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THE
MONTREAL
LITERARY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1856.

ON
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EDITED BY JOHN READE.

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PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON, CORNER MCGILL &
COMMISSIONER STREET.

THE MONTREAL LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1856.

No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

There is scarcely any position so awkward as that in which a person finds himself placed, when he has inconsiderately rushed into the presence of a vast public. He loses his private rights, and makes himself a thing of common property, which every one may use as he pleases. "His words, his wit, his worth," are made the property of universal scrutiny; his motives and actions criticised, he is

On a brief, commended or reviled, 18— of the wayward caprice, or un-
seen of the great multitude, whose
he becomes.

If he proceed to toil on in the path he has chosen, he must expect to meet many obstacles, trials, and difficulties, which it will require all his energy and activity to overcome and subdue, while, if he stop short, he is sure to be set down as a vile pretender, unable to make good the claims he asserted, or a shallow fool, without the moral nerve or muscle to combat with the enemy that assails him.

Such are the peculiar circumstances, by which I am pressed in, when I surrender myself, my time, and my labors, into the hands of a just, tho' generous public; but, nevertheless, I have not attempted the dangerous experiment, without well weighing the consequences that are likely to attend it.

The idea of establishing a monthly Literary Periodical, in Montreal, was suggested to me, some weeks ago, by a friend who takes a lively interest in every thing that
to promote the diffusion of knowledge
true. At first, the project seemed so
difficult, that I entertained no hope of its

accomplishment; but the more I thought over the matter, the more forcibly did the want of it present itself to my mind.

In this populous and wealthy city, surrounded by nature's choicest blessings, it must be confessed and deplored that literature is not advancing as rapidly as it might.

Why is this? Is it because the men of Canada are behind the rest of the world in powers of intellect? Certainly not. There are, in Canada, men, and women, too, of taste and genius, who hold exalted positions in the world of arts and letters, whose names are mentioned with pride by their fellows. But, as a community, the Canadians are too neglectful of their privileges in this respect. They are a commercial people, an industrious people, and a wealthy; and of all this they have reason to be proud; but are they not capable of drawing copious supplies from the rich stores of learning and wisdom too? They are in possession of those comforts and luxuries, that satisfy the cravings of their mere animal nature, but do they not likewise require intellectual food, that food that will not cloy the appetite, but which, the more plentifully it is partaken of, only makes the thirst more ardent, the desire more eager for those banquets of the soul, which afford pleasures purer far than the fruition of the rarest and most expensive delicacy gives to the fastidious and sated epicure?

They can decorate and adorn their bodies with all the costliness that fickle and imperious fashion demands; and will they neglect the improvement of their immortal minds, whose beauties are not like mere personal charms, nipped by the blast of time,

but are still opening, expanding and progressing, till the period when the soul shall burst the trammels of mortality, and soar away to the regions of bright and endless perfection?

Man naturally yearns after something higher and nobler than he ever finds in the ordinary affairs of life. What then is required to satisfy this longing? Is it not literature, that power that leads us to the contemplation of what is good, pure, and beautiful, that nourishes in us the growth of virtue and the love of temperance and justice, and eradicates from our hearts all that is base or vile, that places before us in their proper light, the varied works of the all-wise Creator, and brings us almost to the portals of the unseen world? It is literature that strews the rugged path of life with flowers, that brightens and cheers our prospects in youth, and gladdens and solaces the evening of our days.

The genius of this country is still in its infancy, it will require some time to develop its young powers, and I fondly hope that the time is not far distant, when Canada shall win that proud rank in the mighty republic of letters, to which the exertions of her sons and daughters shall entitle her.

I have digressed more extensively than is perhaps excusable, but this is a subject on which my heart is warm, and in which every one that loves his country should take a deep interest.

Trusting that those remarks, though seemingly irrelevant, may not be entirely aimless, I will briefly state the plan I have laid

out for the conducting of this work.

Each number will consist of a choice variety of Tales, Poetry, and Essays, original and selected, Historical Narratives, Biographical Memoirs, and Anecdotes.

In the Tales and Poetry nothing shall be inserted at which rigid morality might frown. In History and Biography, selections shall be made from the most authenticated sources, and remarkable instances in the lives of illustrious men shall be presented to the reader, devoid of all personal, or political bias.

In fine, no effort shall be spared to instruct, amuse and please the reader; but as no recommendation of mine can give character to the work, unless it possess merit in itself, I will not make any further observations.

The obvious want of a literary miscellany on a concise plan, and at an easy price, inspires me with the hope, that my attempt at bringing such a work before the public, may not be unavailing.

When it appears before the public, public opinion, let it speak for itself, if it be not favorably received, I trust, it shall not be by any want of attention and energy on my part.

However imperfect the attempt, it has at least the merit of good intention, and, inadequate though it be to my own wishes, and the expectations of others, I shall deliver it to the public with some hope of success.

J. R.



Thoughts, that have tarried in my mind
 And peopled its inner chambers,
 The sober children of reason
 Or desultory train of fancy ;
 Clear running wine of conviction
 With the scum and lees of speculation ;
 Corn from the sheaves of science,
 With stubble from mine own garner ;
 Searchings after truth,
 That have tracked her secret lodes,
 And come up again to the surface world,
 Arguments of high scope
 That have soared to the key-stone of heaven
 And thence have swooped to their certain
 mark

As the falcon to his quarry ;
 The fruits I have gathered of prudence,
 The ripened harvest of my musings ;
 These I commend unto thee,
 O docile scholar of wisdom ;
 These I give to thy gentle heart,
 Thou lover of the right.

M. F. TUPPER.

LIGHT AND SHADE---A TALE OF CONSTANCY.

CHAP. I.

ON a bright evening in the spring of 18—, a young soldier might have been seen pursuing his way through the busy crowds of B— Street, in one of our northern manufacturing towns. He was but a private soldier, yet his easy and unembarrassed air, his dignity of step, and calm and gentlemanly deportment, betrayed more than is generally concealed beneath the coarse texture of the red jacket. He was tall, but not awkwardly so ; his face was not particularly handsome, but command and energy were displayed in every feature ; and in his dark eye there sparkled a fire of intelligence and feeling, that at once called forth the admiration, and won the heart of the beholder.

Edward Rutledge was an orphan ; of his mother he had but a vague and indistinct recollection ; she having died while he was very young. His father had been a merchant, and at one time opulent, but induced by the ever-increasing desire of amassing wealth, he engaged in speculations of a rather dubious nature, which proved the bane of himself and his family. He saw,

when too late, that he had been but a dupe to the artful schemes of those who called themselves his friends. For a while things looked fair and promising, but at last a day came when Mr. Rutledge saw that he was involved in total ruin.

This severe shock had a fatal effect, on the already feeble frame of the once wealthy merchant. A brain fever set in, and soon placed him beyond the power of misfortune.

Edward was thus at an early age left alone in the world. Friendless, homeless, and almost starving, he was too proud to seek assistance from those who had known him in his days of prosperity, and of all those who had professed the warmest attachment to his father in his noontide of mercantile success, not one extended the hand of sympathy to the young victim of misfortune's rudest shocks. 'Tis true, the young man had friends, but they lived at so great a distance from his native place, that to reach them without money was impossible. Nor did he desire to see them. He had in him a spirit of independence that revolted at the idea of being a burden to any one, by whatsoever ties bound to him. What could he do ? He was reduced to a state bordering on desperation, want stared him in the face, and at last, after several fruitless attempts to get employment, after many an unfeeling repulse, after enduring taunts which he could not resent, Edward enlisted in the 2—th regiment of foot, which was at that time stationed in S—.

But was Edward Rutledge entirely forsaken ? No ; there was one heart that still yearned toward the young soldier ; one eye that kindly followed him through all the mazes of his misfortune ; one voice that still prayed for his future happiness.

Among those who had most courted the society of Mr. Rutledge, ere his evil days had come, was John Henry, a

person of considerable wealth, and more ability. He had been agent to a rich proprietor, a Mr. Leslie, to whom he was distantly related, and on that gentleman's demise, had been left guardian to his young daughter.

Many a long evening had Leslie spent with Mr. Rutledge, and when the two gentlemen were chatting over their post prandial wine, young Rutledge and Amy Leslie were enjoying themselves full as much, in the little garden at the rear of Mr. Rutledge's house. They were both young, she was little more than a child, and Edward an ardent, impetuous boy. Often would they be seen walking about the little garden, as Edward, with his arm encircling the slender waist of the fair child, told some fairy tale, while Amy with artless wonder bursting through her pure blue eyes, looked fondly up at her boy-lover. Ah! little did they know, then, those dear young hearts, of the ills and wiles of the world! Years wore on.

When Mr. Rutledge's affairs began to look gloomy, and embarrassments succeeded each other with unlooked-for rapidity, Henry's visits at the mansion of the Rutledge's became less and less frequent; his manner grew colder, and his greeting more formal and restrained; (and what seemed worse than all to poor Edward, his pretty ward now seldom accompanied him;) but when the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," were showered with merciless and overwhelming fury at the devoted head of the ruined merchant, Henry's form seldom darkened the threshold of Mr. Rutledge's door, and Amy Leslie's mild and encouraging glance, seldom met the longing gaze of her early playmate. But when the dark cloud, that had long hung threateningly overhead, burst, and the man of wealth and name, and the child of luxury, were immersed, as it were, in misery and desolation, no friend was there to soothe the dying moments of the one, or relieve the

helpless and forlorn condition of the other.

Such is the case with summer friends.

In prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their
head,
Not to be found though sought.

With Amy, absence was a matter of coercion. Her cruel guardian not only forbade her to enter the Rutledge's house, but strictly prohibited all intercourse with the playmate of her childhood, for whom she now entertained feelings that allow the use of a word of much dearer import. She still looked back with fond regret to the time when she used to pass the evenings with Edward, at his father's house, ere the smiles of the wayward goddess were turned to frowns. With what pleasure used he to meet her! the pleasure of a young and guileless heart! and what a speechless yet speaking welcome beamed from his dark expressive eyes, when he saw her well known and well loved form approach the house, as he gazed from the window, in eager expectation! And the little garden too, with all its tender associations, used to force itself on her mind, with distressing pertinacity. There were spent her first days of innocent and happy love, when "careless as the birds, they laughed the hours away, nor knew of evil." And should she never meet him again? Were those hours of bliss gone—gone forever? All these thoughts thronged on the mind of John Henry's fair and beautiful ward. But months elapsed, and she heard no tidings of her lost Edward.

One evening as Miss Leslie was taking a sad and solitary ramble, by an unfrequented path, she met a soldier of the 2—th Regiment, and as she was passing him, she remarked that he was regarding her with mournful interest. Another look showed her the well remembered features of her beloved Ed-

ward. With all the warmth of girlish affection she uttered a cry of joy, and, overcome by contending emotions, would have fallen senseless to the ground, had not the arm of the young soldier upheld her sinking form. Oh! what varied feelings of grief and pleasure, love and agony, thrilled through the breast of Edward Rutledge at that moment! He carried the fainting girl to the side of the road, and running to a neighboring well, hastily returned with his cap full of water, which he applied to her hands and temples. Amy soon recovered, beneath its influence, and slowly opening her eyes, looked tenderly on Edward, and then around, vexed and confused lest any passer-by should have beheld her situation.

