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THE  
LITERARY GARLAND;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

THE ADVANCEMENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

*Incog.*

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THE  
LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1841.

No. 1.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ARTIST.\*

BY E. L. C.

*Pol.* Masterly done :  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixture of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mocked with art.

*Shakspeare.*

“Yes, it is in Guido’s style ! and there are thousands of the uninitiated, who would fail to detect in it any inferiority to the works of that unrivalled master,” exclaimed Pierre Mignard, as, casting aside his palette, he remained gazing with infinite satisfaction on a Magdalen, to which he had just given the last touches of his pencil. “It is perfect,” he added,—“the expression, the colouring, the harmony of the whole. I have succeeded in imitating the style and character of Guido,—even his peculiarities I have caught ; and if but one connoisseur, in the presence of Count De Clairville, will pronounce it the work of that artist, my triumph is complete, for fame and Rosalie are won !”

A glow of joy lit up the fine face of the artist, as he uttered these words, and in the excess of his emotion he rapidly traversed the space which paintings, casts, statuary, and other auxiliaries to his noble art, left vacant in his crowded studio. In passing a small stand of porphyry, the elaborately wrought pedestal of which declared it an antique of no mean value, he paused, and taking up a small miniature, gazed upon it till tears of intense feeling moistened his dark and lustrous eyes.

“Yes, it is for thee, sweet Rosalie, that I have wrought at this task,” he said, pressing the picture again and again to his lips,—“to win thee ! for what were fame without thee ? what to me the praise of having successfully imitated the greatest master of my art, if I see not thy cheek kindle at my well earned triumph ? Thy father’s words, ‘When thou canst paint like Guido, thou may’st ask and obtain the hand of my daughter,’ are written as with a sunbeam on my soul, and have incited me to perseverance in this work—the greatest I have ever yet accomplished, and which now I send forth, the silent, yet eloquent arbiter of my fate.”

He hid the miniature in his breast, and turning again towards the Magdalen, once more fixed his pleased regards upon it, as it stood there in the rich and massive frame to which it had that day been transferred, a fitting ornament for the palace of a prince. Then throwing his cloak around him, he sallied forth, and with a light and rapid step, threaded street after street, for evening was approaching, and he feared to find the office of the opulent broker whom he sought, closed before he reached it. But he arrived in time to find the man of business at his post, and the heap of gold and unredeemed notes, that covered a table before him, denoted the day’s harvest to have been an abundant one.

Paul Roussard was a portly personage, with a shrewd yet jovial countenance, and a cordial warmth of manner that won him many friends. He was called a usurer by the class whose vices and extravagance compelled them to seek his aid, and accept it on his own terms—for such, indeed, he had no mercy ; deeming it a duty to make their excesses the means of their chastisement ; but he was a firm and true friend, and to the depressed and needy, a liberal benefactor. He had always felt and expressed for the young artist an interest peculiarly strong, and as he now saw him approach, he greeted him with a warm smile and a cordial grasp of the hand ; then, pointing to the gold which lay before him,

“How fares it with thee, my young knight of the easel ?” he said, “Has thy art brought thee, since the sun rose this morning, such a heap of gold as this ? Tell me that it has, and I will say thy craft is better than mine,”—and as he spoke, he swept the glittering coin into a capacious drawer, which he

\* The anecdote which forms the ground-work of this tale, is related by several authentic writers, of the French artist Mignard, who was remarkable for his admirable imitations of the great masters.

double locked, and withdrawing the key, rose and drew forward a seat for his visitor.

"Let it bring me fame and the hand of Rosalie, and I care not for gold," said the artist fervently.

"Pshaw! the boy's head is full of romance," returned the broker, half impatiently. "Fame is a good thing, Mignard; but if it bring not something more solid with it, will it feed thee, or furnish one substantial comfort for thy pretty wife, when thou shalt win her? Earn fame if thou canst, and none shall blame thee; but be not content with that, unless it yield thee wherewithal to buy bread. Want ever lacks friends, and even genius, if clothed in rags, may lie in the ditch for rich souls to trample on."

"True, true, good master Paul! I know well that a silken doublet wins more regard than an eloquent lip,—yet, as I think gold must needs be the consequence of a fair and honourable fame, I will first strive for that which I covet most, and doubt not the other will speedily follow. And now tell me, hast thou seen the Count to-day?"

"Aye have I, and fulfilled my task to a nicety; so if thou fail not in thine, thou shalt shortly reap love and glory to thy heart's content."

"And thou hast taught him to expect a veritable Guido?"

"Nothing less, I warrant thee, than a chef d'œuvre of that great master, which I told him I daily expected from Italy. He was in transports of delight, begged me to speak of it to no other person, but send it, immediately on its arrival, to him, and he would give me any price I might demand for it. In truth, he is picture mad, and easily deceived, though he thinks himself qualified to decide at first sight on the merits and authenticity of the veriest old painting that might chance to be disembowelled from Herculaneum. Therefore, if thou hast made good thy boast, and approached in any degree to the style and manner of Guido, thou mayest easily deceive this vaunted connoisseur."

"Ay, not only him, but any amateur, however skilled, who may sit in judgment upon my piece; nay, I fear not even the acumen of Lebrun, whose life has been spent in the study of works of art, till the peculiarity of every style is as familiar to him as the alphabet of his mother tongue; for I have given to the Magdalen the highest finish of my pencil, and Guido himself would not scorn to own it."

"Thou art over confident, boy, and it is so unlike thee, that I tremble for the issue of thy experiment. God grant that disappointment may not be thy lot; but in truth, I scarcely know how thou couldst so far have surpassed all thy former attempts as to have achieved, so much to thine own satisfaction, this difficult task."

"Dost thou remember, friend Roussard, the Ita-

lian proverb, which says, '*Chi ha l'amor nel petto, ha lo sprone a i fianchi?*'\* If thou dost, thou may'st know by what magic I have accomplished this seemingly impossible work. So I once should have deemed it, but since the day when I declared my love for Rosalie, and her proud father spurned me with the words, 'When thou canst paint like Guido, thou mayest ask and obtain the hand of my daughter,' have I resolved to win on his own terms the prize I coveted. He dreamed not of my essaying such a task; but thought his taunt, for so he intended it, equivalent to a final rejection. He knew not the force of love, the resolution of a determined will. From that hour the works of Guido have been my thought by day, my dream by night. Every shade and line of that unrivalled master,—the grace, expression, colouring, harmony, of his paintings have been my ceaseless study, till I seemed to catch his very spirit and my own canvas glowed with a near semblance to his perfection. But as the work grew into breathing beauty beneath my pencil, another, and scarcely less powerful passion, mingled with that, which first roused me to the full exertion of my powers. And now a burning thirst for fame possesses me, and the glory of being called a successful imitator, even, of Guido, would almost—yes I may say it, almost recompense me for the loss of Rosalie."

"I would fain believe thee, Pierre; for what to thee should love be in comparison with that goodly heritage of fame, which, as thou sayest, is the precursor of wealth—wealth that will place thee above princes; for thou hast the gift of genius, which God has not liberally bestowed upon them, and which neither their sordid gold can purchase, nor their arbitrary power command; and yet thou art so desperately enamoured, that, notwithstanding this sudden breaking forth of a noble ambition, I warrant me, wert thou left to choose between the praise of men and the love of thy fair mistress, thou wouldst weakly prefer the latter."

"On what ground dost thou build that opinion, after the avowal which I just now made to thee?"

"On very fair ground, namely, that to win thy mistress thou hast achieved what else would have been to thee an impossible task."

"Ay, that was my first incentive; but said I not, that what thou callest a nobler passion, mingled with my love, and urged me on to the completion of my work?"

"Thou didst so, I acknowledge, and I rejoice at it, for though I grant thy sweet Rosalie is a fair guerdon enough to struggle for, yet, methinks, one gifted as thou art, should find nobler incentives to exertion than the fleeting love of a frail and fickle woman."

\* "Who feels love in the breast, feels a spur in the limbs."

"I agree not with thee,—for can there be aught more worthy of desire or effort than the affections of a pure and virtuous heart? What joy to see it consecrate to thee its holiest and tenderest emotions, and to find ever in the paradise of home, lighted by the smile, gladdened by the voice of love, a blessed retreat from the world's tempests,—a haven where strife, and jealousy, and ambition, and chagrin, are forbidden to intrude, and the soul, soothed into a heavenly calm, casts away, and forgets the vexing cares that have chained it to earth, and learns to think of its immortal powers and destination."

"Thou understandest well thine art, Mignard, or thou couldst never sketch with such vivid grace thine imaginary pictures," said Roussard, smiling as he gazed on the rapt and glowing face of the artist. "For me it is illusory all. I have lived long enough to know that fancy is a deceitful linner—her colours like the prismatic rays that fall through shivered crystal—are beautiful to gaze upon, but intangible and evanescent as they are brilliant."

"Thou mayest have found them so, my friend; nay rumour says that thou hast. But I marvel how any disappointment, deep as it might have been, should have engendered in a mind kind and dispassionate as thine, such enduring bitterness."

"Didst thou know all my history, Pierre, thou wouldst cease to marvel, or rather thou wouldst marvel still more that from a heart so wronged, could still issue gay thoughts. But it matters not now; some day thou shalt learn my adventures,—they may profit thee much in thy journey through life, and thou wilt then pardon me that I distrust woman, and am oft times cynical towards my brother man."

A frown for an instant darkened the brow of Roussard; but directly the joyous light of a kind and gladsome nature triumphed over it, and again irradiated his open and benevolent features.

"Pardon me," he resumed, "that I have chafed thee and myself with that which concerns not the present moment. Let it pass from thy memory, and now tell me if this *Guido* of thine is ready for delivery?"

"It is, and thou mayest have it transported hither this night."

"Good! for a Florentine brig now lies at the pier, by which I am receiving a consignment of busts, cornices, cameos, &c. Your Magdalen, Mignard, must be packed to correspond with these, numbered and labelled in Italian, and, in order completely to mystify the Count, I shall have it carried to his house by the sailors who are to bring hither all that belongs to me from their vessel. So haste thee, and take a last look at thy Magdalen. I must have her transported hither tonight, for I am to sup with De Clairville, and the choicest crypt in his cellar will furnish wine for the board if I carry

him tidings that his treasure has arrived. But prithee, Mignard, one more word in thy ear. I have feared to wound thee by speaking it, but my friendship for thee will not let me keep silence," and bending towards the artist, he whispered, "I fear thou art deceiving thyself in hoping to win the fair Rosalie with this picture of thine, for it is currently reported that the young Baron Desmonville is paying suit to thy mistress, and that the light of her smiles is reflected with dazzling lustre from the diamonds that adorn his handsome person."

Mignard had heard this before, and knew it to be untrue that Rosalie favoured the advances of the Baron; yet at the whispered words of Roussard, he started as though stung by a serpent.

"It is false!" he said, his lips pale and trembling with emotion. "True, I see her not; but have I not frequent tokens of her faith, penned by her own hand, which forbid me to doubt her! No, I fear not Desmonville: his wealth is but as dust in her eyes; it is the fire of genius only, that can kindle in her soul the undying flame of an exalted and enduring passion."

And uttering these words, the agitated artist rushed from the presence of his friend, and hurried through the streets, pausing not till he reached the door of his own dwelling. His impatient knock was quickly answered by an ancient serving woman, and rapidly passing her he entered his studio, and closed and locked the door. Quickly lighting a lamp that he had left upon the porphyry stand, he approached the picture of the Magdalen, and gazed as earnestly as though now for the first time beholding it. As his eye lingered on the canvas, where with daring hand he had sought to imitate the exquisite touches of the immortal Guido, it gradually lighted up with intense joy and satisfaction, till, overcome with his emotions, he gave them audible utterance, still gazing with the rapt look of a devotee upon his picture.

"Yes," he said, "I have been successful, and I shall win thee at last!—thee, my heart's flower—light of my soul—star of my dim and solitary horizon! Ah, how I deceived myself, when I believed that one aspiration after fame mingled with the passion which consumes me for thee—thee alone, sweetest, most beautiful Rosalie!"

He cast himself into a chair, and bending his head upon his folded arms, fell into a long and profound reverie. The past rose before him like a dream. That summer morning, when he was first summoned to paint a likeness of the young Rosalie De Clairville—the moment when he entered her boudoir, and beheld her, half child, half woman, sitting on cushions at her doting father's feet, pleased, yet half ashamed to have her lovely semblance pictured by a stranger's hand. Then the long sweet sittings that succeeded, when he was left unmarked to study those angelic features, and note and treat

sure in his heart every changeful charm of that eloquent and beautiful countenance. And the soft, low tones of that musical voice, how they stole into the secret chambers of his soul, and how, as day after day passed on, and still his work remained unfinished, for each day he found something to undo, that so he might prolong the witching task, their eyes learned to utter mute language, and Rosalie's fitting blush told that sweet emotions were stirring in her heart—sweet and new, for they were all unfelt till then,—and the light words that each had spoken so gaily, were hushed, and low, half-breathed tones trembled from his lips, and indistinct words were uttered by hers, which, mingling with bursting sighs, alone broke the delicious silence, that, as in a rapturous trance enchained the young souls that were now learning love's first enchanting lesson; and then came the faltering avowal, the mute, yet eloquent confession, and they were happy—too happy! for, alas, they were all unguarded in their joy, and when the jealous father read the sweet secret which they strove not to hide, what a changed destiny was theirs.

How harshly she was chidden, and he—a sentence of banishment exiled him forever from her presence, who had but just revealed to him a joy his life knew not till then,—hopeless, endless banishment, unless the inspiration of this new master passion, could work within him the power and will, to equal one who stood alone and unapproachable in his great and noble art. It was a cruel mockery to bid him paint like Guido, before he aspired to the hand of her he loved—a command equivalent to a positive denial of his suit—for only a miracle could enable him to obey it. So he at first thought, and despair was in his heart; yet he yielded not to it, but sat down to the study of Guido's works, till he seemed to catch the glow of that great artist's genius, and then he essayed what only love, all potent as it is, could have emboldened him to attempt, an humble imitation of the style and manner, which even the most gifted had hitherto pronounced inimitable. He trembled at his boldness, yet still he persevered, striving to imbibe the spirit of his prototype, till after toil, and labour, and discouragement unspeakable, he so far succeeded as to marvel at his own work.

Frequent, during this period of anxiety and doubt, were his stolen interviews with the gentle Rosalie,—and the breathings of her tender affection, her unwavering faith, inspired him with strength and courage to press forward with the task which was to win for him a prize, coveted even above the laurel which any approach to Guido's excellence was sure to bestow on him. But at length those sweet and secret meetings with his beloved, held at the house of a mutual friend, were suspected by her father, and henceforth she was more strictly watched and guarded, and subjected to a more jealous care

and espionage than ever—still the lovers continued to interchange frequent letters, and these were a comfort to both.

But of late the artist had been disturbed, despite his deep faith in Rosalie, by the knowledge which she herself communicated, that the young Baron Desmonville had made overtures for her hand, and notwithstanding her decided rejection of his suit, still persevered, encouraged by her father, in his addresses. She wrote more tenderly than ever, and as fervently protested her constancy, but a longer time than usual had elapsed since the receipt of that note, and the secret uneasiness occasioned by her silence, rendered him less able to bear unmoved on this night, the whispered words of Paul Roussard. In fact they stung him to the soul, yet he could not, nor would allow himself to believe that Rosalie smiled on another, even though that other wrote his noble name in diamonds. But to have it thought so, even by one individual, and so asserted, seemed to cast a shadow over the brightness and purity of her faith, whom he so fondly loved, and for whom he had as deeply tasked his strength, as did those chivalrous knights of legendary lore, who one after the other perilled life in attempting impossible feats, at the command of the cruel lady of their love.

Such was the train of the young artist's meditations, mingled however with bright hopes that whispered of approaching triumph, when they were broken in upon, by the entrance of M. Roussard's deputies, sent to pack in its case, and convey away his Magdalen. And as the treasure on which hung so many fondly cherished hopes was borne from his sight, which had cost him more sleepless nights and toilsome days, more sighs, and heart-aches, and despairing thoughts,—than ever Pygmalion lavished on his worshipped statue, he breathed a prayer from his soul's lowest depths, for the successful issue of that experiment which was destined to give its hue of joy or woe to his future life. How dreary looked his studio, now that the object of his long and anxious labour no more met his view. For so many months he had been accustomed to behold it, to study it, to touch and retouch, and see it grow into beauty as day succeeded day, that in its absence he felt sad, and solitary, and deserted, albeit he had sent it forth, firm in the belief that it would bring him not only fame, but the bright reward, which, with the ardent feelings of youthful love, he coveted even more than this envied boon.

A summons to supper called him away, and as he sat down at his simple and solitary board, a note lying on the napkin beside his plate attracted his attention. With a trembling hand he took it up, cast one joyous glance at the delicate seal, with its expressive Italian motto, broke the scented wax, and ran his eager eye over the beautiful characters



traced by the hand of his still faithful and tender Rosalie. She spoke of the persecution she was enduring from her father and the Baron, and of her resolution to withstand them—but entreated him to hasten the completion of his picture, trusting that it would be the means of terminating their separation and reuniting them forever.

This note caused the young artist a sleepless night,—sleepless, through the mingled emotions of joy, anxiety, and hope, which it awoke in his bosom; and when he arose in the morning, he hastened to the dwelling of M. Roussard, to converse with him on the subject nearest his heart.

He found his kind friend at breakfast,—but wifeless and childless though he was, it could not be called a solitary meal—for, on one side of him sat a huge Maltese cat, on the other a noble greyhound, and at his feet, watching for *titi-bits*, crouched a long eared, silky spaniel. Over his head hung a mocking bird, singing its thousand notes in concert with two canaries and a nightingale, whose cages were half hidden among the vines that trelliced an open window,—and to complete the coterie, a pugnacious parrot, the noisiest of his species; clamoured with all his might, to drown the other, and more harmonious sounds, with his intolerable jargon. The good broker himself, in his velvet slippers and morning gown of flowered brocade, looked the very personification of comfort—lolling in his capacious arm chair, the daily “*Mercuré*” in one hand, at which he glanced between every sip of the delicious coffee, whose fumes filled the room with fragrance—while the snow white rolls, fresh eggs, and cold *paté* that stood before him, might have tempted an epicure to eat.

He greeted the young artist with a cordial grasp of the hand, and pushing a chair towards the table,

“Thou hast come in time, my prince of artists,” he said, “and just as I predicted, for it needed no soothsayer’s skill to divine that thou wouldst come to share my morning’s meal, and learn the result of my last night’s interview. But wherefore that lugubrious visage, man! She is constant as the sun, and thy *Guido* wilt not fail to make her thine, spite of the old Count’s haste to wed her to this young gallant whose wealth has won his heart.”

Mignard shook his head with a faint smile, for—why, he knew not—none can account for the fluctuations of a lover’s hopes and fears; but at that moment the latter sentiment predominated over every other in his breast, and he looked sad and dispirited.

“Nay,” resumed his friend, “faint heart never won fair lady—so, courage, Pierre, and sit thee down, thou seest a bachelor’s fare doth not lack comforts. Sit thee down, and taste a cup of this Arabian beverage—it will put new life into thee—albeit, I warrant me, thou wouldst deem even this incomparable extract more delicious, were it poured out for thee by the white hand of thy pretty little Rosalie.

Down, Argus, down—how darest thou thrust thy nose upon the table, sir?—and thou, greedy vagabond,” to the Maltese cat,—“thou hast filched the last morsel of truffled partridge from my plate,—and but now, I cast to thee what might have sufficed a soldier for a day’s ration. Take that, with thy innocent look, and thy thieving paw, and be gone to thee,” and he gave the huge grimalkin a rap on his head, that caused him to dart to a distant corner of the room.

At any other time, the artist would have been amused by this scene; but, under existing circumstances he felt only annoyance at the interruption to their tête-à-tête, caused by the birds and beasts which filled his friend’s apartment, and mechanically he sat down, but with a grave and spiritless air that immediately awakened the sympathy of Roussard.

“In good truth thou art the very image of despondency,” he said; “and wherefore I ask thou lost the self-confidence that upheld thee last night, now that thy task is accomplished?”

“But is it accomplished?” said Pierre, “and if so, will the Count yield me the reward which, doubtless in mockery, he promised to my success?”

“Will he indeed? whether it were meant in mockery or not, dare he do otherwise? Listen, Mignard,—but first, I pray thee, break thy fast with a sip of coffee, and this fresh laid egg; it will put strength in thee to hear that which I have to tell.—Hush, *Barbare*,” to the parrot; “he makes as much noise as the seven devils that were cast out of thy *Magdalen*, Pierre,—silence to thee, thou chattering minion, or I will send thee to quarrel with old *Ursula* for the rest of the day.”

“*Que vous êtes aimable!*” screamed the parrot, with a saucy laugh, and such an insolent gesture of his gaudy body, as he stood upon his perch, looking down with the utmost sang-froid upon his master, that neither Roussard nor his visitor could refrain from laughter; and, emboldened by their mirth, the bird continued his jests and jeers, till his noise became unbearable, and old *Ursula* was summoned to execute his sentence of banishment.

“And now Pierre,” said the broker, settling himself again at the breakfast table, “I will tell thee for thy comfort, that thy *Magdalen* was conveyed to the Count De Clairville last night, and opened in the presence of the guests, who were invited to sup with him—that, further, it was beheld by all with surprise, delight, admiration—and pronounced, without hesitation, an indubitable *Guido*.”

“Pronounced so by whom?” eagerly inquired the artist, as with irrepressible emotion, he started from his seat.

“By three experienced connoisseurs—nay, hear more, and be satisfied—by no less a judge than *Lebrun* himself, who confidently declared it, not only

"Guido, but one of that great master's best—bright with the glow of his unrivalled genius."

At these words, the young artist clasped his hands convulsively together, his eyes kindled with intense light, and the flush of a noble joy crimsoned his before pale cheek. "Thank God!" he fervently ejaculated; then, bending his head upon his folded arms, he yielded for a brief space to the long subdued, but now overwhelming emotions of his heart. It was the most exciting, and agitating moment of his life—to have had the work of his pencil mistaken by no mean judges, for that of Guido's! What a proud triumph had he achieved! and in the joy of such an issue to his almost hopeless efforts, the image of her, the lovely and beloved, who had impelled him to exertion, for one instant faded from his thoughts, lost in the resplendent blaze that seemed to light up with glory the long unfolding vista of futurity. Yet, but for one moment did he remain dazzled by this vision, and then, more pure, more beautiful than ever—rose to his view, that "bright particular star" which his soul loved—his own, forever!—won by the efforts of a noble and untiring genius.

The kind Roussard sympathized in the emotions of his young friend, and expressed his feelings with a warmth that sensibly touched the artist.

"So far thou hast done well," he said, "thy picture is pronounced a Guido, and occupies, as such a treasure of art should, the most conspicuous place in the princely gallery of the Count De Clairville. But as yet, thou art gladdened only with the hope of the reward thou covetest—moreover, Pierre, thou art young and thoughtless, and carest not enough for the more substantial profits of thy art, or ere this thou wouldst have spoken of the gold which I won for thee from the old connoisseur, in payment for thy work."

"I care not for that! why should I, when I have won what is a thousand-fold dearer to me than would be the garnered wealth of Midas; so, my kind friend, let what thou hast in keeping abide with thee—I have more than enough for my present wants, and if at any time I have need, I will not fail to apply to thee for a loan."

"A loan, forsooth! nay, foolish boy, take what is thine own and be chary of it, for all thy pictures may not prove Guidos, and how art thou to furnish silks and velvets for thy dainty Rosalie, if thou art already so lavish of thy gains. Thank the saints! I am not called to barter my gold for such gauds, and in the way of my honest calling, I can take back from those who aforesaid have played the usurer with my necessities, loose coins enow to furnish golden collars for my dogs, and glittering cages for my birds, if I chance to want them,"—and, speaking thus, he moved towards an ebony cabinet, which, unlocking, he drew forth a bag of gold, and return-

ing to the table, poured out the glittering coin before the astonished eyes of the artist.

"This is all thine," he said, "two thousand crowns paid to me for thee, by the purchaser of thy Magdalen—a goodly sum, and it comes, I am bold to say, not an hour too soon for thy wants, however thou mayest affect to despise it."

