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BY S.

CHAPTER XII.

He loves my daughter;

I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Captain Fitzgerald and Charles returned to dinner, they could not fail to remark the dejected air of Constance, and the traces of tears of which her face bore evident marks. To Captain Fitzgerald's enquiry concerning the cause, she replied merely by saying, that the sultriness of the day had given her a severe headache. Charles, with more penetration, coupled the sudden, unexpected departure of Lascelles, with the agitation which the manner of Constance still betrayed, and easily conjectured what had occurred. With all the magnanimity of a successful lover, he began to sympathize with his unfortunate rival, and to reflect with deep remorse upon his unkind behaviour towards him during the very brief period of their intercourse. But the cause which made the downcast eyes of Constance rest on the ground in deep dejection, and to exert all her self-control to restrain the rising tears, only served to clothe the face of Charles with an expression of triumphant happiness, for he felt that the image alone of one who was very dear, could render the heart of woman insensible to such a man as Lascelles.

"Constance loves me, and I am satisfied," he mentally exclaimed; and then he pictured what

his own state of mind must have been, had Lascelles proved successful in his suit.

"Charles," said Fitzgerald, "I cannot sufficiently express my regret at the hasty departure of Lascelles. How unfortunate that he should have received a letter commanding his immediate presence in London upon business, just as you arrived here."

Ah! well did Constance know from whose lips that billet had come!

"I certainly join in your regrets, Sir," replied Charles, "for I can imagine the pleasure you must have experienced in his society."

"Yes! my dear boy, I have seldom met a young man of Lascelles' age whose talents and means of observation have been so well employed. I was particularly anxious that you should have become acquainted with him, and for this purpose I prevailed upon him to prolong his stay for another week. But such is the life of a soldier—here to-day and gone to-morrow. Many a noble fellow have I met as a stranger, and, after an hour's acquaintance, I have parted from him with as much regret as from a friend, and then we have seen each other no more. Such is life!"

Now that his rival had departed, Charles contrived to monopolise almost the entire time and attention of Constance. For a few days after Lascelles had gone, Constance was sad, and less cheerful than her happy disposition generally rendered her, but the merry laugh and lively conversation of Charles soon won her from this mood. Again he was her companion over hill and dale, and the small white palfrey, the spirited

*Continued from page 351.

but docile favorite of Constance, was daily brought to the door to carry forth its young mistress.

Thus passed the time at Ardmore, and Charles, happy in the society of Constance, for a time forgot the dreams of ambition which he had formerly cherished—the proud thought of yet being able, by his own exertions, to attain independence,—to become more worthy of her love. Often as he sat at her side, listening to the tones of her voice, and looking into those dark eyes which returned his gaze with such confiding love, did he resolve to make known his affection to Captain Fitzgerald, and to solicit his consent that Constance might at once become his own. But again, in the moments when absent from her, he determined for a period to leave Ardmore again, and to see her no more till his object had been fulfilled, lest her presence should make him forget his stern resolution.

Fitzgerald understood the motives of Charles, and although it was his most ardent hope, the darling desire which he had long cherished, to see the two young beings who were all that was dear to him in the world united, he still thought, as they were both so young, that it would be better to wait a few years. He also thought that Charles could not better employ the intervening time than as he had lately been engaged. Instead of his absence from Ardmore rendering him forgetful of his early friends, and giving him a distaste for the simple, rural life, which Constance loved so well, Fitzgerald saw with delight that Charles had returned with increased affection for his early friends, and additional zest for those employments in which he used formerly to engage.

Fitzgerald did not, could not doubt that a mutual affection existed between Charles and Constance, and if he had, an incident, trifling in itself, but important in the eyes of Fitzgerald as confirming his hopes, must have removed any doubt which he entertained upon this subject.

One lovely summer morning Fitzgerald was seated after breakfast, reading the newspaper, which had just arrived. His head immersed in the voluminous pages, and his eyes intent upon their contents, he neither heard nor saw what was passing around him. At a little distance, seated by the window upon a low ottoman, was Constance with a volume open in her hand, and looking into the garden, which at that moment contained to her more poetry than poet ever sang, for there was Charles O'Donnell wandering from flower to flower, with as much fastidiousness and caprice as an idle butterfly, and with care selecting the low-liest. Well did Constance know for whom this choice was made; but as Charles, satis-

fied with the beautiful harvest he had gathered, turned his steps towards the house, Constance suddenly became immersed in the contents of the neglected volume, and appeared unaware of his approach till he addressed her.

"Constance, I have brought you some lovely flowers," he said, as he placed the bouquet in her hand. "See, I have carefully chosen your favourites."

"Thank you, Charles," replied Constance, with a grateful smile, as she inhaled the delicious odour which the blossoms, still gemmed with dew, spread around. "But what a beautiful moss-rose that is," she continued, as she observed one in his hand surrounded by half opened buds. "What a pity that such a lovely thing should fade in a few short hours!"

"Yes! 'tis a pity," replied Charles, "but it shall at least pine away beside something more beautiful than itself," and, as he spoke he placed it among the dark curls, which, in their careless luxuriance shaded her face.

But, no! the flower was not rightly placed, and it must be withdrawn. Again it was tried, but still the fastidious Charles was not satisfied. A third time the luckless moss-rose, with its lovely tint and its verdant leaves, was fastened in her hair, and she raised her hand to see whether he was now satisfied. This time it was most becomingly placed.

"You will wear this to-day for my sake, Constance, will you not?"

"I will," replied Constance, as she smilingly looked up in his face.

At this moment Fitzgerald's head emerged from the folds of the newspaper, and he surveyed the young couple with deep interest as they sat together unconscious of a looker-on. As Fitzgerald noted the affectionate look with which Charles regarded Constance, and the timid, down-cast eye, which told that the glance fell not coldly upon her heart, he mentally exclaimed:

"If true affection is to be found in this world, it surely exists in the hearts of those two young beings. May they render each other happy through life. I always thought that it was impossible that they could remain indifferent towards each other."

As Fitzgerald soliloquized thus, Charles and Constance, attracted by the rustling of the paper, looked up and beheld the eyes of Fitzgerald thus intently fixed upon them, and Constance, with a deep blush, averted quickly her glowing face, while Charles betrayed the same confusion.

Whether it was the sudden motion of the head of Constance, or some secret sympathy, the moss-rose vibrated for a moment and then fell at her

feet. But Charles, instead of picking it up and replacing it as he had formerly so untiringly done, sat immovably still, while Constance herself bent forward and lifted it from the carpet. Fitzgerald quietly resumed his paper, and appeared as intently as ever absorbed in its contents; but to Charles and Constance the easy self-possession which had hitherto attended their intercourse was gone, and they remained silent and embarrassed, until Charles, muttering something which was unintelligible, left the apartment.

Constance and Charles had been educated together, and from a similarity in their tastes, Constance delighted in many of those studies in which Charles excelled. In music and painting Constance was no mean proficient, and now that Charles had returned, those pursuits which she had neglected during his absence were resumed. A small apartment, which in childhood they had called the school-room, and which still bore that name, was once more occupied, and its walls adorned by sketches, the productions of Charles, distinguished by the graphic, masterly touches of his hand, and by the softer, more delicately finished works of Constance. Paintings and pencillings in every stage of progress, some merely begun, and others abandoned by the impatience of Charles when half finished, lay scattered about. This apartment was now their favourite resort during the earlier portion of the day, and Captain Fitzgerald often looked in to see how the view of Ardmore, upon which Charles was engaged, was progressing; and also to sit for his own likeness, which he had consented to have taken at the earnest solicitation of Constance, who viewed with delight the resemblance which her partiality for the artist made her consider as perfect, and which, truth to tell, was no mean production.

One forenoon, as the youthful artists sat busily at work at their easels, Charles adding some finishing touches to the well executed representation of Ardmore, and Constance with earnest face bending over a sketch, which she no sooner traced with chalk, than, with a look of disappointment, she erased. Tired after many ineffectual attempts to portray a female face, she threw the pencil aside with an ejaculation of impatience, and Charles, looking up from his landscape, said:

"Constance, does the pencil refuse to obey you, that you look so dismal?"

"Yes! I have been trying for the last hour, Charles, to draw the outline of a female face, and I cannot succeed in delineating one which corresponds to my ideas of the beautiful. I desire to personify female loveliness in my picture according to my own ideas, but I find that

I must leave such a lofty design to hands more capable than mine. I can imagine such a face, but the moment the perverse chalk comes in contact with the canvas, I forget my beau-ideal, and nothing but a very ordinary face rewards my exertions."

"Allow me to try, Constance, whether I can be more successful than you," said Charles, taking up the discarded pencil. "In what style shall this paragon be portrayed? Shall I represent a fair daughter of the north, with golden tresses, azure eyes, and complexion in which the rose and lily strive for pre-eminence? Or shall I go to your own sunny land, Constance, and steal from it the raven hair, the eyes black as night, and the more soul-speaking faces of its beautiful daughters? Say, Constance, which it shall be?"

"Either you like," replied Constance, "I care not which. All I desire to behold is a face beautiful and perfect, and it matters not to what clime it may owe its style of loveliness."

For a few moments Charles shut his eyes, as if to exclude every external object, and appeared lost in deep thought; but suddenly a look, expressive of some bright idea, rewarded his intense study, and without further hesitation the pencil obeyed the ready hand, and as Constance gazed delighted, the outline of a face perfect and beautiful, even as she desired, stood boldly forth from the canvas.

But if Constance was delighted, Charles was completely enraptured with his success, and with an eager hand and a glowing cheek, he imparted the warm colours of life to the beautiful face. With parted lips and steadfast gaze, Constance watched the progress of the picture, which she almost forgot was a painting, so life-like were the animated, expressive eyes, so replete with thought and intellect the open brow, so well defined the faultless outline of every feature, so full of life the ruby lips, and the small dimple that lurked so mischievously upon the chin.

"Beautiful! most beautiful!" exclaimed Constance, as soon as she found words to express her delight.

"Beautiful! most beautiful!" echoed Charles, as he continued intently occupied with his delightful task.

"Oh, Charles! you have succeeded completely in expressing my idea of female loveliness! Who could believe that that eloquent face so replete with life and beauty, is merely a creation of the mind? That it exists only upon that cold canvas. To look upon it one would imagine that in this wide world there could surely be found its counterpart. Thanks, Charles! a thousand thanks; that painting must not be allowed to

remain in this room among those other pictures which appear cold and lifeless in its presence. I will place it in my own chamber, and at night, when I retire to rest, that lovely face will smile good-night, and when the bright morning sun awakes me, it shall still look thus kindly upon me."

For days Charles laboured diligently to complete the painting, and exhausted every effort of his genius to render it perfect. At length it was finished, and Constance, carrying it off in triumph, showed it to her father, and then, with girlish glee, suspended it from the walls of her chamber.

"The world of Ideality is beautiful, but that of Reality is much more so," thought Charles, as having surrendered the picture to the impatient hands of Constance, he leant against the window, and looked forth upon the wide-spreading lands of Ardmore. His thoughts wandered back to the ruined chapel, and the fair girl whom he had twice seen beside its deserted ruins.

Yes! Charles O'Donnel, thou didst well to portray her face as the personification of female loveliness, for in this world a fairer could hardly be found, and imagination could not picture one so perfect. But there is the returning footsteps of Constance, and her grateful smile beams upon thee; so smooth that thoughtful brow and look, upon a face as attractive in its gentle repose, as that more eloquent, more beautiful countenance, which still haunts thee in thy dreams.