Rutledge raised her up gently and asked her if she were better. As he spoke, a close observer might have noticed a shade of doubt, and even reproach pass over his fine features. This, however, soon vanished, when he looked at the fair being before him, and her soft blue eyes met his own in trusting love, as they used in days gone by.

I will not dwell here on the explanations that followed, nor will I reveal the conversations that ensued, sacred only to lovers. Suffice it to say, that Edward Rutledge and Amy Leslie parted that evening, fonder of each other than ever they had been in their days of unrestrained intercourse, when they lived and loved together in the little garden, at the rear of Mr. Rutledge's house.

John Henry, Miss Leslie's guardian, was at this time absent at the metropolis on business of importance. He had left none behind him but Amy, the house-keeper, Mrs. Crawford, and a few domestics; but of this more anon.

There was a row of gardens at the rear of the terrace, of which Henry's house formed a part, in one of which (that attached to her own house) Amy used to spend evenings, and sometimes

whole days, when the weather permitted. She had here a little bower, and a small table in the centre, at which she either worked or read. In the back ground again, there was a large field, into which all the gardens opened. This pretty spot was made the trysting-place of the young pair. Here they spent many a joyous hour, happy in their mutual love. Edward loved the young girl with all the pure ardor of warm and unceasing affection; while Amy regarded him as the cynosure by which she was to judge of future joy or sorrow. Oh! they were well suited, that bright young pair. But these gladsome days flew past rapidly and a "change must soon come over the spirit of their young dream" of love.

When Edward Rutledge was first introduced to the reader, he was making his way through the human masses that jumbled together in constant din in the great thoroughfare of B——Street.

Having pushed on as best he could through every variety of inconvenience, he at last came to the end of the wearisome street, and found himself close to the row of neatly arranged gardens before mentioned. Bounding lightly over the fence that separated the field in the rear of the gardens, from the adjoining street, Edward approached the well known door, and gave a slight tap. Nor did he wait long. There was a noise of advancing feet, a white hand turned the key, and the two lovers stood face to face. Amy looked lovelier than ever. Her light brown hair fell in glossy ringlets on her snowy neck, and her large blue eyes, indices of the purity of her soul, told the pleasure of her full heart, as she raised them tenderly to young Rutledge's face. The fair girl seemed unusually gay; the evening was serene and beautiful, and when mother nature sets the example should not her children be cheerful?

"So you have come at last, Sir Loiterer," she playfully said, "and what

apology are you about to make for this unvoiced and unwarrantable behaviour? But seriously, Edward," she added, pouting her pretty lips, "I cannot tell how long I have been waiting for you, I thought you would never have come. I am half ready to refuse you my hand to-night," as she said this, however, with strange inconsistency she extended the hand in question, and a pretty one it was too.

While she was speaking, an expression of mournful tenderness was visible on the face of the young man, as he gazed on the beloved being before him. He would have enfolded her in his arms, and printed the kiss of love on those tempting lips, but a high sense of honor restrained him; and he merely took her hand in his, and pressing it gently, said, "Amy, do not reproach me; I am unworthy of it, as you well know, save that I have loved you, too fondly, too deeply, too devotedly, for my peace, and perhaps for yours too. Fool that I was, and worse than fool, to see you so long, to make myself miserable, and it may be, expose you to calumny that —; but no; none would dare to suspect you of aught but what was pure and good. But why did I continue to see you? Honor and duty forbade it; but the time is come at last, when I must wake from the giddy dream, and break the spell that has long bound me. Amy, dearest Amy, I must leave you—perhaps for ever. In two days I must go with my regiment. Oh! Miss Leslie, pardon my presumption—my blind folly, and forget that you have ever known the unfortunate being who now addresses you."

As he ceased speaking, the sharp note of the bugle warned him of the lateness of the hour. Amy Leslie stood before him the image of silent, speechless despair. Her gaiety was gone, the color of her cheeks had fled. Oh! how bitter was that moment to Amy Leslie, and how trying to Edward!

The young soldier gazed earnestly at the face of the dear young girl, folded her in his arms, kissed her over and over again, with wild and passionate vehemence, then gently led her, almost fainting within the gate, and hurried away with the rapidity of a madman. As he was clearing the fence that separated the field from the next street, a loud scream assailed his ears, but it only brought a momentary paleness to his cheek. He did not dare to look back, but hurrying on, he was soon within the precincts of the barracks.

None could mark in the young soldier so smart and dutiful, and seemingly contented, aught that betrayed the bitter and harassing crowd of conflicting thoughts that warred within his breast. 'Tis true he may have seemed proud and distant, but still he was cheerful and complaisant to his fellow-soldiers, and quiet and obedient in his bearing toward those who were placed above him. But it was the calm contentment, the forced tranquility of despair.

A few days after this last interview, Edward's regiment left S——. As they marched past H—— Terrace, the band struck up the well known air, "the girl I left behind me," and from the windows of the noble looking houses waved many a small white handkerchief, and bright eyes, plainer than words could say, bid farewell and wished success to the gallant fellows. But at one window stood, or rather leaned, a fair being, who could not have numbered more than sixteen summers; her face was deadly pale, and her melting eyes spoke the sorrows of her heart. Edward did not trust himself to look round, but his bosom heaved and fell, and he could have sobbed like a child. He inwardly cursed the band for playing a tune that was so likely to unman him. But he was an humble soldier, and his anguish was unnoticed save by one whose gentle heart beat responsive to his own.

A turn in the road soon hid the departing soldiers from sight, and when the last bayonet glittered in the sun, Amy Leslie retired to her own room, there to indulge unrestrained in the grief that was long pent up in her heart.

Thus parted two young beings whose hearts were united by that mysterious tie, by which kindred souls are drawn together and merged, as it were, into one life, one being—whose hearts were lighted by that flame that burns alike in the trembling bosom of the daughter of innocence and ease and beneath the rugged breast of the sons of penury and toil; a flame that often burns brighter when the rude blast of misfortune might be expected to extinguish it, and flickers to the very verge of the grave.

We have now briefly traced the lives of Edward Rutledge and Amy Leslie. We see in him the proud and impetuous youth thrown on a vast unfeeling world, at an age when he required the mature assistance and careful watching of a faithful parent. He was ardently fond of the dear girl, who had early gained his heart and reciprocated his boyish affection. As he grew up, his fondness ripened into deep, warm, quenchless love, and this love was returned. We have followed him through the vicissitudes and trials of his boyhood; we have witnessed his meeting with Amy, and we have sympathised and mourned over their mutual outpourings of increasing love. That love blinded and misled Edward Rutledge. He had often tried to tear himself away from Amy's society, but whenever he came to bid her a long farewell and saw her kindly welcome him in accents so sweet and endearing, his resolution was broken.

We see in Amy the simple guileless trusting girl, and an orphan too; candor her chief fault; and was that candor deceived? was her girlish simplicity and ingenuousness trifled with? No; but they might have been. Edward's

love for her was true and pure, unsullied by one base motive; he respected, as well as loved her; there was in his devotions to her a sentiment of brotherliness that made him cling to her, with the fondness of one who knows the weaknesses of a beloved sister, without having the moral courage to point them out. He was ready to defend her even to death, from the slightest breath of scandal, yet, by his own inadvertent conduct he exposed her to its greatest virulence.

Amy, untrained in the world's art, saw no wrong in their meetings; nature's own child, she never concealed the emotions of her mind. They had both their share of human frailties; these none will defend. But let those who blame, ask themselves, are they sinless.

Thus were they separated, and time wore on, bringing in its course joy and sorrow, comfort and distress, anguish and happiness. How strange, how unspeakably strange is life! How brimfull of interest are its most commonplace occurrences!

CHAPTER II.

A beautiful day in the autumn of 1855 was rapidly verging towards sunset. The evening was serene and beautiful, the sky blue and cloudless. In a large and populous city in the largest of the British Isles, the streets at this hour presented a very varied aspect. The shops, stores and factories, were pouring forth their several inhabitants, and all were rejoicing in their newly-found liberty. Pleasure and gladness shone on almost every face. The crowds lately emancipated from the thralldom of the office or the counter, were moving complacently to and fro, each carrying in his own heart a little world with its likings and dislikings, its prejudices and passions. Ah! how little do we know, by the external appearance, of the emotions, troubles and trials that distract the human breast.

Among the motley crowd of every

condition in society, that were shuffling their way through the thronged streets on the evening referred to, a careful student of the human heart would have marked out one frail, but beautiful girl, as the child of sorrow and suffering. Though her coarse, but scrupulously neat garments, bespoke her a stranger to the luxuries or even the comforts of life, there was in her whole air and every gesture, that nameless grace we seldom meet among the low or vulgar.

Her face, which was pale and extremely interesting, wore an expression of sad but quiet resignation. She carried in her hand a small parcel on which she seemed to place especial value, as, every now and then, when the crowd became dense she pressed it closer to her side. When she came to the front of a magnificent house, she stopped and knocked timidly at the door. After she had waited some time the door was opened and a harsh voice demanded what was wanted. The girl placed in the woman's hand the small parcel, and told her it was her mistress's dress. The pampered menial took the proffered parcel, and without saying a word slammed to the door, leaving the young woman to wait outside for her return.

After some moments she came back and told the young milliner that her missis wished to speak with her as to some alterations she required to have made in the work.

The girl followed her conductress into a spacious apartment where the lady of the mansion negligently reclined on an ottoman. After eyeing her young "employee" for some time, with a mixture of anger and compassion, she proceeded in a querulous tone to point out the prominent faults of the young girl's handiwork; and, while she is thus entering into the mysteries of fashion, and inveighing against the carelessness of modern milliners in general, but especially the victimised specimen in her august presence, let us take a hasty

glance at the other inmates of this stately room.

Miss Isabella Willans, a young lady of some pretensions to beauty, and more self conceit, and a confessed coquette, was sitting at a window when the pretty milliner entered, and on the back of her chair leaned a young officer, wearing the uniform of the 2—th Regiment, whom she sometimes addressed as "cousin," and whom she seemed to regard with any thing but indifference. Nor indeed was Miss Willans' partiality to be wondered at, for the young gentleman possessed attractions that might have won a harder heart than the fair Arabella's. He was tall and handsome, with piercing black eyes, and a brow, which, though somewhat embrowned by exposure to a hot climate, was lofty and commanding. The ribbon on his breast told of exploits of bravery and daring, in that "land of the east, and clime of the sun," where many a gallant soldier shed his heart's blood in the late momentous struggle.

When the young dress-maker entered the room, Miss Willans and the fine-looking officer were engaged in a spirited, and, on the young lady's part, seemingly tender conversation, but as he raised his eyes towards the graceful, the humble-looking girl, a perceptible change overspread his noble features. He gazed long and earnestly at her pale face. Those blue eyes, those light brown locks, that pure snowy brow, had caused a strange commotion in his breast. So far did he forget himself, that Miss Willans had asked him many a question that he neither heard nor answered, and when his companion, wondering at his silence, asked whether he were ill, he stammered out some apology, and confused, bewildered, almost in a state of dreamy unconsciousness, the young officer hurried out of the room.