"And though my need of it were ten times greater than it is,—nay, though I were reduced to my last florin, yet would I not take that which in reality belongs to another," said the young man, pushing aside the shining heap, while a glow of noble pride mantled on his cheek. "The Count owes me not a sum like this—it was no Guido that I painted for him, and not yet are the efforts of my pencil worthy to bring me in wealth like a flood—let the gold remain with thee, good friend, till he learns the name of the artist whom he is to remunerate, and then if he will but give me his daughter —"

"Nonsense, Mignard," interposed the broker,—"if, as the Count thinks, thou hast painted like Guido, this sum is thy just due, and no more, and after all, it is but a drop in the ocean of his boundless wealth."

"Well, at least, good Roussard, keep it in store for me till the Count shall have learned that his precious Magdalen is the work of the despised Mignard—let him gloat upon his fancied treasure for awhile, and then shall the name of the true artist be whispered in his ear, with words which thou sayest he will never dare gainsay."

"But how wilt thou force him to believe that thou art the author of the piece in his possession?"

"I have provided for that—do thou but set in motion a doubt as to the true origin of the painting, which shall be sure to reach his ears—and if he is stirred by it, as he will be, and ask for proof, let him send for me, and he shall have that, which would silence the most incredulous."

"I see thou hast a plot to unravel; but it matters not—I will serve thee as best I may in the affair, not only for thy own sake, but because I owe this old Count a grudge, which I am glad in some measure to repay. Thou knowest, Pierre, that I was in my youth the victim of perfidy; but I have never told thee that it was this false De Clairville who bribed my betrothed wife, the mother of thy pretty Rosalie, from her parents. She was as sweet and gentle as thy mistress, and if she was for a time dazzled by her rich suitor's wealth, and submitted with but faint resistance to parental authority, I have reason to think she soon repented her obedience, and that she died as true to me in heart, as on the day when she first pledged those vows of love, which, to the unhappiness of both, she too soon, and fatally violated."

Roussard turned away to hide his unwonted emotion, but quickly recovering himself, "You now know," he resumed, "why I have so long lived a

one man, and why I feel so deep an interest in Rosalie, whom I am resolved never to see sacrificed, as was her mother, at the shrine of Mammon."

"Thou hast deserved a happier destiny than this, my kind friend," said the artist with feeling; "I would my Rosalie were indeed thy child; yet shall she be to thee as a daughter, and it shall be my joy to render thee the duty and affection of a son. I had heard before somewhat of this passage in thy life; but I knew not how much of fiction was mingled with the truth, for to me it seemed too great a mystery, if such things were, that thou couldst go beneath thy roof, and treat with Christian courtesy a man who had so deeply injured thee."

"It was for Rosalie's sake that I did so,—there was a solace in watching over the orphan of her I had so fondly loved, which I could not deny myself, and of serving her, should occasion offer; and so I put restraint upon my feelings, and have frequented the house, and sat from time to time at the table of a man, whom I despise too much to hate."

"It is well for me that thou hast done so, and mayest thou meet the reward which a forgiving temper merits. And now, my friend, wilt thou replace this gold in thy cabinet, and suffer it to lie there till this affair is decided, for at present it belongs not to me."

"But wilt thou not take a moiety of it? To that thou surely art entitled."

"Not a solitary crown. I need it not, for my wants are few, and the harvest which I reap by my pencil, abundant. Nay, at this very moment, I am engaged to paint a piece for the Prince De Ligne, at a price named by himself, that will make me rich. So, my good friend, put thy mind at rest on my account, for if I am in any strait of mind or body thou art very sure of knowing it. And now I perceive I have trespassed on thy hour of business, and craving thy forgiveness, I will begone."

And so he departed, leaving his friend to plunge into the busy vortex of active life, while he sought his solitary studio, there to brood over the bright prospects of love and fame that were unfolding to his view, and to employ his pencil in embodying new forms of ideal beauty, over which he shed the radiant light of his creative genius.

In the meantime, the saloons of the Count De Clairville were thronged with the elite of Paris, who came to view the splendid Guido that had recently enriched his collection, while he, the happy possessor of the coveted gem, displayed with the pride of an amateur its various points of beauty and perfection, and discoursed, with an acumen that astonished the unlearned, on the various kinds of style that characterized the celebrated masters of the art. So a week or two passed on, and then a whisper obtained circulation, that the piece was not a Guido. It reached the ears of the Count and troubled him, and he spent hour after hour in studying the Magda-

len, and comparing it with an undoubted Guido that adorned his gallery. Then came another rumour, ascribing the painting to Pierre Mignard, and as the Count listened to it, other feelings than those of fear for the genuineness of his Guido, arose in his bosom.

He remembered the promise he had made to the artist, safely as he then thought,—but if Mignard had fulfilled the condition on which he was to receive the hand of Rosalie, how could he on his part, refrain from the performance of his voluntary promise? It was impossible for him to evade it consistently with truth and honour. The picture had been pronounced a Guido by competent judges—he, himself, had believed it the work of that great artist, and if Mignard could now prove it to be his, what became of the splendid alliance he was on the eve of completing for his daughter with the Baron Desmonville. Ay, but could he prove it so? The Count was willing to believe it impossible,—as for himself, he would not be convinced on slight testimony, and the mere word of an almost unknown individual, could not be expected to weigh aught against the merits of a painting, that would bear comparison with some of Guido's best.

Still the Count was uneasy, and knew not what course to pursue. He wondered within himself if Rosalie was accessory to the secret, if indeed any secret existed—and he more than half suspected that she was—for since the arrival of the picture, her whole air and manner had undergone a change. She had recovered her wonted buoyancy of spirit,—the voice of song was again upon her lips, and light and joy beamed from her eloquent eyes. Quietly too, and in the absence of other observers, she hovered round the Magdalen, or standing apart from the group of amateurs, who met to discuss its merits, she drank in each word of commendation, with an intense delight, that revealed itself in her changeful and expressive face.

The Count communicated his doubts and fears to his son-in-law elect, whom he also found in a state of nervous anxiety on the subject; for, though, as yet, the Baron had striven vainly, to excite an interest in the pre-occupied heart of Rosalie, he still persevered in his suit, encouraged by her father, and trusting that his devotion would at length win its merited reward. The new aspect which affairs had suddenly taken, however, caused him the liveliest alarm, and though not destitute of generous feelings, he was so desperately enamoured, that he yielded without hesitation to the Count's proposal for an immediate marriage, to be brought about by persuasion if possible, and if not, by the force of parental authority.

But this was a task of no easy accomplishment, for Rosalie, with a tact often possessed by her sex, evaded rather than resisted her father's importunities, and still managed to retain her freedom without declaring her determination never to relinquish

it, except in favour of the despised artist. The Baron at last piqued by her indifference, left Paris, resolved not to return till the authenticity of the Magdalen should be decided,—assured his hopes were forever at an end if Mignard succeeded in establishing his claim; and if not, why he would then renew his suit with fresh zeal, and he hoped, then, a better prospect of success. The Count, too, foiled in his purpose, and harrassed by doubt and anxiety, determined at once to terminate his suspense by visiting the studio of the young artist, under pretence of examining a St. Cecilia, which was said to be in the style of the Magdalen. During the interview, he intended to hazard some remarks respecting the rumours in circulation, and would be guided by circumstances whether or not to demand a direct denial, or avowal of the truth, from Mignard.

And so, one morning when Pierre, aware through his friend Roussard of all that was going on, but waiting his own time for the development he had to make, had just been rendered happy by a note from Rosalie, and was still poring over the delicate characters that revealed to him so many sweet and tender thoughts, he was suddenly startled by the abrupt and unannounced entrance of the Count De Clairville. Hastily thrusting the note into his bosom, he arose and with perfect self-possession, greeted his unaccustomed visitor, whom he had not before met since the day when he had left his presence hopeless and despairing, with those memorable words sinking like lead into the very depths of his heart. But had they not proved, instead of a blighting curse, a talisman of power, through whose influence his genius had aroused itself to the achievement of a task, for which he was about to win the proudest of earthly guerdons—woman's love, and that triumph which yields the purest and most enduring fame,—the triumph of intellect.

The Count returned the graceful salutation of the artist with an air of the most pitiable embarrassment,—hardened as he was by constant contact with the world, he could not, on the instant, divest himself of it, nor, impressed by the dignified yet gentle courtesy of Mignard, fail to feel his own inferiority; though with his arrogant boast of rank and intellect, he would have scorned to avow the mortifying conviction, even to himself. Pierre seemed not to note his confusion, though it was too palpable to pass unobserved, but framing some slight apology for the disorder that reigned in his studio, he busied himself for a moment, in carelessly setting aside several cumbrous pictures that occupied too much space in the apartment.

The Count thus gained time, to recover himself, and casting a round a glance of inquiry:

"I am attracted hither, M. Mignard," he said in his accustomed cold and passionless accent, "by the fame of a St. Cecilia, which I am told reflects

great honour upon your pencil. May I be permitted to see it?"

The artist bowed, and drawing it forth from behind several unfinished pictures, exposed it in a favourable light to the view of the Count. He gazed upon it long and earnestly. "This is fine," he said, "I have not heard its beauty too highly praised. Really, you are making rapid strides towards perfection; I have seen no painting of the day, that surpassed this. That head reminds me of some of Correggio's.—Do you prefer his style to that of any other artist?"

A covert smile lurked upon Mignard's lip as he replied,

"No, sir; Guido is my model, and the dearest wish of my heart is to attain as near as my humbler genius may to his perfection."

There was a depth and feeling in the earnest tones of the young artist, as he uttered these words, which independently of their significant import, brought momentary conviction to the mind of the Count. The Magdalen he had extolled as a Guido, was doubtless the work of Mignard, and he was himself ensnared by the words which he had uttered to crush the artist's hopes. And yet, if the piece were his, why did he not avow it, and claim the reward promised to his success. Not willing to be convinced of an unwelcome fact, the Count yielded to this sophistry, and again became sceptical on the subject of his fears. Desirous, however, to have them entirely removed, he still lingered before the St. Cecilia, alternately criticising and admiring, and at length proposing to become its purchaser. It was already disposed of to the Italian Count Idriani for five hundred crowns. De Clairville expressed his regret, and turning, paused before an unfinished painting still extended on the easel.

"And this," he said, "gives early promise of excellence. May I enquire what subject you have chosen to illustrate?"

"Certainly, Sir—it is a scene from Tasso; the Arming of Clorinda."

"And for whom designed?"

"For the Prince De Ligne,—to complete a series he obtained from Italy, illustrating scenes in the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' and intended to adorn a particular saloon in his palace."

"Really!" exclaimed the Count in an accent of surprise, "the Prince boasts a rare collection, and he pays you no slight compliment, M. Mignard, in placing your works beside those of the great masters that enrich his magnificent galleries."

"The Prince De Ligne is a munificent patron of the arts," said Pierre, with a haughty smile, "and doubtless wishes to encourage the efforts of so humble an artist as myself, and therefore I am bound to be grateful, and not vainly elated by his patronage."

"Nay, without doubt he thought highly of your

paintings—of what they now are, and what they will become—for here are already many things that speak well for your future excellence—this landscape, for instance, with its fine perspective, and depth and richness of coloring.”

“Pardon me, sir, that is a Domenichino, which I may never hope to equal,” said Pierre, amused by the mistake of so self-sufficient an amateur.

“Ah, true,” he said, mortified to have betrayed any want of discrimination connected with a subject which he professed to know by heart—and raising his glass, he gazed more closely at the painting. “The light here is imperfect or I could not have been deceived, and yet I have heard of imitators, who were almost as successful as their originals. In fact,” (the Count felt impelled to say this, though he had not intended it,) “I have a Magdalen in my possession, which I purchased of Paul Roussard, for a Guido, and now, as perhaps you are aware, there is a rumour bruited about that the painting is the product of your pencil.”

“Of mine !” exclaimed Mignard, the hot blood tingling to the very tips of his fingers, “and did M. Roussard tell you this ?”

“He affects to know nothing of the matter, further than that the box containing the picture was brought to him along with other packages invoiced to his care, by the sailors of a Florentine brig, and by them, at his order, conveyed to me, where it was opened in his presence, and for the first time displayed to his view. But there may be some ruse in all this, and since we have come to the point, I wish to hear from your lips the truth.”

“You do me too much honour, Count de Clairville, by the bare expression of a doubt upon the subject,” said the artist with well feigned humility. “I paint like Guido ! look again at that St. Cecilia, one of the most elaborate, and highly finished of my paintings, and say if it can bear the slightest comparison with the works of that unrivalled master—or look at this, and this,” and he drew forward several indifferent specimens of his earlier work, “and tell me if the hand which paints thus would presume to cope with, or even at humble distance imitate the perfection of a Guido ?”

“Candidly, I should think not,” returned the Count, readily inclined to believe, as we all are, that which he wished ; “and I admire your frankness. in promptly disclaiming the honour, which has been so confidently imputed to you, that even I have had my doubts on the subject. But you must see this picture, about which there has been so much dispute; it may afford some hints for your pencil, and it is a peculiar pleasure to me to lend what aids are in my power to the advancement of a promising genius.”

Mignard bowed, though it was with an air of cool contempt, which he could not disguise—but he saw that he was about to gain an important point, and he answered with constrained bienséance,

“I thank you, sir,—I find it ever a pleasure, and certainly an advantage to contemplate fine paintings, of which, if I recollect right, you have many in your collection.”

“True,—and I have often regretted the little circumstance which interrupted our acquaintance, and debarred your visits to my gallery—but that is past, and I trust with you quite forgotten, for, as you know, doubtless, my daughter is on the eve of marriage with the young Baron Desmonville, though,” he added with a bland smile, “had you substantiated your right to this Guido, I cannot say but the Baron’s claim might have been endangered by the promise I once laughingly made you.”

“Not laughingly, sir !” exclaimed the artist, his very lips pale with angry emotion ; “and were that painting mine, neither the Baron’s claim, though he were the monarch of this broad and goodly realm, nor that of any living man, should stand in the way of mine ! Pardon me, Count De Clairville,” he added, suddenly checking his impetuous words, as a consciousness of their imprudence forced itself upon him. “You have moved me too deeply by alluding to the past.”

“Let us speak of it no more, then,” said the Count, shrinking from the flashing eye of Mignard, while a pang of unwonted self-reproach shot through his callous heart. “Come to me tomorrow, as you were wont to do ; you will meet Lebrun and several of the first connoisseurs of Paris at dinner, who are once more to scrutinize the Magdalen, and determine its authenticity.”

The heart of the young artist leaped for joy at these words ; he had won his object, for he saw in near view the certain fulfilment of his hopes, and he was to consummate his triumph just where and when he had most wished it should be done, in the house of the Count De Clairville, and in the presence of witnesses, who would appreciate and honour his genius as it merited. But veiling his deep emotion from the eyes of the Count, he yielded a calm assent to his invitation, bade him a courteous farewell, and when the door closed upon him, he threw a glance of self-congratulation round his silent studio, and mechanically taking up his pencil began to work at his Clorinda.

But ere long he cast it from him with a laugh : he had given to the martial maiden the soft and smiling eyes of his Rosalie, and though they looked at him with love, he had the courage to blot them from the canvas ; then, thrusting aside his palette, he walked forth to dine with his friend Roussard. He had done for that day with his art.

The morrow, anxiously expected and longed for, came at length, and at the hour appointed, Mignard found himself once again occupying a seat at the table of the Count De Clairville. Rosalie, beautiful and happy, sat beside her father, and he could gaze unchecked upon her loveliness, and read in her soft

eyes the delicious certainty of her unchanged affection. He had once more clasped her warm and yielding hand, and in whispered tones they had exchanged the tender greetings of love. Highborn ladies also graced the board, and a select number of artists and amateurs, whom the Count, piquing himself on his love for the fine arts, was fond of assembling at his house—though on this occasion they were convened expressly to discuss the merits of the Magdalen, which formed almost the sole topic of conversation.

In order that it might engross the entire attention of his guests, the Count had caused it to be brought from the gallery, and placed in a niche opposite that side of the table where were ranged those deemed most competent to decide upon its merits. He was excessively solicitous to hear the general voice pronounce it an undoubted Guido; for, like many weak persons, he felt a pride in being an object of envy to those who, with probably more taste, had less wealth to expend in the purchase of pictures and statuary. Mignard had silenced every fear respecting his claim to the piece, but the Count was greatly annoyed when he heard him reply to Lebrun, who asked his opinion of it,

"I do not believe it to be a Guido; strongly marked as are the paintings of that great master, it is still possible to be deceived by a good imitation. But even if it can be proved his beyond all doubt, I do not hesitate to declare that, in my opinion, it is far from being executed in his best manner."

"Pardon me, sir, if I differ from you," replied the amateur; "I have studied not only this picture, but the general style and manner of Guido, till they are as familiar to me as the lines of my child's face, and I unhesitatingly pronounce this Magdalen to be his, and executed, too, in his very best and most faultless manner."

"The proud exultation with which the youthful artist listened to these words, uttered by one whose opinion in matters of taste had become a law, could scarcely be suppressed. He dared not trust himself to speak, but he bowed in silence, while the bevy of amateurs around the table echoed the decision of one from whom to have dissented would have been to cast a stigma on their own powers of discrimination.

"What say you now M. Mignard?" asked the Count, in a tone of triumph; "surely you will no longer venture to stand alone against the host opposed to you?"

"My opinion remains unchanged, sir," said the artist, firmly, but modestly; "nay so persuaded am I of its justice, that I will willingly wager three hundred louis with any person present, that the piece is not a Guido."

"Absurd!" ejaculated Lebrun, angrily; "Mignard, you are yet too young, both in years and in

your art, to hold out in this manner against older and more experienced men—but as your obstinacy merits punishment, I will accept your foolish wager; the sum, which I am sure of winning, will be a matter of convenience to me just now, and its loss a lesson that may profit you."

Every word which had been uttered relative to the picture, heightened the glory of Mignard; nothing could be added to enhance it, and moreover he felt that the affair was producing too much excitement, and that, were he longer to conceal the truth, it would seem that he did so, to feed upon the praise which every tongue lavished on his work, and therefore, with a blush of mingled pride and modesty, he replied to Lebrun,

"No, sir, I cannot permit you to accept a wager which I am certain of winning, nor was I in earnest when I proffered it. Count De Clairville, that Magdalen cost you two thousand crowns, but the gold remains untouched, and shall be restored to you,—believe me or not; and you, gentlemen, who have criticised the painting,—for, before these witnesses, I declare it to be my own work, an imitation only, as you will perceive on closer inspection, of that great artist, to whom you have been pleased to assign it."

Rosalie actually gasped for breath, as her lover made this announcement, so intense was her emotion, and the eyes of the friendly Roussard glistened with tears of delight, while the words "Impossible!" "absurd!" "presumption!" were uttered from various parts of the table.

"Give us the proof of what you thus boldly assert," shouted the Count, reddening with anger and disappointment; "yesterday you disclaimed the honour attributed to you: on what ground, then, are we to believe your word to-day?"

"Recollect, sir," said Mignard, calmly, "I did not disclaim it—I only evaded your charge."

"And from what motive did you do so?"

"Because, sir, I wished to substantiate the fact in the presence of witnesses, and because the moment had not arrived when to acknowledge it, would confer on me the greatest honour and advantage. You are aware of the guerdon it is to win for me, and therefore cannot marvel if I wish for the voices of those who have your confidence, to corroborate my truth, and banish all doubt from your mind."

The Count too well understood an allusion which was enigmatical to most of his guests; but he affected not to notice it, though a dark frown lowered upon his brow, as in a petulant tone he exclaimed,

"We will bandy no more words on the subject, M. Mignard, neither do we dispute your claim—though we require you to substantiate it by incontrovertible proof before we feel bound to yield our acknowledgments."

"That is easily done, sir," said the artist, un-

moved by the fixed gaze of every eye present; "the canvas on which I painted that Magdalen—the heeded not the sneering smiles of the critics)—is a Roman one, and bore, when I purchased it, the portrait of a Cardinal. Wait but a few moments and I will show you his cap."

"And ruin my picture!" exclaimed the Count, indignantly.

"He who painted it shall repair the injury, or consent to forfeit the esteem of all this goodly company," said Mignard.

The doubts of Lebrun and his followers began to yield, and with one voice they clamoured to behold the Cardinal's cap. The Count was reluctant to be convinced; but, ashamed to refuse the offered proof, he maintained a profound silence, which was received as an assent to the general wish. Mignard accordingly drew from his pocket a small case containing the requisite materials for his experiment, and dipping a pencil in oil, touched the dark, rich hair of the Magdalen, and effacing a portion of it, discovered the red cap of the Cardinal beneath.

A murmur of admiration arose from the company, who had gathered round the picture, on witnessing this unanswerable proof of the artist's skill and veracity. Lebrun alone remained silent; he seemed more chagrined by the reproach cast on his own infallibility as an amateur, than gratified by the triumph of Mignard.

"If this painting is yours," he said, "and we can no longer doubt it, give us always a Guido, but never a Mignard," and turning abruptly away, he walked into an adjoining saloon. The artist smiled, and as he followed with his eye the retreating figure of the mortified critic, his smile was caught and answered by a brighter one from the lip of his sweet Rosalie, who stood beside her father a little apart from the group that clustered round the Magdalen. He could not resist its magnetic influence, and notwithstanding the repellant power of the Count's gloomy and displeased brow, in another instant he had approached and clasped the fair hand which she timidly extended to welcome him. The Count regarded them for a moment with a frown as dark as Erebus, then moved away, but instantly returning,

"You have won her," he said; "I cannot gain-say it if I would. Take her: she is yours; and may she never look back with regret to the more brilliant lot she has renounced."

He turned from them before the happy artist could pour forth the thanks and blessings that trembled on his lips,—but they were breathed into the ear of Rosalie, as she stood beside him on a shaded terrace, to which he led her, how or when, in the blissful confusion of the moment, she scarcely knew. But there she found herself—her hand clasped in his—the blue sky above them; nature, with her thrill-

ing melodies around them, and no stern eye, nor idle whisper to check the sweet flow of those emotions which they had so long been forbidden to indulge,—and there, when the sun sunk to his rest, and the vesper planet hung her golden lamp amid the crimson clouds of twilight, they still lingered till the deepening shadows of evening warned them to re-enter the house.

A few weeks subsequent to this denouement, a brilliant party sat at supper with the Count De Clairville. He presided with more than his accustomed self-complacency,—for it was the bridal eve of Mignard and Rosalie; and the crowds of noble amateurs who had thronged to admire and commend the reputed Guido, had not only inspired him with respect for the genius of his destined son-in-law, but actually rendered him more proud of his alliance, than if he had possessed the wealth and rank of Desmonville, without those talents, which were an earnest of no common fame.

The saloon was brilliantly illuminated. The great, the gay, and the gifted, honoured the nuptial feast, and Mignard, the happiest of bridegrooms, sat beside his beautiful and blushing bride, envied by many, and admired by all. In his secret heart he blessed the words that had incited him to excellence, and crowned his perseverance with the gifts which most on earth he coveted; and often during that happy evening, his heart arose in silent thankfulness to Heaven, while his gaze turned from the lovely face of his Rosalie to rest with grateful pleasure on the Magdalen, which still occupied the niche where it had hung on the eventful day that witnessed his triumph as a lover and an artist.

November 8.

### KEATS.

The world he dwelt in was a solitude;

And he a fitting shade,—a spectre pale,—

A voice, like that embodied in the gale,

When in its softest whisper it hath wooed

A Naiad in her cave. Earth's common brood,

Trampling the flowers, which Heaven's own sweets exhale

Looked on him as a glow-worm, or a snail,

Crushed under foot, if in their way it stood;

And so they crushed him.

'Twas a grateful boon,

To send him early from this world of sorrows;

For his young heart, dried up and withered soon,

Having no joy, save what from love it borrows—

Love, like his own Endymion's for the moon—

And hope, the rainbow spanning our to-morrows.

### MOTIVES.

THE two great movers of the human mind are, the desire of good, and the fear of evil.—*Johnson.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE BEREAVED PARENTS.

ADDRESSED TO ———.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

*St. Mark, v. 9.*

Yes! we were blessed, as few are blessed below,  
In the rich gift of one most darling child;  
And how we loved her, none save God can know,  
So pious was she, dutiful and mild.