CHAPTER XIII.

O heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.

SHAKESPEARE.

AGAIN the withered leaves of autumn were beginning to strew the ground, and the day approached upon which Charles would depart from Ardmore. He still persevered as firmly as ever in his intention of pursuing his studies, and Fitzgerald willingly consented to his wishes in this respect.

"A few months will soon pass away, Constance," he said at parting, "and then the truant will gladly return to thee and Ardmore."

Although the heart of Constance told her that the intervening time, however brief, which would elapse before the return of Charles, must appear long to her; still, when she looked upon his open, joyous face, and listened to his hopeful words, she returned his smile with cheerfulness, and felt the same sanguine spirit pervade her mind.

Although they parted with no vow of con-

stancy and love, still Charles O'Donnel and Constance Fitzgerald felt as confident in their unchanging affection for each other, as if they had formally plighted their troth, and exchanged vows of ever-enduring constancy. It required not words to make their love known, for since childhood they had lived but for each other, they had

"Shared each other's sorrows,
And wept each other's tears."

It was a feeling which neither questioned, for neither doubted its existence. It was therefore with the utmost confidence in each other that they once more parted.

Again Charles O'Donnel had arrived at the city of E---, and had become an inmate of the residence of Mrs. Douglas. His studies were resumed with unremitting diligence, and the talents and application of the young student became once more the theme of praise to many a crusty professor, and his gallant bearing the subject of many a fair maiden's tongue.

One evening, as Charles was seated in his own apartment, where he generally spent the evening, surrounded by his books, his attention was arrested by a scream, which appeared to proceed from the most remote end of the house. He opened the door of his room upon hearing a noise so unusual in the quiet house, but remained irresolute as to whether he should proceed towards the apartment whence the noise had come. But again another scream met his ear, and was succeeded by the tones of a female voice in the greatest distress. Hesitating no longer, Charles hastened along the passage towards a door which was partly open. As he reached it, the servant of Mrs. Douglas observed him, and in loud accents exclaimed that her mistress was dying.

Charles immediately entered the room, and beheld Mrs. Douglas extended upon the floor, and with every appearance of life having deserted her, while with her arms around her, and endeavouring to support the lifeless form, knelt a young girl bending over her, and in the most agonised manner trying to recall the life which appeared to have forsaken its tenement.

"Have you sent for a physician?" hastily enquired Charles of the servant, who appeared so stupified by the sudden illness of her mistress, that all presence of mind had left her, and without an effort to render assistance, she ran hither and thither, and wrung her hands violently.

At the sound of Charles' voice the young girl raised herself, and for the first time looked upwards. One glance was sufficient to reveal to Charles that the fair maiden whom he had twice seen near the ruined chapel, whose appearance

had made such an impression upon his youthful imagination, and the weeping girl who now supported the form of Mrs. Douglas in her arms, and called her by the name of mother, were the same. Although his heart bounded high, and beat tumultuously with undefined feelings of delight and surprise at this discovery so unexpected, he stayed not to express them, but hurried forth in search of a physician. Fortunately he soon succeeded in his search, and had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Douglas restored to animation and sensibility, and to receive the grateful thanks which Ellen Douglas poured forth to him who had come so opportunely to the assistance of her mother.

When Charles, after having received a favourable report from the medical attendant, retired once more to his study, he found it impossible for his thoughts to resume the same channel in which they had flowed before the incident occurred which had interrupted them. He pondered upon the sudden, unexpected manner in which he had been introduced to her whose image had so frequently haunted his mind, and who, unknown to him, had been since his return an inmate of the same dwelling, though he knew it not. Again he had beheld that face so expressive, so eloquent in its sorrow, and so illumined with joy when in heart-felt words she had poured forth her gratitude for the simple service which he had rendered her, and the more prominently that commanding form and striking face rose to his view, gradually receded the girlish features and gentle countenance of Constance.

In a few days Mrs. Douglas was pronounced out of danger, but her indisposition was such as still to demand the most constant care and assiduity of her daughter. Day and night Ellen tended the pillow of her mother, with all the fond solicitude which love for her only remaining parent inspired. When her mother fell into a slumber Ellen would steal into the parlour for a few minutes daily, to answer the enquiries of Charles concerning the progress of the invalid. Although these interviews lasted only for a brief period, yet every succeeding meeting became more fatal to the peace of mind of Charles. Young and susceptible, alive to impressions, and regardless of consequences, Charles reflected not that the increasing interest he felt in Ellen Douglas, if indulged, must eventually prove disastrous to the happiness, not only of himself but also of one whom he had hitherto loved with all the ardour of his nature, and who, he was aware, returned his affection. But Charles reflected not, calculated not what the result might be, if he thus blindly cherished a growing affection for

another, when he was already bound by every tie of gratitude and love to Constance.

Owing to the reduced circumstances of her mother, Ellen Douglas had been brought up in the utmost seclusion, and although she had lived much in a large and populous city, she had seen no society except those few remaining friends who still adhered to her mother in the days of her adversity. Untutored in the ways of the world, she possessed none of those arts which belong to the votaries of fashion; and, left much to herself, her mind had acquired a tinge of romance which contact with the world had not dispelled. Warm and quick in her affections, enthusiastic, and gifted with a happy, cheerful temper, Ellen Douglas possessed a disposition in which Charles found much that was congenial to his own. That which constituted her greatest fascination, even more than her extraordinary beauty, was the ever-varying, truthful expression of her face, in which the loftiest thoughts and gentlest feelings were alternately mirrored forth. Though stern necessity had compelled her to labour for the support of herself and her mother, the toils which had been imposed upon her were light and easily borne, and she had never yet come in actual contact with that poverty which divests life of its poetry. Her occupations rather tended to heighten the interest which she inspired. Her manner possessed that elasticity which at one moment caused her to appear almost child-like in her gaiety, and the next, as she gave utterance to loftier thoughts, she appeared endowed with a degree of reflection and sensibility even beyond her years. She was one of those bright, happy beings who shed a light around their path, and invest the most trivial occurrences of every-day life with a charm.

The health of Mrs. Douglas was at length sufficiently re-established to permit her to occupy the small but cheerful parlour for a short time each day. As she was not strong enough yet to dispense with the assistance and support of her daughter, Ellen daily accompanied her thither, and seated at her embroidery by the window, worked diligently, while O'Donnell either conversed with Mrs. Douglas or read to her. It was only in the presence of her mother, and during the short period which she daily spent in this apartment, that Charles had an opportunity of seeing Ellen, for she always retired with her mother, and he saw no more of her during the remainder of the day. Brief, however, as these interviews were, they were sufficient to increase, to a high degree, the interest which Ellen already felt in the handsome student, and also to effect a great change in the affections of Charles.

Hitherto Ellen Douglas had seen no one who had made even a transient impression upon her heart, but since she had seen O'Donnell this indifference was gone, and she felt "a change come o'er the spirit of her dream."

Satisfied with the pleasure she found in his society, she sought not to fathom the cause, but indulged in that happiness which his presence inspired.

O'Donnell also, forgetful of his early love, daily sought her society, in which the world, the dreams of ambition he had cherished, the hopes in which he had indulged, and even Constance, hitherto the object of his love, were banished from his memory. Those volumes which had lately occupied his attention, and exercised his active mind, either lay unopened before him, or his eye only glanced with a vacant look over their contents. With the impetuosity and want of reflection which characterised his disposition, he sought not to struggle with and combat his increasing affection for the beautiful girl whom he daily met, and in whose presence Constance was forgotten. True it was, that at eve, when he sought his solitary chamber, conscience-stricken and sunk in remorse, he could not help reviewing his conduct, so faithless to her whom his heart's devotion was due; but the following day, when the bright smile of Ellen greeted him, and her eyes, so full of that witchery which belongs to happy youth, beamed a welcome upon him, he again yielded himself up to the fascination which she inspired.

In this state of mind Charles forgot everything that was not connected with Ellen Douglas, and thus his letters, which had hitherto been despatched with such punctuality to Ardmore, and which had contained the out-pourings of his open, ingenuous heart, became less frequent, and as Charles could not dissemble, the altered strain in which they were written betokened the changed affections of the writer.

Rendered unhappy when absent from Ellen, by the tormenting thought of his inconstancy towards Constance, Charles eagerly sought her presence, in which he found a temporary oblivion, and with the recklessness of his disposition he gave himself wholly up to the passion which was quickly undermining his peace of mind.

CHAPTER XIV.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was evening at Ardmore, and Captain Fitzgerald and Constance were seated before the

blazing fire, which threw a ruddy light over the antique furniture of the apartment. The ample curtains were closely drawn, a pair of tall candles were burning on the table, and everything wore that air of comfort and warmth which constitute the charm of a winter's evening. Fitzgerald occupied a large arm-chair which stood at one side of the fire-place, while Constance was seated at the other.

Notwithstanding the appearance of cheerfulness which reigned throughout the apartment, the brow of Fitzgerald was contracted, and his features wore an expression of disappointment, while the face of Constance betrayed that grief which strives to shun observation only to sink more deeply in the heart. The circumstance which had irritated her father, only caused her to look pale and sad, and her face, of which the habitual expression was repose, now wore an appearance of deep melancholy, which was painful to witness in one so young.

Long and silently the father and daughter sat together, both apparently watching the light wreaths of smoke as they curled in fantastic figures and danced for a moment over the blazing fire and then vanished up the chimney; but their eyes wore an intensity of expression which told that their minds were far otherwise occupied. At length Fitzgerald broke the silence, which had hitherto been interrupted only by the crackling of the fire.

"I wonder," said he, "what can have prevented Charles from writing for such a length of time. If nothing ails him I will blame him severely for his neglect. If this post does not bring a letter, I will write immediately to Mr. Allison, and enquire the cause of his remissness.

"My dear father," replied Constance soothingly, "you may rest assured that Charles is not to blame for his long silence, which, I doubt not, he will soon satisfactorily explain. He may be indisposed; circumstances may have occurred to prevent him from writing. Indeed, a thousand little accidents may have come in the way. Charles is not forgetful of us, and I feel assured that his excuse will be satisfactory."

"What can detain the letters so late to-night?" resumed Fitzgerald after a long pause; "they should have arrived at least an hour ago."

"The roads are so bad, father, and this is such a boisterous night, we can hardly expect them for a little while yet. Hark! how the storm rages without," she continued, and while they listened they could hear the hail and sleet rattling against the casement.

Again the silence was resumed, and continued till a servant entered the room, and presented

Captain Fitzgerald with a packet of newspapers and letters.

Carelessly tossing the papers aside, he searched among the letters for the familiar writing of Charles, while Constance looked on with heightened colour and eager eyes. At length two letters bearing the free superscription of Charles rewarded his impatience, and handing one to Constance, he broke the seal of that which was addressed to himself.

With a trembling hand Constance opened her letter and perused the contents. As she read on, however, the expression of pleasure which had stolen over her face gradually vanished, and she turned away so as to hide from her father the burning tears which chased each other down her cheek, and fell upon the cold and chilling words.

"Humph! short enough!" ejaculated Fitzgerald, when he had perused his epistle and tossed it aside with an air of disappointment. "What does he say to you, Constance?"

"Charles tells me that he is well," replied Constance, endeavouring to command her voice, which trembled; "but he says his time has been so much occupied of late as to cause his neglect, for which he promises amendment in future," and again Constance turned to peruse the words, so cold, so precise, and different from the affectionate tone which his communications had formerly breathed.