Our young friend of the parcel, accustomed to be exposed from her un-

usual beauty, to the rude gaze of many a gay libertine, had not remarked the earnestness with which the gentleman had regarded her; in fact she had scarcely seen him at all, having been too much engaged with the proud donna, who had thought her worthy of her patronage, to pay any attention to any person else in the room.

To Miss Arabella Willans, her cousin's conduct was for a while inexplicable. He was generally so calm and dignified too, that his late abrupt departure seemed the more mysterious. After many vain attempts to solve the riddle, the amiable Arabella finally came to the conclusion that her cousin was in love! and whom did vanity suggest as the object of that love but her own pretty self? Yes she had hit it at last. His heart was too full to declare his passion but to-morrow he would return, and oh! ecstasy of bliss! propose!

We have no doubt, but that when Miss Willans brought the matter to this reasonable conclusion, her little heart fluttered, with unwonted pleasure, and that she dreamed of nothing that night but rings and redcoats. Oh! the vanity of female hopes!

Mrs. Willans had been too much engrossed by the subject and object of her lecture, to be conscious of the scene that was being enacted around her, so the departure of her military relative had not cost her much anxiety.

When the young gentleman had gained the street he walked quickly on for some paces, but, as if a new thought had suggested itself to his mind, he determined to wait at a short distance, till the young girl, who did not seem quite a stranger to him, should appear. In a few minutes she came forth, and as if anxious to get home before nightfall, she hastened away at a rapid pace.

The young officer followed her at a brief interval, through several streets, till he saw her enter a small and wretch-

ed looking house in an obscure street.

An old woman opened the door, the fair dress-maker entered, and it was immediately closed.

He stood awhile as if entranced. The occurrences of the last half hour had entirely mystified him. "Could it be she," he inly asked himself, "in such poverty too, or is it but a dreamy delusion? Those eyes, that voice, all, all so like hers! I will see," he continued half aloud, "I cannot endure this suspense." With this resolve, he walked on, and a few steps brought him to the door of the house. He knocked, and a woman in neat but humble attire opened the door, but, on seeing his gay uniform, she stared in undisguised astonishment, and asked, "In the name of mercy, what could the gentleman want there." As he was about to express the purpose of his visit, a door opened displaying an apartment of humble but singularly neat appearance, and the object of his search appeared before him. Seeing, however, the character of the person whom Mrs. Crawford had admitted, she hastily retired and shut the door, thinking it almost impossible that a gentleman of his appearance could have any business with her unless of a nature she shuddered at to think of; nor were her terrors at all mitigated, when the stranger walking into the room, apologised for his intrusion, and approached to where she stood.

The young mistress of the humble mansion was amazed, but with what self command there was left her, she in a dignified manner but faltering accents asked him his business there.

Edward Rutledge, (for it was he) gazed tenderly on her face, and uttered the one word, "Amy." That word the look, the voice and whole manner of the speaker, acted like an electric shock on poor Amy Leslie; the whole truth flashed at once on her mind, but the disclosure was so sudden, so over-

powering, that she sank into a swoon from the extreme excitement.

The scene that ensued it would be difficult to describe. Explanations followed, painful, it is true, but fraught with interest to both.

When Edward left —, Amy had given herself up to sorrow and despondency. Her grief was as inconsolable as it was unavailing. Many a device she proposed to herself to while away the tedium of the slow hours, but the memory of joys departed, and, as she thought, never to return, was too bitter for her peace. The glad smile no longer dimpled her soft cheek, and her gentle heart was no longer open to pleasure.

But events stranger still were yet to happen. It was before mentioned that Henry had been away on business of importance. Hitherto, on these occasions, he had been in the habit of sending constant supplies of cash to his ward; this time, however, his absence was extended to a length that exceeded the expectations of Miss Leslie and the housekeeper; nor was their surprise diminished when they perceived their once regular subsidies become small by degrees, and remitted at unwontedly long intervals. To make a long story short, John Henry had made use of his ward's property in a way that turned out to his own ruin and discredit, and left Amy a penniless girl. A day came that brought misery and desolation to the once happy home of the young orphan. Every thing was sold out, even Amy's little store of valuables, save some little keepsakes given her long ago by her deceased mother.

Henry was committed to prison for numerous embezzlements of money entrusted him, and he never returned. Amy and the housekeeper, Mrs. Crawford, or, as she was familiarly called, Nancy, left the place, the sight of which now could only increase their pain. They came to M—— as best

they were able, and here, strangers amid thousands, in want and misery they dragged on a sickly existence. Their united efforts barely supplied them with poor food and scanty clothing. Amy tried dress-making, and her unremitting attention to the wishes of those who employed her, gained her esteem, if not money. We have already seen her at the luxurious mansion of the Willans's.

Edward's story was soon told. By the diligent discharge of his duty, his steady good conduct, and quiet and unobtrusive behaviour towards his superiors, he soon won the good graces of his officers. When the war in the East began, and Edward's regiment was ordered out, a wide field lay open before the young aspirant, and in many a hard fought engagement, in many a fierce skirmish and bloody battle, did Edward Rutledge distinguish himself, till at the close of the war he found himself bearing the rank of Captain, courted by his equals, honored by his superiors, and loved by his soldiers.

When he returned to England, among those who were foremost in grasping the hand of the brave young officer, whose military prowess had become the theme of universal admiration, were the Willans's. Mrs. Willans was sister to Edward's deceased father, nor was the good lady without her estimable qualities. She was proud indeed, and attached to herself importance that all were not willing to admit her claim to; but she was likewise good-natured, and could commiserate distress. Her seeming neglect of our hero was owing, not to any backwardness on her part to assist him, but since her marriage with Mr. Willans, who was far higher in the scale of aristocracy than the Rutledge's, and had married her for her good looks, her intercourse with her brother had been all but broken off. In fact, so little had she allowed his affairs to affect her, that, not

till long after his death, had she heard of his decayed fortunes, and even then supposed he had left his family in a degree of prosperity. But when she was informed of her nephew's early misfortunes and final enlistment, she had given up all hope of him, and, not until his name had attracted her attention by its frequent and honorable mention in the "Gazette," did the well-nigh forgotten son of her dead brother regain his place in her memory. And when Edward returned from the East with a captain's commission, and a load of military fame, the Willans, and especially Miss Arabella, were proud of the relationship.

The two lovers, thus happily restored by one of those strange coincidences that few of us have not, some time or other, experienced, listened with eager attention to their mutually-related histories.

To attempt to describe their joy would be futile. None but those who have long been separated from those who are nearest and dearest to their hearts, and have met them again after many a changing year, can conceive the bliss of the young pair, as they that night renewed the pledge of their faithful and devoted attachment.

A few weeks after these occurrences a gentleman called at the house where Miss Leslie, soon to be a bride, had resided since she and Rutledge had been so happily re-united. He was not very old, but his hair was prematurely grey, and his features bore the stamp of acute mental suffering. He held a long and earnest interview with Amy.

But a short episode is here necessary, to tell the name and history of this strange visitor.

James Arnold had, when quite a boy, left his father's house for some slight, real or imagined, and though every possible method of inquiry was instituted to discover his whereabouts, no trace had ever been found of him. It was supposed

he had gone to sea, but years elapsed and still no accounts reached the distressed parents of their lost boy; he was given up for lost, and they ceased to speak of him.

The misguided young man had sailed in a merchant vessel which happened to be setting out for the East Indies. When he got there, he saw, when too late, the grievous wrong he had done his parents; he had no money by which to return, and he did not dare to write for assistance. He got employment with a wealthy merchant of that country, and, by toil and perseverance, realized vast wealth. The cares of business, to which he constantly devoted himself, went a great way in banishing his regrets; but, in spite of all his efforts he still sighed after the home of his childhood, and longed to return to his father's house, and by unceasing attention to his injured parents in their old age, to atone for the wild error of his youth.

Alas! how blind is man to futurity! he is ever grasping at vain shadows. Arnold's hopes were doomed to receive a sad shock. Grief after their only son had broken his mother's heart, and sent his father's grey hairs to an untimely grave, and when after long years of wandering he again beheld the land where he first saw the light, no friendly hand grasped his, no kindly eye met his own; no dear familiar face greeted his arrival or gladdened his heart.

He searched long and aimlessly for some relation whom he might see before he left the world, and to whom he might bequeath his immense wealth, for mental agony and an unhealthy climate had greatly enfeebled his constitution.

He had almost despaired of gaining any information on the subject, when one day, as he was dining at a hotel at M——, through which he happened to be passing, he heard some gentlemen talk of the approaching nuptials of Captain Rutledge. They went on to

talk of his future bride, and one of the gentlemen happened to say that he remembered her mother when Miss Arnold. James started at the name, and abruptly asked for Miss Leslie's address. After some delay he found it, and had himself at once carried to her residence, where the reader may remember, we left them in most earnest and interesting conference.

As the two relatives were thus conversing, Captain Rutledge entered, and great was his surprise to find his spouse elect chatting agreeably with a middle-aged gentleman, whom he had never seen before. When, however, Amy introduced him to her newly-found uncle, all his doubts vanished, and he felt she was his own Amy still.

To describe the joy—the ecstasy of the happy trio, exceeds the power of my humble pen. How proud was Mr. Arnold of his young friends! He had, at last, found two young beings whose presence would solace his declining years, and bring to his soul a degree of peace to which he was long a stranger.

Amy became his adopted daughter and heiress to all his wealth, and Rutledge obtained his immediate consent to his union with her.

The Willans's looked on the good fortune of the former dress-maker, "as the most inexplicable thing imaginable." Miss Arabella went into fits when she heard it. Mrs. Willans looked on with cold dignity. Mr. Willans, senior, had too much to do with his dogs and horses, to attend to matters of a more trivial nature, and Mr. Willans, junior, shocked his sister by ejaculating "capital."

John Henry was one morning found dead, the wretched man having put an end to his own life. In his prison-room were found confessions that discovered his character to the world in all its hideous deformity. He had been the ruin of old Mr. Rutledge, and the cause of

nearly all Edward's early misfortunes. And Oh! Amy, well hast thou escaped the net that was prepared for thee!

Does the sequel require to be told? In a tour through the north of England I arrived at a pretty village, not a hundred miles from M——, on a bright morning in the October of "fifty five." The weather was fine and sunny, and all nature filled the heart with delight.

As I entered the little town, there was an unusual stir in it, and the joy-bells were chiming merrily. On my asking the reason of this rejoicing, I was told that Captain Rutledge was about to be united to the fair niece and adopted daughter of Mr. Arnold, a gentleman who had lately taken up his abode in that neighborhood. Influenced by a pardonable curiosity, or, I may rather term it, the desire of seeing others happy, I entered the church with the eager crowd that accompanied the bridal party. There I saw the beautiful bride and her noble companion. Mr. Arnold too was there, and I must not forget Mrs. Crawford, who had so faithfully adhered to her young mistress in all her varied fortunes—she, too, was an eager and delighted spectatress.

I saw Mr. Arnold give away the fair being he now called his daughter, and tears of mingled joy and sadness stole down his sorrow-furrowed cheeks.