From infancy that precious one would raise  
Her little hands, in fervent, heartfelt prayer,  
And sing, in accents sweet, Immanuel's praise,  
While angels listened to the hallowed air.

And she was lovely! on that gentle face  
How oft we gazed in fond and tender care,  
And marked, as years rolled by, in every grace,  
That more of Heaven seemed brightly imaged  
there.

God spared her to us for a few brief years;  
Alas! they fled—she passed away from earth,  
Too pure to linger in this vale of tears,  
Her spirit soared to Him who gave it birth.

And there, with saints redeemed, in robes of white,  
Our darling child now dwells forever blest,  
Where darkness can no more obscure her sight,  
Or pain or grief disturb her heavenly rest.

Oh, comfort to a parent's sorrowing mind,  
The thought it comes with healing on its wing,  
To check our tears, to bid us be resigned,  
To rob the grave of all its bitter sting.

She is not gone! we see her in each star;  
Her voice is heard in every passing wind;  
We turn with pious faith our eyes afar,  
And in that brighter world our Anna find.

E. M. M.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE LAMENT OF MRS. ——— FOR A  
FAVOURITE DOG.

Farewell, my faithful friend of happier years!  
No more with me shall thy fond footsteps stray  
Ah, who will chide me for these bitter tears,  
The softest tribute memory can pay?

Linked as thou wert with joys forever flown,  
Companion of those hours so full of glee;  
Beloved by one, alas! forever gone,  
My poor old dog, how dear you were to me!

The chain is rent, and thoughts come crowding on,  
Like darkening shadows o'er the solemn night:  
Thoughts of the past, so mingled with that one,  
In scenes of bliss, ere hope was put to flight.

When thou would'st join in childhood's happy play,  
And sport in mirthful mood upon the plain,  
And voices sweet were heard, so blithe and gay,  
Voices we may never hear again.

They all are hushed, and thou, the last fond tie,  
Art numbered with the things that once have  
been;

Of mortal mould, thou wert but born to die,  
And close thine eyes upon this earthly scene.

And here we leave thee, truest of thy kind,  
The sharer of our joys and heavy woe;  
Who, when we wept, with more than instinct pined,  
And seemed the cause of all that grief to know.

Ah! yes, we leave thee, never more to rise,  
While faith recalls our wandering thoughts above,  
And bids us view our child beyond the skies,  
Now happy with the Saviour of her love.

E. M. M.

## A LIBERAL OFFER.

A CLERGYMAN was presented to a living in the vicinity of Glasgow who had a protuberance between his shoulders, arising from diseased spine and a corresponding protrusion of the chest. The parishoners were opposed to a person of such an ungainly appearance occupying their pulpit. The presentee heard of the dissatisfaction, and being a personage of some humour and tact, convened a meeting of the malcontents, in order to ascertain their objections. 'I have heard,' said he, 'that my settlement amongst you is not likely to be agreeable; now, as I am not aware of any objection to my opinions or practice—my slender abilities for such a charge I admit—I should just like, as we are all friends and brethren, and have only one object to serve, that you would state your objections.' One glanced to another, which was as significantly returned almost round the vetoists, and silence prevailed for some time. 'Speak out,' said the presentee, 'don't be afraid; I am not ready to take offence,' when one stammered out 'Sir, you see—we—you see—Sir—sin' I maun speak for my brethren here—dinna like your bodily appearance.' 'Neither do I;' was the reply, 'and if ye can get it repaired, I'll be at half the expense mysel.'

## PHRENOLOGY.

As a phrenologist and his friend were indulging in a cheering cup, the latter said to the former, 'Did it never occur to you, to rap on the head those who come to submit their skulls to your examination, by way of trying if they were empty?' "No," said the other, rather oblivious from the fumes of the flask, "No; it was not necessary, as if they had anything in their heads they would never have come to me!"



(ORIGINAL.)

## THE SAILOR'S RETURN; OR, REMINISCENCES OF OUR PARISH.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

No. I.

As one of the chroniclers of my parish, it behooves me to act like a faithful and impartial biographer, not merely regarding with interest the memoirs of the rich and great, but condescending to men and women of low estate. Uninfluenced by worldly motives, to put a restraint upon their feelings, the lower classes follow more implicitly the dictates of nature; and their thoughts, words, and actions, in consequence, flow more immediately from the heart. Their affections are stronger, because money, in nine cases out of ten, cannot direct them in their choice of a partner for life. They meet upon equal terms, both having to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow; and their courtships generally commence in the field, where necessity, the stern nurse of the hardy, may accidentally have thrown them together. Their friendships are few, and generally confined to those of their own kindred; but, they are sincere and lasting; and I have witnessed with emotion the generous sacrifices which they will make to assist each other, in seasons of distress and difficulty. The peasant's world is contained in the rude hut which shelters his aged parents, and his wife and little ones. And in this little circle he centres and concentrates all the affections and kindly feelings of the heart.

Woodville is a large parish, and it contains many poor families of this description, whose simple histories have often awakened in my bosom the deepest interest and commiseration. It is not exactly of one of these that I am about to speak; for old Caleb Morris had seen better days, and had been reduced by a train of agricultural calamities, to receive wages for working on those lands which he once called his own. I was but a child at the period to which I allude; and my reminiscences of old Caleb are all confined to the pleasant little cottage in which he lived, by the side of the common, with its neat willow enclosures, and the beautiful wallflowers and pinks, and cloves, which grew in his pretty garden; not forgetting the tall sunflowers, that lifted their broad yellow faces over the hedge, as though they were ambitious to attract the observation of the foot passenger, and tempt him by their gorgeous apparel, to stop and ask for a nosegay. And then there was Caleb's pretty daughter Amy, who was the pet and darling of the whole village; the best scholar, and the best scampstress in the Sunday school; and her coun-

sin, Arnold Wallace, a fine rosy checked, curly headed, black eyed boy, the orphan son of old Caleb's sister, whom the good man had taken to his fire side, and brought up as his own. Arnold, used to follow Amy like her shadow—he carried her book bag to school for her, and gallantly lifted his little cousin over all the stiles and puddles in their way to the church. I used to call Amy, Arnold's little wife; but the high spirited lad early bade adieu to his fair haired playmate, and went to sea. As the cares of womanhood came on, and mellowed the sunny expression of Amy's brow, her heart received other impressions, and the boy she had ever regarded as a brother, was only remembered with that interest, which generally clings through life, to those with whom we have passed our early years, and who shared with us the hopes and the fears, and the sports of childhood.

I will tell you Amy's simple story as I heard her accidentally relate it to her cousin Arnold. One fine spring evening, I happened to be employed in taking a view of our village church, and its picturesque burial ground. The sketch was for a friend in India, who had been born at Woodville; and he wished to refresh his eyes in that far land, with a simple outline of the quiet secluded spot, where the fathers of his native village slept. My seat was a green bank covered with primroses. A high hawthorn hedge sheltered me behind from the fresh but chilling breezes which generally prevail near the sea at this season of the year; and a little rill, not half a foot wide, ran singing at my feet, discoursing sweet music to the flowers and grass, that crowded about its fairy margin. Enamoured with my employment, I scarcely noticed the entrance of a stranger, till the shadow of Amy Morris fell between me and the light, and I looked impatiently up from the paper. She did not see me, and moved slowly forward to the chancel end of the church, and kneeling down at the head of a high turfed, but stoneless grave, she began planting a young ash tree, which she seemed anxious should serve for a monument for the dead. Poor Amy! sorrow had pursued her hard for the last four years, and stolen the rose from her cheek, and the smile from her lip; and what was far worse, had robbed her of the gay, light heart, she once possessed. Caleb Morris had been dead about eighteen months, and the solitary mourner had been forced to quit their neat

pretty cottage, and to gain her living by following the occupations of a clear starcher and mantua-maker. As I saw her approach the grave, I felt inclined to rise up and comfort her. But a feeling of respect for that grief which I might increase, but which I could not mitigate by common-place condolence, fixed me in my seat. Concealed from her observation, by a tall, square monument in front, I continued mechanically to delineate the outlines of the church; and was so much absorbed in my task that the entrance of Amy was forgotten, till a brisk step sounded along the gravelled path of the church-yard, and the poor weeper was joined by a fine young man, in a seaman's dress. Their meeting was of the most tender description. The young man seated himself beside Amy upon the grass; and pointing to the grave, for some time continued to talk to her, in a voice so low and faltering that only half sentences reached my ear. At length the sailor took her hand, and said something to his fair companion, that brought the long banished rose tint into her pale cheek. She rose up hastily from the grave. "Do not talk to me of love, Cousin Arnold," she said. "My heart is broken. I shall never love again."

Her companion still held her hand, and regarded her with a tenderly reproachful glance. "My uncle has been dead, Amy, eighteen long months. Enough surely has been given to grief?"

"My sorrow is not measured by time," said Amy. "Its empire is in the heart; and I feel that the voice of hope will never gladden mine again. My poor father," she continued looking wistfully upon the grave, "blind—infirm—and old. I no longer weep for him, Arnold; it was not of him I spake."

Tears filled her eyes, and deep sobs convulsed her breast. Arnold Wallace led her gently to the broad, low steps of the church-yard stile. They sat down in silence, which was alone broken by the evening song of the blackbird, and the vainly suppressed sighs of Amy Morris. The young man, who tenderly supported her drooping figure in his arms, was tall and well made, and strikingly handsome. His age did not exceed eight and twenty, but long exposure to the suns of an eastern clime had bronzed, and given a foreign cast to his frank, generous, and truly prepossessing countenance. The spot occupied by the lovers looked down into a deep narrow lane, and was over-arched by the bending branches of a stately ash tree. The attitudes of the youthful pair, and the beautiful landscape which surrounded them, formed a delightful subject for the pencil, and leaving my architectural structures to build itself, I soon transferred the weeping Amy and her manly companion to my paper.

To render Amy's simple narrative more intelligible, I must give my reader a brief sketch of her.

Arnold Wallace had loved his cousin Amy from

a boy; but he wanted courage to tell her so, and he went to sea with the important secret locked up in his own bosom; for Amy, accustomed to regard her rosy, dark-eyed playfellow, as her brother, never suspected one word of the matter. But Arnold never forgot his cousin Amy; and after a painful absence of ten years, he returned to his native village, with a heavy purse and a faithful heart, to claim for his bride the object of his early affections; and to comfort and support his uncle through the dark winter of age. Not a little proud of his personal appearance, and improved fortunes; our young sailor bent his steps to the white cottage on the common, where Caleb Morris formerly resided. As he unclosed the gate, which separated the garden from the road, he was struck with the alteration in its once trim appearance. The little plot of ground was no longer conspicuous for its rich gilliflowers, pink and hyacinths, but overgrown with weeds. The roses, which his own hand had trained over the rural porch, were unbound, and floated mournfully on every breeze!" Amy is not the neat girl she used to be," he said; "but she may have too many things to attend to now, to be able to take care of the garden. I wonder whether she will know me?" he continued, putting back the glossy black curls, which shaded his ample brow, "or the dear old soul who used to dandle me on his knees and call me his own boy?" A sudden chill came over him, and checked his pleasing reveries. "Time may have made sad changes—uncle may be dead; and Amy!" he stifled the sigh which rose to his lips, "and Amy may be married." He rapped at the cottage door with an unsteady hand. It was opened by a stranger. The state of the garden was already explained, and in a hurried manner he enquired for Caleb Morris? The woman answered that he was dead. "It was a great mercy," she said, "that it pleased the lord to take him. He had been a great sufferer, and lost his sight full six years before he died!"

Arnold, who had so warmly anticipated a meeting with his old uncle, thought it no mercy.

"Is his daughter still living?"

"Yes, poor girl, but she looks mortally ill; so thin and so pale, she is but the shadow of what she was. It's enough to make a body melancholy to look at her. But, well a day sir, she has suffered enough to break a young and tender heart!"

"Is she married," asked Arnold, with an air of affected indifference, which only rendered his emotion more apparent.

"Married! good lack! and never will be. It is an old prophecy in our village that Amy will die a maid."

Arnold smiled to himself, and enquiring of the loquacious dame the way to Amy's new place of abode, he pursued his walk towards the village. Wishing to visit the graves of his parents, to see

that the sexton had properly kept them up, he took the path that led through the church lane.

"So my poor uncle Caleb is gone at last," he said, wiping his eyes with the corner of his black-silk cravat, as if ashamed of the unusual mist that dimmed his sight. But none of his gay mess-mates were near to laugh at his weakness, and the tribute to nature was freely paid.

"Amy has had a hard trial, it seems, but the task is ended, perhaps," and he glanced with secret satisfaction on the smart uniform, which set off to great advantage his manly figure. "The return of her old play-mate may dry her tears." He was now opposite the church, a low picturesque edifice, embosomed in fine old elm trees; its elevated burial ground divided from the lane by a high and neatly trimmed hawthorn hedge. It was a spirit-stirring evening and the blackbird was trilling his merry lay from a bower of May-blossoms, and green banks, on either side of the narrow road, were gemmed with flowers. Arnold felt his heart expand with many long forgotten emotions, as he ascended the rugged flight of wooden steps, which led to the church yard. He thought how many strange changes had taken place since he was last there. How many lands he had visited, and how many dangers he had dared, since he and his pretty cousin used to seek that spot, hand in hand, to look for the first violets. "Nature," he thought, "does not change like man. The church-yard wears the same aspect which it wore ten years ago. The primroses appear the same, and the blackbird speaks the welcome of an old friend. And shall I cast anchor here at last?" he continued, unconsciously aloud; "would it not be sweeter to sleep under this emerald sward, than to be tossed constantly to and fro by the turbulent waters of the ocean?"

His voice startled Amy. She looked up from her task, and the level beams of the setting sun glanced full upon her pale fair face. Prepared for this change in her personal charms, Arnold instantly recognised in the stranger, Amy Morris. The discovery was mutual. Amy flung her arms about his neck, and wept upon his bosom, returning, with sisterly affection, the fond kisses he imprinted on her cheek. Seating himself beside her on the turf, he listened with untired interest, while she recounted the events which had taken place during his absence.

When she had closed the sad tale of domestic misfortunes, Arnold urged his suit with all the earnestness of a genuine and long cherished passion. His declaration carried a pang to Amy's heart, and her answer, though it did not entirely annihilate hopes which had been so fondly nursed, threw a deep shade of gloom over the joyful feelings of return. The first wish of his heart, to find Amy unmarried, had been realised; but, during their conversation, she had alluded to a prior engage-

ment, and Arnold was lost in a thousand painful doubts and conjectures.

"Cousin Amy," he said, "I have loved you from a boy. I have worked hard, and ploughed the salt seas, in the hope of making you rich, and my poor uncle comfortable in his old age. I have so long considered you as my future wife, that it would break my heart to see you married to another."

"You will be spared that trial, Arnold; your rival is in heaven."

Something like a smile passed over Arnold's face. He was not sorry to find that his rival was dead, and that Amy was free from any living tie. Hope revived again in his breast, and brightened the expression of his dark and spirited eyes. "If you cannot love me, Amy, as you loved him, grant me your esteem and sympathy, and in the possession of these I will be happy. But is your heart so wholly buried in your lover's grave that it cannot receive a second attachment?"

"Arnold, I suffered too much for his sake, to transfer my affections lightly to another. The heart is incapable of feeling a second passion. The woman who has truly loved can never—no never—love again."

There was a very long pause; at length it was broken by Amy.

"Mine is a sad tale, cousin Arnold," she said, "but I need not blush to tell it, and I will tell it, for it will be a satisfaction to us both."

She passed her hand thoughtfully across her brow, looked sadly up in her cousin's face, and then commenced her simple narrative in a livelier tone.

"Four years after you went to sea, Arnold, my father was attacked with the typhus fever. I nursed him with the greatest care, and it pleased God to listen to my prayer, and prolong his life. The fever abated, and his senses returned; but he never more beheld the face of his child. I shall never forget that melancholy day, or the painful emotions which it occasioned. I had watched beside him during the night—the long night, whose solitary hours were alone marked by my own gloomy forebodings, and the delirious ravings of the poor sufferer. At length the day dawned. The sun rose brightly, and the birds were singing sweetly, in the little copse at the edge of the common. Nature rejoiced beneath the effulgence of her Maker's smile, and her wild tribes united their feeble voices in a universal burst of thanksgiving and praise. My father had fallen into a heavy stupor. I could scarcely call it sleep, but it was cessation from suffering; and when he recovered the fever was greatly abated, his mind was more tranquil, and for the first time for many days, he recognised my voice.

"'Amy,' he said, 'do the birds sing at midnight? Draw back the curtains—it is very dark.'

"I instantly complied with his request, and the

red beams of the newly risen sun flashed full upon his pale and emaciated face.

"It is enough my child, I feel the warmth of his beams, but I shall never behold them in this world again."

"He folded his hands together and bowed himself upon the bed, while his pale lips moved for some time, apparently in earnest prayer. He could not behold my tears, and I hid my grief from him, for I perceived that it would increase the weight of his calamity. He slowly recovered, and his helplessness rendered him an object of tenfold interest, and strengthened the tender tie which bound him to my heart. He could no longer labour for his own support; and, roused by the imperious call of duty, I worked hard to procure for him the necessaries of life. My exertions far exceeded my strength, and I should have sunk under the complicated fatigues of mind and body, when it pleased the Almighty being, who had called me to endure these trials, to raise me up a friend, at the period when I most doubted the all-sufficiency of his protecting arm.

"Mr. Jones, our old neighbour, left his farm on the common, and a Mr. Ashford hired it of Squire Hurdlestone. He was a native of one of the midland counties. His family consisted of one son, and a daughter about my own age. I offered my services to the new comers, and assisted them to arrange and unpack their furniture. I could not wholly forget, whilst talking to Miss Ashford, that I had been a farmer's daughter myself, and though reduced by misfortunes, which could neither be foreseen nor avoided, to my present condition, I still enjoyed the benefits arising from a respectable education. My manners ill accorded with the meanness of my apparel. Mr. Ashford remarked this, and made himself acquainted with our history, and from that time I became a frequent visitor at his house; and my poor father wanted no comfort which his bounty could supply. The generous interest which this benevolent man took in our welfare was acknowledged by us with gratitude, which was more deeply felt than expressed in words.

"Emma and James Ashford were my constant companions, and a day seldom passed without some friendly intercourse between us. My father was as often led to his favourite seat, beneath the old maple tree in the garden, by the young Ashfords as he was by me; and James seemed to feel a peculiar pleasure in reading to his aged and sightless friend, when he returned at evening or noon from the labours of the field. The attention which was paid to me by this clever and amiable young man, did not escape my father's notice; and he mentioned the circumstance to me, with all the fond and excusable pride of a parent, contemplating the future happiness of a beloved and only child. The discovery gave me great pain; for though on analyzing my feelings, I found them equally inclined

to favour his suit, a sense of gratitude to the father, forbade me to encourage the addresses of the son. I avoided his society, went less frequently to Mr. Ashford's, and always contrived to be absent when James called at the cottage, which was daily, to enquire after my father's health. It was then, and not till then, that I became acquainted with the real state of my heart, and the impression which young Ashford's attentions had made upon it. These acts of self denial robbed my cheek of its bloom, and my bosom of peace. I was no longer the gay, happy Amy Morris, but a melancholy, hopeless creature, cherishing a passion, which I considered myself bound in duty to conceal. Emma remarked the great change which had taken place in my manners and appearance, and Mr. Ashford called at the cottage one morning to learn of my father the cause of my estrangement. They were shut up for some time together, and during their conference I felt a restless desire to know the meaning of Mr. Ashford's long visit. At length the door opened, and he came out to me. I was in the garden pretending to fasten up a branch of one of the rose-trees, which the wind had loosened from the wall; but, in reality, it was only an excuse to conceal my anxiety. Mr. Ashford called me to him, his benevolent face was irradiated by a smile of inward satisfaction. An unusual degree of timidity kept me aloof. He took my hand, and kissing my cheek, said:

"How now, little trembler, have you learned to fear me?"

My eyes were full of tears, I could make no reply; and I suffered him to lead me passively into the house. My dear father was sitting in his high-backed arm chair, his head bent upon the clasped hands that rested on the top of his stick; and standing beside him, with a face sparkling with joyful animation, I beheld James Ashford; his manly upright figure, and healthy complexion, forming a striking contrast to the white locks, and feeble drooping attitude of age. My father raised his sightless eyes as I approached; but when I encountered the glance of my delighted lover, I coloured deeply, and drew involuntarily back. He sprang forward to meet me, and whispered in my ear:—  
"Amy, you can make me so happy."

"My hand trembled in his; a thick mist floated before my eyes, as Mr. Ashford, stepping forward, joined our hands and bade us be happy in each other's love. Seeing me about to speak, he playfully interrupted me. 'We will take no refusal, Amy; your worthy father and I have settled the business, and disposed of you as we think for the best. The only alternative now left to you, is to be a good and dutiful child, and anticipate our wishes.'

"Dear, generous Mr. Ashford,' I faltered out at last; 'you have indeed, anticipated mine.'

"James looked his thanks, as he led me to my father: The dear old man blessed us with tears in his eyes; and in spite of his poverty and many infirmities, he declared that moment to be the happiest in his life. From that blissful hour, I considered James Ashford as my future husband; and we loved each other, Arnold, with a tenderness and confidence which can only be felt once. The heart cannot receive such a faithful and lasting impression a second time. We took sweet counsel together, and enjoyed that communion of spirit which can only exist between kindred minds." Arnold sighed deeply as Amy continued.

"Every preparation was made for our approaching marriage. Mr. Ashford agreed to resign his farm to his son, that we might begin the world under fair auspices. The current of our happiness had hitherto run so smoothly that it appeared almost impossible that we should experience an alloy. But the storm was even then at hand, which burst suddenly upon us, and overthrew all our highly raised expectations. A large county bank, in which Mr. Ashford's property was principally vested, unexpectedly failed; and reduced this worthy man from a state in which though humble, he enjoyed all the comforts of life, to one of comparative poverty. The bills which he had contracted with various tradesmen, in the village, when he took and stocked the farm, were still unpaid, and nearly half a year's rent was due to his landlord. This the squire generously forgave, and with his usual benevolence, enclosed with his letter, a draft on his banker for twenty pounds to supply Mr. Ashford's immediate wants. After the crops in the ground, and the stock upon the farm, were sold, and the creditors faithfully discharged, Mr. Ashford and his family were cast penniless upon the world.

"Alas, this was no time for marrying or being given in marriage; and whenever James and I met, it was only to talk over our blighted hopes, and form fresh plans for the future. Whilst Mr. Ashford's affairs were at this desperate crisis, a brother, who had settled some years before in Upper Canada, wrote to him, inviting him to come out with his family, and he would put them into a good grant of land, and render them all the assistance he could. This offer was too advantageous to be refused, and the Ashfords, grateful to Providence for this interposition in their favour, prepared to bid adieu to their native land. I contemplated the departure of my friends, with feelings of regret which almost amounted to despair. James, on the contrary, was full of hope; and urged me continually to fulfil my engagement, and accompany them across the Atlantic. My heart for one selfish moment yielded to his solicitations; but when I turned to my father, my dear, infirm, blind, old father, I instantly abandoned the unworthy thought. Could I leave him in his old age to the care of strangers, or suffer

him to terminate his virtuous life in a work-house? But he, only alive to my happiness, in the most pathetic manner urged me to accept young Ashford's offer, assuring me that even in the work-house, he should die contented in the thought that his child was the happy wife of the man she loved, and beyond the reach of poverty's heart-withering gripe. James, at length, yielded to my reasoning, and pressing me to his generous heart, told me to keep up my spirits and to be good and cheerful; and as soon as they were comfortably settled in Canada, he would return and take me out as his wife.

"The day of their final departure came too soon, for those who apprehended that the friends whom they then saw, they should behold no more. The Ashfords were to take the coach for London, at the end of this lane. I accompanied them hither. My father tottered to the garden gate, and held up his hands as long as we could distinguish his venerable figure in token of farewell. Mr. Ashford was calm; he even chided me gently for my want of confidence in the wise dispensations of an over-ruling Providence. James was silent, but his silence was more eloquent than words. Emma had left us some days before, and was waiting in town, at the house of a friend, the arrival of her father and brother, so that my heart was spared at that moment, an additional pang.

