of two full length portraits by Copley, which were now to be displayed in the dining-room for the first time. They represented the ill-fated Arthur and Emily in their bridal garments.

Old Marmaduke dressed himself in great state. He appeared with powdered hair, a brown satin coat, and white underdress. His hands, of which he was particularly proud, absolutely blazed with jewels. His lofty man-

ner was tempered by a smile of benignancy and though his step tottered with infirmity, eye shone with something of its original brilliancy and intelligence. The dinner passed gaily, the cloth was removed. Marmaduke filled his glass to the brim, and the rest followed his example. He then rose, supporting himself by the table. It was then apparent that his mind was wandering, his eyes roamed restlessly around the table, as if they missed some familiar objects.

"A happy Christmas to you all!" he faltered. "Happy Christmas! But are you all here? My old eyes are dim—dim—failing fast—where's Arthur? Where's Hugh? Oh! I forgot, he lies in a bloody grave, with a rebel bayonet rusting in his bosom. His memory! At this moment his eyes rested on the face of Arthur's portrait, his faculties made a desperate attempt to rally, he appeared to recognise the likeness, and to confound it with the original. He raised his glass to the image, waved it, smile curved his lips, and with the words "here! I'm satisfied!" his spirit passed away. There was Death in the Old Family Mansion."

## THE AMARANTH.

THE MONTREAL GARLAND.—This deservedly popular Magazine has just been issued in an entirely new dress; and the very fine appearance which it presents, is highly creditable to the mechanical skill of our brethren of the sister Province, excelling as it does in clearness of print and general execution many of the English Magazines. Of its contents it is unnecessary to speak, further than to say, that the elegant and choice articles of the present number, are even of a higher order than those that have previously graced its pages. The frontispiece is a very pretty engraving, entitled "Beauty and Innocence," and a touching Ballad, "Oh had she loved," the music of which is composed expressly for the Garland, enhances the value of the present number, which by the way, is the first of the fifth volume. Canada has cause to be proud of this beautiful literary gem; and we hope the time is not far distant,—if we may judge from the present prospect of *better times*,—when the people of this Province, will, by their patronage, enable us to cope with the Garland, and give to our Province as high a literary name as is enjoyed by any of our sister Colonies.

The number of poetical effusions received have been larger than usual—and several of the main unpublished—those entitled to a place on our pages, will receive attention—we can consistently promise to insert all that have, hereafter, may be sent to us.—We are often compelled to reject articles on account of the difficulty experienced in deciphering the manuscript.