When I returned to the little inn where I stopped that day, I could not help inquiring, with some degree of interest, about the personages who had taken part in the scene I had just witnessed. Mine host told me the simple but affecting narrative I have feebly attempted to describe.

Mr. Arnold had chosen this sweet and retired spot for his home, as it was here his earliest and happiest days were spent. The worthy gentleman's health had rapidly improved under the happy circumstances of the last few months, and the gloom that so long hung over him has been dissipated by the cheering

smiles and unceasing attentions of Captain Rutledge and his young wife. May his last days be happy, and his end be peaceful.

GIOVANNI.

July, 1856.

THE DREAM OF LORD NITHSDALE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

[Lord NITHSDALE, as is well known, was condemned to death for his participation in the Rebellion of 1715. By the exertions of his true-hearted wife, Winifred, he was enabled to escape from the Tower of London on the night before the morning appointed for his execution. The lady herself—noble soul!—has related, in simple and touching language, in a letter to her sister, the whole circumstances of her lord's escape.

“Farewell to thee, Winifred, dearest and best!

Farewell to thee, wife of a courage so high!—

Come hither, and nestle again in my breast,
Come hither, and kiss me again ere I die!—

And when I'm laid bleeding and low in the dust,

And yield my last breath at a tyrant's decree,

Look up—he resign'd—and the God of the just

Will shelter thy fatherless bairnies and thee!”

She wept on his breast, but, ashamed of her tears,

She dash'd off the drops, that ran warm down her cheek;

“Be sorrow for those who have leisure for tears—

O pardon thy wife that her soul was so weak!

There is hope for us still, and I will not despair,

Though cowards and traitors exult at thy fate;

I'll show the oppressors what woman can dare,

I'll show them that love can be stronger than hate!”

Lip to lip, heart to heart, and their fond arms entwined,

He has kiss'd her again, and again, and again.

“Farewell to thee, Winifred, pride of thy kind,

Sole ray in my darkness, sole joy in my pain!”

She has gone—he has heard the last sound of her tread.

He has caught the last glimpse of her robes at the door,—

She has gone, and the joy that her presence had shed,

May cheer the sad heart of Lord Nithsdale no more.

And the prisoner pray'd in his dungeon alone,

And thought of the morn and its dreadful array,

Then rested his head on his pillow of stone,
And slumber'd an hour ere the dawning of day.

Oh, balm of the weary! Oh, soother of pain!

That still to the sad givest pity and dole,
How gently, oh sleep! lay thy wings on his brain,

How sweet were thy dreams to his desolate soul!

Once more on his green native braes of the Nith,

He pluck'd the wild bracken, a frolicsome boy;

He sported his limbs in the waves of the Frith;

He trod the green heather in gladness and joy;—

On his gallant grey steed, to the hunting he rode,

In his bonnet a plume, on his bosom a star;

He chased the red deer to its mountain abode,

And track'd the wild roe to its covert afar

The vision was changed. In a midsummer night

He roamed with his Winifred, blooming and young;

He gazed on her face by the moon's mellow light,

And loving and warm were the words on his tongue.

Thro' good and thro' evil he proved to be true,

And loved through all fortune his Winifred alone;

And he saw the red blush o'er her cheek as it flew,

And heard her sweet voice that replied to his own.

Once again it has changed. In his martial
array,

Lo, he rides at the head of his gallant
young men!

And the pibroch is heard on the hills far
away,

And the clans are all gathered from
mountain and glen

For exiled King Jamie, their darling and
Lord,

They raise the loud slogan—they rush to
the war.

The tramp of the battle resounds on the
sword—

Unfar'd is the banner—unsheath'd the
claymore!

The vision has fled like a sparkle of light.
And dark is the dream that possesses him
now;

The moru of his doom has succeeded the
night,

And the damp dews of death gather fast
on his brow.

He hears in the distance a faint muffled
drum,

And the low sullen boom of the death-
tolling bell;

The block is prepared, and the headsman
is come,

And the victim, bareheaded, walks forth
from his cell.—

No! No! 'twas a vision! his hour was not
yet,

And waking, he turned on his pallet of
straw,

And a form by his side he could never for-
get,

By the pale misty light of a taper he saw.

"Tis I! 'tis thy Wintred!"—softly he said,

"Arouse thee an I follow—be bold, never
fear!

There was danger abroad, but my errand
has sped,

I promised to save thee—and lo! I am
here!"

He rose at the summons and little they spoke
The gear of a lady she placed on his
head;

She cover'd his limbs with a womanly
cloak,

And painted his cheeks with a maidenly
red.

"One kiss, my dear lord, and begone!—
and beware!

Walk softly—I follow!" Oh guide them
and save,

From the open assault, from the intricate
snare,

Thou, Providence, friend of the good and
the brave!

They have pass'd unsuspected the guard at
the cell,

And the sentinel band that keep watch
at the gate;

One peril remains—it is past—all is well!

They are free: and her love has proved
stronger than hate.

They are gone—who shall follow?—their
ship's on the brine.

And they sail unpursued to a far friendly
shore,

Where love and content at their hearth may
entwine,

And the warfare of kingdoms divide
them no more.

WILLIAM COURTNEY.

Among the acquaintances I formed
during a fortnight's stay at the little
town of B——, a few summers ago,
was an elderly gentleman of the name
of Courtney. In person, he was tall
and commanding; his features were
still handsome, though "many a furrow
in his care-worn cheek" showed that to
sorrow he was no stranger. His hair
and beard were grey, approaching to
white, but the lustre of his hazel eye
was little dimmed by the lapse of years.
His step, though feeble, was dignified,
his deportment quiet, and his manner
courteous. From the time when I was
first introduced to Mr. Courtney, his
whole air and appearance inspired me
with respect towards him, almost akin
to veneration. Some trifling attention
on my part won me his good-will, and
every day increased our mutual attach-
ment, which even seemed to gain
strength from the discrepancy of our
ages.

My aged friend was fond of walking,
and as I often accompanied him in his
long rambles, I had frequent oppor-
tunities of remarking the peculiar
points in his habits and character.
Though cheerful and condescending to
all whom he met, Mr. Courtney was,
when alone, sad and even gloomy.
Often, as we strayed along the winding
beach that fringes the sea at this delight-
ful spot, would he gaze forth over the

blue expanse, as if in eager expectation of some "white-winged ship," while words low, and indistinct, would escape his lips. Then he would fix his eyes steadfastly on the ground, and move on as if quite unconscious of my presence. A strange mystery hung over him, which I vainly attempted to penetrate.

One evening, an unwonted melancholy seized him; a dark shadow sat on his brow, in spite of all his efforts to shake it off. I tried to cheer him by conversation, but I failed. He had that afternoon proposed a walk to the "Fairy Bridges," and thitherward we were now wending our way. When, however, we had gained the summit of a grassy headland, over which our route lay, he complained of fatigue, and by tacit consent we stretched ourselves on the sward. The evening was calm, and the prospect from where we lay was delightful. Before us the sea, on whose now peaceful bosom the glorious rays of the sun were beautifully reflecting. On one side of us lay the town or rather village of B—, with its background of green hills, and its little church toppling above the surrounding houses, while neat cottages, with pretty lawns in front, skirted the margin of the shore. On the other side, and extending behind us far as the eye could reach, were piles of frowning mountains, that raised their proud heads on high as if in envious rivalry of the clear, unclouded sky above them. Below us crowds of human beings were moving incessantly to and fro along the strand, and here and there some little boat, "a wandering star of ocean," might be seen rising and sinking with lazy composure on the calm surface of the deep. A gentle, almost unbroken silence, prevailed; all was hushed, and universal nature seemed to sleep.

I was gazing in a state of dreaminess, into which the loveliness of the scene and the all-absorbing stillness had thrown me, on the unruffled waters

beneath, when a stifled groan drew my attention to my companion. He had started up from his recumbent position; his hands were clasped tightly across his knees; his face was deadly pale, and a strange wild fire shot from his upturned eyes.

"My God! Mr. Courtney, are you ill," I eagerly inquired. His lips moved but I received no answer. "My dear friend, for the love of heaven! tell me what is the matter," I again asked. He turned round at my repeated inquiry, looked mournfully at me, and then relapsed into his former apathy. I watched him anxiously for some moments, during which time he seemed alive to nothing but the thoughts that were harassing his breast. 'Twas now growing late; the setting sun's last rays were shedding their glories over sea and land, when the low, soothing melody of a flute, played by some person among the rocks beneath, seemed strangely to affect my aged and valued friend. The wild expression of his face gave way to one of gentle sadness, and I saw tear after tear trickle down his pale cheek,

"A tear of sweet relief,
A tear of rapture and of grief,
The feeling heart alone can know,
What soft emotions make it flow."

I did not like to intrude on his sacred feelings, for I saw that some deep-rooted sorrow preyed on his mind; and the monarch of day had long since tinged the western wave with gold and purple, ere I suggested the propriety of returning home.

"Stay, my young friend," he said, with something like tranquility, "my conduct of this evening must seem strange to you, but this day is to me the anniversary of the bitterest occurrence that has soured the cup of my existence. But," he added, "with an emphasis that caused a fearful foreboding in my breast, "the dregs shall soon be swallowed, and then — — but no, I

must, I will be calm." He paused awhile, and then, in a tone of assumed cheerfulness, he said, "Sit down again, the grass is dry, and will do us no harm, and I will tell you my story, dull though it be, and tales of sorrow seldom amuse the ears of youth."

I had no time to express the interest I felt in all that related to him, when he proceeded to tell the following narrative, which I shall give as near as I can in his own words :

"My father was the vicar of a small parish near Dublin. I was his eldest child and only son; when I was very young he died suddenly, leaving to the charge of my afflicted mother myself and two sisters. She took every care and pains to graft in our young minds the love of God and of religion, nor were her labors altogether unsuccessful. My young sisters, Ellen and Laura, soon learned the value of piety, and were mindful of their Creator in the days of their youth; but I was wayward and impulsive; my ambition, moderate as my passions were ungovernable. All the skillful training of my gentle mother, though not entirely lost, failed to endue me with that spirit of meekness and docility which her precepts and conduct laid before me. Still my mother loved me with a fondness that mothers' hearts alone can feel. If I were troubled with the slightest pain or illness, she would watch over me with the tenderest solicitude, and often when, by neglecting her injunctions, I have fallen into danger or met with accident, instead of reproaching me harshly for my disobedience, she has rejoiced over my escape, or kindly ministered to my wants.

My sisters were both younger than myself. Ellen, who was the elder of the two girls, was like her mother, mild and gentle; her hair was auburn, and her eyes blue and *spiritual*; her face was pale and melancholy, and wore a dreamy and pensive expression; there was a

sweetness in her voice, a softness in her manner, and a harmony in her every gesture, that accorded well with the unsullied purity and modest firmness of her mind. Alas! hers was "the beauty with that fearful bloom—that hue that haunted her to the tomb." Ellen was a flower, too bright, too beautiful, for earthly gardens; in paradise she shall never fade. But I am anticipating.