Constance in vain endeavoured to account for this change, but while she grieved over it she sought to excuse Charles both to herself and to her father. She knew him too well to imagine that a few months' absence could make him forget his early friends, and though she deeply grieved, she yet cherished the hope that this melancholy change would yet be satisfactory explained. The time would soon draw nigh when Charles should return to Ardmore, and in the daily intercourse which they should then hold, she trusted that the same unconstrained tone which they had formerly enjoyed would be resumed.

Thus hopeful, she did not allow her mind to sink into despair, although at times the withering thought would strike her, that Charles had forgotten her in the society of one more beautiful, and as she fancied more worthy of his love, whom he had perhaps met in the haunts of gaiety, and in whose presence she was banished from his heart, and for a time she would distrust his constancy. But again, she thought it impossible that he, upon whose open brow the seal of truth had been set, who scorned deception, and who had by innumerable instances proved his devotion towards her, could change so instantaneously.

Thus, in alternate hopes and fears, did the time of Constance pass away.

CHAPTER XV.

I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood.

BYRON.

It was one of the most stormy evenings that the large and populous city of E— had experienced for a long period. The wind blew in loud and violent gusts; and mischievous as an unruly urchin just escaped from the presence of the awe-inspiring pedagogue, it roamed into every nook and corner in search of some object upon which to gratify its love of mischief. Onwards it flew through the broad streets which offered no impediment to its progress, dancing with glee, and overtaking each unlucky pedestrian whom necessity had compelled to forsake the shelter of his home. In an unguarded moment, when the unfortunate wayfarer thought the gust was past, and as he was availing himself of the opportunity to remove the blinding sheet from his eyes, it would make a whimsical evolution, and divesting his head of its sole covering, would send him at full speed, stumbling and sliding over the slippery pavement in search of that indispensable article of raiment. With an exulting roar at the unlucky wight it flew onwards rioting among windows which careless housemaids had forgotten to secure, but whose negligence next morning would be woefully revealed. Chimneys, tiles, doors, window-shutters and all moveable objects danced and swung in obedience to its wild glee, and maintained a continued clatter and screaming in which every variety of sound was confusedly mingled. It was such a night as subdues the most noisy children, and collects them round the aged nurse, who terrifies them still more by the ghostly stories her treasured lore unfolds, till the frightened urchins creep nearer and nearer to each other for protection, while in the parlour above, more enlightened heads are recounting the shipwrecks and hurricanes which have occurred within the date of their memory, or of which marvellous accounts have been transmitted to them.

On such a night as this, pacing hurriedly to and fro in the small and cheerful parlour of Mrs. Douglas, was Charles O'Donnel. His hasty movements and troubled aspect betokened a mind ill at ease; books which he had evidently been perusing lay scattered about in careless confusion as if hastily thrown aside, while Charles himself

appeared to be under the influence of deep agitation. His face no longer wore its usual open, careless expression, but the brow was contracted and the lips compressed, while ever and anon he arrested his hasty steps, and glancing towards the door, listened as if expecting some one whose presence was anxiously desired. At length his impatience was rewarded; a light footstep approached and Ellen Douglas entered the room. As she entered, an expression of joy stole over the hitherto disturbed face of Charles, and drawing a chair near the fire, he begged her to be seated.

"At length, Miss Douglas, you have come," he began; "you know not the suspense, the agony, I have experienced while waiting for you, uncertain whether you might grant the interview I so eagerly desired."

"My mother has but now fallen asleep," replied Ellen, "and it was impossible for me to leave her sooner. Now that I am here, Mr. O'Donnel, I beg you will let me know why you desired to see me, that I may return to her, for were she to awaken, she would wonder at my absence."

"Ellen! you know not the powerful motive which urged me to solicit your presence this night; but it will require time to reveal all I have to say. Be seated then, and listen to the important communication—important at least to me—which awaits you; for the answer you give will determine my happiness or misery upon this earth."

Astonished at the emotion with which Charles uttered these words, Ellen hastily seated herself, and bent towards him in a listening attitude, while the varying expression of her face betrayed the interest she felt in what she was about to hear.

"Ellen," he began, "perhaps I may be wrong; my vanity may have led me astray when it has whispered to me that you feel an interest in the stranger who dwells beneath your mother's roof. Pardon me, if I am tedious, but I implore your patience while I relate to you the history of my past life, without concealment, without disguise."

And Charles briefly recounted to her the orphan state in which he had been left, and the happy home and parental affection which had watched over him at Ardmore. Of Constance, also, he spoke; of her childish love and influence over the wayward boy, and as he dwelt upon her virtues, he observed the face of Ellen Douglas wear a troubled expression, and her eye scan his countenance narrowly, as if to detect whether it was merely a brotherly regard which he entertained for a being so young and fair. As Charles came to this portion of his recital he hastily drew forth an ivory

tablet, upon which was represented the placid features of Constance Fitzgerald.

"Ellen! behold the companion of my early years," he said, as he gave the miniature into her hand, "and tell me whether you have ever beheld a face more eloquent in its still and silent beauty, or more likely to win love and retain it."

"Lovely! most lovely!" exclaimed Ellen, as, forgetful of the apprehensions which had lately disturbed her mind, she drank in the quiet beauty of that contemplative face, which seemed to look upon her with a melancholy smile. She continued gazing upon it while Charles proceeded:

"Ellen! till I beheld you, I imagined that earth contained not a brighter nor a dearer object than she whom you see but feebly portrayed there; but since I first saw you——," and Charles here related the manner in which he had twice beheld her beside the ruined Chapel.

"Since that day upon which you first met my gaze, Ellen," he continued, "your image has haunted me, and although it was forgotten in the presence of Constance, it was only to revive when I was left alone. My love for that fair girl, the companion of my boyhood, partook not of the nature of the passion I bear to you, dear Ellen! When I think of her, it is with a feeling of calm, undisturbed affection, but towards you my love has been far different. Absent from you I cannot exist. Life has lost its charm for me if you turn a cold ear to my proffered love. Nay, Ellen! do not avert thy face, but let me look into the clear depths of thine eyes, whilst thou tellest me that I will be happy. For without thee misery must be my portion."

And Ellen did turn her eyes upon O'Donnel, unembarrassed, and with a calm, untroubled glance, while she said in the lowest tones:

"O'Donnel, will you answer me one question ere I reply to thine?"

"Speak then, Ellen," replied Charles hastily, "and it shall not remain unanswered."

"Tell me, Charles," she said, while her voice sounded low and impressive, "whether you are bound by any promise, by any vow, to that fair girl whose gentle face looks calm as an angel's upon you, and witnesses your truth or your faithlessness. Speak, Charles! and conceal not the truth from me."

"Ellen," replied O'Donnel, "I solemnly vow that I break neither pledge nor plighted troth when I ask thee to bestow thy love upon one who, until now, has never breathed words of love to woman."

The air of solemnity which had hitherto lent a lofty character to Ellen's face gradually desert-

ed it, and a softer expression stole over her features. Her eyes were once more raised to his, with an expression of confidence and love, and in a calm, low voice, she said:

"Charles, I love thee!"

"Bless thee, Ellen, for that frank avowal." Charles replied with delight, as he took her hand. "But one proof of thy love thou must give, and Ellen, listen to what I will hastily reveal to thee, for time presses, and thou knowest not that a long journey lies before me this night. A short hour ago, before I craved this meeting of thee, I received a letter desiring my immediate presence at Ardmore, where Fitzgerald, my protector, my guardian, is dying. In an hour I leave you, and now, Ellen, to this proof of the love which I require. If I depart without your becoming mine, if I leave you before our vows are registered in Heaven, I feel that I will behold you no more. Become mine ere I depart, and then nothing on earth will have the power to separate me from my wedded wife. Ellen! you have as strength of mind which you can well exercise when circumstances call it forth. Exert it now, Ellen,—you cannot know the strength of love I bear to you—vainly have I struggled against its power. Now or never, Ellen, become mine. Speak but the word, dearest, for ere another hour is past, I must be on the way to Ardmore."

It were vain to attempt to describe the torrent of conflicting feelings which bewildered the mind of Ellen Douglas, as she listened to the impassioned avowal of his love which O'Donnel poured forth—to the earnest entreaties that she would become his wife.

"Not without the consent of my mother, O'Donnel," she replied. "Obtain her sanction, and I will then become yours."

"Ellen, that is impossible! Time presses, and I must in a few minutes be on my journey. I will return as soon as Fitzgerald is out of danger, then all shall be revealed to your mother. Ellen, if you hesitate, you cannot love me. For THEE I would sacrifice all,—no proof of my devotion could be too great. Only say that you will consent, Ellen,—everything is arranged, a carriage waits at the door, and in a few minutes you will return to your mother's roof, where you will remain, till I come, before many days are past, to claim you as my wife. Ellen! say but the word."

And Ellen did say the word.

Charles hastily enveloped her trembling form in some apparel which he found, and conducted her to the door, at which the carriage was standing.

O'Donnel almost lifted her into it, for even the power of motion appeared to have deserted her;

and then, giving some directions to the driver, he took his seat beside her.

Onwards they flew through storm and tempest with the speed of lightning, till they stopped at the door of a house, and Charles, descending first, assisted Ellen to alight. The servant who opened the door conducted O'Donnel and Ellen into a small apartment which appeared to be a library, but in which Ellen noted no other object except a venerable man, who was seated at a table covered with books, engaged in reading. Charles stepped forward and conversed with him for a few moments, and then retired and stood by her side.

A few words were pronounced by the aged man, the import of which was hardly comprehended by the confused senses of Ellen. With a trembling hand and misty eye she traced her name upon a book which was placed before her; she re-entered the carriage, and before she was fully able to realize to herself all that had so hastily passed, she stood the wife of O'Donnel, upon the threshold of her mother's door.

"Farewell, my own, my beloved, my beautiful bride! we will soon meet again in happier hours," were the words which were breathed in her ear, in earnest, heart touching tones; and she was conscious of the embrace which Charles hastily gave her. Her head, oppressed by confused and painful thoughts, bent forwards for support upon her hand, and when she again raised it, she was alone.

"This is surely a dream,—a wild, incoherent dream!" she exclaimed, with a bewildered look, as she pressed her hand to her throbbing temples and sought to arrange her thoughts. As she raised her hand, her eye fell upon something strange and bright which glittered upon her finger. It was the wedding ring which Charles had placed there that caught her eye, and as she saw it, the full reality of her situation burst upon her mind for the first time.

A footstep approached the door,—could it be O'Donnel? But no! the slow gait and feeble step only betokened the approach of the aged servant.

She immediately assumed a calmness which she did not feel, and enquired whether her mother had sent for her.

"No," replied the servant, "she still sleeps, and I have just left her chamber. Mr. O'Donnel has left this note which I am to give to her when she awakens. He says that it will explain the reason why he left us so suddenly."

Again Ellen was left alone with her thoughts, but exerting all her self-control, and striving to banish the painful feelings with which she reviewed her hasty conduct, she rose to seek the cham-

ber of her mother. Before leaving the room, she drew the ring from her finger, and passing a ribbon through it, she suspended it round her neck. Then, striving to assume a look of calmness which sat but ill upon her pale and troubled face, she sought the chamber of her mother, whose slumber still continued, and this gave Ellen time to collect her scattered thoughts before she should again meet those eyes which had always beamed upon her with confidence and love, and whose glance she had never feared to meet, till now.

(To be continued.)

CONSUMPTION.

BY THE LATE JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ., 42ND REGT.