"Yes, Arnold," continued Amy, with increasing agitation, "it was on this very spot—beneath the shadow of this very tree that we parted. When we arrived in front of the church, the coach was not yet in sight. It was a fine evening in June. The sun had sunk beneath a canopy of crimson and golden clouds; and the low, gothic windows of the church, were illuminated with the reflection of the splendid light. The gorgeous sunset seemed to mock the darkness of my mind. Mr. Ashford sat down on the step of the stile beneath this beautiful ash tree. He was cheerful, and tried to render our separation less painful, by the liveliness of his conversation. But his tenderness failed to produce the desired effect. My heart was bursting, and the tears flowed incessantly from my eyes. Mr. Ashford took off his hat and looked from my pale and agitated face, up to the glaring heavens, as if to implore the father of lights to comfort and restore peace to his afflicted child. The breeze lifted his grey hair from his temples, and the most beautiful and resigned expression pervaded his countenance. He did not speak, but his thoughts were easily read; his face, like a mirror, reflected the objects which were passing through his mind. At length he drew me towards him, and said: "My child, we must part—perhaps for ever. This is the last time we may be permitted to admire this glorious scene together."

I sunk weeping into his arms, he folded me to his heart, and our tears were mingled in deep and si-

lent sorrow. The rapid approach of the mail tore us apart. "Amy," he said, "If we meet no more here we shall meet again in that country where the voice of sorrow is unknown, and where there will be no more sighing and tears. May God bless and protect my child."

"I was encircled in the arms of my betrothed husband; I felt his tears upon my cheek, and his lips trembled upon mine, as he murmured in accents scarcely audible. 'Amy—my own Amy. Farewell!' We parted. But, it was not till the last sound of the wheels died away, that I found myself completely alone. I looked at the stile—but the seat was vacant. I looked up to the heavens—but the glorious light had faded away. I have never seen my dear friends since. I shall never see them again. But I love to frequent this spot, for I never look at the stile or the weeping ash, but I fancy I still see them there. Mr. Ashford's last words ring in my ear. I turn away, with a quick step, and a beating heart. It is too true that my adopted father and sister, and my betrothed husband, have filled the same watery grave."

Here poor Amy concealed her face with her hands and sighed as though her heart would break. It was, however, but a momentary pang, inflicted by a too tenacious memory, and she continued: "The ship was lost in her passage out, and all hands on board perished. The fatal news reached our village too soon; and for some months after, the world was to me a blank, and the flight of time unheeded. They tell me, Arnold, that I was mad—but I cannot remember anything, but the grief I felt for the loss of my friends, during that calamitous period. When I awoke from this horrible stupor, and the memory of the past returned, the increasing debility of my poor father demanded my constant care, and urged upon me the necessity of moderating my grief. My father did not long survive the wreck of his daughter's peace. He died in my arms. We buried him here, and I was left alone in the world, without a comforter. Ah, dear friends, why do I continue to mourn for you as one without hope? Why do my tears flow unceasingly? Dear James and Emma! Ye went from among us in the season of youth, while life was in its first lovely bloom. Your hearts felt but one bitter pang, and death was swallowed up in victory. Why do I mourn for you?"

Amy rose up, and walked hastily away! Arnold respected her sorrow too much to follow her.

"And did Amy Morris marry her cousin?"

"Yes, gentle reader, she did. Only two years after this interview, which I witnessed in the churchyard, I passed a beautiful young matron in the church lane, guiding the tottering steps of a lovely infant, to whose innocent prattle she was listening with intense delight. Her rosy cheek, light steps, and blithesome glance, forming a strong contrast with the then pale and forlorn looking Amy

Morris. Yet it was Amy, the loving and the loved; the happy wife of Arnold Wallace. She had proved the fallacy of that theory which asserts that the warm and devoted heart of woman is incapable of receiving a second attachment; that her first love is her last. Whilst the cup of domestic happiness flowed to the brim, and she met the fond glance of her affectionate husband; she wondered that another man had ever appeared more pleasing in her eyes; that she had ever loved James Ashford better than her cousin Arnold.

(ORIGINAL.)

### THE GARLAND.

Again with busy hands  
Our Garland we entwine,  
Come, bring us flowers by Genius nursed,  
To grace his radiant shrine.

Fresh gathered flowers, and buds  
That own a charmed power;  
Culled from the land of gay romance,  
And from the Muse's bower.

The stars of this green earth!  
We'll set them in our wreath,  
That every month, as swift it rolls,  
May of their fragrance breathe.

For brightly shall they glow  
Mid Summer's fervid heat,  
And to pale Winter's icy breath,  
Lend odours passing sweet.

Then bring us flowers of song,  
And sparkling gems of wit,  
Bring offerings from the ancient halls,  
Where learning loves to sit,—

Bring the dim violet blue,  
The garden's queenly rose,  
Bring, too, the simple four-leaved flower  
That on the sweet-briar grows.

Bring all the teeming soil,  
Of bloom and beauty yields,—  
For oft less sweet the garden's pride,  
Than wilding of the fields.

Bring bud, and bell, and flower,—  
Each boasts its own perfume,  
And all amid our Garland twin'd,  
Shall wear perennial bloom.

December 1st.

E. L. C.

Time runs to seed with the fool, but turns to sage  
with the wise.

EXTRACTS FROM  
KNOWLES' COMEDY OF "OLD MAIDS"  
DANDYISM—INDEPENDENCE.

*Sir Philip.*

Men call me fop,  
And so I am, so will be, and why not ?  
It is my humour ! Better fop than fool ;  
And he's a fool that does not please himself.  
And so the more they smile, the more they may ;  
The more I'll give them cause, and smile myself,  
Sitting at ease in mine own snug content,  
Wearing a cheery, frank, and saucy cheek !  
Now tell me, Robert, what men say of me ;  
What comeliness they give me credit for,  
Besides my person which I know will pass ?

*Robert.*

They say, though rather vain, you are very brave.

*Sir Philip.*

What is it to be brave ? I give Heaven thanks  
I was not born a spaniel !—What had I  
To do with that ? Find something of mine own  
For which they praise me, I will thank them then !  
What say they to my gait ? I made my gait  
Myself ! There's matter in men's gait, good

*Robert !*

Therein you have the impress of their callings ;  
There is the clerk's gait, which implies obedience ;  
The shop-keeper's, half service, half command ;  
The merchant's, o'er revolving speculations ;  
The lawyer's, quick and keen at quirks and flaws ;  
The student's, ponderous as piles of folios ;  
The courtier's, supple, prompt for courtesies ;  
The soldier's, keeping time with drums and trumpets ;

And twenty others—all most common-place !  
But there's one gait that's paramount of all—  
The gentleman's, that speaks not any calling ;  
Shows him at liberty to please himself ;  
And while it meditates offence to none,  
Observes a proper negligence towards all,  
And imperturbable complacency.

THE BEAU.

What shall I call thee now ?  
Ware from the milliner's, the tailor's, or  
The cordwainer's, or jeweller's or what ?  
Thyself is the least part of thee ! The man  
Is trimmings to the dress.—Thou art a ruff  
Of plaits elaborate and infinite ;  
Thy vest for curiosity of style.  
Armour of diamonds upon velvet plaited,  
Were better given a cabinet to keep,  
As theme for wonderment to after time,  
Than left provision for the hungry air  
That's sure to eat it up ! Thy jerkin runs  
Enormous risk from thy ambition ! trying  
With satin slashes, ribbon-knots, and lace,  
How close to woman's gear a man's may come,  
And still appear a man's—thy trunks partake

Its divers sins ; and for thy hose, who says,  
In town or out of town, thou walk'st not in  
A shrubbery, why let him own he is blind  
To save his credit for veracity !  
Thy very rapier would abjure the man !  
Its handle vouches for the laceman more  
Than the cutler—nay, nor him alone,  
'Twas plann'd in concert with a milliner !  
Which of the precious metals has the honour  
To help it to a blade ? It cannot be  
A thing so exquisitely delicate  
Could pair with homely steel ?

WOMAN AND MAN.

Leave an old maid

Alone to make a man, reforming him  
After the fashion likes her. Women prate  
Who talk of conquest, while they stoop to love !  
What's sway for sway, but mere equality  
Wherein the party least deserves to rule—  
And that, past all dispute, is man, the lord !—  
Ne'er rests till he disturbs the perfect poise,  
Into his own scale throws his might—that good  
Wherein the brute hath mastery o'er him—  
And to the beam heaves up the counter one,  
To hang there at his will ! Had women but  
The thews of men ! My very girlhood solved  
The riddle of their sovereignty ! brought up  
With two male cubs of cousins, was not I  
A likely one the relative deserts  
Of women and of men to put to proof ?  
And did'nt I ? I beat them to a stand !  
We started all together ! Where were they  
When I could read ? Why in the spelling-book !  
When I was in subtraction, where were they ?  
A cudgelling their brains to cast a sum  
Of ten lines in addition ! I could rhyme  
My tables backwards, while they fought with  
pounds,  
Shillings and pence, that kept the upper hand  
And laughed at them for masters ! I could parse,  
While they on footing of most shy acquaintance  
Kept with their parts of speech ! In one thing only  
I found I met my betters—and e'en there  
I tried them, though I came off second best—  
I could not beat them when they quarrelled with  
me,  
Because they held my hands ! They were afraid  
To fight me ! But Sir Philip thrives apace,  
And all of my performing ? And what pains  
He takes to please me, with his air, his gait,  
His dress, and most of all his books ! How fond  
He is of study ? I'll do all I can  
To encourage him ! At last, he'll make a man !

BEAUTY.

I lay light value upon beauty only.  
Then it is hard to say what beauty is.  
You like the Roman outline, I the Grecian—  
Where's beauty ? Beauty, may I trust report,

Hath somewhat questionable reputation too,  
 Some say it is intolerably proud.  
 Some, empty—full of nothing but itself;  
 Some, by no means good tempered—some assert  
 'Tis mercenary and not over honest  
 This may, in part, be spleen, but part is truth.  
 Whence am I jealous of what men call beauty,  
 And own it—but when beauty modestly  
 Attends the mind, like a fair handmaiden  
 Who knows her place, and serves a noble mistress,  
 Then could I worship beauty, sir; for then  
 Its proper worth not only doffs no favor,  
 But wins enchantment from the worth it waits on!

## DISSIMULATION.

I love not simulation,  
 Nor can believe it may be practiced safely  
 E'en in as small a thing as that we speak of!  
 'Tis well when she who paints confesses it;  
 Yet she confesses vanity besides,  
 Which is not well. But, for the other sort,  
 Women who pass a cheek for what it is not,  
 I always feared the probity, within,  
 Would follow that without; and thoughts and  
 words  
 Might wear a hue that was not native to them.  
 For, if one fraud will blast a character,  
 What follows but that honesty is perfect.  
 Or nothing?—holds throughout!—is every where  
 Or nowhere!

EXPEDITION OF DOUGLAS TO THE HOLY LAND  
 WITH THE HEART OF BRUCE.

As soon as the season of the year permitted, Douglas, having the heart of his beloved master under his charge, set sail from Scotland, accompanied by a splendid retinue, anchored off Sluys in Flanders, at this time the great seaport of the Netherlands. His object was to find out companions with whom he might travel to Jerusalem; but, he declined landing, and for twelve days received all visitors on board his ship with a state almost kingly. He had with him seven noble Scottish knights, and was served at table by twenty-eight squires of the first families in the country. "He kept court," says Froissart, "in a royal manner, with the sound of trumpets and cymbals; all his vessels for his table were of gold and silver; and whatever persons of good estate went to pay their respects to him were entertained with the richest kinds of wine and spiced bread." At Sluys he heard that Alonzo, the King of Leon and Castile, was carrying on war with Gemyn, the Moorish Governor of Granada. The religious mission which he had embraced, and the vows which he had taken before leaving Scotland, induced Douglas to consider Alonzo's cause as a holy warfare; and before proceeding to Jerusalem, he first determined to visit Spain, and to signalize his prowess against the Saracens. But his first

field against the Infidels proved fatal to him, who in the long English war, had seen seventy battles. The circumstances of his death were striking and characteristic; in an action near Theba, on the borders of Andalusia; the Moorish cavalry were defeated, and after their camp had been taken, Douglas with his companions, engaged too eagerly in the pursuit, and being separated from the main body of the Spanish army, a strong division of the Moors rallied and surrounded them. The Scottish knight endeavoured to cut his way through the infidels; and in all probability would have succeeded had he not again turned to rescue William St. Clair of Roslin, whom he saw in jeopardy. In attempting this, he was inextricably involved with the enemy. Taking from his neck the casket which contained the heart of Bruce, he cast it before him, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Now pass onward as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" The action and the sentiment were heroic; and the last words and deed of a heroic life, for Douglas fell, overpowered by his enemies; and three of his knights, and many of his companions, were slain along with their master. On the succeeding day the body and the casket were both found on the field, and by his surviving friends conveyed to Scotland. The heart of Bruce was deposited at Melrose, and the body of the "Good Sir James," the name by which he is affectionately remembered by his countrymen, was consigned to the cemetery of his fathers in the parish church of Douglas.

## NATURE AND EDUCATION.

I think that as in bodies some are more strong, and better able to bear fatigue than others; even so among minds may be observed the same difference; some of them being by nature endued with more fortitude, are able to face danger with greater resolution. For we may observe that all who live under the same laws and follow the same customs are not equally valiant. Nevertheless, I doubt not but education and instruction may give strength to that gift nature has bestowed on us. The same difference is likewise observable in every other instance; and so far as any man exceedeth another in natural endowments, so may he proportionably, by exercise and meditation, make a swifter progress towards perfection. From whence it follows, that not only the man to whom nature hath been less kind, but likewise he whom she hath endowed the most liberally, ought constantly to apply himself with care and assiduity to whatsoever it may be he wishes to excel in.—*Socrates in Xenophon.*

The last best fruit which comes to late perfection even in the kindest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—*Jean Paul Richter.*



(ORIGINAL.)

## BARBARA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

"My mother had a maid called Barbara."

*Othello.*

Now gentle, reader, my mother also had a maiden of that name, and faithful and loving she was, but the very reverse, I ween, of her of whose fate the hapless Desdemona sings so touchingly.

In fact our maid, Barbara, was a curious specimen of pride and vanity, united with some valuable qualities and strong affections, that for ten years caused her faults to be scanned with partial eyes, by the members of our household. Her attachment was of the most elevated character; she would have worked, begged, yes, in spite of her pride, begged for, or starved with those she loved, had circumstance required such proofs of her regard. In her way, Barbara Medway was a female Caleb Balderstone, and held the honour of the family so near her heart that she would have privily appropriated her last penny to increase the respectability of the house, when visitors were expected, could she have done so without hazarding offending her mistress, whom she loved with all her heart, and soul, and strength. Then her secretiveness was so distinguished a feature in her character that, to use her own expression, she would have been torn in pieces by wild horses, (one would imagine she had been intimately acquainted with the history of Mazeppa,) rather than have opened her lips, to have revealed even the most inconsequential matter that had been entrusted to her keeping, or that had fallen casually beneath her cognizance. She had, according to her own declaration, an eye like a hawk, and an ear like a bat. •

Naturally of a suspicious character, a look, a glance, a half expected sentence, even if uttered in a foreign tongue, was interpreted by this quick-sighted damsel. As to her eyes-dropping propensities, they were carried on only with the desire of gratifying her own individual curiosity. The possession of a secret, no matter by what means obtained, increased her self-importance. She felt herself a party concerned in the matter, and was perfectly satisfied with that pleasing consciousness—had Barbara's secretiveness and caution been less, her undue inquisitiveness had rendered her a very dangerous inmate in our household.

She was a little old fashioned person, of sanguine complexion, with yellow hair, and teeth of ivory whiteness; her features were not large, but ill formed, and wore the expression of strong passion. At the age of five and twenty she looked little less than five and thirty. She affected extreme youthfulness and even childishness in her conversation and man-

ners, especially among persons in her own rank of life.

Poor Barbara's pretensions to gentility and grandeur excited only ridicule and indignation in her companions, who united in disputing her claim both to one and the other.

The character of an egotist is as little tolerated among the higher grades of society; both seem to consider the attempt of an individual at establishing superiority as a total denial of similar advantages in themselves.

I was much amused one day by the indignation expressed by Jemima Hallett, our cook-maid, to whom Barbara had been boasting very pompously of the importance of a fourth cousin of her mother's uncle's wife.

Now the claims on which Barbara rested the consequence of this fourth cousin of her mother's uncle consisted in his being the envied possessor of a real shay-cart, and riding to Scrapeton market, on his own punch poney, "a bootiful little dear, as ever was ridden by my Lord's own groom, or, for the matter of that, by young my lord his self."

"Miss she talk as if my Lord Marlevalle was her cousin, and Sir William Bosmere her uncle," observed the offended damsel. "She try to make us believe her father is somebody, though all the world knows he is but a poor gardener, that works for his daily bread—and then she talks of his fine gardens, and his flower shows, and his boweries (bowers,) and his tulips, and his nemonils, I dare say his finest flowers are cauliflowers, and if he have few goose-berry bushes, and a row or two of cabbage first bordered round with daisies to look grand, that's all the flower-shows he have.

"Its right on ridiculous to hear how Barbara do fume when we sit by the fire of an evening. She will talk of her grand relations and their grand doings, at funerals, and weddings, and christenings, and such like, while she won't hear one word of our grand doings; and seems to despise all our folks—and if we say any thing ever so grand of them, she has something still grander to say of her.

"And then, though she is such an old creature, she vows she's only two and twenty, and we can't make her own to any older, though she have lived nine years in one place, and six in another, and seven with my mistress. Sam and I count up every night how long she have been out to service, and Sam, who is a fine scholar, says she must be two

and thirty if she is a day—but Barbara will never own to that as long as she lives."

Poor Barbara doubtless thought it very hard that her claims to juvenescence should meet with such violent opposition from Jemima, and Sam the foot-boy. She evidently considered the greatest indignity that could be offered to her was calling her youth in question. She often said "she advised all young people *like herself*, by no means to acknowledge to more than five and twenty;" it was an excellent standard for females, of all ranks and distinctions, in her eyes, and accordingly, at five and twenty her age became astonishing; it neither increased nor retrograded from that time.

So tender was Barbara, not only for her own reputation for youthfulness, but also for that of her young mistresses, that she would almost have pulled caps in defence of this important point, had any one ventured to contest it in her presence. She trembled at the imprudence of either my sister, or myself, who chanced to indulge in any extensive reminiscence of *auld lang syne* before strangers.

"Depend upon it, miss," she would say, "it's a very wrong thing to remember any thing that has happened further back than ten years, people think you so very very old if you talk of things that took place so long ago, I never do—for you know, miss, to be thought old is no advantage."

Barbara's personal vanity was boundless, but though she spent all her leisure hours in adornment of her outward woman, she contrived to make the most comical appearance from the incongruity of her costume.

It was a matter of etiquette with her, never to alter the fashion of any article of wearing apparel, that was bestowed upon her, regarding such innovations as marks of presumption and disrespect; having been at service from her thirteenth year, the most amusing variety was discernible in her habiliments, some of her garments being in the cut and fashion of the preceding fifteen years.

Barbara was by no means behind her fellow servants, in talking of the fashions—yet she usually contrived to be just ten years behind them. When the crowns of caps were worn so low as to appear little more elevated than the Geneva silk skull cap in which the learned Deodati is represented in the wood cut that adorns the first edition of his Annotations, our maid Barbara's caps were not less than half a foot in height. As the fashion became more redundant, hers increased also, till they became complete towers of muslin and pink ribbons, of a perfect Cibellian character. The grandeur of these head-dresses greatly annoyed some among the sober minded matrons and spinsters of Wadfield and its vicinity, while they were the subject for mirth or envy, with the young men and maidens in her own rank of life.

When the waists of ladies' dresses were so short

as to encroach most ungracefully on the busts of the fair wearers, Barbara wore hers of coffin-like length. As the fashion for long waists increased, hers declined, till, by a sudden counter revolution, she appeared in the very extreme of short-waistedness.

She had a foot of such convenient dimensions that it adapted itself with perfect ease to shoes of all sorts and sizes, long or short, broad and narrow; each one had some peculiar merit or convenience in her eyes, and she bestowed unqualified praise on every pair of cast shoes that were bestowed upon her.

She had boxes and bags full of faded trumpery, soiled gauzes, ribbons, blondes and flowers, with a variety of other useless articles, which had been the gleanings and hoardings of many years. These valuables had been laid by with reverential care, to be exhibited at holiday time, or at some important family meeting. It was at such seasons of festivity, that poor Barbara decked out her person in the most extravagant manner. The cap and close neckerchief were laid aside, and she indulged in the follies of white gowns, sashes, &c., and to complete the tout ensemble, a select bunch of faded artificial flowers was stuck with all due gracefulness in her girdle, and among her luxuriant yellow locks.

"Any poor servant girl," she affirmed, "might get a nosegay of garden flowers, but it was only such young persons as her that could wear their lady's real cast-off *nartificials*."

Her love of finery was perfectly barbarian, and she displayed about as much taste in the arrangement of her gewgaws as a North American Squaw, or a South Sea Islander. On grand occasions, and when no longer under the restraint imposed upon her by her mistress, with respect to her dress, she wore three necklaces and as many foil rings as she could without inconvenience to her fingers, and had the thing been practicable, I have no doubt she would have exhibited in two pair of ear-rings—splendid red glass—real cornelian, she vouched them to be—that she purchased for treble their value from a Jew at the door.

The end of Barbara's finery and affectation of youth and beauty was, as I suppose is generally the case,

"Love to inspire and stand in Hymen's way!"

But, alas, for our poor maid Barbara! The chances were sadly against so felicitous a termination to her wishes.

Out of patience at length at her fruitless endeavours to captivate some of the rustics that attended Woodfield church she declared, she and her young ladies might just as well live in a nunnery; there was nobody to marry at Woodfield, and no one came to the house but the old parson and his ugly footman, (who by the bye, Barbara had vainly set her best cap at for many years,) and they, she said, were neither good enough for her young

ladies or herself; but still, in defiance of the disadvantages that Woodfield offered as regarded matrimonial speculations, did Barbara continue to live in her old place, and her perseverance in due time seemed about to be crowned with success. A suitor did at length appear, the miller's man, a tall, hale, fresh-coloured youth, her junior by some good ten or a dozen years.

Barbara determined the youth of her lover should be no objection. She affected even childishness in her manner, and talked as though she were a young girl in her teens, though envious age had traced some indubitable lines and crosses on her brow.

For the space of six weeks her happiness was unbounded; her lover was constant in his Sunday visits, and twice in the week she enjoyed the felicity of seeing him come to the house with his cart, to take wheat to be ground at the mill, and bring home the flour when ground.

Largely did she talk of wedding favours and *bride's cake* and bridal finery, and much of her time was spent in trimming and untrimming various robes that had not seen daylight (as she declared) for many years—they had been so treasured by their possessor. These precious articles were now brought forth to enchain the heart of Peregrine Brock, who must doubtlessly have been astonished at the antiquity as well as the variety of his sweetheart's wardrobe.

One fatal Sunday afternoon, under the anticipation of beholding her lover according to appointment, in the extravagance of her joy, Barbara so far forgot herself as to issue from her chamber, arrayed in a white dress, or rather a white "frock," as all Barbara's best gowns were termed, by way of distinction. This said white frock was elaborately adorned with eight flounces, to complete the *coup-d'œil*,—a long sash and a real "pillerine," garnished with an abundance of frills and furbelows, giving to the wearer somewhat the appearance of a Friesland hen, whose feathers turn the wrong way.

Now this was an innovation in the rules of our household that was never allowed, and her mistress quietly, but firmly, commanded her maid to return to her chamber and change her dress for one of a more simple character. Barbara refused to comply; her mistress was positive, and at last enforced her authority by declaring that unless she obeyed her commands, she should leave her service.

"If I take it off I will burn it," was the hasty rejoinder, and the imprudent handmaid flew out of the room in a rage. Alas, for poor Barbara! she had made a rash vow, and she began to repent. But what was to be done? She must either sacrifice the delight of her eyes, the aforesaid white robe, or leave her place. Anger and vanity for some time preponderated towards the latter decision, but the appointed hour elapsed and no Peregrine Brock appeared, to name the happy day for their espousal.

A vague misgiving as to the constancy of her swain crossed the mind of Barbara—if he should realize the hints thrown out from time to time by Sam Bills!