Laura was gay and lively; her innocent heart was ever open to pleasure, and you might read her whole soul in the light of her large eyes. Her brown hair wontoned luxuriantly around her finely formed neck. Her figure was slight, but the Hebe-like tinge on her soft cheek told of health and happiness. The clear music of her voice, wherever it was heard, called up visions of joy and hope, and often has my hasty and imperious temper been softened by the irresistible influence of her glad-some smile.

I have lingered long on these early reminiscences of our then happy little circle, for these days were some of the stray flowers I have met with in my life's thorny path.

When I was about twelve years of age I was sent to a public boarding-school, where I made many enemies and few friends. With the masters I was no favorite, proud as I was, and incapable of restraint: but this very pride made me independent of their censures. I could not bear to have a rival unsubdued, and no object once thought of, seemed too great to be sought and obtained. At the examinations I was mostly successful. Though I could vanquish others, alas! I never learned to conquer myself.

While at this school, where I remained for upwards of three years, I made tolerable progress in the old authors and became acquainted with the different systems of ancient philosophy, but to the more useful lessons of humility and self-restraint I paid no attention. After

my return home I pursued my studies with increased diligence, with the view of entering the university with some degree of credit. I had buried myself in the mysteries of science and "grammar," for some three months, when one day a letter came to my mother from her brother, Mr. Granville, containing a pressing invitation to me to spend a few weeks at Hart Lodge, which was the name of my uncle's residence. At first I demurred, and said I could not leave my books, but the entreaties of my mother and sisters, and the prospect of enjoyment held out to me, at last induced me to go.

An avenue of stately trees led to my uncle's mansion, which lay in a quiet secluded spot almost surrounded by hills. The house itself was a queer old-fashioned structure, with a verdant lawn stretching out in front, circumscribed by a neatly clipped hedge. In the rear was a garden which abounded in fruits of every description, and commanded a view of a beautiful isle-bespangled lake, into which a rivulet that rippled past the foot of the orchard, poured its clear waters, after many a serpent-like winding.

The beauty and simplicity of Hart Lodge amply compensated for the trouble and tedium of my journey; for in those days travelling was not as convenient and expeditious as now.

My relative was a kind, good-natured old gentleman, somewhat eccentric, but hospitable and benevolent. He had married at an age when bachelors generally despair of finding a helpmeet for them. Having fallen in love with the daughter of a merchant in moderate circumstances, he was resolved to have her. He wooed and won; but his young bride did not long enjoy her newly-acquired honors. She died in giving birth to her first child—a daughter.

I must now hasten on to a new epoch in my life. Never will I forget the

strange emotions with which my young bosom thrilled, when I first beheld Mary Granville. Her every feature is still present to my memory, as I saw her then, in all "the might, the majesty of loveliness." She was about a year younger than I was. To describe her would fail me, but when I say that in faultless beauty as well as in sweetness of disposition, she was a perfect angel, I scarcely overstep the limits of truth; "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love."

I saw and loved her, nor was my affection unrequited. Ere many days elapsed, our hearts were closely cemented. *Mary infused into my soul "sweetness unfelt before."* My pride and harshness melted away beneath the sunshine of her gentle glance, while she clung to me with the earnest and unaffected simplicity of girlish love. Oh! what a fortnight we spent together! It was a happy dream, that passion of my boyhood. I have always looked back with sentiments of mingled delight and bitterness at this early chapter in the book of my existence. Oh! why did I barter all my softest feelings, my love, my conscience and my happiness, to my own blind folly? Vain question! Useless regret! Those blessed hours are long since past recalling, and I must now patiently spin out the chequered web of my fate.

Mary and I used to take long walks together. The pleasant grove, the daisied hill, and the broad meadow, were all open to us; but our favorite resort was an old castle, about a mile from the Lodge, which, to one approaching it, seemed to rise out of the lake, which it bordered. Beneath its venerable walls we have often sat for hours, dreaming of future happiness. *One evening I ventured openly to declare my love; with blushing modesty she confessed that it was returned.* I was enraptured, and, kneeling at her

side, promised endless fidelity and unceasing devotion. We spent a few hours of unbroken bliss, and not till the gathering clouds forewarned us of a coming storm, did we hasten homeward. When I returned to the house, I found my uncle sitting in the parlor. He seemed more reserved than was his wont, and to his inquiry as to where we had been, I had scarcely time to answer when he pointed silently to a letter that lay on the table. It was from my mother, and contained sad news. Poor Ellen had taken very ill, and was not expected to live many days, and I was desired to set out for home with all haste.

The next morning I left Hart Lodge. As I bade Mary farewell, a tear moistened her bright eye. I prest her hand tenderly; I clasped her to my breast—my lips met hers in a long and ardent kiss, and I hurried away from the spot, which to me was hallowed by many a dear recollection. My uncle had not seen our parting. He was busy ordering out the carriage that should convey me to the next town. When I was getting into the vehicle he seized my hand warmly, and bidding me be a good boy, and mind what my mother said to me, turned into the house. As the good old man spoke to me, I could see the big tear-drop roll down his still manly cheek.

When I got home, my dear sister was no more. Calmly and peacefully she had yielded up her soul to God, and closed her eyes forever on the things of time, only to behold in their full and undimmed splendor the glories of eternity.

"Death burst th' involving cloud and all was day."

Her last prayer had been for my welfare. My mother's grief was deep, but mellowed with resignation. Laura's little heart was almost broken; she seemed lonely and deserted, and the former unthinking gaiety of her

childhood gave place to a seriousness that was little suited to her years.

I now applied myself with renewed energy to my studies, and, in the October following my sister's death, entered Trinity College. My labors were attended with success, and my name stood high in the list of those who entered with me. Thus, by increasing my ambition, urged me on to more strenuous exertion, and honor followed honor with flattering rapidity.

Although I was well known in the College, my rooms were seldom visited. I had few acquaintances and less friends. But, in all my endeavors, one gentle image was before me, whose eye beamed encouragement; in my waking and sleeping thoughts, that well loved form was ever present to my mind, and seemed to point to future fame. Vain man! A cloud hangs over thy brightest prospects! Thy best resolutions are but promises, and thy noblest deeds tinged with selfishness! Verily, all, all is vanity!

Among the very few with whom I lived on terms of anything like intimacy, was a fellow gowns-man, whom I shall call Julian Herbert. He was handsome and clever; his appearance was prepossessing, and his manners engaging; but his principles were unsettled, and his notions of morality extravagant. He was, like myself, ambitious, but he was more unscrupulous as to the means by which he gained his object. However, when I first met him, he won my confidence, and we became constant companions.

I had now been at college for nearly three sessions, during which time I had never seen Mary Granville. One evening, within a few weeks of the Long Vacation, Herbert came into my room and told me that a young gentleman of the name of Graham was going to give a ball to his fellow students, previous to his departure for the continent, whither he was soon to set out, on his travels.

I was invited. At first I refused to go, but my friend pressed me so hard that I had to yield.

I went, and from that hour a "gleam of peace" has seldom shot through the cloud of anguish" that has long overhung my dreary path.

Here I was introduced to Eliza Shanley; we talked, we danced, and oh! what strange commotions agitated my breast when my arm encircled her graceful form! and how my heart quailed beneath the resistless power of her beauty! I even thought that she sometimes looked at me with tenderness, and that a blush suffused her cheek when my eyes met hers, and with what joy did my bosom thrill at those moments! I was intoxicated, and the more I gazed, the more eagerly did I drink in large draughts of the poison. That poison entered my soul, and reason and duty fled before its baneful presence. Mary was forgotten; my vow was broken. I must pass over the events of that night. It is like a terrific vision that I shudder to recall. All I remember is that I swore eternal constancy to Eliza Shanley; that she answered me not indifferently; that our lips and hearts met in fond embrace, and I returned to my room a changed, changed being; my best feelings lost; my honor sacrificed, and my sacred pledge violated. A blind victim to a passion that ruined all my hopes of happiness, I was led astray by the charms of a beautiful but capricious girl.

Two years elapsed. I had graduated, and my literary exertions had won me a considerable reputation, but a wild fire was all this time burning within me. But it grows late and I must hasten on.

I had been about a month at home in the summer of 18—, when I got a letter from my uncle congratulating me on my success, and saying, further, that he intended to go with Mary to

a quiet sea-bathing place for some time, and strongly urged me to join them, and bring my mother and sister with me.

They consented, and we all met at B—. My uncle welcomed us cordially, and as I spoke to Mary she shed tears of joy. We had not met for years, and had corresponded little, but the fond girl had ascribed my neglect to want of time. The sight of her for a while re-kindled my former flame. She looked more lovely than I had even expected. The childish grace of former years was blending into the mature beauty of womanhood. Her affection for me was unaltered; nay it was increased; still I felt that I did not love her as of yore. I was infatuated; some evil genius must have possessed me. For a while she did not perceive my coldness nor suspect me of inconstancy. But the day is approaching.

One evening, shortly after our arrival at this place, I was taking a solitary ramble along the shore, when, as I was getting round one of those jutting rocks you see from here, great was my surprise to meet Miss Shanley and Julian Herbert, walking towards me at a quiet pace, and engaged in a low and earnest conversation. I was astonished, but being too near them to retire unperceived, I continued my course with affected unconcern. Herbert greeted me with the easy familiarity of an old *chum*, and Eliza warmly expressed her pleasure at seeing me. But there was something in her manner, and the uncertain expression of her eyes, that completely mystified me.

After our first meeting at Graham's ball, we had seldom seen each other, as she did not reside in the city; but we had regularly corresponded. Her apparent intimacy with Herbert, too, unsettled me not a little. I had never heard him speak of her.

"What a singular girl she must be,"

I thought, as I excused myself from accompanying them. As I moved homeward I could not help looking back at their receding forms, and as I saw Miss Shanley's fine figure, bent gracefully towards Herbert, as she leaned on his manly arm, the sharp arrow of jealousy pierced my breast.

On my return to the house where we stopped, my strange and absent air attracted the notice of the family; but to their enquiries I only answered sullenly, and, at last, to avoid further solicitation, I left the room, and went out to a little garden at the back of the house, to indulge, undisturbed, in my gloomy reflections. I was not very long there when I heard a light foot approaching, and when I looked round, Mary stood beside me.

"Dear William," she said, as she laid her small hand affectionately on my shoulder, "what is the matter with you, your manner is so strange this evening? Are you unwell?"

"Leave me to myself," I replied harshly, "I am in no humor to be trifled with." My heart smote me as I said this, but the evil spirit was on me, urging me on to what my inmost soul revolted against. When the veil was thus rudely torn aside that concealed my real feelings towards her, Mary burst into tears, and, looking at me reproachfully, went away.

The next morning, when the family were taking an early walk, Herbert called. He was going to take an excursion to —, and wished me to join him. I would not go. He went, and I felt easier in my mind. That evening I walked out alone, in expectation of meeting her, in whom all my thoughts were now wrapped up. I found her on "the banks." Her manner toward me was kind, even tender. My vanity was flattered, and I yielded myself up to the soft delusion that she loved me. My passion became wilder, more consuming than ever.

When we were returning home, as we were slowly wending our way up one of those sloping hills that descend from the town to the shore, I could see the figure of a female who was regarding me with marked attention, from the top of the declivity. Long ere we reached the summit she had vanished.