She was a thing of morn, with the soft calm
Of summer evening in her pensive air;
Her smile came o'er the gazer's heart like balm,
To soothe the way all sorrows save despair;
Her radiant brow scarce wore a trace of care—
A sunny lake, where, imaged you might trace
Of hope and memory, all that's bright and fair—
Where no rude breath of passion came to chase,
Like winds from summer waves, its heaven from that
sweet face.

As one who looks on landscapes beautiful,
Will feel their spirit all his soul pervade,
E'en as the heart grows stiller by the lull
Of falling waters when the winds are laid;
So he who gazed upon this gentle maid,
Imbued a sweetness never felt before.
Oh! when with her through autumn's fields I've strayed,
A brighter hue the lingering wildflowers wore,
And sweeter was the song the wild bird warbled o'er.

Then came consumption with her languid moods,
Her soothing whispers, and her dreams that seek
To nurse themselves in shades and solitudes:
She came with hectic glow and wasted cheek,
And still the maiden pined more wan and weak,
Till her declining loveliness each day,
Paled like the second bow; yet she would speak
The words of hope, e'en while she passed away,
Amidst the closing clouds, and faded ray by ray.

She died i' the bud of being, in the spring,
The time of flowers, and songs, and balmy air,
'Mid opening blossoms she was withering;
But thus 'twas ever with the good and fair—
The loved of Heaven:—ere yet the hand of care
Upon the snowy brow hath set his seal,
Or Time's hoar frost comes down to blanch the hair,
They fade away, and scape what others feel,
The pangs that pass not by—the wounds that never
heal.

They laid her in the robes that wrap the dead—
So beautiful in rest, ye scarce might deem
From form so fair the gentle spirit fled,
But only lapped in some Elysian dream;
And still the glory of a vanished beam,
The lingering halo of a parted ray,
Shed o'er her lonely sleep its latest gleam
Like evening's roselight when the summer's day
Hath fled o'er sea and shore—and faded far away.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY IMLAC.

Star of the evening, peaceful star and lovely!
Haste thee to rise in all thy brightness beaming,
And from thy throne behold our earthly dwelling,
Fit met enchanting!

Now not a cloud through heaven is intervening,
Hushed is the last faint sigh from Thine breathing,
And the deep lake in waveless silence shining,
Waits to reflect thee.

Whether thou art perchance a radiant mansion
Decked for a sinless race of Seraph being,
Or on thy plains be heard to our's responsive,
Sorrow and gladness.

Haste thee to rise! a thousand young eyes smiling,
All lovely as the glowing train thou leadest,
O'er the wide lands with many a song of softness
Gladly shall hail thee.

Thou art the trembling virgin's voiceless signal,
While at the chosen hour the youth impatient
Waits to behold thee rise, and ris'n adores thee,
Never deceiving!

Many an aged mother's tears of transport,
Many an aged sire's have fondly hailed thee,
Many a sister's grateful smile received thee,
Author of Mercy.

Far o'er the briny waste when storms were raging,
And the wild waves of ocean madly foaming,
While the deep sun was hid, nor one poor beam
Lost Delia yielded.

Thou, my bright beacon, o'er the cloud suspending,
Oft hast beheld the grateful prow pursue thee,
And the dark rock that lurked in ambush deadly
Robbed of its victim.

Whether he sailed the dark Mæotis over,
Or where famed Ister rolls his wearied water,
Or where high Calpe braves the western billow,
Fearfully foaming.

Or when his round of patient toil is o'er,
And a brief respite to the swain is yielded
Thee from his humble home he sits beholding,
As thou descendest!

While all around his blooming children joyful,
Urge the gay dance or mix in sportive revel,
And by her godman's side, stands pleased and smiling,
Their happy mother.

Thee, too, the sage, his rock-hewn cell deserting,
While from below the silent shades are stealing,
From the dim mountain's side enraptured hails, and
Deeply revolveth.

He in thy mystic wanderings, rapt with wonder,
As on the downward wave of heaven thou sailest,
Traces the hand of thine All-wise, Eternal,
Wonderful Author.

RIDES AND RAMBLES AROUND MONTREAL.

BY JOHN SMITH, JUNE.

THE philosophic mind perceives or creates stores of enjoyment in the meanest things: its experience, clearly portrayed, cannot fail to charm and interest those who think deeply, as well as those who read with even a moderate degree of attention. Life's circle, however small, if carefully investigated, will be found to possess much of true heroism and often much of dignity; and I have, therefore, determined to record my own feelings and observations, for the benefit of the readers of the GARLAND, as well as for my own special gratification.

It cannot be doubted that the vicinity of Montreal, in its varied and beautiful scenery, affords much scope for enlightened observation, apart from the many thousand incidents that must force themselves upon the observation of a thoughtful person like myself; and I would fain hope that the public taste is not so much depraved as to turn with disgust from the graver reflections with which my sketches will be found to abound. At all events I will have the proud satisfaction of having done what I could, practically to illustrate the advantages of uniting philosophic, and, I hope, valuable, reflections with the lighter topics that will naturally be suggested by my subject.

It was on the bright sunny morning of Christmas day, 1846—a day sacred to religion and festive enjoyment—a day hailed throughout Christendom with the liveliest feelings of emotion and satisfaction,—that I arose from my bed, refreshed and vigorous from the repose which temperance, exercise, and early going to bed, never fail to produce. I dressed myself as I usually do, and descended from my chamber with a glow of satisfaction diffused through my whole frame, devoutly thankful, I trust, for the blessings which had crowned the departing year, and resolved to enjoy rationally, and as a good Christian, the pleasures of the season. I cannot say that I found the coffee very good that morning; it had been a little scorched in roasting, doubtless, but still it was drinkable; and I must say, for the credit of the house, the toast was excellent, as was also the butter with which it was buttered. Saluting the boarders with more

than my usual cordiality, and with those affectionate wishes which the season naturally inspires, I finished my breakfast,—a frugal, plain meal, but cheerful, and not passed without pleasant converse. Being aware that in my contemplated plans for the day,—plans which the genial beauty of the weather seemed to favour, as if nature had sympathised with them and with those who were to carry them into effect—that it was necessary, in this climate, to guard against the effects of cold, especially when exposed to the action of the wind, which rapidly extracts the latent heat from the body, and leaves it benumbed and cold, I put on a very thick waistcoat, a double-breasted coat, a loose overcoat, with a fur collar, and, taking up my fur gloves and stick, I sallied forth to meet my friend.

Although the hour was early, the street was already alive with passers on foot, and others, already started for the day's enjoyment away from the city. Happy season! that relieves the artisan from his daily toil, and furnishes to the poor of all classes a day on which they may enjoy themselves as they best can, without thinking of the next day's toil! Happy country! where nature furnishes a road on which all sorts of vehicles may glide with speed and safety, and with comfort too, if one can afford to dress for the weather—where the watery particles that float in the upper air, touched by the breath of winter, descend noiselessly to wrap the decayed face of nature in a mantle of white, covering all her deformities, and preserving the vital spark in the seeds that lie in the bosom of the earth! Thus ruminated I in the fullness of my heart, when, alas! without an instant's notice, up tripped my feet, and down came I on the slippery pavement, thinking, even while I was falling, what a pity it was that I had been so forgetful, or so careless—for I cannot really say to which failing to attribute the catastrophe—as not to prepare for an event, which cool reflection would have shewn to be not merely possible, but, I may say, probable, and highly probable, in the icy condition of the pavements. It is thus that we are taken by surprise. Little do we imagine, when we set out on the journey of life, of the

ups and downs which we may experience in its varied course: little do we dream of the many misfortunes which we might escape by prudent foresight, by calm reflection, by keeping a firm rein on our appetites and passions, by putting on our mental India-rubbers, and keeping firmly in our hand the walking-stick of good resolutions.

Fortunately for me, my fall was not so severe as I was afraid it would prove to be. Probably it was broken by the thickness of the materials which enveloped me; or, perhaps, my safety arose from the fact that some snow had accumulated on the spot where I fell. It is needless to speculate on the causes of my safety.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Hough hew them how we will."

I do not mean to say that I escaped wholly without injury. I was, in truth, a little stunned; and I afterwards found that one of the buttons of my straps had given way. But, thanks to my education, and the experience which I have been enabled to collect in the course of my round of travels, I was not led to abandon my excursion and return ignobly to my lodgings. On the contrary, I was rendered but the more anxious to reach my friend's house; knowing well that he who yields to little difficulties in the commencement will soon turn back at fancied obstacles, and end by reducing himself to be a mere play-thing, the sport of ever-varying circumstances.

One lesson, however, I did learn, and I may mention it, if for no other purpose than that of affording salutary instruction to the public generally, since examples and incidents in real life generally produce greater effect than lessons drawn merely from theory. I found that on leaving the slippery side-walk I obtained firmer footing on the track which had been worn by the winter vehicles. I do not mean to lay it down as a general rule, that one's advancement in a particular street, and one's individual safety, is uniformly promoted by leaving the foot-path or side-walk. On the contrary, it will be apparent, that going into the beaten track, the danger from passing vehicles is greatly increased, not merely from the fact that the vehicles are more likely, from their velocity and weight, or, as I may say, their momentum, to do serious damage in case of collision, but from the well-known fact that it is difficult to guard ourselves from danger advancing both from before and behind, from one not having eyes in the back of one's head. Indeed it is more than probable that even if we had eyes both in the occiput and sciniput, or if we had one eye in front and the other behind, which does not interfere with the argument, our safety would not be increased. In the case of a sleigh

coming down on us rapidly before, and another coming up as rapidly behind; and in case the descending vehicle was as far to the left as the other was to the right, so as to afford us no chance of escape, by a leap in a lateral direction, we should be but impeded by the supposed new position of the orb or orbs of vision. Their position would embarrass us, and introduce conflicting elements with our conscious purposes—"puzzle the will;" so that we had better "bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

My new position on the sleigh-track, and the increased caution which necessity had just taught me, enabled me to reach Craig Street in safety, as also to cross the said street and ascend into the Place d'Armes. Here the cathedral burst upon me, with the thronging crowds entering its spacious doors; and I could not help admiring that piety, which, even in the depths of a Canadian winter, can induce many to visit the Cathedral before (though it was not *now* before) breakfast. So true is it, that high enthusiasm and religious faith can render light the greatest privations, and "urge the soul to deeds of wondrous power." I noticed it as a very curious fact, that, out of twenty horses attached to sleighs—I mean sleighs for hire, and not private conveyances for citizens—which were ranged in front of the Cathedral, no less than nine were of a grey colour, or so nearly approaching to grey as to be confounded with it, and only three bays. At the stand on Dalhousie Square, or, as our fellow-citizens of French origin call it, *Le Citadel*, I had, on three different occasions, found the proportion of grey horses to vary from $\frac{1}{7}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$; while the bays only amounted to $\frac{1}{4}$ of the whole. A similar investigation at the stand on McGill Street furnished results so nearly approaching those at Dalhousie Square as scarcely to merit attention, although a remarkable discrepancy was observed on comparing the results of similar investigations made at the weekly markets in Quebec, by a gentleman of well known reputation for scientific enquiries in that city. These investigations, it is to be hoped, will soon be laid before the public; and there can be little doubt they will tend much to assist the solution of the difficulty of reconciling the rival theories as to the effect of climate on the colour of that useful animal, whose strength and speed, whose docility and endurance of hardship, render him, especially in this country, of so great utility to the citizen and the public at large.