Misfortunes appear to be endowed with a strange power of attraction towards each other, for somehow or other, they never come singly; one piece of ill-luck generally treads fast on the steps of another.

By way of administering consolation for being in disgrace with her mistress, Sam informed her that the faithless miller's man had been heard to say in Scrapeton Street, that he had no serious intention of marrying Madam Woodville's maid Barbara; he was only making a fool of her. This mortifying piece of news—for news it was to poor Barbara,—had the effect of turning the scale effectually in her mistress' favour. She wisely considered that a good place was sooner lost than regained; but then her rash vow of committing to the flames her precious fair-going holiday-making gown! True, she might yet redeem it by making a humble apology for her insolence to her mistress, but humility was a word not to be found in her credo.

In this dilemma Barbara contrived an ingenious method, by which to compromise her conscience; she collected all the worthless old shoes she possessed, and devoted them to the fire, by way of a burnt offering in lieu of the aforesaid garment—to the great annoyance of our olfactory nerves.

In sack-cloth and ashes might Barbara be said to bewail the disaffection of her lover—for she arrayed herself in her worst gown, and lifted up her voice and lamented aloud, refusing all reasonable consolation, and outwardly abstaining from all food.

It was not out of any real tender regard to Peregrine Brock, that Barbara wept and chastened herself with fasting, but because she thought it was so hard to be despised. If she could but induce him to return to his allegiance, only for one day, she should not mind, as it would give her the opportunity of refusing him publicly.

She even ventured so far as to implore her mistress, when she perceived her displeasure had abated, to speak to the miller's man, and reprove him for his false-heartedness. Of course her mistress very properly declined interfering in the matter, and Barbara secretly applied to each of her young ladies, imploring them to write in her name to her inconstant lover; but though we had often acted as amanuenses to Barbara on other occasions, we declined with one accord, acting as scribe in the matter of Peregrine.

Barbara had sedulously avoided letting her sweetheart know the extent of her deficiency, with regard to her attainments; she was not one who made any unnecessary confession of deficiencies either of an intellectual or moral nature. She possessed a large share of what is usually termed

worldly wisdom, evidently considering that the assumption of any advantage was next to the actual possession of it.

Barbara was greatly afflicted at our pertinaciously refusing to meet her wishes in this important matter. She could not comprehend that there would be a great impropriety in any of her young ladies writing to a person of Peregrine Brock's degree, even though in her name, and finding all her eloquence failed to move our obdurate hearts, she loudly declared she would taste no food for the next six days—a resolution which she appeared religiously to adhere to. She never sat down to take her meals with her fellow servant, Sam, who, with herself, at the time, happened to form the whole of our retainers; Jemima Hallett having left our service in a fit of spleen.

We began to feel some apprehension lest Barbara's health should suffer in consequence of her unusual fit of abstemiousness, and her mistress privately enquired of Sam if it were true that she had eaten nothing since her sweetheart had forsaken her?

"She says she has eaten no food for the last five days, Sam," observed my mother.

"Barbara eats nothing of a day for sartin, marm," replied Sam, with a peculiarly comical elevation of the eye-brows. "But she says nothing of the nights!"

This shrewd hint perfectly relieved our fears on Barbara's account, and as no apparent diminution in the expenditure of the kitchen could be observed, we naturally concluded that the love-lorn damsel lived on more substantial diet than sighs and tears. Sam, who was a very sociable person, declared he should be glad enough when Barbara left off mourning for the loss of the miller's man, as it was very lonesome for him, now Jemima was gone, not to have a soul to speak to; for instead of trying to be merry and cheery, Barbara went "sithing" and groaning about the house, and singing such doleful ditties as "My lodging is on the cold ground," and "The Maid in Bedlam," and the "False brakim," and such like. This last, by the bye, is an ancient ballad that I have heard occasionally sung at harvest frolics and merry-makings.

Whenever any of her young ladies were sick, Barbara proved herself an incomparable nurse; no matter how her own personal safety might be imperilled by her devoted attention to the invalid,—but then it was only to those of a rank superior to her own that this self-devotion was displayed. Upon persons of her own degree she rarely bestowed her regard: her pride was such that she did not choose to be "a servant of servants."

Then she seemed to consider it a point of absolute necessity—a sort of etiquette belonging to the office of nurse, to see the ghost of her patient; and

accordingly she nearly terrified me to death at the crisis of a typhus fever, by loudly lamenting above my pillow, having met my spirit clad in a winding sheet, taking an airing on the stair-case previous to its final departure, as she vehemently assured me would be the case.

Barbara was a beholder of visions and a dreamer of dreams, besides having a religious faith in omens and warnings, lucky and unlucky days, charms, and all the long list of et ceteras, to which superstition gives a name and importance.

Barbara's organ of marvellousness, to speak phrenologically, was extreme; she beheld every trifling circumstance, which she never troubled herself to account for, through an exaggerated medium. She had seen a choice selection of ghosts in her time, more than fell to the lot of most persons, however well disposed to give credence to the wild and wonderful; but no marvel this, for Barbara was evidently a privileged ghost-seer, having had the good or evil fortune to be born at "charming hours"—(query, charmed.) These ominous hours, it seems, include the intermediate ones from eight, P. M. to twelve at midnight.

"It's no wonder if Barbara do see stranger sights than other folks," observed Sam Bills, after having listened with trembling attention to a wonderful relation with which Barbara had favoured him, as they sat shuddering over the kitchen fire one snowy night in January; "for she have a real old witch for a great grandmother, old Nan Garvell, and she's turned of her hundred and one; she's a wonder, Miss—she's so wicked, that she can't be no wickeder no how; she witches pigs, and then the poor dear dumb creturs fall into fits, and can only be unbewitched by cutting a good large snatch in their left ears, and sometimes they'll even die after that. Then she witches the cream, and you may churn from Monday morning till Saturday night, and get no butter. Miss, she's a real 'nointed witch. She lives in a lone cottage all alone by herself, without a soul but a monstrous big tom cat, that sits on one side the chimney corner, just over against her, and people do say they have heard old Nan Garvell talking of a night to Tommy for all the world as if he were a human like herself. So every body knows she is a witch. And then, Miss, for all she's so old, she have an eye such as no woman ever had at her age. It's as bright and beautiful as a star."

On such trivial foundations was the poor, infirm, friendless old creature, in her dotage, condemned by the ignorant as being a practicer of the *ars magica*.

Barbara, by whom the most distant branch of her kindred, and of her kindred's kindred, was regarded with a species of clan-like regard, stoutly took up the gauntlet in defence of her venerable relative; but ignorance and superstition are hard to convince,

and Sam Bills maintained as obstinate a degree of incredulity as Barbara herself would have done had he been endeavouring to vindicate the character of his great-grandmother from a similar charge. As it was, he only shook his head significantly, and said he did not wonder at Barbara denying the fact, for nobody liked to own having an old witch like Nan Garvell for a great-grandmother.

Though no believer in ghostly lore, and disposed to account for dreams on different principles than are allowed by the genuine lover of the marvellous, I must own I was much struck by a strange coincidence between a circumstance that occurred, and a dream that was related to me by old Barbara.

She had a blind sister, a lively little girl, about five or six years old—one of those beautiful instances of early piety and resignation, united with sweetness of disposition and a rare sensibility, which sometimes appear to accompany deprivation of sight.

This little girl was the idol of her parents, and the beloved darling of all her brothers and sisters, especially of Barbara, who spoke of her at all times with rapturous affection. I have seen tears of genuine tenderness overflow her eyes while describing the heavenly graces and beauty that dwelt in that blind sister.

One night Barbara dreamed, (though she persisted she was awake, and the vision she beheld was no dream,) that she saw her sister's spirit enter her chamber, clad all in white, and with her lap full of spring flowers, which she held up, and bade Barbara stick them about her winding sheet when she should be laid in her coffin.

"She stood before my eyes, Miss Philippa," said Barbara, "dressed in her white night-gown with all her fair curls, her beautiful ringlets that her mother was so proud of, all hanging upon her shoulders; her feet were bare, and her arms looked whiter than marble; and her little dear hands, that were so fat and full of dimples, were all shrunk away, and so wasted, I could see the moonlight through them as she held them up: her rosy cheeks were as pale as death, but her eyes looked very bright indeed, and she said, 'Barbara, I am no longer a poor blind child, for when I died and seemed to close my eyes in utter darkness they opened in glorious light—such light as hath dawned upon no living eye!'—And when I heard these words I knew the child was dead," added Barbara, bursting into a flood of tears, and covering her agitated face with both hands. "The child—the dear, dear child is dead!" she again exclaimed; "and it was her blessed spirit that came to me in the dead hour of night. My dear young lady," she added, pressing my hand vehemently, while she looked piteously up in my face. "Do ask my mistress to let me go home, that I may look upon my dead sister's sweet face once more."

It was to no purpose I endeavoured, by the force of reason, to calm poor Barbara's fears. I might talk, and it was kindly meant she knew, but she felt her dream was fulfilled—she could not be mistaken.

Her mind was strongly excited, and no argument could overcome the impression made on her imagination by what she had seen or dreamed. I was anxious she should be convinced of the fallacy of such warnings, and willing also to relieve her mind from the weight of imaginary ill that pressed upon it. I obtained leave for her to go home, which she did that same day.

The first person she saw when she opened the little wicket gate of the cottage garden was her youngest brother, with a bunch of rosemary and aromatics in his hand, such as Barbara expressively termed the "death flowers." The little boy's cheeks were wet, and his eyes were red with weeping. When he saw his sister he threw himself into her arms and cried out, "Oh Barbara, our dear little Jane is dead! She died about two o'clock this morning on mother's lap."

The child had been sick and ailing for some weeks previously; but knowing the tender affection which Barbara bore to her, the parents had concealed her illness, and great was their astonishment when she appeared among them, and told them the cause of her journey and the vision she had had of her sister's death.

Barbara fulfilled the desire of the dead by decking her corpse with flowers, which she plucked from the green sunny bank in the garden on which the blind child was accustomed to sit for hours together, twining wreaths of the unseen flowers that grew around her, and wearing them among her golden ringlets.

The dream was passing strange, methought; but its fulfilment was stranger still. It inclined me to say with Hamlet:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

But to return to the subject of my chronicle—even to poor old Barbara. Her charms at length began to wane, and no new suitor seemed likely to arise in the room of the faithless Peregrine, and the damsel began to despair of changing her condition. She became, in consequence of this conviction, sour in temper and negligent in her work. At the end of the ninth year of her sojourn at Woodfield she voted it the most odious place under the sun, where nobody could get married if they *tried ever so*, and certainly Barbara had not been deficient in her exertions for securing to herself a spouse of some sort or other.

Her mistress became weary of her negligence and discontent, and, unwilling to stand in the way of

Barbara's settlement in life, at the beginning of the tenth year of her servitude, gave her a discharge.

Barbara shed oceans of tears—not crocodile tears, but drops of real unaffected sorrow, at the separation. She was leaving a home where she had many friends who valued her for her worthy qualities, and looked with indulgence on her faults; but Barbara had gone too far to return to her former allegiance, and she and her dozen or two of trunks, bandboxes, and bags, filled with the hoardings of ten years' service, departed in a donkey-cart hired for the occasion, to convey her to her native place.

With all her faults and her follies, and she had her share, we could not behold poor Barbara depart without some feelings of regret. An old and faithful servant has become an important member of a household—a sort of indispensable personage, that you look for and turn to when you go out and when you come in. It is pleasant to see an eye of affectionate greeting looking unutterable welcomings, when you return home after a long absence, and meet the warm pressure of the humbly offered hand, when all others have been grasped with cordial kindred love. Surely the loss of a friend, however lowly be the station they hold in life, will always call forth a sigh in the heart of those who know how to appreciate human sympathy.

After Barbara left Woodfield, she tried her fortune in a populous town, and lived confidential servant to an old lady who had been bed-ridden for several years, and with whom it is probable she might have lived as long as she had done with her old mistress, had not a violent attack of brain fever obliged her to leave her place and return to her native village to be nursed.

"But, ladies, there was a fate in it, depend upon it," she said, with more than her usual earnestness of tone and gesture, when after an absence of three whole years, Barbara came to pay her dutiful respects to her old mistress and her dear young ladies, in a famous donkey-cart of her own, in the new character of wife. Yes, reader, even so,—by some strange fatality, (for so Barbara would have it,) she went to nurse the wife of a disbanded Waterloo pensioner, a young and handsome soldier, just young enough to have called Barbara aunt at least.

Well, the wife died, leaving a young babe, and Barbara proved so tender a mother to the motherless babe, and so thrifty a manager withal, and so devoted a nurse to Tom Griffin, the Waterloo soldier, during a bad fever that he fell ill with, soon after the death of his wife, that when the year of widowhood had expired, he offered his hand and his heart, and his Waterloo medal to boot, with the care of his house and of his child, out of pure gratitude, to Barbara Medway.

I wot that such a tide in the affairs of the worthy spinster was not neglected, and the merry bells rang

out a joyous peal from the village steeple to greet the happy pair.

Jemima Hallett, whose maiden charms were already beginning to decline, was heard to say on that eventful morning to Sam Bills, as he leant grinning over Woodfield church-yard gate, "If old Barbara can get married at her years, nobody need despair of dying an old maid."

(ORIGINAL.)

### THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

I stood where commenceth the Christian's pride  
And the world's poor pageant closeth;  
Where prince and peasant lie side by side,  
And foe with foe repositeth.

I stood at the grave—the grave where lay,  
By its kindred earth worms courted,  
The dust of him who but yesterday  
In life's gayest sunbeams sported.

With fame as spotless and spirit as light  
As the plume on his helmet dancing;  
And wit as keen and honour as bright  
As the steel from his scabbard glancing.

And fast fell the tears of vain regret  
For the true and the gallant hearted,  
As I thought on the hour when first we met,  
And the hour when last we parted.

The moon from cloud to silvery cloud,  
O'er the azure vault was stealing,  
With softened charms from beneath her shroud,  
Her pure pallid form revealing.

So the vestal beams, when, a stranger nigh,  
She drops with reluctant duty,  
The veil which shadows her flashing eye,  
But which cannot conceal its beauty.

And still as she passed, and her ray so bright  
She threw where the warrior lay sleeping,  
She seemed to my fancy a spirit of light  
Her watch o'er the dear turf keeping.

Peace to thine ashes—young, generous, brave—  
Fallen in the prime of thy glory!  
Thy country's sorrow will hallow thy grave  
And thy name shall live in her story.

R. S.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love  
by drying the tears of others than by shedding our  
own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang  
on their tomb, is not so fair as a fruit-offering of  
good deeds.

(ORIGINAL.)

## NARCISSE.—A TALE.

BY M. W. B.

NARCISSE FRECHETTE was a handsome young Canadian of four or five and twenty, at the period when this tale commences ; he had large dark eyes, fine features, and his rich auburn hair clustered in short curls, that were very beautiful. His father was a wealthy farmer, and it might have been expected that his son would have received a good education ; but, unfortunately, to all these advantages there was a drawback. Narcisse was a simpleton—kind and generous, but withal so simple, so scantily endowed with faculties for learning, that the few years spent at the Seminary at Montreal, had only served to convince his friends of the fruitlessness of any farther attempts at instruction. His father, therefore, obliged him to assist him in the farm during the working hours of the day, and allowed him to practice on the violin in the evening. He had a quick and correct ear, and good taste, so that, by dint of perseverance, he became an excellent performer ; with improvement came also increased fondness for the art, until music became his passion. In his instrument were comprised the chief blessings of his existence, and if it did not supply the necessaries of food and clothing to him, it certainly relieved him from all anxiety respecting them ; if he was ill, music soothed his pains ; if raged, he forgot it ; if exhausted with a day of hard labour, it banished all fatigue ; in short, it was his “ universal panacea,” his “ summum bonum.”

His musical abilities were duly prized by his neighbours, and rendered him a welcome guest to all their houses, more especially when a wedding or merry making was in contemplation. Then Narcisse was in the zenith of his power ; moreover, being very susceptible of *la belle passion*, he could never withstand the artillery of youth and smiles, particularly when those missiles were directed against himself, which was always the case when a musician was needed. This kind of weapon, aided by a little coaxing, never failed, so that for many miles around he was the universal resource in such an emergency. His dislike to labor and love of wandering, were greatly strengthened by the cordial reception he every where met with, and this constant interchange of kind feelings increased his susceptibility to the softer passion :—he was always in love ; and what wonder, if, surrounded as he was by glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, he should yield to their influence ? Many wise men have bowed to the same power ; but Narcisse was not wise. Happily, his frequent disappointments

had produced no very serious result ; he was always merry, and overcame the remembrance of one attachment, by substituting another in its place.

It was late in the winter of 1836, that Narcisse was prevailed upon to play for a party of young people, who had met to close the pleasures of a sleigh-ride by a dance in the evening. He was quickly installed in a comfortable corner, where with one end of his violin raised to his shoulder, closed eyes, and feet beating time to the music, he sat, filled with ecstasies of his own creating, and wholly unmindful of all other things. The figure had been completed by every couple, and the dancers called to him to change the tune in vain—he heeded them not,—he heard them not—but continued his exertions with unabated vigour, until he was aroused by a violent jerk of the arm, from one of the young men, and the question, uttered in an angry tone,

“ I say, Narcisse, will you never stop playing that confounded tune ?—we have done dancing it this half hour.”

It was enough : the dignity of his darling art had been outraged in his person, and without deigning any reply, he lowered the precious instrument from its elevated position, and rose to leave the room. The dancers saw at once that they were to have no more music, and of course that favourite amusement must be relinquished. Neither entreaties nor threats would induce him to recede from his determination ; and he turned his back upon them in resentful silence, when he felt the gentle pressure of a little hand upon his arm ; he could not be so ungallant as to shake it off, and as a sweet-toned voice pronounced his name, he felt a strong desire to see the person to whom belonged two such pretty apperages. He turned for that purpose, and encountered a pair of brilliant black eyes, that looked so beseechingly into his, that his indignation began to evaporate, even before she proffered her request.

“ Now do, that’s a dear good man, play again for us. I shall be so disappointed if you do not ?”

Narcisse gazed eagerly into her face ; and truly it was one that might well bear the scrutiny, so beautiful was it. He watched its varying expression as it accorded with the language of her lips, and his anger melted away like frost before a sun-beam : but he had a point to gain, and he affected to be inexorable.

“ No !” he cried, “ I have been insulted and my

music abused. I cannot play any more," and he turned as if to leave the room.

"Nay," said the smiling girl, "I shall not suffer you to go—see, I take my seat beside you, and play you must. Come, sit down again, I wish to talk to you."

With pretended reluctance, but a throbbing heart, Narcisse resumed his chair, and Marie renewed her persuasions. He suffered her to continue them, until he feared she would become discouraged, and then said :

"Well, miss, I will fiddle again if you will sit by me, but if you leave me I shall stop ; so take your choice."

"For a moment Marie looked troubled, for she was passionately fond of dancing, and her lover stood beside her, waiting to lead her to the dance, when she should have prevailed upon Narcisse to oblige them ; but immediately her generous heart decided upon making the sacrifice, for the sake of her companions, and she consented.

Her lover endeavoured to prevent it in vain : the instrument was replaced in its former position ; the dancing resumed with fresh spirit, and the obstinate musician surpassed himself, for he had "drank inspiration, at Marie's eyes !" with which circumstance, by the bye, he did not fail to make her acquainted in the intervals of the dances.

At length Marie thought her self-sacrifice had continued long enough to satisfy any reasonable man, and she endeavoured to convince the indefatigable performer of the fact ; assuring him at the same time, that she felt a very strong inclination to dance to his music.

"Well," replied he, "I will not refuse to play for you, even if you leave me, provided you grant me one request."

"Name it," returned Marie eagerly, "you will be sure to obtain it."

He sighed, and gazing tenderly in her face, said : "I have told you how I love you, and I will play for you all night, if you will promise to marry me in the morning."

Such a request, and so put, startled Marie, who blushed and rose from the seat she had hitherto retained ; but immediately recollecting that such a proposal could have been made only in jest, she gave her hand to the young man, who was again impatiently waiting for it, and laughingly answered :

"Oh certainly, I will promise if you wish it—and you will begin to play now if you please."

"I am in earnest. I assure you, and shall hold you to your agreement."

"By all means ; you would not be so ungallant as to forget such a promise."

"But," insisted the pertinacious lover, "I fear you do not mean as you say. Will you be married to me tomorrow morning in the church ?"

"How you tease me," exclaimed the lively girl,

"have I not already told you ?" and she tripped away with her partner to join the set.

Narcisse played the live-long night for the merry party, strengthened and almost intoxicated by the sweet hope of obtaining the prettiest girl in the room as his reward ; and when, at the dawn of day, the party dispersed, and he retired for refreshment and repose, few happier men could be found than Narcisse Frechette ; but disappointment waited him—his promised bride had disappeared. The light-winged bird had flown away, and its would-be mate was miserable.

Marie belonged to a neighboring parish, and had returned home after the dance, wholly forgetful of all her promises to her new lover, and equally unconscious of the pain she was inflicting. But his memory was more retentive, and he reproached her as perfidious and ungrateful. There was a remedy however, and Narcisse hastened to avail himself of it : taking his beloved companion, his violin, under his arm, he set off on foot for the parish where Marie lived, resolved to insist upon the fulfillment of her promise.

Marie Mailhot had been left a destitute orphan when very young, and had been adopted by a widowed sister of her father, who retained her as an assistant in her family, giving her plenty of work, and very little kindness to sweeten her labour. Yet the gentle girl did not complain, but toiled on contentedly, deriving health and bloom from her exertions, and opposing the joyous hopes of youth to the evils of her lot. It was not until she had attained her eighteenth year that Marie discovered she had a heart to bestow ; and with this discovery came also the conviction that her wardrobe was entirely insufficient for her respectable appearance in society—or, in other words, before her lover, who, in her estimation, comprised in his individual person all the *elite* of society. Her petition to her aunt for an addition to it was negatived, and herself reprimanded for presenting it,—then Marie allowed Toussaint Laberge to ask her in marriage of her relative. This request was also negatived.

"Marie was too young to marry, and madame felt entitled to her services, in return for bringing her up."

Nothing was left for the disappointed lovers but patience, that coldest of all comforts, and of this indispensable quality, Marie possessed much more than Toussaint, who was compelled to live upon the anticipation, until his intended bride should attain the age when the law would allow her to act for herself. For more than a year he had been considered as the affianced husband of the pretty Marie, and it was with him she attended the dance which was afterwards to occasion her so much vexation. With the reluctant consent of Laberge it was that she accepted the invitation of Narcisse to sit by him a part of the evening ; but her promise to marry him, although



given in sport, was not included in this permission, and he was displeased that she had given it. It was the evening of the following day that he was seated by Marie, near the window of her aunt's little parlour, discussing this interesting point. In vain did the lively girl protest her innocence of thought of wrong; her lover insisted that however she might have trifled, poor Narcisse was serious, and believed her to be so likewise. "Depend upon it," he continued, "he will not suffer the matter to end here—you will hear more of it yet."

"Oh, no," replied she, "he cannot be so silly—he has forgotten it already."

"Do not believe it; he is a simpleton in many points, but he is very proud; his memory is tenuous, and he is deeply in love with you. I wonder he has not already been here."

"What nonsense!" and Marie laughed; but while that merry laugh yet rang on the ear, a knock was heard at the door of the apartment, and a presentiment seemed to assure her that the subject of their conversation had arrived. She was right—Narcisse heard the sound of her voice and entered the parlour. Pale and wearied, he laid his instrument upon the table, and sank exhausted into a chair; Marie, alarmed, hastened to assist him, exclaiming:

"Narcisse, what is the matter—are you ill?"

He caught her hand and burst into tears.

"Ah, my dear Marie! how could you deceive me so cruelly?"—his tears stopped his utterance, but he still retained her hand, which she endeavoured to withdraw, as she said:

"Pray do not be so foolish, Narcisse—you could not have believed me serious in what I said to you."

"Did you not tell me you were in earnest, and that I might hold you to your agreement?"

Marie cast a conscious look at Toussaint; the affair had assumed a new aspect to her, and her heart told her she had gone too far; but how to repair her error she knew not. Narcisse continued:

"I have been miserable all day; I could eat nothing after I found you had gone, but I determined to come at once and claim the fulfilment of your promise to become my wife."