The next morning, at breakfast, I was astonished to find my fair cousin unusually cheerful. The morning was somewhat cloudy, and threatened to be showery, but about noon the face of nature began to smile. At dinner Mary proposed a long walk to an old castle, strangely built on a stupendous rock that overhung the deep, about two miles from the village. I pleaded a prior engagement; as I spoke of it a transitory flush mantled Mary Granville's cheek, but, in a seemingly careless tone, she said she was determined on seeing it, as she had heard much of its singular and romantic situation. My mother was confined to the house from the feeble state of her health, and my uncle, for some time past, had been afflicted with gout; so there was none to participate in my cousin's enterprise but Laura. With strange ungallantry I allowed the fair girls to set out alone. My very nature rebelled against my conduct, but I persisted in my course of ruin. The incubus of infatuation pressed me; I felt its influence, but could not shake it off.

Mary arranged her toilet with more than usual care, and went forth, accompanied by my sister, lively and light-hearted. As she left me, she said in a tone of levity, "William, I am going to take a very long walk, and I hope you will enjoy yourself till I return. Good bye."

Her words impressed me strangely. I had half a mind to follow her, and implore her forgiveness, but the hour of grace was past. Never did I forget the look that Mary cast at me when she left me that fatal evening.

Many a long and weary year has run its course since then, but that look has ever haunted my soul.

About an hour or so after my cousin and sister had left the house, I sallied forth, with the intention of having an interview with Eliza Shanley. She had appointed to meet me about this hour near a place called the Long Pool. But I looked for her in vain. I waited till it was late, searching every place where I thought I might find her, but my efforts were unsuccessful; and, at last, dispirited and disappointed, I bent my steps homeward.

On my return I was considerably alarmed at finding that neither of the girls had returned. My mother was almost distracted, and my uncle little better. I went forth to search for them, but all my efforts were fruitless. I returned; my heart crushed and my spirit broken. The night was far spent, and no word of them. I roused some of the people in the neighborhood, and requested their assistance, which they readily gave. We divided ourselves into parties; we searched long and eagerly, but in vain. Night passed, morn dawned, still they appeared not.

Next day, about noon, two bodies were found on the strand, about a mile from the town, firmly clasped in each other's arms. I saw, I recognized them, but I remember no more. A fierce, consuming fire of agony burst into the dark chambers of my soul, and burned up my reason. For weeks I lay raving mad, and when the delirium left me, it was only to be succeeded by a settled despondency, that has followed me for many a tedious year. Since then I have witnessed many a wondrous scene. I have been in strange lands; I have basked beneath the smile of summer, and shuddered at winter's frown; I have tried the world, and I have courted solitude, but the remembrance of that eventful night has never, never

ceased to embitter my life. I have felt as if the mark of Cain were fixed on me, and though, to strangers, I may appear quiet, and even cheerful, I have never known one brief hour of enjoyment since that day.

The terrible shock she received on hearing the fearful news, united with the feeble state of her health, soon hurried my poor mother to the grave. She died at B——. My uncle survived her only a few months. The loss of his darling Mary affected his mind, and his wild outbursts of grief were distressing to witness. We had not left B—— long when he bade farewell to the affairs of earth. I was left heir to his property.

Herbert and Miss Shanley disappeared, no one knew whither. But, some years ago, I was passing through a large city in England, when a wretched-looking man, in a squalid garb, craved me for assistance. His features were not to be mistaken. I gave him some money, and hastened away, almost unable to master the feelings that struggled in my breast.

I sold my mother's place and Hart Lodge, and with the competency this yielded me, I determined to seek, in travel and change of scene, a temporary relief from the sorrow that gnawed at my heart's core.

One day as I was ransacking some old papers, a while after my uncle's death, I found a letter addressed to myself, and signed "M. G." in a neat girlish hand. It contained only those few lines: "*I once thought you loved me, but I have been deceived. I have seen the cause of your late estrangement. May God forgive you as freely as she does, whose heart you have broken. Farewell, we shall meet no more on earth.*" None but myself ever suspected the cause and manner of the death of the two young girls.

Mary and Laura walked on briskly

for some time after they left the house to go and see the old castle the former had spoken of, till they came to a large cavern, where they proposed to rest awhile. Laura went to explore the cavern, and left Mary sitting on a stone at its entrance. As the former was admiring and collecting some shells which the tide had left behind, a loud splash in the water made her hasten out. When she came to the spot where she had left Mary, she was not there, but the sight of a female's dress, appearing above the surface of the water at some distance, brought the dreadful truth to her mind, that her friend had fallen in. Regardless of her own life, the noble-minded girl, plunged into the waves. She waded as far as she could, and had just caught hold of Mary's dress, when the tide brought her far beyond her depth. Her struggles were now useless. She cried, but none heard her. The dark waves closed over them!

Now my dear young friend, you have heard the story of my dark life. I have unburthened my mind to you, and I am sure you loathe me. But judge not hastily, you know not what dangers may beset your own path. I have lived a lonely, friendless wanderer for many a dreary year. 'Twas at this very place, on this very day of the year, that all my hopes were wrecked, and after forty years roving, I have come here to die."

Mr. Courtney finished. Such was his life, sad and gloomy. He had erred, erred grievously, and by a life of acute mental suffering, he bitterly paid the penalty of his errors.

His story made a deep, and, I trust, a wholesome impression, on my mind.

Gifted with unusually brilliant talents, he was a slave to pride and ambition. His pride led him on to acts that warred against his better feelings, and his passions not being brought under proper control to his reason, urged him

on to a course of conduct, that ended in misery and remorse. Oh! how we should strive to resist the first promptings of the great tempter, and to cultivate that self control, which will enable us to escape the toils of the Arch-Schemer, and to baffle the wiles of the wicked and designing! should we not seek after that humility, which is set before us by our Divine Pattern, and strive, in early life, for the attainment of that grace, that wisdom from above, that will direct and sustain us in all our temptations, and assist and support us in all our trials!

William Courtney's bones are now mingling with the dust. On his death-bed he showed signs of sincere repentance.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread
abode."

When the last trumpet shall sound
he shall appear before a just but merciful judge, where he, and all the sojourners of earth, must give an account of the deeds done in the body.

GIOVANNI.

THE BLIND.

Ah! think if June's delicious rays
The eye of sorrow can illumine,
Or wild December's beamless days
Can fling o'er all a transient gloom.
Ah! think, if skies obscure or bright,
Can thus depress, or charm the mind,
Ah! think, midst clouds of utter night,
What mournful moments wait the Blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe?
To love the wife he ne'er can see;
To be a sire, yet not to know
The silent babe that climbs his knee.
To have his feelings daily torn
With pain, the passing meal to find:
To live distress and die forlorn,
Are is that oft await the Blind.

When to the breezy upland led,

At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
 He beats the red-breast o'er his head,
 While round him breathes the scented
 thorn.
 But, oh! instead of nature's face,
 Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combin'd;
 Instead of tints, and forms of grace,
 Night's blackest mantle shrouds the Blind.
 If rosy youth bereft of sight,
 Midst countless thousands, pines unblest;
 As the gay flower, withdrawn from light,
 Bows to the earth where all must rest.
 Oh! think, when life's declining hours
 To chilling penury are consigned,
 And pain has palsied all his powers,
 Ah! think what woes await the Blind.

CARGEN WATER.

Nae mair in Cargen's woody glens,
 And rocky streams, I'll lonely stray;
 Or where, meandering thro' the plains,
 It winds amang the meadows gay.
 Nae mair, slow wandering down its side,
 The sweet primroses I will pu';
 Nae mair amang the hazels hide,
 And bid the noisy world adieu.
 Nae mair beneath the spreading trees
 That shade its banks, I'll roam along,
 To hear, soft swelling on the breeze,
 The linnet tune its sweetest song.
 Nae mair, when gloamin' hides the hill,
 And thick'ning shades invade the glen,
 I'll hear its murmurs, slow and still,
 Far frae the busy haunts of men.

Nae mair wi' gamesome, youthfu' glee,
 I'll sport yon lofty woods amang;
 Or view the distant swelling sea,
 Its foaming surges sweep along.
 Tho' distant far, I lonely stray,
 And heavy griefs my bosom swell,
 On these fair scenes of life's young day,
 Yet memory fondly loves to dwell.

INEQUALITIES OF GENIUS.

We observe, frequently, singular
 inequalities in the labors of genius;
 and particularly in those which admit

great enthusiasm, as in poetry, painting and music. But, surely, this is not difficult to be accounted for! Faultless *mediocrity* industry can preserve in one continued degree; but *excellence* is only to be attained, by human faculties, by starts.

Our poets who possess the greatest genius, with, perhaps, the least industry, have, at the same time, the most splendid and the worst passages in poetry. Shakspeare and Dryden are at once the greatest and the least of our poets.

The imitative powers of Pope, who possessed more industry than genius—though his genius was nearly equal to greatest poets—has contrived to render every line faultless: yet, it may be said of Pope, that *his greatest faults consist in having none.*

Trublet, very justly observes “the more there are *beauties*, and *great beauties*, in a work, I am the less surprised to find *faults*, and *great faults*. When you say of a work that it has many faults, that decides nothing; and I do not know by this whether it is execrable or excellent. You tell me of another that is without any faults; if your account be just, it is certain the work cannot be excellent.—*Curiosities of Literature.*”

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

O puer, ut sis

Vitalis, metuo, et majorum ne quis amicus
 Frigore te feriat.—Horace.

We take a melancholy and not unpleasing interest, in looking back at the lives and actions of the master-spirits of former ages, whom fame has handed down to us. We often regard them with feelings that partake as well of friendship as admiration; not satisfied with the mere knowledge of their existence, we wish to become acquainted with every circumstance of their lives, and to seek out the cause of their exaltation above their fellows.

This disposition to regard with awe and veneration the great geniuses, who have past away from this lower world, has been found in every age and clime.

When alive, they may have been basely neglected, unjustly traduced, or attacked with merciless fury; nay, they may have been suffered to starve unassisted, but when they are dead all is changed, and honors are heaped on their ashes with an extravagance scarcely equalled by the unrelenting oppression that distinguished them through life.

Some, indeed, there are, too, whose enmity does not die, even when the object of it has ceased to exist, but who with envious ill-nature, continue to cast aspersions on him who has been the butt of their malignancy, when he can no longer either feel or resent the smart.

To both these systems of persecution the subject of the present essay was a helpless victim. In life

No kind or fostering ray
Shone o'er him:—all his path below
Was over-gloomed by clouds of woe

The warmth of his young heart was chilled by coldness and deception; his merits were depreciated; his character defamed; his actions misrepresented, and at last his spirit crushed and broken; and even when all the hopes of the young aspirant were buried in an untimely grave, the unfeeling stife was still carried on over his lifeless clay. He could not be forgotten; the music of his lyre still thrilled in the ear, but there were those who remembered his name, only to load it with reproach and dishonor; who had pursued him relentlessly when living, and sought to abuse his memory when dead.

His defamers as well as himself, have long slept the sleep of death. He shall answer for his errors before a mightier tribunal than that of man, and they too, shall appear before that Judge to whom account must be rendered for every idle word.