As I make it a rule, founded on long experience, never to make unnecessary detours when a safe

route can be found which will lead more directly to the proposed end, I thought it advisable to cross the Place D'Armes diagonally, so as to keep the post in the centre on my left, and at last arrived at that part of Notre Dame Street opposite the well known and commodious premises of Mr. Muloon. Here I found the number of passers unusually large; but was mortified, on arriving at the corner of Saint Francois Xavier Street, to find that the respectable looking blind man that usually appeals with all the silent eloquence of sorrow to the benevolence of his fellow-men, was not to be found. I confess my disappointment at this unlooked for occurrence; for although the practice of indiscriminate exposure of suffering humanity on the public streets, with a view of attracting attention and succour, cannot be defended on any broad and comprehensive view of public economy; nay, although convinced, on the whole, of its deleterious effect, I had resolved that on this occasion, when the flood-gates of feeling are set wide open to the flow of generous sympathy, the little I could spare to the unfortunate poor should be shared by the individual alluded to. But he was not to be found; and the melancholy thought at once occurred to me, as I drew on my fur glove, which had been removed to give effect to my intended bounty, that in a few short years those who now figured in all the luxury of brilliant equipages, liveried servants, and establishments on a large scale, would pass away, and their places be filled up by others, who perhaps will scarce bestow more of thought or regret upon their memory or their departure, than did I on the blind beggar on the morning of that joyous day. I trust, however, that my mind is too well regulated to allow gloomy thoughts to interfere with settled plans of duty, and with engagements previously formed with my fellow-men; and so, quickening my pace, but with a mind somewhat saddened by reflections on the changes incident to our condition, I proceeded on the side-walk to McGill Street, towards the lodgings of my friend.

At the corner of the last mentioned street, where I stopped only for an instant to admit a baker's cart to pass, I was accosted by the crowd of carters usually collected near that locality. "Sleigh, sir?" "Do you want a sleigh, gentleman?" "I have a good horse, good buffaloes." "Here's mine, sir! Carry you cheap!" "His'n isn't good. Look at this one, sir!" Although I was not in need of the kind attentions of any of the individuals who addressed me, and whose arduous occupation exposes them both to the rage of the elements and of those who have little disposition to pay a fair remuneration for

the transportation of themselves and their luggage from one locality to another, I yet gave them a courteous answer, informing them that my friend had already, as I hoped, engaged a vehicle; but that if he had not done so, and we passed that way, I would be glad to secure the services of some of them, and of their horse or mare, as the case might be, (including, of course, the sleigh and robes,) on terms which I trusted would be mutually advantageous to both parties, and endeavoured to explain, that the true principles of generous competition and rivalry did not, in my opinion, demand quite so ostentatious an offer of their services, or any unjust depreciation of the horses of their fellows, who, like them, depended for their subsistence on the public favour. I am pleased to think that my remarks made some impression on the crowd I addressed; for one of them, whom I supposed to be an Irishman, with the frankness of his countrymen, called out, "All right, my covey!" a Canadian crying out, as I departed, "*Bon jour, monsieur, au revoir!*"

It is by such little incidents as these that the bonds of good feeling and mutual sympathy may be wonderfully strengthened among all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, without distinction of creed or origin; nor should any man of proper feeling be ashamed of his endeavour to diffuse, even among the poorest and humblest in society, some correct ideas of their duty, and of their interests, as forming a part of the great body politic.

On arriving at my friend's lodgings I observed what is usually called a tandem sleigh at the door, which in other words consists of a common sleigh with a horse called the leader in front of the animal hitched on the shafts, the traces of the leader being generally attached to a hook under each shaft. In the present instance I noticed that the fastening was by means of a bolt passing through a hole near the end of the shaft, the bolt being itself strapped to the shaft by means of a leather thong, so as to prevent it leaving its place and exposing the traveller to accident. With no little interest I observed that the leader was grey, apparently a stout serviceable animal, whose front legs however did exhibit some signs of that peculiar curvature outwards, which among farriers marks the "foundered horse," as it is termed. I inwardly hoped that this "turn-out," to use a common phrase, was not that engaged by my friend, for I have uniformly acted in conformity with the rule, in all cases where it could be done without great inconvenience, to employ only those horses whose general appearance, when in a state of repose,

indicates a sound state of wind and limb, and an ability on their part to perform a fair day's journey, without more than the necessary and usual exhaustion, or discomfort to themselves. Were the community generally to act on this rule, paying at the same time due attention to the appearance and dress of the driver, methinks the class of horses and drivers would be materially improved, and the public at the same time, better served. On the present occasion, however, I had no time for any expression of my doubts as to the propriety of departing from the general rule above expressed, for I found my friend all ready and apparently somewhat impatiently looking for my arrival.

"Oh! here you are, are ye?—Merry Christmas to you!" said he. "I thought you would never come. In with you, all right—prog and all—stave ahead, Jarvey—Give it 'em in style. T'whit—t'whit—that's the way on Christmas day. That's a team, Sir, beats all, drove me forty miles before twelve last Sunday, bare ground half the way—started after breakfast—Go it, Jess! none of your whisking there; that's your sort—give it to her. Now for it, right ahead!"

My friend Mr. Thomas Dickenson, whose expressions I have endeavoured feebly to portray, is the second son of a respectable Physician in the lang toon of Kirkcaldy, in the County of Fife, Scotland, who found it for his advantage on his arrival in this country on the 15th day of July, 1843, after many unsuccessful efforts to secure a larger salary, to enter himself as book-keeper in a respectable hardware establishment, in St. Paul street, at the annual income of a hundred pounds currency—which with occasional remittances from his mother, suffices with her good advice, to keep his disbursements nearly on a par with his expenditure. To a temperament somewhat excitable, and a predisposition to indulgence in those diversions and exploits, which are usually included under the generic term of "*Larking*," Thomas united a feeling and generous heart, an understanding cultivated beyond what is usually to be met with in young persons engaged in similar pursuits, and a personal appearance indicative at once of his character such as I have described it, and of that vigorous health which casts a glow upon the face and gives elasticity to the whole frame. I am bound to add that upon some occasions my friend is not, in practice, an adherent to the rules of strict temperance, as understood by the large class of benevolent individuals whose efforts have effected so much for the well being of the human family. On some occasions he allows himself to be seduced into indulgences

which cannot on any established system of recognized morality be safely defended, or consistently adopted in practice; especially in as far as regards that practice of indiscriminate and successive potations, usually denominated "mixing liquors." Should this meet his eye, I trust he will take the friendly caution I have already so frequently offered, and not expose himself to the animadversions of persons not so much disposed as is the writer of these humble sketches, to judge leniently of youthful indiscretions; and fervently to look forward to the period when the specific quantity of wild oats will be fairly and forever committed to the bosom of the earth.

Our route led through the flourishing suburbs of St. Antoine, so called in all probability from the respectable ecclesiastic of that name. We passed rapidly up the said street without meeting with anything worthy of particular notice, unless I may mention those particular whisks of the tail which are generally indicative of a horse's temper, and which, on the occasion alluded to, the leader, Jess, as she was endearingly termed by my friend, was certainly dealing out with an ominous rapidity. As we approached the corner where the respectable individual of German extraction keeps a grocery establishment, our leader made a sudden and unlooked-for turn up the street to the right, and before we could collect ourselves so as to preserve the equilibrium of the vehicle, we were upset,—I mean the vehicle was upset, and we, the passengers, not including the driver, thrown to a considerable distance, where, I am obliged to say, we both fell in a very undignified position. Here again, a less determined spirit would have paused, and refused again to commit his safety to a beast who had shewn herself so treacherous. But, if I hesitated, it was but for a moment, and I resolved to face all dangers; and finding the cushions fairly replaced by the activity of the conductor or driver, who seemed to reckon for little the peril we had lately undergone, and who laughed, as I am inclined to believe, at the hesitating air with which I regarded Jess, I took my seat, my friend Thomas sitting on the right and I on the left. He had embraced the opportunity afforded by the recent and alarming accident to light a cigar, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour; and with a constitutional light-heartedness, seemed to regard the upset, to use his own phrase, "as no killing thing." The thought entered my mind, that if we, or either of us, had been dashed against the lamp-post, what might have been the result! I trust, however, that my mind is too well regulated to allow present comfort to be seriously interfered

with by mere apprehensions of danger, or by brooding over past perils; and I therefore tried to banish the thoughts of the late disaster.

As we mounted the hill my mind was drawn to that peculiar ridge, which, commencing near Lachine and running back of the Tannery, skirts the town, passing along by Sherbrooke Street, almost parallel with the course of the St. Lawrence, and I was more than ever convinced of the truth of the theory, explanatory of that phenomenon, which I have transmitted to the Natural History Society, and which was read before our Club. I trust hereafter to lay that theory before the public. In the meantime we had advanced with considerable rapidity, and were now progressing still at a rapid pace, along the road that leads to the toll-gate, near that splendid property so lately immortalised by the famous proposal for a *tirage*, and which has more recently been, in part, at least, appropriated as a last resting place for persons fond of airy and elevated situations. I refer to the cemetery, dignified with an appellation derived from a naval victory, well known to admirers of English Naval History. I noticed as a fact, curiously illustrative of the national character of Canadians, that our driver turned up his capôt, and tightened the red sash with which he was girded, in advancing to the top of the ascent. Long intercourse with the savages of Canada, had doubtless led the French inhabitants to adopt the sash or belt, which the Aborigines used to stifle the pains of hunger in their long and arduous hunting excursions; but the Canadians of the present day, I am convinced, after much reflection, continue the custom from motives of convenience and comfort, and not from any want of the necessities of life.

After we had passed the toll-gate (having first paid the necessary toll or talliage) we proceeded rapidly onwards till the fine view of the Parish of St. Laurent and the country back of it came into view. I trust I appreciate nature in all her moods, but I confess that to my mind, man (of course I use the generic name as including both sexes,) is an object which engages my profoundest attention. "The proper study of mankind is man," says the poet, and I remarked with interest, the Canadians passing in great numbers, and their politeness in returning my friend's rather too prominent salutations. We then passed a village said to be called the Tanneries, but I do not vouch for the correctness of the name; indeed I had always supposed the Tanneries were situate on the road to Lachine. But be this as it may, we arrived without accident at the Post Office in St. Laurent. Our driver put his horses under the shed, and the keenness of the morning made

me glad, notwithstanding the precautions I had taken against the cold, to go in and warm myself. I noticed with no small interest that the stove in the apartment into which we were ushered, was of that peculiar description called a Three Rivers stove, but it was evidently of a very ancient manufacture, although still likely to survive the more fluctuating articles of the kind manufactured now-a-days. There was an air of comfort in the apartment that bespoke more than common success in life. I was particularly struck with a portrait of the Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, on the north-west side of the room, just over the wood-box, which latter, I remarked, was painted, and had evidently, as I found on investigation, received two coats of paint; the first of a brownish colour, the second approaching to red. It is by such minute investigations that the mind is liberalised; and I trust I was prepared thankfully to recognize in the appearance of the whole apartment, the progress of just ideas of human comfort, which permits, even in unambitious dwellings, the painted wood-box, and the rude attempt at portraiture just alluded to. Declining the glass of bitters offered by the worthy host, as well as the proffered cigar of my friend Thomas, I secured my throat from the external cold, and prepared once more to brave the dangers of tandem driving, and the colds of a Canadian winter morning. Verily, had I been aware of what was to follow, I would not, in justice to my friends and to society, have made the attempt. Scarcely had we started, before my friend insisted on driving, and I shuddered to perceive that there was apparently a good understanding between him and the driver. In vain did I remonstrate and implore; in vain did I paint the condition of his widowed mother in case of accident. Thomas was determined not to be convinced. Nay, not content with the rein, he seized the whip, and inflicted a severe cut on the left flank of the leader, who started off with a rapidity absolutely frightful. Conceive my situation as we descended the slope, and the anxiety, not to say agony, I endured, as our course became every moment more impetuous. To fling myself from the vehicle was my first thought, my next, forcibly to pull my friend back over the front seat; but I saw certain danger in both cases, and I resolved to brave the worst. What a timid man might have done I know not, but it is a matter of proud self-congratulation to me, that I did not, even in the alarming extremity in which we were likely to be involved, utter a single cry, or attempt to interfere with the reins. Fortunately for us, the Canadians whom we met, with a praise-worthy humanity, reined their horses into the