"Indeed, Narcisse! I was not in earnest—you know we were only joking."

"It was no joke to me to play all night for the amusement of people who had insulted me—to deprive myself of sleep for your sake was a very different thing; but my reward was to be great, and you must not endeavour to deprive me of it."

"But," replied Laberge, who although displeased with Marie, loved her too well to wish her to be seriously annoyed; "how will you maintain a wife, Narcisse? You have no house to live in, and no money to support her."

"Oh! answered the simple being, we can live at my father's sometimes, and sometimes here; and

I will play for her to dance every evening, and we will be very happy."

A new, and as she thought, an unanswerable objection occurred to Marie, and she said:

"My aunt would never permit us to live with her—you know she does not wish me to marry, and I must not disobey her."

"Never fear, my dear girl. I can persuade her: when she hears my violin, I am sure she will consent to give you to me. Where can I find her?"

"I do not know; but stay and refresh yourself, and tomorrow you can decide that question by asking her: here now go and get some supper and go to rest."

The joy of Narcisse was boundless; he kissed her hands, and seizing his opportunity made a prize of her lips also; then shaking her hand warmly, he said:

Remember, tomorrow we are to be married—do not deceive me again."

"Stop!" cried she; "you understand, I promise only on condition that my aunt consents." But he was gone, and she turned to receive the approbation of her lover, at the success of her ruse; but his look was cold, and his cap was in his hand.

"Have I not done well to get rid of him so easily?"

"Truly I think your last error is greater than the first."

"Why so?"

"Because you have excited fresh hopes, only to disappoint them afresh."

"They will last but a short time. My aunt will refuse him, and then he will desist from tormenting me."

Pardon me if I doubt the correctness of your opinion. Madame Mailhot may consent, and if she does, what will you do?"

"But I am sure she will not."

"You do not answer my question."

You are very particular. I do not understand why you are so interested for the stupid fellow. I wish I had never seen him."

"You are getting angry—good night Marie," and he extended his hand, but she refused it, and the lovers parted in anger. "How great a fire a little spark will kindle!"

The succeeding morning opened a scene of perplexity to poor Marie. True to his purpose, Narcisse obtained an audience of the aunt, related to her all the circumstances of the affair, and concluded by asking her consent to his marriage with her niece. Now, whether the good dame really felt that Narcisse was reasonable in his request, or whether she designed to punish Marie for encouraging Laberge, in opposition to her wishes, certain it is that she gave a ready and cordial assent to his petition; merely adding the condition that the marriage should not take place until after two or three months from

that time. Transported with delight, the bridegroom-elect capered and danced, and seeking the astonished Marie clasped her in his arms, uttering the most extravagant expressions of rapture.

"My angel!" he said, "I told you I should prevail upon your aunt. It was impossible for her to refuse me, after hearing my fiddle. She is a judge of music and loves it, and my dear little wife and I, we'll dance and play for her, and we'll all be so happy! Why, Marie, if you are kind to me I will play for you all night long again. But who shall be my best man? Oh, I know. I'll ask Toussaint Laberge; he is a good fellow, and he will rejoice in my happiness."

This was a fresh grief to the poor girl—the remembrance of her lover, with whom she had parted so coldly. How ardently she longed for the coming Sabbath, when she might see him, and obtain at once a reconciliation and his advice. Meantime she thought it best to treat Narcisse kindly, and endeavour to persuade him to return home, and remain there until the time appointed by her aunt for the marriage should arrive. She would not believe that Madame Mailhot was serious in promoting such a match—to wish to unite her to a man destitute of common sense! It was impossible—she could not be so cruel! But women can sometimes be unreasonable, to say the least, and Madame Mailhot was not superior to the rest of her sex: if she did not intend uniting her luckless niece to Narcisse, she designed to break her engagement with Laberge; and was accordingly very particular in sending him intelligence of Marie's change of prospects, which of course included his own dismissal. This effort of kindness was not, however, communicated to her niece; and Sunday came and went without bringing the wished-for lover—to the great surprise and grief of the afflicted girl. But the unwelcome lover was more punctual, and with the sweetest tones of his instrument, he strove to recall the banished smiles to the face of his beloved, while he endeavoured to inspire her with his own happy anticipations.

"Only think, dear Marie," he cried, "how soon I shall live with you altogether—how soon I shall be allowed to stay with you always. I am sorry Toussaint cannot be my best man; but he says he shall be in the States long before we are married. He intends to spend the summer there."

"And did you tell him," cried Marie, her face turning deadly pale, "could you tell him that I was going to be your wife?"

"Certainly! I told him so of course, when I asked him to attend us to church."

"And when does he leave home?"

"In a day or two, he says; I am sure he is sorry to go so soon, for he looked sad, but he wished us much happiness."

Marie burst into tears—"Cruel, cruel!" she exclaimed, but whether the exclamation had reference to her aunt or her lover, was uncertain; but she resolved nevertheless to venture another expostulation with her imperious relative. She might better have omitted it, for it was unavailing—it was like supplicating the flinty rocks.

"As you make your bed, so you must lie," was the kind response of this amiable woman. "If you marry Narcisse, you will have an affectionate husband; and as to Laberge, he has gone off to the States, so that you have nothing more to expect from him."

So completely was the poor girl spell-bound by the machinations of her aunt, that she felt assured her fate was inevitably fixed for sorrow, and her step loitered and her bloom faded, as the time appointed for her strangely contracted marriage drew near.

Winter had passed away, and May had arrived—not the sweet balmy season, sung by the poets in more eastern climes, but a month composed of tears and smiles, storms and zephyrs—a sort of debateable season, in which, as is common to our northern hemisphere, winter struggled hard with spring for the ascendancy, when, one morning, to the great surprise of Marie, Madame Mailhot summoned her to her apartment, and opening a drawer of her bureau, took from thence a handsome dress, completely made, and trimmed with much taste, and presenting it to her niece, she said:

"Tomorrow, I have promised Narcisse, shall be your wedding-day, and as he has obliged you by absenting himself from us for the last fortnight, I expect you will oblige him, by wearing this dress cheerfully. I have had it prepared for you, with other necessaries for the occasion, and have arranged every thing for a respectable wedding, which I hope you will not disgrace by any show of reluctance. You may be obliged to work hard, but if you are a good and faithful wife, your husband will always be kind to you."

Until this moment Marie had hoped, in spite of her knowledge and fear of her aunt's unbending nature, that she would never proceed to such extremities, but would relent before it was too late; but now, that she had marked her determination by such unusual demonstrations, she felt that hope was banished, and her anguish burst forth.

"Would to heaven I could die before tomorrow comes!" she cried as she left the room, to weep in her own chamber the extinction of all her long cherished visions of happiness, and frequently did she pray that something might happen to prevent the arrival of Narcisse. But even this glimmer of consolation failed, when she saw from her window, the father of her suitor alight from his horse and enter the house. She conjectured his errand, and was not surprised, when, after a long interview with

him, her aunt entered her chamber, and with smiles informed her that all was settled. Madame Mailhot added :

"Mr. Frechette will receive his son into his own house, immediately after the ceremony, and consequently you will make every preparation to leave this, that the time will allow. Why do you weep Marie ? You have long wished to go from me, and now that your wish is on the point of being gratified, you are not pleased ! Truly you are very difficult," and with this characteristic speech she left her.

I am not sure that Marie would not have eloped from her aunt's house the night previous to her marriage, if she could have found an opportunity ; but that good lady kept a vigilant watch over her, and was withal seized with so strong a desire for her company, that she insisted upon occupying the same bed with her ; and poor Marie was forced to rise, on her wedding morning, and dress for the dreaded ceremony, without finding the slightest chance for escape.

But where is Narcisse all this time ? he who was so ardent a lover ? Is it possible that Marie's wishes are realized, and that, with his usual versatility, he has changed his mind, and will not come ? Ah, no, he is just entering the house, accompanied by his father and several other friends—and really, he is a very handsome fellow, and looks uncommonly well in his new suit—his bridal suit. Even Marie notices his improved appearance—his beautiful hair so nicely arranged—his dark sparkling eyes and brilliant complexion. He advances towards her, and taking her hand, gallantly kisses it, and entreats her to prepare for their drive to church.

"We are all ready, and father Mahon is waiting, so hasten, dear Marie, to complete my happiness."

For reasons best known to herself, Madame Mailhot chose that the bride should ride with her, and Narcisse was accompanied by his father. A long train of caleches escorted them to the church, where an additional number of friends was already assembled, to witness the ceremony. Almost unconscious of what was passing, Marie suffered herself to be led to the altar—she raised her eyes and beheld the officiating priest standing before her, then shuddering, cast them down upon the floor—a mist seemed to surround her—she saw nothing—heard nothing—but she knelt mechanically upon the steps ; her hand was taken—the responses made, scarcely audibly, it is true by either party—the ring which bound her to her husband forever, was placed upon her finger, and then—Marie fainted. This, Madame Mailhot had foreseen and prepared for ; she administered hartshorn, and Marie recovered to find herself in the arms of Toussaint Laberge ; to hear him call her his beloved wife ; and to see tears of pleasure glistening in the eyes of the generous

Narcisse, who had thus lent himself to promote her felicity.

"How is this ?" at length cried the bewildered girl ; "oh ! do not tell me it is a dream, dear Toussaint," and she hid her face in his bosom, and as he pressed her to his heart, he assured her that it was indeed a blessed reality.

"When you are better, my sweet Marie, you shall hear an explanation of every thing which surprises you, and you will join me in thanking our kind Narcisse for his exertions in our favour."

"But only assure me of one thing—am I your wife ? Was I not married to him ?"

"No, dearest ; this ring was placed upon your finger by my hand : I promised to love and cherish you, and I will do so, to the latest moment of my life," and the happy Laberge again pressed his bride fondly to his bosom.

"Come Marie !" cried Madame Mailhot, "this has lasted long enough ; exert yourself, and let us go home."

The voice of the aunt had not lost its power over the niece, and she hastened to obey its mandates. The party quickly returned to the house of Madame Mailhot, where a comfortable dinner awaited them, to which all did ample justice, excepting Narcisse, whose high spirits seemed to have subsided into a languishing melancholy. Marie observed it with pain ; conscience failed not to intimate to her that it arose from the events of the morning, in which was involved the unfortunate termination of his attachment to her ; and with delicate kindness she endeavoured to wile him from his sorrow, until Madame Mailhot interrupted her grateful attentions by observing :

"Now Marie, as the important business of dinner is over, and your spirits are more fitted for listening than talking, or even for entertaining Narcisse, I will relate to you the causes of this sudden change in your destiny, which seems to have wrought so happy an effect upon your complexion. The bride expressed her eager desire to know them, and the aunt began her relation ; but as in this explanation, she omitted several things—some, because she was ignorant of them, and others, we fear, from a wish to gloss over various passages in her own conduct, which would not so well bear examination, we shall give the circumstances as they really happened, without regard to her wish for concealment.

After the betrothment of Narcisse and Marie, the lover promised his mistress to visit her but once a week, until their marriage should take place ; and until after his third visit, which he continued to lengthen to several days, he had continued devoted to his bride-elect, and revelled in glorious visions of enjoyment, as, seated by her side of an evening, he could entertain her with the sweet music of his vio-

lin; but on his return home after this protracted absence, his father insisted upon knowing where he had been, and learned from his son the particulars of his engagement. Half doubting the correctness of his story, he only forbade his visits to Marie, and commanded him to attend to his business at home; but Narcisse was so idle and inattentive to remonstrance that he was compelled to resort to severity, and the consequence was that the young man left his father's house. In order to obtain subsistence he was forced to work—but as he expected to marry so soon, he wished only to engage by the day. It chanced that in his search after employment, he applied at the house of Mr. Gower, a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, and was hired by the gardener, who well knew his capacity for labour.

Miss Gower was very fond of flowers, and was in the garden giving directions for the arrangement of some beds for her favourites, when her eyes encountered the figure of Narcisse, and the extreme beauty of his countenance induced her to inquire of the gardener who he was.

"Indeed, miss, he is a poor silly fellow, who lives a few miles from here—but he can work well—his name is Narcisse Frechette."

"Is it not unusual for simpletons to be good labourers, Thomas? Has he any friends?"

"Oh, yes, miss! his father is well off—but he had rather wander about the country than stay at home. He plays very well on the violin, and he is cunning enough to like that better than work. But what in the world is he gazing at now? I must go and see," and he laid aside his spade and advanced towards Narcisse.

"Send him to me," said the young lady; "I will employ him in digging these beds, and that will keep him busy." She accordingly gave him the necessary orders, and shewed him the various shrubs which she desired to have transplanted. This occupied some time, and wonderful was the expedition with which the delighted Narcisse executed all her commands. Believing him to be deficient in intellect, she spoke to him kindly, as to a child, and the poor fellow was in raptures—nothing seemed too difficult for him to accomplish, no exertion appeared to him too great to make for her satisfaction, and Miss Gower left the garden with the impression that if he was simple, he was, at least, very obliging and very diligent.

That evening Narcisse sought Mr. Gower, and offered his services as a labourer for the season.

"I ask but small wages," said he, "because I wish to be allowed to bring my violin, and play in the evening, after my work is done."

"Your wages are certainly very moderate," replied the gentleman; "but I should imagine you would hardly feel like playing after a day of hard

labour; will you not be too much fatigued for such an amusement?"

"Only try me, sir," answered Narcisse, nodding his head significantly; "if I do not work well, do not employ me."

"Very fair, certainly, and I have no objection to make the trial."

Narcisse was happy. And could it be possible that his presumptuous vanity was aspiring to win Miss Gower's affections? Alas! vanity was poor Narcisse's besetting sin, and the gentle sweetness of her manner to him excited high hopes, and completed the conquest her beauty had begun. Well was it for Marie that her heart was not pledged to so fickle a being. She was forgotten! His engagement to her—everything was merged in his mad passion for Miss Gower: she alone occupied his thoughts; to obtain her approbation he toiled so arduously in the garden, always choosing the heaviest work, in order to shew his strength; to win her smiles, he removed the grass from the roots of the currant-bushes, and trimmed the gooseberries, and transplanted the young trees; and to obtain her admiration he laboured harder still in the evening with his violin and his feet, stamping time with the one to the music of the other. In truth, it was on this accomplishment that he placed his greatest hopes of success. He had heard that Miss Gower loved music, and he hoped to be able to enact Orpheus sufficiently well, to allure his Eurydice into his chains. In conformity with this desire, whether she sat in the portico or walked in the garden, at the close of day, her ears were sure to be saluted by the most harmonious tones he could elicit from his instrument; to the great amusement of the gardener, who read the heart of poor Narcisse as easily as he would have done that of a child.

About this time it happened that a relative of Toussaint Laberge, who was likewise his godfather, died suddenly; and being a bachelor, he bequeathed to his godson a small farm, with a comfortable and prettily furnished house upon it; and this piece of good fortune reaching the ears of Madame Mailhot, effected a revolution in her sentiments towards Laberge, which his real worth of character had failed to accomplish. Anger at her niece's determination to marry him, poor as he was, had induced her to favour the suit of Narcisse, whose father, she well knew, was rich. Want of sense she considered was no objection,—indeed she thought it rather a recommendation than otherwise, for she had adopted the opinion that fools are more easily led than men of sense—an absurd notion, truly, and one that has wrought the misery of thousands.

She chose to think, that since Marie still loved Toussaint, he would be a more eligible match for her than Narcisse, and she found herself compelled

to exert her skill to unravel the web she had so carefully woven, and to recall him from the banishment into which her artifices had driven him. Of Narcisse's disappointment she thought not. Happily for the latter, his characteristic versatility had saved him from all pain on this account; and when Madame Mailhot sent for him, with the intention of breaking the matter to him, his artless nature anticipated her communication, and rendered it unnecessary, by the confession of his passion for Miss Gower. Although secretly laughing at his folly, she encouraged it, and advised him to persevere in his pursuit of the young lady, while she would calm Marie's disappointed feelings, by uniting her to Toussaint Laberge, providing he would assist her in recalling him to Canada. To this he readily consented, and together they planned the surprise which afterwards succeeded so well. Narcisse went himself to bring back the wanderer, carrying with him Madame's consent to his marriage with her niece, on condition that he obeyed her injunctions of secrecy; she wished to get up a scene, to produce a sensation. It is of little consequence to some that they inflict pain upon others, provided they are themselves amused; and certainly Madame Mailhot had no objection to prolonging Marie's punishment, so long as she could retain her authority over her. Her scheme was well nigh defeated by Mr. Fréchette, only the day before the contemplated marriage was to have taken place, he having only that morning learned from one of his neighbours that his son was to be united to Marie the next day. As speedily as possible he hastened to prevent the ceremony, and fortunate was it for Madame's plan, that such was his intention, for so pleased was he to find the report untrue, that he willingly agreed to assist her in her little *equivoque* upon her niece.

Toussaint, in consequence of engagements in business, was unable to leave Vermont until near the time appointed for the marriage, so that poor Marie had no chance to hear of his return, and imagined he had relinquished her entirely; then maidenly pride enabled her to struggle with her grief, and in a great degree to conceal it. Her delight at this denouement may be conceived: to find herself not only restored to the affections of her lover, but actually his wife, filled her with grateful emotions. She forgot her aunt's former severity, and only remembered the kindness she had so recently shewn her, and her full heart overflowed with feelings of thankfulness almost too vivid for utterance. Sweet Marie! few possess in such abundant measure as filled thy soul the lovely Christian attributes of meekness and a forgiving spirit! Mayest thou ever retain them, uninjured by communion with a proud and revengeful world. Thy heart was a deep fountain of kindly impulses, from whence issued no contaminating stream to poison the felicity of others. Whether the merce-

nary Madame Mailhot felt herself entitled to these grateful effusions, or whether she experienced a pang of remorse on hearing them, must remain a secret in her own bosom; but she received them very graciously, and turning to Laberge, who had listened attentively to her explanation, and who, from his knowledge of her character, had supplied in his own mind several deficiencies in her narrative, she kindly said:

"And now Toussaint must accept the congratulations of his new aunt, and allow her to believe that he has forgiven her former opposition to his wishes, in consideration of her recent exertions in his favour."

He took her extended hand, and shaking it cordially, assured her that his first wish was to live in harmony with her, as the friend who had sheltered and protected his Marie from her childhood; and he sincerely hoped that an interchange of kindnesses would always continue between relatives so nearly allied.

These speeches being duly made, Laberge then turned to Narcisse, who sat sighing and silent, and gently tapping his shoulder, he said, "Why, Narcisse, my man, are you asleep? Pray wake up, and share our happiness; but for you, my good fellow, I should never have known how much my dear little wife here grieved for my departure, and I am desirous to repay you by shewing you a pretty girl this evening, who will drive all thoughts of Miss Gower out of your head."

"I am very glad you are so happy, Toussaint," sighed the lover; "but I wish to see nothing more beautiful than one I have already seen."

"But you surely do not expect to win her affections?"

Narcisse smiled mysteriously, as he answered:

"Perhaps that is not now to be done; perhaps?"—and he approached his lips to the ear of his friend,—"perhaps they are already won."

"Pshaw, pshaw, my dear fellow! do not raise such 'castles in the air.'"

"If you knew all," interrupted Narcisse, "you would believe what I say."

"Well then, tell me all—tell me your reason for supposing that Miss Gower loves you."

"Because she likes to be near me when I am at work—because she always calls upon me to do any little job in the garden; and because she speaks so kindly to me when I have done; and because she is the sweetest little creature in the world."

A burst of laughter from Madame Mailhot, at this passionate out-break of the love-lorn swain, startled him and checked his ecstasies, but Laberge kindly said:

"Well, Narcisse, let us suppose for one moment that all this is reality, and that the lady likes you; can you imagine that she will marry you? She is of a different eraed from you, and her station in life

altogether superior to yours; therefore, I hope you will think no more about her, but get your violin, for we shall need all your music this evening; and assist us in preparing for home."

The good natured fellow, although sighing like a furnace, nevertheless rendered himself very serviceable in these preparations, and taking leave of their hostess, the party were soon on their way to the new residence of Toussaint Laberge. He had been its owner too recently to enable him to make many improvements, but the willing heart and skilful hand accomplish much, and he looked forward to the time when Marie's taste and his own industry united, would make them perfectly comfortable. With what delight did Marie enter this pleasant dwelling, led by her beloved husband, who, with a kiss of affection, welcomed her to her own home! Ah, that magic word! how many sweet associations, how many fond anticipations, it conveys to the bosom of the tired wanderer! What a haven of peace it seems to the weary, way-worn heart, sick of the cold selfishness and deceitful smiles of the world around him; yet, in our earthly homes, we often experience unkindness and sorrow; our purest motives are often misconstrued; our holiest affections cast back upon ourselves; but the Christian's home! that glorious scene of purity and love, admits of no disappointment, sustains no change. "There saints of all ages in harmony meet." There "Anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, "And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

The home to which Laberge introduced his bride, was a neat, white-washed cottage, situated on the bank of the beautiful Richelieu, just where the bend of the river formed a miniature peninsula, crowned with various kinds of forest trees, which waved their dark luxuriant foliage over the spot, and shaded it from the fervid heats of summer. An excellent garden gave promise of a liberal reward to the diligent cultivator, and to become a source of untiring pleasure to Marie. Above the point of land the waters flowed in a calm majestic stream, looking the very emblem of quiet sublimity; but below it, a barrier of rocks stretching across the wide bed of the river, obstructed its course for a long reach. Then, as if in contrast to their former peaceful motion, the waters foamed and waved and tossed their white and frothy caps into the air; or rushed madly around them in search of a passage, forming one of the series of beautiful rapids with which that stream abounds. A little latticed gallery projected from the house towards the river, and here the young and happy pair passed many a summer evening, enjoying the cool breeze that swept over the dark water, and listening to the melody of Narcisse's violin.

But it was in vain that these kind friends strove to convince him of the folly of his infatuation for Miss Gower: he persisted in his belief that she loved him, and in his determination to ask her hand—and

then, finding their arguments unavailing, left it to time to effect the cure. But although this same reverend personage is often very successful in such affairs, yet, in the present instance he chose not to exert his influence, and Narcisse nourished his passion by gazing and hoping, until he collected courage to make it known to its unconscious object. Miss Gower was taking a solitary stroll in the garden, when this extraordinary lover presented himself before her, and with every demonstration of sincerity, made known his attachment to her, and entreated the honour of her hand. She was mute with astonishment. Many admirers had the blue eyes and sunny smile of Ellen Gower won for her, but this conquest surpassed all others. She would have frowned, but as she beheld the deprecating look of his expressive eyes, and remembered the imbecility of his mind, her displeasure gave place to pity, and her refusal was couched in terms of gentleness and sympathy. Poor Narcisse! This air-built castle, in its fall had well-nigh crushed his heart—yet his friends trusted, that now, when hope was extinguished, his fickleness of character would soon lead him to substitute another fancy in place of this—and as time advanced they imagined their wishes were accomplished.

One day late in the autumn, as Marie sat alone in her pleasant parlour, she was alarmed by the sudden entrance of Narcisse, who, breathless and pale, threw himself on a chair, in an agony of grief.

"Narcisse," she exclaimed, "what troubles you so much?" Tears were his only answer. "Are you ill? Do speak—what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, dear Marie, nothing; I am lost—lost!"

"Pray explain yourself,—what has happened?"

"She is married—and I am undone—I have lost her forever!"

"Who is married?"

"Miss Gower—my lovely, my beautiful!" Sobs impeded his utterance.

"When was she married, and to whom?"

"Just this morning—I saw her leave the church— I must die—I will die."

"Nonsense, I thought you had forgotten her."

"No, I never forgot her for a moment. I could always look at her when she was in the garden—I could listen to her voice when she spoke—and oh, it was so sweet! and now she is going away and I shall hear it no more. I cannot live!"

At this moment Laberge entered; his look of surprise vanished, as he caught the last sentence of the simple hearted fellow. At Marie's request, he explained all that Narcisse left untold. Miss Gower had been married that morning to a gentleman of Montreal to whom she had been long engaged, and was leaving her father's house, for the residence of her husband. The excitement of her presence had

sustained Narcisse under his rejection ; for although unconscious of it himself, while she continued single he had nourished hopes, which her marriage totally dispelled, leaving him quite reckless to his own future fate. Regardless of the friend who would have detained him, and without other object than that of escaping from himself, he roved from place to place, seeking in change of scene relief from the recollections that oppressed him ; and when the rebellion broke out, that destroyed the peace and prosperity of so many families, he was ever foremost in all places of danger ; joining neither party, but hovering with strange delight, around scenes of thrilling horror.