In giving to the reader this short narrative of Chatterton's life, I shall endeavor to steer a middle course, to divest myself of all partiality, and keep free alike from undue favor or senseless prejudice. I have taken considerable pains in getting my materials from the most approved sources, and I shall set before the reader whatever is eminently interesting or worthy of special notice, and use all my skill to make the relation as accurate and agreeable as possible. While I set forth his bright qualities and virtues, I must not throw his frailties (for who has not his share!) into the shade.

Any attempt to revive the memory of the "marvellous boy" must meet the approbation of "every man and woman who admires the genius of a youth of too much sensibility to resist the stormy elements with which he was surrounded from his infancy; and a, though winged for the skies, unable from adverse circumstances, to expand his pinions in the full light of day, in all their meridian glory."

Thomas Chatterton, the son of Thomas and Sarah Chatterton, was born in the city of Bristol, on the 20th of November, in the year 1752. His father was in the early part of his life a writing master to a classical school; he afterwards became sub-chapter of the cathedral of Bristol, which office he held, together with that of master of the free school in Pyle Street, in that city, till the time of his death. He is said to have been a man of some talent and shrewdness, but of a "brutal disposition," and fond of low company. He died on the 7th of August 1752, in the November of which year his posthumous son, Thomas, was born.

From the habits and character of this man, and the manner, in which he is said to have habitually treated his wife, it is to be inferred, that the child was not likely to suffer much by his premature loss, and few can doubt, that

as the *wife* was treated with harshness and neglect, the *son* would have experienced the same treatment.

At the age of five years, Chatterton was placed under the care of a Mr. Love, who succeeded his father in the office of school-master; but with him he only earned the character of a stupid boy, and was soon sent back to his mother. He is not the only instance of this kind; many of those whose names stand high in the departments of science and literature, gave no intimation, in the dawning of their days, of that splendor which afterwards eclipsed the lesser light of some whose morning was full of promise. After leaving Pyle Street school, his mother commenced to teach him, but for a long time her efforts were vain, till one day as she was showing him an old musical manuscript in French, to use her own words *he fell in love*. His progress was now as rapid as it had formerly been tardy, and at eight years of age he was so eager for books that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him. Under the tuition of his mother and sister he remained for nearly three years, during the latter part of which period he was much engaged in reading all the books he could procure. He also occupied himself with mechanical pursuits, and used to observe, "that a man might do any thing he chose." In the house in which Mrs. Chatterton lived at this time, there was a small room generally used for the purpose of keeping lumber, &c. The door was locked, but young Chatterton prevailed on his mother to give him the use of the apartment; this he call'd his own room, and here he frequently spent hours in solitude, but it does not appear that at this time he produced either poetry or prose as the fruit of his study.

On the 3rd of August, 1760, at the age of seven years and nine months,

Chatterton was admitted into Colston's school, an establishment founded in 1708, by Edward Colston, Esq., a character from whom Chatterton ever appears to have felt a great veneration. The rules of this school were strict; the boys were clothed by the charity, and instructed in reading, writing and arithmetic. Chatterton on first entering the school was very proud of his election, but the young enthusiast had not been long an inmate of the establishment, when he became wearied and disgusted with the monotony of his scholastic duties, which were such as to fit him for a trade. The same anti-mercantile disposition evinced itself in his after-life.

It was customary for the boys educated at Colston's school, to take the post of door-keepers in rotation, the office continuing for the space of a week at a time, in the occupation of one boy; of course the lad in office had much leisure time during this period, and Chatterton, in the week he held the situation, composed several verses on the last day, which, by the researches of Wm. Tyson, Esq., have been identified as his first poetical attempt. They appeared in the Bristol newspaper seven weeks after he had attained his tenth year. "It is with a feeling of gratification that they are rescued from the obscurity in which they were enveloped, and placed before the public eye, as exhibiting the flutterings of the unsledged eagle!"

"Behold! just coming from above,
The Judge with majesty and love!
The sky divides, and rolls away,
T' admit him thro' the realms of day!
The sun, astonished, hides his face,
The moon and stars with wonder gaze
At Jesus' bright superior rays!
Dread lightning's flash and thunders roar,
And shake the earth, and briny shore;
The trumpet sounds at heaven's command,
And pierce th' thro' the sea and land;
The dead in each now hear his voice,

The sinners fear, and saints rejoice ;
 For now the awful hour is come,
 When every tenant of the tomb
 Must rise, and take his everlasting doom !

This for a child of ten years !

He also paraphrased the ninth chapter of Job, and some chapters in Isaiah. Sir Herbert Croft, referring to one of these juvenile productions, remarks, that "from the circumstance of Chatterton's parentage and education, it is unlikely, if not impossible, that he should have met with any assistance or correction ; whereas, when we read the ode which Pope wrote at twelve, and another of Cowley at thirteen, we are apt to suspect a parent, friend, or tutor, of an amiable dishonesty, of which we feel, perhaps, that we should be guilty. Suspicions of this nature touch not Chatterton. He knew no tutor, friend, or parent, at least no parent who could correct or assist him."

After he began to write poetry, his disposition changed in some measure ; the gloom that had hung over him was partially dispelled, and he became somewhat cheerful. His inclination for satire soon developed itself ; to use his own words "he had an unlucky way for railing, and when the strong fit of satire was on him, spared neither friend nor foe."

The only holidays which the blue-coat boys ever had were on Saints' days and on Saturday afternoons ; on these occasions, Chatterton always spent the time allowed him at home, generally in the room which he designated as his own : here he frequently remained without meals for many hours, returning from it with face and hands begrimed. In this room he had "a pounce bag of charcoal, a great nub of ochre and a bottle of black-lead powder," and the table was covered with letters, papers, and parchments. From various evidences that have been adduced, there can be little doubt but that Chatterton contemplated the production of

the Rowleian MSS. before he entered Colston's school. A strong proof of this is his having produced the "De Burgham" pedigree, whilst an inmate of that seminary.

Mr. Burgum was a pewterer who had come to Bristol early in life, in a very humble capacity, from Gloucestershire. He had often noticed Chatterton as an acute blue-coat boy, fond of books, and had occasionally given him small sums of money. Burgum was vain, credulous, and fond of notoriety ; of his mind, Chatterton had no doubt taken an admeasurement, and as a proof of his discernment, gravely practised on him the deception most likely to succeed with one who longed for the distinction of an illustrious descent.

One Saturday evening during his holiday hours, Chatterton called on this gentleman ; and with great solemnity told him that he had discovered his pedigree, clearly traced from a remote period. Mr. Burgum was highly pleased, and expressed his urgent desire to see such an important document. Chatterton promised to transcribe it for him from the original manuscript, and a few days after presented him with a book entitled "An account of the family of the De Burghams, from the Norman Conquest to this time ; collected from original Records, Tournament rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garter records, by T. Chatterton." To this work was prefixed the De Burgham arms, laboriously painted on parchment, and which bore all the appearance of an ancient document, and "the parchment was of the same *kind* as that on which all the presumed documents of Rowley are written, now placed in the British Museum."

We may conceive the exultation of Mr. Burgum, when he first perused this singular document, on finding "that he was descended from Sir Simon de Leyncte Lyze, *alias* Lenley, in the reign of William the Conqueror, who

married Matilda, daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland. Northampton and Huntingdon, of Burgham Castle in Northumberland." Not doubting the validity of the record, in which his honors were so deeply implicated, he presented the poor blue-coat boy with the remuneration of—*five shillings*; but *five shillings* was more by half a crown than Chatterton had expected to receive.

It has been observed that the pedigree of De Burgham forms a subject for important consideration, "as exhibiting an unquestionable proof of that radical tendency of mind which Chatterton felt for inventing plausible fictions, and in support of which sentiment his whole life forms one mass of authority. Few can doubt but that he possessed that peculiar disposition, as well as those pre-eminent talents, the union of which was both necessary and equal to the great production of Rowley.

Chatterton remained about seven years at Colston's school. He left it on the 1st of July, 1767, in the fifteenth year of his age, and was bound apprentice on the same day to Mr. John Lambert, Attorney, of Bristol, for the term of seven years, to learn the art and mystery of a scrivener. How far Chatterton's inclinations were consulted with regard to this step, is not known; but it is most probable that he was merely a passive agent, and from all that can be ascertained, he had the greatest contempt both for his master and for the profession with which he was connected; yet Mr. Lambert bears honorable testimony to his conduct whilst he was in his service. His attendance on his stated duties was most regular, he never having but on one occasion absented himself from his master's service; and then he had obtained leave to spend the evening with his mother and some friends. His stated employment, when Lambert was absent, and when no other business in-

terfered, was to copy precedents, and as the business transacted by Mr. Lambert was little, and as he was seldom there, Chatterton had a great deal of time to himself, which he employed in writing for the periodicals of the day, an occupation to which his master was much averse, and, at times, he used him harshly in consequence, and always spoke contemptuously of the lad and his compositions. Chatterton used frequently to send articles to "Felix Farley's Journal," and several pieces of his appeared in that paper before the description of the "Fryars passing over the Old Bridge," attracted attention to him. He also delighted much in the study of heraldry; and used to inform people what their arms were.

Chatterton, after he had been about fifteen months in the service of Mr. Lambert, commenced that series of papers which was afterwards to confer immortality on his name. The new bridge at Bristol was finished some time in the month of September, 1768, and in October there appeared in "Felix Farley's Bristol Journal," an account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old structure. This article excited considerable curiosity amongst the literati of Bristol. "It evinces strong inventive powers, and an uncommon knowledge of ancient customs; and is so specific, appropriate and characteristic, that, when we remember it to have been produced by a boy not quite sixteen, it must be regarded as a real wonder." That these manuscripts had no foundation but in Chatterton's brain, there can be little doubt. The praise that attended his first *forgery* "fed the flame of his pride and genius." His ambition increased daily, he became more daring and more confident. The young poet discovered that "a mine was now opened, which he might work with considerable advantage," and he did work it.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

HORACE, BOOK II.—ODE X.

Translated by William Cowper, Esq.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach;
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse fortune's power;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little, and the great,
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
 Embattering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
 Of winty blasts, the loftiest tower
 Comes heaviest to the ground;
 The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
 His cloud-capt eminence divide
 And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
 Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
 And hopes in spite of pain;
 If winter bellow from the north,
 Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
 And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
 The dark appearance will not last.
 Expect a brighter sky.
 The god that strings the silver bow,
 Awakes sometimes the muses too,
 And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
 Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen.
 But oh! if fortune fill thy sail
 With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvas in.

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF LEISURE
IN READING.

Reading is an employment that at once amuses and profits the mind; it elevates the understanding, delights the imagination, and improves the heart.

It differs from other pleasures, inasmuch as it is so generally enjoyed. There are very few, no matter what pursuit may occupy their attention, who have not sufficient leisure for books; but this leisure, which might be used in study and self-improvement is, alas! often frittered away in frivolous pleasures, or "strenuous idleness." Time, the most valuable gift of providence, is by most persons least prized, least thought of. It is wasted in an infinite variety of ways by different classes of people, as fashion or inclination suggests.