snow and gave us the whole road, otherwise it is frightful to think on what might have been the consequences. At last, at one of the turns of the road, my friend pulled the wrong rein, and both horses and sleigh were positively pitched into the ditch, and literally covered in the snow, out of sight. I must confess that when I felt myself jammed under the sleigh I gave up all for lost, and the thought of home and warm toddy rushed into my mind; and here was I, in the flower of my age, left to perish in a Canadian snow-drift. How long I lay I know not; but I at last found myself forcibly drawn upwards. Wonderful to relate, I found that I had only broken my watch-glass, or, more properly speaking, the crystal of my watch, together with the minute-hand; thus affording another example of the escapes which travellers sometimes experience when in the most dreadful danger. It is no less strange that the horses had escaped without any apparent bruises; and some slight repairs having been made to the harness, we proceeded, under the guidance of the driver, and within a half hour reached that curious specimen of Canadian ingenuity known as the "LaChapelle Bridge," doubtless from some chapel which must have stood near it in former days, although I could see no traces of the ruins. It was past three o'clock before we reached the home of the friend where we were to spend the evening, as Thomas was pleased to remark, "with a first-rate set of girls, and some capital fellows." The particular reason for our being so far in advance of the rest of the company expected from town, I cannot take upon myself precisely to determine, although I strongly suspect some particular attraction to have been the cause of it, more particularly when our host's youngest daughter, Mary Anne, (*I think* her name was Mary Anne,) had been introduced to me, and I noticed the apparent familiarity which existed between her and my young friend. Not that I would insinuate by the word familiarity anything not sanctioned by the strictest propriety. It is well known that Canadian custom, on New Year's day, does permit, in the country parts, some approaches to cordiality, even between persons of opposite sexes, perhaps a little too intimate to be very indiscriminately bestowed. Even the most fastidious will admit, that, in some instances, the custom is not unattended with pleasurable sensations. And I trust I may be permitted, without impropriety, to remark, that, on this occasion, I felt very much disposed to wish, when I observed the cordiality of the greeting between Mary Anne and my friend, that the custom could have sanctioned an attempt on my part to participate in such friendly

salutations. I hope, however, that my intimacy with society, and a proper refinement of feeling, will ever prevent me from taking undue liberties with persons to whose notice I may hereafter be, (as I was on this occasion,) for the first time introduced.

Verily, comfort is not wholly confined to cities. She resideth even in the cabins of Canadians, several leagues from any town, and spreads her cheering influence around a log fire, and nestleth even in chambers warmed by black box stoves, I must confess, however, I was not prepared for such an appearance of comfort, and even of elegance, as appeared in the house of my hospitable entertainer, Mr. S——, to whom I was introduced. Had it not been for the fact that I knew it was not so, I could have fancied myself in De Bleury street, in the residence of my respected uncle, whose business, before the late alarming decline in grocery sales, permitted him to indulge his tastes for the elegant and ornamental: I was surprised to find even a piano, and an appearance at least of modern music, with materials shewing an acquaintance with some branches of drawing, and even water colouring. There was a solar lamp in one corner of the room, on a table with well turned ornamental feet; the carpet seemed to me to be of more than average materials and value, and the papering of the room, except that it seemed of somewhat too dark a pattern, would not have disgraced St. Urbain, or perhaps Sherbrooke street itself.

I confess it was with a glow of satisfaction that I noticed, as I gradually thawed myself out, those signs of civilisation and refinement throughout the apartment. Man ever strives at advancement. He is too ambitious to rest content in inferiority. The influence of the refined society of the city extends far beyond LaChapelle's bridge; it crosses the parishes in every direction: it penetrates into the back-woods: it is seen and felt by, and reflected from, those who, by business or pleasure, are brought within its reach. It softens, it humanises, it purifies, and it appears to me that the merchants of Montreal would do well, at least on some occasions, to introduce into their family circles,—and I would even venture to add into their evening parties,—some of those very worthy individuals from the country parts, who may have occasion to come to their stores for their supply of groceries, or other necessities or luxuries of life. Let me not be called a leveller—one who would destroy all gradations in society; let it not be said that such a proceeding would shock the natural feelings of our aristocracy. I do not mean to say that discrimination should not be used in selecting individuals for the honor

referred to, but surely many excellent persons might be found who would not attract any peculiar attention in one of our most fashionable parties. For my own part I am fully convinced that Miss Mary Anne S—, would have conducted herself in society with almost as much propriety and grace as the daughters of some of our largest wholesale houses.

Let the experiment be fairly tried, and the results of its success would be most gratifying to every philanthropic and reflecting mind.

[We must really use our editorial privilege, by omitting that portion of our correspondent's narrative which describes the personal appearance of Mr. and Mrs. S., as well as that of their son William, and the two eldest girls—the early dinner, (including the reflections on boiled carrots), the gradual assembling of the company, as well those from town as from the more immediate neighbourhood—the introduction of the various strangers, as well as quadrilles and country dances, and other matter. The writer, it appears, enters into conversation with a person whom he describes as—]

“A sensible-looking individual, of apparently about fifty years of age, with a bright twinkling eye, and evidently a great favourite with the younger portion of the company, including the ladies.”

The conversation continues:

“So you have not been very much out of town since you came to this country?” said he.

“Certainly not,” I replied. “I was once at St. Johns; but I have been even more confined than I was at home. I have not left Montreal for more than half a day at a time; but allow me to add, that personal contact is not necessary to render a reflecting person pretty intimate with the inhabitants of a country, and their usages and modes of life.”

“Nothing clearer, Sir,” he replied. “I have no doubt you know Canada better than many who were born in it; but how do you like this country?”

“I trust I can say, that when duty bids I can like any portion of the globe where that stern power may bid me live. To a well regulated mind, climates and their varieties are but incidents he learns to disregard, as does the soldier the inconveniences which may impede his march. But, sir, nature has done much for this country. I find it agrees with me, and I like it.”

“But don't you miss the society very much; for I have been informed there is not much of literature among the best society in Montreal?”

I always make it a rule, wherever I may be, to endeavour freely to exhibit, even in ordinary

conversation, my own opinions, in order to establish, if possible, a reciprocity in the free interchange of ideas. And I thought, here was a fine opportunity of getting some insight into the peculiar habits of the country population, from actual observation, from an intelligent person. I therefore answered him:

“This is a new country, Sir. One should not expect too much. I have not the pleasure of knowing very many highly cultivated intellects in the sphere in which I have moved during my residence in Montreal. Literature is a very general term; but I am pleased to observe a movement—a favourable movement—a movement among an interesting portion of the citizens. I mean Saint Sacrament street.”

“Oh! I see,” said my friend. “Are you one of them?”

“Sir, I consider young Montreal is an honor to the country”—

“Pardon me for interrupting you; but (and he grasped my hand) do you write for the *Economist*? I could have sworn I recognised your peculiarly flowing style in those splendid passages about raw sugars. That paper, sir, is an honour to your city. I hope you're a member of the Shakspeare Club. Immortal Bard! Our bard, I may call him, although I'm an Irishman like yourself. Sir, the Legislature should take the thing up. Glorious field! Home productions. Nothing like encouraging native talent.”

“But, Sir,” said I—

“Oh! of course,” said he, interrupting me; “modesty's a jewel; but, Sir, if any of those powerfully-eloquent individuals choose to stand for the county, Sir, let me know. I may say, I have a little influence in these parts; and I consider it a duty not to allow talents to be tied up in a handkerchief. It's a duty we owe the country, to encourage genius. The pleasure of wine with you! I'm happy to have met with a person of philosophic taste. A rare thing here! Why, Sir, will you believe it? I had occasion, about a month since, in one of our back townships where I was travelling, to take an affidavit as a magistrate, of a poor man who came to complain of a neighbour for shooting his pig; and I was obliged to call at forty-seven houses and couldn't find a Bible. Not one; and was forced to swear him at last on an Almanac. Frightful ignorance! wasn't it? If you knew this country, Sir, as I do, you would be astonished.”

“But allow me to inquire as to the state of morals in those remote settlements.”

“Morals! They have no morals. I could show you old men that have never heard a sermon; as to baptisms or marriages, they're un-

heard of. Not one child in fifty is ever christened, unless a stray clergyman happens to come along that way. Not that the people are so very bad naturally; but they can't help it. What can they do? Sir, I once married five and twenty couple myself in one day as a magistrate. It wasn't legal, you know; but *they* didn't know it. And what do you think they gave me, or forced upon me? Why, Sir, I found my sleigh loaded. Three and twenty otter skins, two dozen frozen hares, a keg of whisky, homemade of course, and four rounds of corned beef. I was obliged to take them, not to give offence."

"It must be a very wild country indeed," said I. "I was not prepared for such a state of things; but, as the poet so beautifully says, '*Homo sum*;' and I am happy to obtain correct intelligence, even at the cost of finding my previously acquired ideas,—ideas acquired from books, not from men—somewhat disturbed by the facts which have come under your notice, from experience and actual investigation."

"You may say that, Sir. Why, when I first came to this country, I was as ignorant as a child. You should live among them, Sir—see them as I have seen them. Fine people for all that—capital shots; and as for hunting—beat the Indians all hollow. I remember, myself and Tom Johnson—poor fellow! Tom—dead now—poisoned himself by drinking caterpillar soup for a bad cold. Well, Sir, he and I, with a stout fellow, six feet two—none of them less thereabouts—went out back one day, with our blankets and traps, on a hunting trip. Gone twelve days—shot twelve bears—got two of their skins on my sleigh now—five dozen hares, fifty brace of partridges, six deer, and a catamount. I never had such sport. Well, Sir, I was going to tell you, that big fellow killed two bears with a jack-knife. The most beautiful thing I ever saw—stabbed them just behind the ear, which blinds the bear immediately—optic nerve destroyed in an instant. One of these bears weighed fourteen hundred weight—not an ounce less. Sent his skin to Sir Francis Head, an intimate friend of mine, who presented it to the Colonial Secretary. Nothing like coolness. Why, Sir"—

[We regret being obliged to omit some very curious, and to us certainly novel, details, elicited in the course of the conversation we have thus abruptly brought to a close. The strikingly-original remarks of our unknown correspondent on the evening's festivities, and the adventures on the road home, must also be left out, from the great accumulation of matter already in type. We cannot, however, deprive our readers of the

author's concluding observations, which we quote entire].