When the attack on St. Eustache was planned, he hastened thither as usual, to be a witness of the scene ; but he returned no more. A gentleman, who visited the place the morning succeeding the battle, before the slain were removed from their frozen bed, on examining these fearful testimonials to the horrors of war, observed one body lying in a peculiarly affecting position, stretched at full length upon its back ; the hands, raised and clasped as in the attitude of prayer, had been retained in that position by the extreme severity of the frost—the spirit had departed on the wings of supplication ! Near the body were strewed the remains of a violin—the music of its strings silenced forever. It was Narcisse—a musket ball had accomplished its office, and his simple and guileless heart had found rest from its sorrows.

M. W. B

(ORIGINAL.)

TO MISS R. P. E. OF B. —

Had I Anacreon's lyre, with tuneful strings,  
Or that with which Green Erin's minstrel sings,  
Each should be tried and task'd to sound the charms  
Of one who dreams not that her beauty harms.  
Modest as is the dew-drop on the rose,  
Ah ! little thinks she of the spell she throws  
On those around, who feel the gentle chain  
About them bound, too happy to complain :  
I've seen her blue eyes, with a heavenly smile,  
Beneath a snowy forehead beam awhile  
With melting sweetness, and with lustre bright  
Cheering each votary with its gentle light.  
The rounded grace of that enchanting form  
Bespeaks her feelings, ever kind and warm,  
And then that hand, t'were surely more than bliss  
To pay sweet homage at a shrine like this.

H.

Montreal, 29th November, 1841.

HUMILITY.

HUMILITY is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet every body is contented to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servants, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.—*Selden*.

## CHARLES O'MALLEY.

A chapter from CHARLES O'MALLEY is always welcome,—and the following is a good one. The uninitiated reader will, however, require to be informed that the hero, after serving for some years in the Peninsula, has returned to Galway, and settled down quietly as a country squire. A flirtation between him and a pretty, wild and romping cousin, has been a consequence of his change of life. His cousin is not, however, his lady-love—whatever the desires of her family, or her own feelings towards him may be. She is loved by Mr. Sparks, the tall lieutenant, who engages Charles to pop the question for him. With this short explanation, the point of the story will be seen :—

## THE AMBASSADOR.

I ordered my horses at an early hour, and long before Sparks—lover that he was—had opened his eyes to the light, was already on my way to Curtnamorra. Several miles slipped away before I well determined how I should open my negotiations ; whether to papa Blake, in the first instance, or to madam, to whose peculiar province these secrets of the home department belonged ; or why not to Baby ? because, after all, with her it rested finally to accept or to refuse. To address myself to the heads of the department seemed the more formal course, and, as I was acting entirely as an *envoyé extraordinaire*, I deemed this the fitting mode of proceeding.

It was exactly eight o'clock as I drove up to the door. Mr. Blake was standing at the open window of the breakfast-room, snuffing the fresh air of the morning. The Blake mother was busily engaged with the economy of the tea-table ; a very simple style of morning costume, and a night-cap with a flounce like a petticoat, marking her unaffected toilette. Above stairs, more than one head in *papillote*, took a furtive peep between the curtains ; and the butler of the family, in corduroys and a fur cap, was weeding turnips in the lawn before the door.

Mrs. Blake had hardly time to take a hurried departure, when her husband came out upon the steps to bid me welcome. There is no physiognomist like your father of a family, or your mother with marriageable daughters. Lavater was nothing to them, in reading the secret springs of action—the hidden sources of all character. Had there been a good respectable bump allotted by Spurzheim to “honorable intentions,” the matter had been all fair and easy—the very first salute of the gentleman would have pronounced upon his views : but alas ! no such guide is forthcoming ; and the science, as it now exists, is enveloped in doubt and difficulty. The gay, laughing temperament of some ; the dark and serious composure of others ; the cautious and reserved, the open and the candid, the dull, the prudent, the reckless—in a word, every variety which

the innumerable hues of character imprint upon the human face divine, are their study. Their convictions are the slow and patient fruits of intense observation and great logical accuracy. Carefully noting down every lineament and feature—their change, their action, and their development—they track a lurking motive with the scent of a blood-hound, and run down a growing passion with an unrelenting speed. I have been in the witness box, exposed to the licensed badgering and privileged impertinence of a lawyer; winked, leered, frowned, and sneered at, with all the long practiced tact of a *nisi prius* torturer; I have stood before the cold, fish-like, but searching eye of a prefect of police, as he compared my passport with my person, and thought he could detect a discrepancy in both: but I never felt the same sense of total exposure as when glanced at by the half cautious, half prying look of a worthy father or mother, in a family where there are daughters to marry, and “nobody coming to woo.”

“You’re early, Charley,” said Mr. Blake, with an affected mixture of carelessness and warmth. “You have not had breakfast?”

“No, sir. I have come to share a part of yours; and, if I mistake not, you seem a little later than usual.”

“Not more than a few minutes. The girls will be down presently; they’re early risers, Charley; good habits are just as easy as bad ones; and, the Lord be praised! my girls were never brought up with any other.”

“I am well aware of it, sir; and indeed, if I may be permitted to take advantage of the *apropos*, it was on the subject of one of your daughters that I wished to speak to you this morning, and which brought me over at this uncivilized hour, hoping to find you alone.”

Mr. Blake’s look for a moment was one of triumphant satisfaction: it was but a glance, however, and repressed the very instant after, as he said, with a well got-up indifference—

“Just step with me into the study, and we’re sure not to be interrupted.”

Now, although I have little time or space for such dallying, I cannot help dwelling for a moment upon the aspect of what Mr. Blake dignified with the name of his study. It was a small apartment with one window, the panes of which, independent of all aid from a curtain, tempered the daylight, through the medium of cobwebs, dust, and the ill-trained branches of some wall-tree without.

Three oak chairs and a small table were the only articles of furniture; while around, on all sides, lay the *disjecta membra* of Mr. Blake’s hunting, fishing, shooting, and coursing equipments—old top boots, driving whips, old spurs, a racing saddle, a blunderbuss, the helmet of the Galway light horse, a salmon-net, a large map of the county, with a mar-

ginal index to several mortgages marked with a cross, a stable lantern, the rudder of a boat, and several other articles, representative of his daily associations; but not one book, save an odd volume of Watty Cox’s Magazine, whose pages seemed as much the receptacle of brown hackles for trout fishing as the resource of literary leisure.

“Here we’ll be quite cosy, and to ourselves,” said Mr. Blake, as, placing a chair for me, he sat down himself, with the air of a man resolved to assist, by advice and counsel, the dilemma of some dear friend:

After a few preliminary observations, which, like a breathing canter before a race, serve to get your courage up, and settle you well in your seat, I opened my negotiation by some very broad and sweeping truism about the misfortunes of a bachelor existence, and discomforts of his position, his want of home and happiness, the necessity for his one day thinking seriously about marriage: it being in a measure almost as inevitable a termination of the free and easy career of his single life as transportation for seven years is to that of a poacher. “You cannot go on, sir,” said I, “trespassing for ever upon your neighbour’s preserves; you must be apprehended sooner or later; therefore, I think, the better way is to take out a license.”

Never was a small sally of wit more thoroughly successful. Mr. Blake laughed till he cried, and when he had done, wiped his eyes with a snuffy handkerchief, and cried till he laughed again. As, somehow, I could not conceal from myself a suspicion as to my friend’s mirth, I merely consoled myself with the French adage, that he laughs best who laughs last; and went on—

“It will not be deemed surprising, sir, that a man should come to the discovery I have just mentioned more rapidly by having enjoyed the pleasure of intimacy with your family; not only by the example of perfect domestic happiness presented to him, but by the prospect held out that a heritage of the fair gifts which adorn and grace married life, may reasonably be looked for among the daughters of those, themselves the realization of conjugal felicity.”

Here was a canter with a vengeance; and as I felt blown, I slackened my pace, coughed, and resumed:

“Miss Mary Blake, sir, is then the object of my present communication; she it is, who has made an existence that seemed fair and pleasurable before, appear blank and unprofitable without her. I have, therefore—to come at once to the point—visited you this morning, formally to ask her hand in marriage; her fortune, I may at once observe, is perfectly immaterial—a matter of no consequence; (so Mr. Blake thought also) a competence fully equal to every reasonable notion of expenditure—”

“There—there; don’t,” said Mr. Blake, wiping his eyes with a sob like a hiccup, “don’t speak of



money. I know what you'd say; a handsome settlement—a well-secured jointure, and all that. Yes, yes, I feel it all."

"Why, yes, sir, I believe I may add, that every thing in this respect will answer your expectations."

"Of course; to be sure. My poor dear Baby! how to do without her, that's the rub. You don't know, O'Malley, what that girl is to me—you can't know it; you'll feel it one day though—that you will."

"The devil I shall!" said I to myself.

"The point is, after all, to learn the lady's disposition in the matter——"

"Ah Charley! none of this with me, you sly dog! You think I don't know you. Why I've been watching—that is, I have seen—no, I mean I've heard—they—they: people will talk, you know."

"Very true, sir. But, as I was going to remark——"

Just at this moment the door opened, and Miss Baby herself, looking most annoyingly handsome, put in her head.

"Papa, we're waiting breakfast. Ah, Charley, how d'ye do?"

"Come in, Baby," said Mr. Blake; you haven't given me my kiss this morning."

The lovely girl threw her arms around his neck, while her bright and flowing locks fell richly upon his shoulder. I turned rather sulkily away: the thing always provokes me. There is as much cold selfish cruelty in such *coram publico* endearments, as in the luscious display of rich rounds and sirloins in a chop-house, to the eyes of the starved and peniless wretch without, who, with dripping rags and watering lip, eats imaginary slices, while the pains of hunger are torturing him.

"There's Tim!" said Mr. Blake, suddenly. "Tim Cronin! Tim!" shouted he to—as it seemed to me—an imaginary individual outside; while in the eagerness of pursuit, he rushed out of the study, banging the door as he went, and leaving Baby and myself to our mutual edification.

I should have preferred it being otherwise; but as the Fates willed it thus, I took Baby's hand, and led her to the window. Now there is one feature of my countrymen, which, having recognized strongly in myself, I would fain proclaim; and writing, as I do—however little people may suspect me—solely for the sake of a moral, would gladly warn the unsuspecting against. I mean the very decided tendency to become the consoler, the confidante of young ladies; seeking out opportunities of assuaging their sorrow, reconciling their afflictions, breaking eventful passages to their ears; not from any inherent pleasure in the tragic phases of such intercourse, but for the semi-tenderness of manner, that harmless hand-squeezing, that innocent waist-pressing, without which consolation is but like salmon without lobster—a thing maimed, wanting, and imperfect.

Now whether this with me was a natural gift, or merely a "way we have in the army," as the song says, I shall not pretend to say; but I venture to affirm that few men could excel me in the practice I speak of some five and twenty years ago. Fair reader, do pray, if I have the happiness of being known to you, deduct them from my age before you subtract from my merits.

"Well, Baby, dear, I have just been speaking about you to papa. Yes dear—don't look so incredulous—even of your own sweet self. Well, do you know I almost prefer your hair worn that way; those same silky masses look better falling thus heavily——"

"There now, Charley! ah, don't."

"Well, Baby, as I was saying, before you stopped me, I have been asking your papa a very important question, and he has referred me to you for an answer. And now will you tell me, in all frankness and honesty, your mind on the matter?"

She grew deadly pale as I spoke these words; then suddenly flushed up again, but said not a word. I could perceive, however, from her heaving chest and restless manner, that no common agitation was stirring her bosom. It was cruelty to be silent, so I continued—

"One who loves you well, Baby, has asked his own heart the question, and has been answered that without you he has no chance of happiness; that your bright eyes are to him bluer than the deep sky above him; that your soft voice, your winning smile—and what a smile it is! have taught him that loves, nay, adores you. Then dearest—what pretty fingers those are! Ah! what is this? whence came that emerald? I never saw that ring before, Baby."

"Oh, that—" said she, blushing deeply, "that is a ring the foolish creature Sparks gave me a couple of days ago; but I don't like it—I don't intend to keep it."

So saying, she endeavoured to draw it from her finger, but in vain.

"But why, Baby, why take it off? Is it to give him the pleasure of putting it on again? There don't get angry; we must not fall out surely."

"No, Charley, if you are not vexed with me—if you are not——"

"No, no, my dear Baby; nothing of the kind. Sparks was quite right in not trusting his entire fortune to my diplomacy; but, at least, he ought to have told me that he had opened the negotiation. Now the question simply is—Do you love him—or rather, because that shortens matters—Will you accept him?"

"Love who?"

"Love who? why Sparks; to be sure."

A flash of indignant surprise passed across her features, now pale as marble; her lips were slightly parted; her large full eyes were fixed upon me

stedfastly; and her hand, which I had held in mine, she suddenly withdrew from my grasp.

"And so—and so it is of Mr Sparks' cause you are so ardently the advocate?" said she, at length, after a pause of most awkward duration.

"Why, of course, my dear cousin. It was at his suit and solicitation I called on your father: it was he himself who entreated me to take this step; it was he——"

But before I could conclude, she burst into a torrent of tears, and rushed from the room.

Here was a situation! What the deuce was the matter? Did she, or did she not, care for him? Was her pride or her delicacy hurt at my being made the means of the communication to her father? What had Sparks done or said to put himself and me in such a devil of a predicament? Could she care for any one else?"

"Well, Charley!" cried Mr. Blake, as he entered, rubbing his hands in a perfect paroxysm of good temper. "Well, Charley, has love-making put breakfast out of your head?"

"Why, faith, sir, I greatly fear I have blundered my mission sadly. My cousin Mary does not appear so perfectly satisfied: her manner——"

"Don't tell me such nonsense—the girl's manner! Why, man, I thought you were too old a soldier to be taken in that way."

"Well then, sir, the best thing, under the circumstances, is, to send over for Sparks himself. Your consent, I may tell him, is already obtained."

"Yes, my boy; and my daughter's is equally sure. But I don't see what we want with Sparks at all: among old friends and relatives, as we are, there is, I think, no need of a stranger."

"A stranger! Very true, sir, he is a stranger; but when that stranger is about to become your son-in-law——"

"About to become what?" said Mr. Blake, rubbing his spectacles, and placing them leisurely on his nose to regard me, "to become what?"

"Your son-in-law. I hope I have been sufficiently explicit, sir, in making known Mr. Sparks' wishes to you."

"Mr. Sparks! Why, damn me, sir—I beg pardon for the warmth—you—you never mentioned his name today till now. You led me to suppose that—in fact, you told me most clearly——"

Here, from the united effects of rage and a struggle for concealment, Mr. Blake was unable to proceed, and walked the room with a melo-dramatic stamp perfectly awful.

"Really, sir," said I at last, "while I deeply regret any misconception or mistake I have been the cause of, I must in justice to myself say, that I am perfectly unconscious of having misled you. I came here this morning with a proposition for the hand of your daughter, on behalf of——"

"Yourself, sir! Yes, yourself. I'll be—— no! I'll not swear: but—just answer me, if you ever mentioned one word of Mr. Sparks; if you ever alluded to him till the last few minutes?"

I was perfectly astounded. It might be; alas! it was exactly as he stated. In my unlucky effort at extreme delicacy, I became only so mysterious that I left the matter open for him to suppose that the Khan of Tartary was in love with Baby.

There was but one course now open. I most humbly apologized for my blunder; repeated by every expression I could summon up, my sorrow for what had happened, and was beginning a renewal of negotiation "in re Sparks," when, overcome by his passion, Mr. Blake could hear no more, but snatched up his hat and left the room.

Had it not been for Baby's share in the transaction, I should have laughed outright. As it was, I felt anything but mirthful; and the only clear and collected idea in my mind, was to hurry home with all speed and fasten a quarrel on Sparks, the innocent cause of the whole mishap. Why this thought struck me, let physiologists decide.

A few moments' reflection satisfied me, that under present circumstances, it would be particularly awkward to meet with any others of the family. Ardently desiring to secure my retreat, I succeeded after some little time, in opening the window sash; consoling myself for any injury I was about to inflict upon Mr. Blake's young plantation in my descent, by the thought of the service I was rendering him while admitting a little fresh air into his sanctum.

For my patriotism's sake I will not record my sensations as I took my way through the shrubbery towards the stable. Men are ever so prone to re-engage their faults and their follies upon such inoffensive agencies as time and place, wind or weather, that I was quite convinced that to any other but Galway ears, my *exposé* would have been perfectly clear and intelligible; and that in no other country under heaven would a man be expected to marry a young lady from a blunder in his grammar.

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#### THE HARP.

THE harp was the favourite musical instrument, not only of the Irish, but of the Britons and northern nations, during the middle ages, as is evident from their history. By the laws of Wales, the possession of a harp was one of the three things necessary to constitute a gentleman; and to prevent slaves pretending to be gentlemen, they were not allowed to be taught to play upon the harp. A gentleman's harp was not to be seized for debt, because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank.

THERESE; OR, THE GAZELLE OF CATARO.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven :

'Tis gone——

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,

To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,

For 'tis of aspicks, tongues.

*Shakspeare.*

THERESE was the only daughter of a merchant named Csurgo, residing in Cataro, a dependency of the Austrian domination, and had been sought in marriage by a young and rich Montenegrin mountaineer, Argab Zagyya. Their union was speedily concluded, and the nuptials of Therese and Argab were celebrated at Tsernry, where the residence and the principal property of the latter were situated. Therese was remarkably beautiful; there could not be a more striking figure than that of the young Austrian; her "eyes dark charm" the grace and lightness of her form, had obtained for her the name of the Gazelle. She had always exhibited a pious disposition, blended with the utmost filial affection for her aged parents. Nevertheless, though pure as snow, she had not been completely spared by the venom tongue of calumny, and before her marriage a rumour had obtained some circulation, that she entertained a secret affection for a gay officer of the Hungarian hussars.

Argale Zagyya, whose ears the rumour reached, treated it with apparent indifference. Their marriage took place, and for some time he seemed to forget every other consideration in his devotion to his bride. Unfortunately for the latter, the young Hungarian hussar appeared at Tsernry. This, then, confirmed Argab in his belief that the injurious rumours concerning Therese were too well founded, and that which was held before to be a calumnious supposition, was a dishonouring reality. From this day commenced for Therese a life of torture and humiliation; after struggling through some weeks of the most incessant mental torture, she determined to fly, and executing her resolve, gained the frontier through the midst of a thousand dangers, and joined her father at Cataro. Zagyya at first exhibited no resentment on the occasion of his young wife's flight; he even sent to her a messenger to obtain from her an image of the Virgin, which in her escape she had carried off with her, through a pious superstition. But a very few days elapsed before this apparent indifference gave place to ungovernable fury, and projects of implacable revenge. In consequence of some false intelligence which he received, Zagyya

became persuaded that his bride had thrown herself into her former lover's arms.

From Tsernry to Cataro was but a short distance; Zagyya, after having gathered together sixty Heydouks, or mountain brigands, and armed himself and his followers, marched toward the house of Csurgo. Having been stopped on the frontier by an Austrian military post, which sought to oppose his passage, he attacked it, slew nine men, and arrived the same night at Cataro. Old Csurgo and his servants, surprised in their sleep, could offer no resistance. Zagyya seized their persons, caused them to be tied naked to trees in the old man's garden, and flogged with cruel violence, reproaching his father-in-law with having deceived him with respect to Therese's innocence. The brigands then set fire to the house and buildings adjoining, took possession of all the valuables on which they could lay hands, destroyed the cattle, and then took the road which led back to the mountains, dragging the unfortunate Therese with them.

With a rope round her neck, her feet naked, the miserable creature was forced to walk from Cataro to Tsernry.—When the party arrived there, the Heydouks, by order of Zagyya, tied her to a post in the market-place, and began to beat her with leather thongs. The wretched woman, in the midst of the sufferings inflicted by their savage barbarity, declared her innocence, and implored them to send for a confessor.

"Die, dishonoured wretch!" replied her husband, with a demonic smile; "you have added sacrilege to your other crimes; you have stolen the image of the Virgin—you have nothing to expect from Zagyya's pity."

The blood streamed from Therese, her piercing cries rent the air, and resounded to the remotest extremity of Tsernry. But the Heydouks did not in the slightest degree relent in the infliction of their furious blows, and the leather thongs still tore fragments of flesh from the victim's body, after her sufferings had terminated, and the last paroxysm of pain and exhaustion was over.

Even with his victim's death the vengeance of her husband did not cease, and the lacerated corpse of Csurgo's ill-fated daughter, removed from the pillar where her mortal agony had taken place, was carried by his own hands to the hill which overhangs the town, and hung upon a gibbet, to become the prey of eagles and vultures, and his brigands then held a feast on the spot.

ERROR.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men,  
The things that are not! O error soon conceived,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

## THE MAINTOPMAN'S DEATH-BED.

BY EDWARD HOWARD,  
AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," ETC.

THE assistant-surgeon, and the overgrown and womanish-looking youth who tended upon the afflicted, were the only persons in the sick-bay, excepting the departing seaman, John Rockwood. The evening breezes dallied gently with the white and extended sails, and made a melancholy music, peculiarly their own, among the tightened and well-stretched standing and running rigging. The sounds from these rough and noble harpstrings might, fancy aided, have been thought to breathe a requiem of the most soothing melody to the dying maintopman.

There was that awful hush throughout the populous ship which, though not absolute silence, might be said to be something more still. The low moaning of the gentle winds, the faint plashings of the waves, and the careful tread of the few officers who were moving about, indicated that life and action still existed, but existed with a subdued solemnity, well befitting the quiet death-bed of the humble and the good.

The hardy and stalwart seamen were at quarters, and they whispered to each other in sorrowful accents that their ship-mate was "going aloft," was "under weigh for the right place," "had tripped his anchor for glory," and in many sea-taught and quaint expressions, intimated their conviction that he "was down in the good behaviour list," and had ensured "a berth," where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary find rest.

The men had been mustered, whilst the slanting sunbeams streamed through the port-holes upon their glistening cutlasses; and all the dreadful appertinances belonging to "glorious war; had been reported ready for action, and secured for the night, and Captain Dabricourt was on the point of ordering the first lieutenant to "beat the retreat," when the assistant-surgeon walked slowly and lightly across the quarter deck, and whispered to the surgeon, who approached the captain and communicated with him in a low tone.

The commander of the *Majestic* bowed his head sorrowfully at this information, and approaching the break of the quarter deck, commanded, in a subdued tone of voice, that the boatswain's mates should pass the word fore and aft, for the men to disperse themselves quietly. One man on board was to hear no more the cheerful rattle of doubling drum.

Attended by the surgeon and his assistant, Captain Dabricourt proceeded to the sick-bay, and was soon standing near the hammock, where swung, on his death-bed, the honest, and once blythe maintopman, John Rockwood.

There was no chaplain on board. At the time of which we were speaking, there were, at most,

but three or four clergymen dispersed among many ships, and it was seldom that a single cruiser was so fortunate as to possess one. As Captain Dabricourt stood over the dying man, gazing wistfully in the wan countenance beneath him, he held open the prayer-book at the service of the visitation of the sick.

"Is he rational enough to benefit by divine consolation?" said the captain, addressing the surgeon.

"I hardly know, Captain Dabricourt. The poor fellow fancies that he is overlooking a party of agricultural laborers who are mowing down the grass in the green fields of his native village. He is very restless. Listen!"

"The scythes want sharpening, lubbers all!" murmured Rockwood. "See, the waving grass rises again fast—fast as they sweep it down. A ropeyarn for such mowers! They do no more than the summer wind as it sweeps over the fields;—there—there—there! and he pointed to the dancing waves, all green and joyous, which rose and fell not unlike the bending and rising grass in a meadow ready for the scythe.

Rockwood was then silent for a space, gazing intently through the port-hole upon the sea, and feebly nodding his head and waving his attenuated hand to the motion of the waters. "Yes," he continued, "I know that I am very ill, and it is terrible to die here, away from my gallant ship, and my jolly, jolly messmates. I always hoped to be buried in the cool blue seas, a thousand thousand fathoms down, below all the sharks. What a quiet roomy, pleasant grave! No mould, no dirt, no filthy worms. But now, poor Jack will be huddled into the church-yard, among the bones of a parcel of shore-going sinners, to rot in a six feet deep grave. How I hate that rotting! Mow away, mow away, ye lubbers! You see the grass is up again before ye have time to bring your scythes round."