In a rich and luxurious city, constant sources of amusement are discovered by the ingenious activity of those who seek their maintenance by exhibiting public spectacles, supplying music, and convening assemblies of the young, the gay and the fortunate. Such as wish to sacrifice their time at the shrines of these temples of pleasure, I do not presume to censure; but no reflecting man or woman, who may be in the habit of spending his time thus, will say, that the amusement they afford adequately compensates for the time they engross. 'Tis true, the mind requires relaxation after the cares and fatigues of business, and a while may be pleasantly, and perhaps innocently, passed, at some public place of diversion, but I deny that any real entertainment is furnished to him who makes scenes of pleasure his constant resort. As soon as the charm of novelty is removed, the mind becomes sated, and what lately delighted loses its relish.

But in reading there is ever an inexhaustible fund of rational and refined enjoyment; and one that will contribute to the improvement and development of the higher faculties of the soul. Hereby we are made acquainted with whatever is good and noble in the nature of man; whatever is great and wonderful in the works of God, or whatever is useful or instructive in science.

But though reading tends to elevate our characters, by setting before us the examples and writings of illustrious men, great care is to be taken in the choice of those books that will be most likely to produce these results.

By a proper course of reading, and a just contemplation on what we have read, we may, even with limited time and moderate capacity, "travel over a great field of knowledge." Philosophy, history and poetry, all possess peculiar charms. True philosophy teaches us the love of truth and virtue, and raises our thoughts and affections from what is low and grovelling to what is excellent and beautiful. According to Plato, "the mind of the philosopher is furnished with wings, because his memory dwells on that which is divine." There are many systems of philosophy which are dangerous even to touch, although some are highly pleasing and instructive. There is only one system, however, that can be safely recommended, before whose superior light error and scepticism must eventually give way, and that is the Religion of Christ.

By the study of history we are introduced into all those interesting scenes that are recorded in the annals of nations. The "departed spirits of the mighty dead" seem to pass before us, shining even through the mist of ages. We learn, from the examples held out to us, to despise and avoid whatever is reprehensible in their characters, and to cherish temperance, justice, fortitude and piety.

Let us turn our attention to poetry, and we may, with Milton, soar to heights of Heaven, or descend to Pandemonium, unharmed, or revel in the beautiful and sublime creations of Shakspeare's genius.

Even the rugged paths of science, may, by patience and perseverance, be trodden with ease and security, and by close reading and diligent observation,

a man of fair talents may arrive at an excellence in knowledge, which, at first sight, might appear utterly impossible.

Want of time is an excuse that few can reasonably allege; but, as our life is short, we should, to the utmost of our power, make the best use of it. Time is a talent, for the proper employment of which we are accountable to Him that bestows it; and we should remember that the omission of duty is the commission of crime.

RHO.

MILITARY CHARACTER OF THE SCOTS.

Tacitus, in his "Life of Agricola," speaks highly of the native daring and prowess of the hardy Caledonians. He says, that "by beginning hostilities, and attacking our fortresses, they inspired terror into our army, insomuch that some persons, disguising their timidity under the mask of prudence, were for instantly retiring on this side Bodotria (the firth of Forth,) and relinquishing the country rather than waiting to be driven out." Agric. cap. 25.

Sir John Froissart, in relating the wars, carried on between England and Scotland in the reign of Edward the Third, thus describes their character and manner of warfare:—"The Scots are bold, hardy, and inured to war. When they make their invasions into England, they march from twenty to four-and-twenty leagues without halting, as well by night as day; for they are all on horseback, except the camp followers, who are on foot. The knights and esquires are all well mounted on large bay horses, and the common people on little galloways. They bring no carriages with them on account of the mountains they have to pass in Northumberland; neither do they carry with them any provisions or bread and wine, for their habits of sobriety are

such in time of war, that that they will live for a long time on flesh half-solden, without bread, and drink the river water without wine."

Their martial habits and disposition are thus vividly portrayed in the luminous pages of Macaulay:—

"The Highlanders, while they continued to be a nation living under a peculiar polity, were in one sense better, and in another sense, worse fitted for military purposes than any other nation in Europe. The individual Celt was morally and physically well qualified for war, and especially for war in so wild and rugged a country as his own. He was intrepid, strong, fleet, patient of cold, of hunger, and of fatigue. Up steep crags, and over treacherous morasses, he moved as easily as the French household troops paced along the great road from Versailles to Marl. He was accustomed to the use of weapons and to the sight of blood: he was a fencer; he was a marksman; and, before he ever stood in the ranks, he was already more than half a soldier.

As the individual Celt was easily turned into a soldier, so a tribe of Celts was easily turned into a battalion of soldiers. All that was necessary was that the military organization should be conformed to the patriarchal organization. The Chief must be Colonel: his uncle or his brother must be Major: the tacksmen, who formed what may be called the peerage of the little community, must be the Captains: the company of each Captain must consist of those peasants who lived on his land, and whose names, faces, connections, and characters, were perfectly known to him: the subaltern officers must be selected among the Dunhe Wassels, proud of the eagle's feather: the henchman was an excellent orderly: the hereditary piper and his sons formed the band: and the clan became at once a regiment. In such a regiment was

found from the first moment that exact order and prompt obedience in which the strength of regular armies consists. Every man, from highest to lowest, was in his proper place, and knew that place perfectly. It was not necessary to impress by threats or by punishment on the newly enlisted troops the duty of regarding as their head him whom they had regarded as their head ever since they could remember any thing. Every private had, from his infancy, respected his corporal much and his Captain more, and had almost adored his Colonel. There was therefore no danger of mutiny. There was as little danger of desertion. Indeed the very feelings which most powerfully impel other soldiers to desert kept the Highlander to his standard. If he left it, whither was he to go? All his kinsmen, all his friends, were arrayed round it. To separate himself from it was to separate himself from his family, and to incur all the misery of that very home-sickness which, in regular armies, drives so many recruits to abscond at the risk of stripes and of death. When these things are fairly considered, it will not be thought strange that the highland clans should have occasionally achieved great martial exploits.

But those very institutions which made a tribe of Highlanders, all bearing the same name, and all subject to the same rules, so formidable in battle, disqualified the nation for war on a large scale. Nothing was easier than to turn clans into efficient regiments; but nothing was more difficult than to combine these regiments in such a manner as to form an efficient army. From the shepherds and herdsmen who fought in the ranks up to the chiefs, all was harmony and order. Every man looked up to his immediate superior, and all looked up to the common head. But with the chief this chain of subordination ended. He knew only how to govern, and had never learned to obey.

Even to royal proclamations, even to Acts of Parliament, he was accustomed to yield obedience only when they were in perfect accordance with his own inclinations. It was not to be expected that he would pay to any delegated authority a respect which he was in the habit of refusing to the supreme authority. He thought himself entitled to judge of the propriety of every order which he received. Of his brother chiefs, some were his enemies, and some his rivals. It was hardly possible to keep him from affronting them, or to convince him that they were not affronting him. All his followers sympathised with all his animosities, considered his honor as their own, and were ready, at his whistle, to array themselves round him in arms against the commander-in-chief. There was, therefore, very little chance that, by any contrivance, any five clans could be induced to cooperate heartily with one another during a long campaign.

A Highland bard might easily have found in the history of the year 1689 subjects very similar to those with which the war of Troy furnished the great poets of antiquity. One day Achilles is sullen, keeps his tent, and announces his intention to depart with all his men. The next day Ajax is storming about the camp, and threatening to cut the throat of Ulysses.

Hence it was, that though the Highlanders achieved some great exploits in the civil wars of the seventeenth century, those exploits left no trace which could be discerned after the lapse of a few weeks. Victories of strange and almost portentous splendour produced all the consequences of defeat. Veteran soldiers and statesmen were bewildered by those sudden turns of fortune. It was incredible that undisciplined men should have performed such feats of arms. It was incredible that such feats of arms, having been performed, should

be immediately followed by the triumph of the conquered and the submission of the conquerors."

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

When Garrick first came upon the stage, and one very sultry evening in the month of May, performed the character of Lear, he, in the four first acts, received the customary tokens of applause; and, at the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big round tear ran down every cheek;—At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion—it was not tragic—for he was evidently endeavoring to suppress a laugh; in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beautiful Cordelia, who was reclined on a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and, with the majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way than by supposing the dramatis personæ were seized with a sudden phrenzy; but their risibility had a different source.

A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench in the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy a like privilege here;—the butcher sat very far back, and the quadruped finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore-paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melt-

mg stuff, and not being accustomed to a play-house heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday peruke, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff; the dog, being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick, and of the other performers. A mastiff in a church-warden's wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much, it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment he was most distressed: no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BUMPER.—The origin of this word is not generally known. Even Dr. Webster is silent on its derivation. When the English were good Catholics, they occasionally drank the Popes' health in a full glass after dinner—*Au bon Pere*, to the good Father, whence our "bumper."

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A COURTIER.—The Prince de Conde once thought himself offended by the Abbe de Voisenon. Voisenon heard this from a good-natured friend, and went to court to exculpate himself. As soon as the Prince saw him he turned away from him. "Thank God!" said Voisenon, "I have been misinformed, Sir—you Highness does not treat me as an enemy." "How do you see that Mr. Abbe?" said his Highness, coldly, over his shoulder. "Because Sir," answered the Abbe, "your Highness never turns your back upon an enemy." "My dear Abbe," exclaimed the Prince and Field Marshal, turning round, and taking him by the hand, "it is impossible for any man to be angry with you," and so ended his Highness's animosity.

LEGAL ADVICE.—"Sir," said a barber to an attorney who was passing his door "will you tell me if this is a good seven-shilling

piece?" The lawyer pronouncing the piece good deposited it in his pocket, adding, with great gravity, "If you'll send your lad to my office, I'll return the four-pence."

CHARITY.—Zaccher and Esreff begged Morah, their tutor, to permit them to visit the curiosities of Aleppo. He gave them a few aspers to expend as they thought proper, and on their return he inquired, how they had bestowed the money. "I" said Zaccher, "bought some of the finest dates Syria ever produced; the taste was exquisite." "And I" said Esreff, "met a poor woman, with an infant at her breast; her cries pierced me; I gave her my aspers, and grieved that I had not more." "The dates," said Morah to Zaccher, "are gone, but Ezreff's charity will be a lasting blessing, and contribute to his happiness, not only in this life, but in that to come."

DR. GOLDSMITH.—The following announcement of the death of this eminent writer appeared in one of the public journals of the time;

1774. April 4.—Died Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. *Deserted is the Village; The Traveller has laid him down to rest; The Good-natured man is no more; he Stoops but to Conquer; the Vicar has performed his sad office, it is a mournful lesson, from which the Hermit may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than Roman or Grecian fortitude.*

PROFESSION NOT PRACTICE.—Some men talk like angels and pray with great fervor, and meditate with deep recesses, and speak to God with loving affections, and words of union, and adhere to him in silent devotion, and when they go abroad are as passionate as ever, peevish as a frightened fly, vexing themselves with their own reflections: they are cruel in their bargains, unmerciful to their tenants, and proud as a barbarian prince; they are for all their fine words impatient of reproof, scornful to their neighbors, lovers of money, supreme in their own thoughts and submit to none: with all their spiritual fancy and illusion, they are still under the power of these passions, and their sin rules them imperiously, and carries them away infallibly.—*Jeremy Taylor.*