It is thus that a rational creature may make each hour minister to his instruction, and each day of recreation add to the credit, and subtract from the debit, of human enjoyment. We had spent a day, and during that day had spent about twelve and six pence a piece (including the broken whip, and without reckoning the loss of my pair of gloves, which, to say the truth, were rather old and worn.) But how pleasing the reflection, that experience had added to her stored garner, that health had fanned the cheek with the pure and invigorating breezes of the snow-white country—that amid the dangers of travel, no very serious accident had occurred to remove either of us from our seats at the boarding-house table—that friendship's arms had been stretched out more widely, to embrace with, it may be, a cold hand, but with a warm heart, those that fortune had brought within her reach; and, I may add, with reference to my friend, that LOVE, sweetest blossom on the bush of existence—LOVE, the glorious sparkle on the bowl of life—the sugar that coats over, and gilds the bitter pill of destiny—LOVE—heaven-born, earth-cheering LOVE—had dipped his torch afresh into the oil of gladness, and had cast a clearer ray, and shed a benigner influence over the entwined hearts of my friend and that sweet country floweret, Mary Anne!

How cold and unfeeling must be the soul that would regret even seventeen and sixpence spent with such results as these! How infatuated the mortal that would misspend his time in smoking or short whist, whilst all enlivening NATURE spreads out her clear face and snowy bosom to woo him from the smoky city!

SPRING.

Mother of Loves—thou comest, young-eyed Spring!
 Bidding the green herbs shoot and meadow flow'rs;
 Again thou comest, but thou canst not bring
 Back to my lonely heart the happy hours
 Of life. Thou, Spring, returnest, but with thee
 Returns alone the painful memory
 Of my lost treasure: lovely as of yore
 I see thee still the same, fair Spring! arise.
 Alas! I am not what I was before,
 Now dear no longer in another's eyes!

TORQUATO TASSO.

BY T. D. F.

"Thus, ill-fated Tasso, whom you praise,
Romans, amid his wrongs, could yet console
The beautiful, the chivalric, the brave;—
Dreaming the deeds—feeling the love he sung."

It was a festal night at the ducal palace. The Princess Lucretia, after a few years of wedded misery, had returned to her brother's home, to claim his and her mother's protection, and all Ferrara were summoned to give welcome to their beloved lady.

A gay and brilliant scene it was—that lofty palace blazing with lights, which were flashed back, and magnified by the sparkling jewels that glittered in the dark hair, and on the white arms and slender waists of the fair Ferrarese. Lordly nobles, stately dames, the high in rank and the gifted in genius, were gathered there, for all such did Alphonso love. But none knew his neighbour. The mask concealed all faces; and it was only by the voice or air that friend recognised friend. Yet this was no restraint upon the gaiety of the scene. In the large hall of the palace, inspiring music sent forth its call; and young men and maidens obeyed its summons. Others formed themselves into groups; and the merry jest, the sharp wit, the keen reply, passed with more freedom than if the speakers had been face to face.

The company had been received by one of the officers of the household; and the duke and his fair sisters did not make their appearance till late in the evening. The guests had begun to speculate upon the cause, when a peal of martial music announced their approach. The large doors at the end of the saloon were thrown open, and the duke, with Lucretia hanging on his arm, attended by her sister, and many ladies of the court, entered. Silence for a moment prevailed; then a spontaneous burst of welcome was uttered; and the guests were pressing forward to greet their much-loved lady, when one, in the garb of a troubadour, with a low hat and drooping feather concealing his face, a small lute resting on his arm, stepped before the rest, knelt with lowly reverence at the feet of the duchess, and poured forth, in the name of all Ferrara, a heart-felt welcome. It was only a sonnet's length, but

each word was forcibly expressive; and as he finished, a murmur of applause rang through the room. With moistened eye and swelling heart, Lucretia bent on him her sad, sweet glance.

"I thank you, Sir Troubadour," she said, "for your greeting. I receive it as the expression of the feeling of my beloved Ferrara, which is rendered to me dearer than ever by my long absence and many sorrows; and for you, willingly would I bind you to become my minstrel—to relinquish the wanderer's garb, to dwell with us in our courtly circle—to greet the coming, and bless the departing with your magic lays. Say, is there any way in which we can charm you to our service?"

As she spoke, she unloosed from her throat a delicate chain, to which was attached a Maltese cross of great value, and threw it over the neck of the minstrel, who still knelt with bowed head before her.

"Lady! it needs not golden fetters to bind where the heart is already a slave. I live but to do thy bidding, and that of thy noble sister; and I am but too happy if my feeble lay has given you pleasure."

Leonora, who had watched the scene with much interest, on hearing the allusion to herself, came forward, and drawing from her finger a ruby ring, with her own signet upon it, gave it to the seeming troubadour, saying,

"Accept this token, not as a reward, but as a remembrance of this pleasant hour."

The troubadour pressed the ring to his lips, and bending low, rose and mingled with the crowd.

"It is Tasso! it is Tasso!" echoed a hundred voices. "Thanks to Tasso for so nobly expressing the welcome of Ferrara!"

Then all crowded round the princess, whose feelings almost overwhelmed her at these proofs of the love of her people.

Having divested himself of his troubadour dress, Tasso returned to the company, and was

graciously received by the duke and princess; and no allusion was made by them to his appearance before, although the chain of Lucretia still glittered on his neck. The dance and the song went on. The masks were retained till supper was announced, when each one removed the velvet covering which had concealed his or her face, and gathered round the table, heaped with all the luxuries of the time.

Tasso, the favored poet, was placed next to the fair Leonora; and his expressive, intellectual face, spoke deeply of his happiness. She, too, was not indifferent. Her playful fancy, her highly cultivated intellect, were all called into play; and no one who listened to her could have wondered at the poet's fascination. But little recked that gay circle, who looked with admiring and envying eyes at the distinction shown the poet, that this night, so fraught with pleasure, was but the herald of a morn of darkness—that the light which now illuminated all Italy, and to whom every one turned as the mid-day effulgence of a glorious sunrise, would so soon go down in whirlwind and storm! Why did not some kind voice whisper the child of destiny to beware how he drank of the Circean cup which was hurrying him on to destruction.

“Before you is Sorrento, Dwelling there
Was Tasso's sister, when the pilgrim came
Asking asylum 'gainst the prince unjust,
From former friends. Long grief had almost quenched
Reason's clear light, but *genius* still was left.”

It was just at twilight, on the 25th July, 1577, that a man with bent form and whitened hair stood at the portal of one of the noblest houses in Sorrento. With trembling voice he asked of the menials who waited in the hall, if their lady was at home, and whether he could have audience with her. With a sneering look at his humble dress, the servants coldly answered, that their lady was not wont to give audience to such as himself; but if he had *business* with her, he could be attended to by the steward of her household.

“No,” replied the old man, taking from his bosom a letter. “I have promised to give this into her own hand; and I must receive the answer from herself, which I am to carry to her brother in his prison home.”

Well did the servants of that lofty mansion know, that, however humble the messenger, one who bore tidings to their lady from her idolized brother would be welcome; and with added courtesy, they asked the old man to be seated while they went to see when it was her pleasure to receive him.

They soon returned to conduct him to the apartment, where, surrounded by every luxury which the taste and refinement of the sixteenth century could devise, was seated a lovely woman just past the prime of life. The traces of sorrow were upon her pale cheeks, which not even the sunset glow that came through the rose-tinted curtains could colour. A small marble table, covered with richly illuminated books, was by her side. The old man entered with trembling steps, and advancing to the couch where the lady was reclining, dropped upon one knee, and gave her the letter. With a soft, low voice, she bade him rise; and after she had read her brother's epistle she would question him farther.

The man withdrew himself into a shaded recess opposite the lady, and watched her intently, while with eager haste she read the scroll. As she perused it, the tears fell thick and fast upon the page, and she was almost suffocated with her emotion. The old man caught the infection of her sadness, and brushed away the tears which blinded his heavy eyes. When she had finished reading the letter, she almost reverently kissed it, and placed it in her bosom. Looking up, she caught the eye of the messenger gazing earnestly upon her. In her excitement, she had forgotten his presence, and she involuntarily uttered a slight scream, when she met his piercing gaze; but recollecting herself, and the many questions about her brother which she wished to ask, she called him to her side. He sprang forward, and seizing her hand, pressed it to his lips.

“Oh my sister! my sister!” he exclaimed, “my beloved Cornelia, am I indeed so changed that you, the child of the same mother, the companion of my childish sports, and the sympathiser of my maturer years know me not?”

The bewildered and terrified lady looked with fascinated eye upon the stranger. Could it be? Was it indeed *possible*? The voice was the same that had soothed her infantile griefs, and aided in her studies; but not one trace could she find, in the stooping and worn figure before her, of the noble form and lineaments of him whose wandering mind and prisoned body she had mourned for many a long year, with the grief of the mourner who has laid the loved and lost in the cold earth. To such, time brings the healing balm, and fans with his cooling wings the fever of bereaved affliction; but to her each day had brought the bitter recollection, that he, the gifted and loving, was condemned, not only through his own imprudence, but from the envy of those above him in rank, to a life of solitary confinement, where his lofty mind, deprived of the companionship of those who would sympa-

this with his joys and sorrows, could only feed on itself. Overwhelmed with emotion, Cornelia threw herself into his arms and sobbed her welcome. A strange sight, and one deemed worthy the painter's pencil.* The beautiful and richly-dressed lady, every article upon and around her speaking of wealth, just recognising, in the travel-stained wanderer, her *brother*—the son of genius! It was long before they were either of them sufficiently composed to speak; and before Cornelia expressed her own deep feelings of anxiety, or listened to the sad details of her brother's sufferings, she constrained him to refresh himself by the bath and the rest he so much needed.

Thus did Torquato Tasso appear among his friends, after the imprisonment which the pride of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, had condemned him to endure, for the crime of loving his sister. Fostered and caressed as he had been by all Italy, the favored of princes, and encouraged as he was by the Lady Leonora, who, won by the poet's fame, and gratified by the homage he rendered her, received his attentions with complacency; what wonder then, he forgot the distance between himself and his patron's sister, and dared to hope for an alliance with her.

The rash act, that of publicly saluting the princess before a crowded assembly, which was the immediate cause of his confinement, can only be excused by the incipient madness which fevered his brain and clouded his sense of propriety. But the cruel rigor of Alphonso, in his long imprisonment for so slight an offence, which should have been tried rather by the Court of Love, and punished by frowns and simple banishment from his lady's presence, will never be forgotten or forgiven; and wherever the "Jerusalem," with its spirit-stirring scenes and tender pictures, is read and loved, Alphonso's name will be banned as a tyrant who would have crushed a genius so formed to delight the world.

Tasso seemed from his birth to be marked out as misfortune's child. His father, Bernardo Tasso, a poet of some reputation, but better known as the parent of the illustrious Torquato, was secretary to San Severino, prince of Salerno, and he shared his honor and disgrace. The prince having made a complaint to Charles the Fifth against the viceroy of Naples, who had striven to introduce the Inquisition into the kingdom, was condemned to death, and the cruel sentence pronounced not only against him, but his secretary, and his son, the future poet, not then nine years old. With great difficulty

they escaped by night from the fatal punishment, and withdrew to Rome, where the young poet composed verses, and compared his escape to the adventures of Ascanius and Æneas flying from Troy.

The Jesuits had just established one of their celebrated colleges at Rome, and the young Torquato was placed under their care; and so rapid was the development of his mind, that the most wonderful stories are told of his progress. His father was exceedingly anxious that he should study civil law, not realizing what drudgery it would be to the poetic mind of his son to give up the dreamy luxury of Belles Lettres for the dry commentaries of Justinian. He therefore sent him to Padua, where, instead of attending to his studies,

"He waved his magic wand,
Peopling the groves from Araby: and lo!
Fair forms appeared, murmuring melodious verse?"