An expressive look passed between the captain and the surgeon, which plainly indicated that they thought the poor fellow in extremity, and that they ought not to pray with, but for him. The captain then commenced, with a solemn voice, reading the prayers for the sick at the point of departure. When he came to the words—"We humbly commend the soul of this thy servant, our dear brother," the sailor rallied at the word brother amazingly, for very strongly had the captain emphasized it.

"Brother! my brother! Where is he? and where am I? No, no, no—your honor; you are not my brother;" and he made an abortive effort at the accustomed pluck at the fore lock—the mark of deference to his commander; "I know better nor that: you are my captain—God bless you, sir."

"Your brother—your friend and brother, believe it," said the captain, placing much stress upon the words, "your friend and brother!"

"I cannot very well make out my bearings and distance," said Rockwood, hesitatingly, and with a very feeble voice. "I seem to be in two places at once—in my own village and my aunt's room, looking out upon the half-yearly parish land; and yet, things are about me that could only be on board ship. I am sure I've had a methody parson praying with me the last two glasses; and what vexes me is, that I, a thorough seaman, who have always done a seaman's duty, should be buried in a dirty grave ashore!" This was uttered with many interruptions, yet the meaning was distinct.

"John Rockwood," said the captain, "I never, purposely, deceived any one. Collect yourself, my good friend.—Believe it, that you are now very dangerously ill, on board his Majesty's ship *Majestic*."

"In deep sea, and in blue water?" asked the poor man, anxiously.

"The water blue as midnight—the depth unfathomable. We have no soundings."

Then, after a pause, the sailor said, in a very low, yet firm voice—"I am ready—aye—ready!"

"Then turn your thoughts with me to your Maker," replied Captain Dabricourt. He then read the necessary prayers, to which it was plain that the departing man attended devoutly, as, when the office was finished, he appeared to lapse into unconsciousness; those who were about him prepared to depart; his embrowned and now bony fingers were uplifted, and he was imperfectly heard to ask—"Have I done my duty?"

"Gallantly, nobly, bravely—always—always!" said Captain Dabricourt, with a voice trembling with emotion.

"Alo and aloft—alow and aloft! Hurrah!" How faint, how pitiable was that dying shout. It was the last sound uttered by John Rockwood, the maintopman.

In the middle-watch, two of his messmates were assisting the sail-maker in sewing John in a hammock, chanting, in a low voice, the simple dirge—"He's gone, what a hearty good fellow!"

"Give him a double allowance of shot," said one; "'cause as how, poor fellow, he had a notion that the deeper he went, it was more becoming to a regular out and out sailor. But it's my notion, that seeing as if we does our duty, it won't signify where we start from, when we are all mustered at the last day. We shall all be in time, depend on't!"

"I think so too," said the sail maker.

#### REASON.

REASON is a faculty or power of the mind, whereby it distinguishes good from evil; whereby man is distinguished from beasts, and wherein he greatly surpasses them: or reason is that principle whereby comparing several ideas together, we draw consequences from the relations they are found to have.

#### ON BEING CALLED A SAINT.

A saint! Oh, would that I could claim  
The privileged, the honoured name,  
And confidently take my stand,  
Though lowest in the saintly band.

Would, though it were in scorn applied,  
That term the test of truth could bide—  
Like kingly salutations given,  
In mockery, to the King of Heaven.

A saint! And what imports the name,  
Thus bandied in derision's game?  
Holy and separate from sin,  
To good, nay, even to God akin!

Is such the meaning of the name,  
From which a Christian shrinks with shame?  
Yes—dazzled by the glorious sight,  
He owns his crown is all too bright.

And ill might son of Adam dare  
Alone such honour's weight to bear;  
But fearlessly he takes the load  
United to the son of God.

A saint! Oh! Scorner, give some sign,  
Some seal to prove the title mine,  
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,  
Than bringing kingdoms to my hand.

Oh, for an interest in that name,  
When hell shall ope its jaws of flame,  
And sinners to their doom are hurled,  
While scorned saints shall judge the world.

How shall the name of saint be prized,  
Though now neglected and despised,  
When truth shall witness to the Lord,  
That none but saints shall judge the world.

#### EVILS OF LIFE.

WHEN I consider the instability of human affairs, and the variations of fortune, I find nothing more uncertain or restless than the life of man. Nature has given to animals an excellent remedy under disasters, which is the ignorance of them; we seem better treated in intelligence, foresight, and memory; no doubt they are admirable presents, but they often annoy, more than they assist us. A prey to unuseful or distressing cares, we are tormented by the present, the past, and the future; and, as if we feared we should not be miserable enough, we join to the evil we suffer the remembrance of the former distress, and the apprehension of some future calamity.—*Petrarch*.

(ORIGINAL.)

# THE FIRST SLEIGH BELLS.

(GALOP.)

BY MR. W. H. WARREN.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The music begins with a piano (*pia*) dynamic. The melody in the upper staff features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in the same key and time signature. The melody in the upper staff includes the lyrics "cres", "cen", and "do" positioned below the notes. The dynamic marking *cres* (crescendo) is present. The bass line continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in the same key and time signature. The melody in the upper staff includes the lyric "for" positioned below the notes. The dynamic marking *for* (forte) is present. The bass line continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features two staves in the same key and time signature. The melody in the upper staff includes the lyric "fine" positioned below the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and a final flourish in the upper staff.

THE FIRST SLEIGH BELLS.

First system of musical notation. The right hand (treble clef) features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill marked with 'X'. The left hand (bass clef) provides a bass line with eighth notes. The tempo/mood is marked *pia*. The system concludes with the instruction *cres*.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melody. The left hand features a bass line with a prominent crescendo line. The system concludes with the instruction *do*.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melody. The left hand features a bass line with a prominent crescendo line. The system concludes with the instruction *ffmo*.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melody. The left hand features a bass line with a prominent crescendo line. The system concludes with the instruction *dim*.

Loco

D.C. il fine

(ORIGINAL.)

## MUSINGS.

Who hath not, in some thoughtful hour,  
Felt all the charms of mirth  
On the pressed spirit lose their power,  
To give one pleasure birth,—  
When all that charmed the soul before,  
Could wake one pulse of joy no more ?

When beauty's blaze in festal hall  
No longer could enchain,  
The lights, the mazy dance, with all  
Their circumstance seemed vain ;  
Broke too was music's spell ; nor song  
Its wonted rapture could prolong !

And dull, Wit's lightning flashes fell  
Upon the storm-worn heart—  
Reversed Love's more than Marsian spell  
And dead the forceful art ;  
Something so dread the soul had sealed,—  
Gleanings of mystery revealed.

Then time was not—dead earthly pain,  
Joy, Hope, Desire—as shot  
Unseen along each shivering vein  
That lightning bolt of thought ;  
Fusing the *future* and the *past*  
To *present* fearful Holocaust ;

Which gleamed with rich ethereal fire—  
(The spirit's lambent flame,)  
Annealing what of earth's desire  
A heavenly birth might claim  
The *present God—the Eternal Eye*—  
The *sense that grasps Eternity*.

RUSSEL.

## AN EXPOSED INDIAN.

CATLIN, in his valuable work, on the North American Indians, gives the following description of a scene which fell under his own eye, and which was customary among many of the tribes—the *exposing* of an aged Indian, who was too weak to accompany the tribe in its pursuit of food :—

The tribe were going where hunger and dire necessity compelled them to go ; and this pitiable object, who had once been a chief and a man of distinction in his tribe, who was now too old to travel, being reduced to mere skin and bones, was to be left to starve, or meet with such death as might fall to his lot, and his bones be picked by the wolves ! I lingered around this poor old forsaken patriarch for hours before we started, to indulge the tears of sympathy which were flowing for the sake of this poor benighted and decrepid old man, whose worn out limbs were no longer able to support him ; their kind and faithful offices having long since been per-

formed, and his body and his mind doomed to linger in the withering agony of decay and gradual solitary death. I wept, and it was a pleasure to weep, for the painful looks, and the dreary prospects of this old veteran, whose eyes were dimmed, whose venerable locks were whitened by an hundred years, whose limbs were almost naked as he sat by a small fire which his friends had left him, with a few sticks of wood within his reach, and a buffalo's skin stretched upon some crotches over his head. Such was to be his only dwelling, and such the chances for his life, with only a few half picked bones that were laid within his reach, and a dish of water, without weapons or means of any kind to replenish them, or strength to move his body from its fatal locality.

In this sad plight I mournfully contemplated this miserable remnant of existence, who had unluckily outlived the fates and accidents of the woods, to die alone, at death's leisure. His friends and his children had left him, and were preparing in a little time to be on the march. He had told them to leave him ; " he was old," he said, " and too feeble to march. " My children," said he, " our nation is poor, and it is necessary that you should all go to the country where you can get meat ; my eyes are dimmed, and my strength is no more ; my days are nearly all numbered, and I am a burden to my children. I cannot go, and I wish to die. Keep your hearts stout and think not of me." In this way they had finished the ceremony of *exposing* him, and taken their final leave of him. I advanced to the old man, and was undoubtedly the last human being who held converse with him. I sat by the side of him ; and although he could not distinctly see me, he shook me heartily by the hand, and smiled, evidently aware that I was a white man, and that I sympathized with his inevitable misfortune. I shook hands again with him and left him, steering my course towards the steamer, which was a mile or more from me, and ready to resume her voyage up the Missouri.

This cruel custom of exposing their aged people, belongs, I think, to all the tribes who roam about the Prairies, making severe marches, when such decrepid persons are totally unable to go, unable to ride or to walk, when they have no means of carrying them. It often becomes absolutely necessary in such cases that they should be left ; and they uniformly insist upon it, saying, as this old man did, that they are old—that they left their fathers in the same manner—that they wish to die, and their children must not mourn for them.

## HONEST PRIDE.

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing, it is of a good action, done, as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—*Sterne's Letters*.



## OUR TABLE.

### HAWKINS' PLAN, &c. OF THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

THE Battle of the Plains, which gave to the Crown of Britain the country we now inhabit, was one of those startling achievements which have few parallels in the history of the world. The daring courage which prompted the young commander of a gallant band, to seek a foe strong in numbers and renowned in arms, in the heart of an almost impregnable fortress, and where retreat was impossible, has been a theme of wonder for nearly a century, and the remembrance of it is as fresh as if it were but yesterday the battle had been fought.

But, not only as a military achievement has this event claimed the admiration of the world. In its gigantic consequences it possesses a still greater interest to the people of Britain, and of America—especially to the people of Canada, in whose history it forms an epoch from which to date their first effective steps in civilization, enterprise, freedom and industry. It inspired the Colony with new life—gave it a spur which is daily and hourly felt, and changed what was once a wilderness into a land teeming with all that is requisite to comfort, happiness and wealth.

Of this battle an accurate picture has been produced, the plan of which is described clearly by the author, and his description we avail ourselves of, for the information of our readers. "The topographical part," he says, "has been carefully compiled from original surveys. The advance of the English forces under the command of General James Wolfe; their field-works at the Island of Orleans; the falls of Montmorency, and at Point Levi; the positions of the co-operating squadrons, under the command of Vice Admiral Saunders, covering the landing of the British troops; the intrenchments and line of battle of the French army, under the command of their distinguished leader, General Montcalm; the line of redoubts, batteries, and other defences, extending nearly nine miles, have been laid down with the greatest care and accuracy; the author, during a residence in Canada of twenty-five years, having devoted almost his entire attention to the investigation of these points, with a view of obtaining complete and perfect information. The drawing is embellished with an exquisite miniature copy of West's celebrated painting, 'The Death of Wolfe on the Field of Battle,' and is also enriched with a spirited view of the troops in the act of ascending the lofty precipices to gain the heights of Abraham. The vignette represents Britannia (supported by the lion) pointing out to the victorious troops the citadel of Cape Diamond; her shield is inscribed with Wolfe's name, on the rays of which are emblazoned the gallant regiments which shared the glories of the day, namely—the 15th, 22d, 28th, 35th, 40th, 43d, 45th, 47th, 48th, 58th, 60th, and 78th."

The execution of the design, as far as the art of the engraver is concerned, is equal to, and worthy of the genius, perseverance and care evinced by the author, in furnishing the materials for the picture. It is in the best style of English art, and has elicited the admiration and applause of thousands who have examined it.

We may here submit the concluding paragraphs of a notice of the plan in the *London Literary Gazette*, which will be perused with pleasure by our readers generally. The anecdote related of General Wolfe and Admiral Saunders, is characteristic of the heroes:—

These embellishments are, indeed, very spirited, and of a much higher order of art than is bestowed upon works of the same description. The production is dedicated to the united services of the British empire, and has had immense success in our American provinces, which will doubtless extend throughout our home population as soon as its great merits become known. The existing condition of the Canadas, so lately saved from revolution by the devoted loyalty and intrepidity of its gallant people, renders the publication at this period still more interesting; and we confess that we cannot look upon these localities without joining the present and the past, and having our minds filled at the same moment with the achievements of 1759 and 1838. Long may the same feelings be cherished, and thus a rising nation continue to be secured and attached to the British crown.

We have alluded to Admiral Saunders, and it may not be inappropriate here to record an anecdote honourable to him and to the happy and fortunate union of the two services. We received it from a gentleman who lived to be about one hundred years of age, and, we believe, drew his pension as a retired purser of the navy for some sixty years.

On the day previous to the battle, he was bathing in a little creek on shore, when the Admiral's boat, and another conveying General Wolfe, pulled in suddenly upon him. Taken by surprise, and, we presume, being absent without leave, our purser hastily gathered up his clothes, and ran to a hut near at

hand to conceal himself and dress. To his dismay the two commanders landed, and leaving their boats' crews, walked directly to his retirement. He had only time to ensconce himself behind an inner wall when Wolfe and Saunders entered, and their communion, which he was tremblingly compelled to overhear, began. Wolfe told the Admiral that he was determined to attack the heights of Abraham on the morrow, if he were assured of the hearty co-operation of the fleet; to which Saunders replied, "That every ship and every man should be at his service." "That," said Wolfe, "is enough;" they shook hands and departed. This was, perhaps, the shortest court of the kind that ever was convened, as it was the most unanimous, and, in its issue, the most glorious.

May the combined naval and military forces and their officers of England ever be equally cordial, hand and heart together, shoulder to shoulder, well-led, brave and victorious.

As a memorial of the battle, the picture should be preserved. As a work of art, it is worthy of the encouragement which its wide circulation and careful keeping must necessarily yield—and as the only means of rewarding the author for his honourable exertions, it should be universally purchased.

OLD MAIDS—A COMEDY.—BY J. S. KNOWLES.

A COMEDY, in five acts, from the pen of James Sheridan Knowles, has been creating somewhat of a sensation in the theatrical world of London, where it has been performed with considerable *eclat*, and with very respectable success.

The genius of Knowles is essentially of the dramatic character, and his method of constructing the plots of plays has, during his later years, won for him a high station among the "playwrights" of the day. His style of composition, too, short, sharp, and pointed, is excellent for the purpose, affording frequent breathing places, at which a well pleased audience can give expression to their delight.

The plot of this play is somewhat novel. It treats of the adventures of two noble damsels—the Lady Blanche and the Lady Anne—both looking down on men as servants of the women, who are esteemed their betters. Both rejoice in the much abused and ridiculed name of "ancient maidens," as the homely title of "old maids" is more elegantly rendered. The Lady Blanche, however, is a coquette, while her friend is a scholar and a "blue"—affecting Greek and Latin, and such other studies as are deemed peculiar to "the tyrant man." Lady Blanche encourages the advances of the enemy, only to baffle them, and then enjoy her mirth at their expense. Lady Anne keeps them barely at hailing distance, and stands, as she imagines, upon the unapproachable eminence of her pride.

The heroes of the piece, and the secretly favoured lovers of the haughty fair ones, are a certain Sir Philip Brilliant and his friend, a Colonel Blount, "the son of respectable parents," but a man elevated to the honourable rank he holds solely by the influence of his own merit, and—the favour of Sir Philip, who makes a soldier of him, after proving the metal of himself, and rapier. During his younger years, when Blount was an apprentice to his father, being initiated into the mystery of the goldsmith's craft, he was seen by the fair Lady Blanche, who took a fancy to him, and humoured it by calling at his father's shop, disguised as a "yeoman's maid," under which seeming she is wooed by the gallant goldsmith, and completely makes a conquest of his heart—disabling her own considerably in the struggle. The goldsmith's encounter with Sir Philip Brilliant, in which he is severely wounded, and consequently for some time prevented from seeing his fair enslaver, leads her to infer that he has turned recreant, and she does not seek the place of rendezvous, so that he cannot meet her to explain that he has given up the counter for the field, and determined to win a name in story. A long blank occurs in their companionship; and when, after having seen some service in the field, the young man returns a Colonel, he does not recognize in his patron's flame, the Lady Blanche, any resemblance to the yeoman's maid, whom, as he himself prettily expresses it :

" Although I left,  
I followed still!—from whom that gap, they say,  
Oblivion doth fill up—fatal to love—  
Absence—could ne'er divide me, but became  
A bed in which the stream of memory ran,  
And gathered flood in flowing!"

Not so with her, however; the 'prentice boy, whom she had flattered herself she was only playing with, had taken a deeper root in her affections than she even to herself conceded, and when she meets him in the higher circles to which his rank admits him, and finds him hou-

oured, honourable, courted, and favoured, and withal a man in whom nobility of sentiment is united with graceful and elegant bearing, and a fluent command of language, she becomes in turn the wooer—but in vain. Wrapt up in his remembrance of the “gentle maid,” who had won from him the first of affection’s tributes, he sees not her beauty—her wit falls pointless upon his ear—her attention to himself he deems but a caprice of coquetry, and passes her by unharmed.

Sir Philip, meanwhile, wounded in his vanity—for though a brave and gallant soldier, he is a beau besides—pursues his suit in vain, and takes lessons in the art of wooing from Lady Anne; but, unfortunately, she learns the danger when too late of “playing governess to a pupil with a beard.” She actually falls up to the chin in love with the beau, Sir Philip, and he with her.

The parties being mated, the denouement becomes comparatively easy. The Lady Blanche pays court in masquerade to the frigid Colonel—finds out that he is in love, but cannot learn with whom. She believes, however, he has forgotten the yeoman’s maid, and gives herself up to a kind of laughing melancholy. She

Thinks much, speaks little, sighs incontinently,  
Falls off in appetite, hates company,  
Shuns pleasure, loves to pass the time alone,  
Makes of one hand a pillow for the cheek,  
One for her heart of the other—sitting thus  
For hours together \* \* \* \* \*  
And if you come to tears,  
She could weep rivers, would she!—

At length, however, to ascertain her fate, she determines to try again in her character of the yeoman’s maid; she doffs the satin to resume the linsey woolsy, and appears at an unexpected moment before the eyes of the despairing lover. The result may be easily foreseen. The gallant Colonel is “struck into a maze,”—makes a speech to her, and winds it up by making a declaration, which, it would be heresy to doubt, is at once and “thankfully received.”

Sir Philip, also, has not been less successful, and the sworn champions of old maidism sink quietly into the yoke as wives.

The closing scene, as a lesson for such as may feel inclined to try the game in which these ladies fair were foiled, we have quoted here. It is a conversation that occurs between the ladies after they have determined to forswear “old maidism,” and become loving dames:—

LADY BLANCHE.

A man is something after all!

LADY ANNE.

Yes, with our help—I made one of Sir Philip.

LADY BLANCHE.

Nay, Anne, my eyes are opened. We require Men’s help as well—except for Colonel Blount I ne’er had been a woman. Much I question If you yourself are past improving by them.

LADY ANNE.

Oh, Blanche!

LADY BLANCHE.

Oh, Anne! the older, still the wiser,  
And won’t I titter when you say “obey”  
Before the parson! Will you say it?

LADY ANNE.

Yes.

LADY BLANCHE.

And “love” and “honour” too?

LADY ANNE.

I will!—won’t you?

LADY BLANCHE.

Devotedly, Anne, as e’er I said my prayers.  
But, Anne, the pass we’re come to! Don’t you  
know?  
How shall we answer to old maids for this?

LADY ANNE.

Lay heads together, and concoct a speech.  
Proceed you.

LADY BLANCHE.

Nay, I never opened school,  
On which account take you precedence, Anne!  
I’ll help you to the first word—“Ladies!”—well?

LADY ANNE (TO BLANCHE)

Ladies—I’ll lay the fault upon the men.

LADY BLANCHE (ASIDE)

They lay the fault first who are most to blame.

LADY ANNE.

But for the men, we had been still old maids.  
Accept of our regrets.

LADY BLANCHE.

Nay, Anne, tell truth—  
We don’t regret at all! Let me go on,  
I’ll make a grace of our defection, Anne—  
Ladies, applaud us martyrs in the cause,  
For which, contending with more zeal than heed,  
We were ta’en captive by the common foe.  
Profit by our example, don’t despise  
An enemy, though slight, and if you fail  
As we have done, endure it with good grace.  
Believe you put on wreaths in wedlock’s chains,  
And turn with loving faith the links to flowers,  
Of which the poorest beggars liberty.

Besides the story which we have slightly sketched, there is another carried out in the play, in which the brother of Colonel Blount,—a self-satisfied but simple lout, the inheritor of his father's gold—and the servants of Sir Philip and the ladies enact a pleasant part, assisting to make the piece of the proper length, and fill up the blanks with a very pretty bye-play. It does not bear upon the main part of the play, however, and need not occupy our space.

In another part of the *Garland*, the reader will find a few selections from the Comedy, which will illustrate what we have said, with reference to the style of Sheridan Knowles' writing—with the few who are not familiar with it, and who may not have a copy of the printed play, which has already been widely circulated, being copied in its full length by some one or two of the pirate journals of the United States.

#### THE TRIAL OF ALEXANDER M'LEOD.

A LARGE octavo volume, containing an accurate report of this most important trial, has just been published. The work forms a part of Gould's Stenographic Reporter, but is published and sold separately from the rest. The reporters were Mr. Gould of New York, and Mr. Fowler, reporter in the House of Assembly, during its last session,—so that there can be no leaning to any particular side, and the reputation of the several stenographers is a guarantee for its correctness. It may be had at Messrs. Armour & Ramsay's Bookstore.

#### THE NEW YORK ALBION.

AN elegant engraving of Windsor Castle has just been issued to the subscribers of this excellent journal. The exertions of its proprietor to sustain the reputation of the *Albion* are unremitting, and his success is commensurate with it.

#### OLD ST. PAULS'—A HISTORICAL ROMANCE—BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

THE Editor of *Bentley* has in course of publication another tale, somewhat resembling the story of "Jack Shepherd," though it is not easy to discover where the resemblance lies. The tale is of the times of the "Merry Monarch" and his licentious court, and discourses of the unhalloved passions which were then permitted to run riot among the young nobility of England. The story is interesting enough to those who delight in seeing the most hideous features of man's nature stripped of all disguise, and forced before the mental eye. It is not such a story, however, as we would willingly see in very general circulation, especially among the younger portion of the community, whose morals it will not improve, and who may easily find reading better calculated to satisfy their intellectual wants. *Bentley* has lost something in character, if not in profit, by the induction of Mr. Ainsworth into the chair formerly occupied by "Boz."

#### GRAHAM'S SCOTTISH MELODIES.

A BEAUTIFUL little volume of Scottish National Melodies, under this title, has recently been published. It contains many very pretty songs, with the music, arranged for the piano-forte and voice. Copies of it may be seen and had at the Music Store of Messrs. J. W. HERBERT & Co. who are agents for the work.

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AMONG the original poetry in the present number of the *Garland*, the reader will observe a few stanzas over the signature of R. S. These verses are by the late Robert Sweeny, Esquire, of this city, and are now, for the first time, published. They were intended for music, and sent to the late Mr. Duff, formerly a composer of eminence in this city, among whose papers the verses were recently found. We have satisfaction in publishing them, as well for their real beauty, and poetic feeling, as from a desire to offer to the fellow-citizens of the departed a pleasing memorial of their gifted author.