He composed many beautiful pastorals and odes, which pleased his friends so much that they persuaded him to commence a larger work. Thus encouraged he began his "Rinaldo," although with much fear lest his father should discover it, and forbid a design which must necessarily withdraw his mind from his more important duties. But he had the satisfaction of learning, when it did come to Bernardo's ears, that he should be left to finish his poem undisturbed; and also that he should be permitted, if he desired, to change his present duties for the more agreeable studies of philosophy.

When he had completed his poem, Torquato sent it, with a trembling heart, to undergo the ordeal of his father's judgment. He feared his critical taste, which was admirable; and he knew that a parent's feelings would not bias his opinion. It would, perhaps, be impossible fully to estimate the happiness of Bernardo when he had perused the work, and found it so far superior, that it became, in his eyes, a forerunner of his son's future fame. He readily yielded his consent to its being published; and in April, 1562, when its author was but eighteen, it appeared, under the auspices of Cardinal D'Este, to whom it was dedicated.

Great was the fame gained for the youthful author. It attracted the attention of men of letters; and all united in its praise. The enthusiastic admiration with which it was received must have added not a little stimulus to Tasso's love of poetry, and encouraged him to cultivate the talent which gave so fair a promise. Later ages have judged more calmly of "Rinaldo;" and, though none of his works were more popular during his life-time, it has passed away. Even before

* A picture representing this scene, is, or was a short time since, in the gallery of the Louvre.

his death, Torquato was unwilling to recognize it among his works. Menagio, in his preface to "Aminta," remarks, that the "Rinaldo" was "the work of a youth, but of a youthful Tasso." Verily, the child is father of the man!

But though engaged in his poetical compositions, Tasso did not neglect the general cultivation of his mind. He held literature in the highest veneration, and attended all the lectures of the professors on the profoundest branches of education. Soon after the publication of his "Rinaldo," he received the gratifying compliment of being invited by the bishop of Narni to enter the university of Bologna, which had just been re-established by Pope Pius the Fourth and the good bishop, Donato Cesi, who sought for young men of the most promising talent to become leaders in his new school. The time passed here by Tasso was well improved; and he was just prepared to take his degree in theology and philosophy, when certain ill treatment he received, in consequence of being supposed the author of some idle pasquinades upon the college, so offended him, that he took an abrupt leave of Bologna, forgetting, in his fiery impatience, the debt of gratitude he owed the bishop.

He now reverted to the idea of the epic poem, the plan of which he had sketched while at Bologna, and to which he had directed all his studies. He had collected from the works of the most celebrated writers all that could aid him in his project; and he once more entered his name as student at Padua, and devoted himself unremittingly to his classical pursuits. At the end of his first term, Torquato visited his father at Mantua. The happiness of the old man, then seventy years old, at this meeting, was only equalled by that of his son; and the joyous hope which the parent expressed at the prospect of his glorious future, made a deep impression on the heart of Tasso. "He said to me," observed the poet, "that his love for me had made him forget that which he had for his poem; that no glory in the world—no perpetuity of fame—could be ever so dear to him as my life; and nothing more delightful to him than my reputation." What a beautiful picture of a poet father and a poet son! The former forgetting his own literary offspring and poetical aspirations in the dazzling brilliancy of his son's morning light. Bernardo Tasso was no mean poet; and had not Torquato Tasso so far eclipsed him, he would have taken high rank among the bards of Italy.

Anxious that Torquato should have some support, which would allow him to pursue his literary tastes untrammelled by the fear of want, Bernardo

made every exertion to procure him some situation; and finally succeeded in securing for him an appointment about the person of Cardinal D'Este. Many of Torquato's friends advised him not to accept it, but to keep his genius unfettered by the bondage of a courtier's life. Its wings, they contended, must be clipped, when it could fly only in humble obedience to a patron's command. And happy would it have been for him had he followed their advice; but he had not yet learned how much better it is to depend upon one's own resources than on the caprices of the great.

Soon after his appointment, he accompanied the cardinal to Rome; and it was on his return from this journey that he first met the princess Lucretia and her sister Leonora, whose influence over his fate was so remarkable. These ladies, who had been educated by their mother, Renata, daughter of Louis the Twelfth, king of France,—a woman endowed with the highest accomplishments of her sex—were gifted and lovely beyond any of their countrywomen. To exquisite personal beauty they added brilliant and cultivated minds, and a high appreciation of all intellectual acquirements. When Tasso first saw them, Lucretia was thirty-one and Leonora thirty years of age; but the elegance of their persons, and their amiable dispositions, had preserved the gracefulness of youth undiminished. The fame of the "Rinaldo" had prepared them to admire Tasso; and his pleasing manners soon rendered him a favourite. They introduced him to the notice of the Duke Alphonso, their brother, and to the most distinguished persons of the court.

Here Tasso remained, in the midst of the courtly circle, playing the part of the Laureate—writing sonnets for all courtly occasions, epithalamiums for wedding festivities, dirges for the noble dead, and in his leisure hours laboring upon his grand poem, till 1570, when he received a summons from the Cardinal D'Este, to accompany him to France, whither he was called to attend to his diocese, which had suffered from the rapid increase of the Hugonots. Before his departure, he made arrangements, like a careful merchant, for the disposal of his literary property, in case of his death. "Since life is frail," says this testament, "if it should please God to take me while on my journey to France, I pray Signor Ercole Rindonelli to take charge of my property. And first, as regards my compositions; I would have him collect my amatory sonnets and madrigals, and give them to the world. For the rest, whether amatory or not, which I have written in the service of my friends, I desire they

may remain buried with myself, except that only which begins,

'Or che l'aura mia dolce altrove spireva.'

"The oration I made at Ferrara, at the opening of the academy, I should be glad to have published, and also four books on heroic poetry: the last six cantos of Godfrey, and of the first two, such stanzas as may seem least faulty, if they all be previously corrected by Signor Scipio Gonzaga, Signori Venieri and Guarini, who, from the friendship and connection I have with them, will not, I am persuaded, refuse to take the trouble. Let them know, moreover, I would have them cut out, and repress, anything, without saving, which may appear superfluous or indifferent. But in making additions, or alterations, let them be most particular, as the work cannot be other than imperfect. If any other of my compositions should be deemed worthy of publication, they are at liberty to dispose of them as they please. As for my robes; they are in pledge to Aaron, for twenty-five lire and seven pieces of tapestry, which are in pledge for thirteen Scudi, to Signor Ascanorio. As for the rest in this house; I wish it to be sold, and the money appropriated to placing the subjoined epitaph on the tomb of my father, whose body is buried at Saint Paul. And if any impediment should occur in effecting these objects, let Signior Ercole apply to the most excellent Madame Leonora, who, I think, will, on my account, be liberal to him."

This singular document proves the low state of Tasso's finances, since his very garments were pledged; and it bears a touching proof of his devoted love to his father, and his wish to perpetuate it by erecting a suitable monument to his memory. But it was not to be the poet's fate to require the aid of executors so soon. He had but barely tasted the troubled cup of life; and he was to live to drain its very dregs, made doubly bitter by cruel neglect and misunderstanding.

At the French court, Tasso met the most gratifying reception. Charles the Ninth was a warm patron of literature and the fine arts; and he heaped many testimonials of regard upon the poet. Perhaps, the most gratifying one to Tasso's feelings was, the life of a poet who had seriously offended his Majesty, and was condemned to death. Friends interceded for him: his wife and children supplicated, with tearful eyes, on bended knee; but Charles was inexorable, till Tasso, who had become interested in the hopeless fate of the poet, begged his life as a personal favor to himself; and the monarch

granted, to the request of genius, what he had refused to natural affection.

But Tasso did not long enjoy his residence at the French court. His poverty subjected him to much insolence from the pampered menials of the cardinal; and his sensitive pride took alarm at the mere fancied coolness of his patron, which he attributed to the evil influence of the enemies which the favor he enjoyed with the monarch had raised up against him. He shrunk from the idea of being a neglected dependant; and asked, and obtained permission, to return to Italy; and he was soon once more in Ferrara, basking in the light of Leonora's presence.

He made application to be received once more into Alphonso's service; and the request was not only granted, but the conditions on which he entered it made so very advantageous, that he was enabled once more to resume his studies and literary pursuits. His gratitude to the duke for this indulgence was expressed with the greatest fervor, not only when speaking of him, but in his poems. In the commencement of the Jerusalem, he thus addresses him:

"August Alphonso! whose benignant hand
Welcomed a wandering stranger to thy land;
And guided safe, 'mid rocks and billows tost,
My sinking bark. To thee, much-honored host,
•The grateful offerings of my muse belong;
Nor thou disdain the dedicated song.
Thy name perchance my future theme may be,
And the great deeds I tell be told of thee!"

"He drew me," said the poet to his friend Gonzaga, speaking on this subject, "from the darkness of my base condition to the light and reputation of the court. He relieved me from distress, and placed me in a comfortable position: he gave value to my writings, by hearing them often and willingly, and by honoring me with every kind of favor; he deemed me worthy of a seat at his table, and intimate conversations; nor was I ever denied my him any favor I asked."

It was now that he felt himself in a condition to continue his "Jerusalem Delivered" with the steadiness it required; and he pursued it with unabated ardor, until interrupted by a serious illness, which left him in an exceedingly weak and nervous state. Before he had regained his usual health, the Duchess Barbara died, and he was obliged to tax his powers for the condolence of the duke, who was deeply grieved by the death of his amiable consort. At this time, and for his patron's amusement, he composed the "Aminta," a beautiful pastoral.

Before he could resume his pursuit with any ardor, he was attacked with a quartan ague that prevented him from writing through the winter.

We may imagine with what delight Tasso welcomed the return of spring, which he trusted was to relieve his frame from illness, and open to him his usual sources of enjoyment. In the month of April, he writes thus to his friend Albano, at Rome:

“After a distressing ague, I am, by the mercy of God, restored to health; and have at last, after much labor, completed the poem of ‘Goffredo.’ And this liberty from sickness, which I now enjoy, and which also I shall soon enjoy from my poetical occupations, is for nothing else more gratifying than that it will permit me to attend to your commands. If I am able to send my poem to press this September, I shall then spend some months at Rome, which I should not have thought it right to do had I not fulfilled my obligations to my patron, the duke, which I shall partly seem to have done by the dedication of my poem.”

The assistance and inspection of Tasso's critical friends in his poem proved a great source of annoyance to him; for they disagreed among themselves in all points, and made many objections to the design, though not to the execution of the work. But he combated them in a vigorous and curious manner; and his fine scholarship was shown in his replies. But there were other trials that Tasso had to contend with which affected him more deeply. The duke's favor had made him many enemies at court, who contrived by a thousand ways to render his residence there disagreeable; and although his patron was uniformly kind, he felt himself very unhappy; and determined, as soon as his poem was published, to retire to Rome, and live as independently as his limited means would allow. His weakened health and shattered nerves rendered him peculiarly sensitive to every annoyance; and he became almost insane on discovering, after a short absence, that his desk had been opened, and copies taken of many cantos of the “Jerusalem.” Indignant at the baseness of the thief, he applied to Alphonso for redress. But, as it was impossible to point out the criminal, nothing could be done; yet Tasso suspected a person by the name of Madalo; and meeting him one day, as he was crossing the court of the palace, he gave him a severe rebuke for his perfidy; to which Madalo replied in such insulting language, that the poet struck him on the face with the scabbard of his sword. At this the weak courtier fled with precipitation, but soon returned with his brothers, and following Tasso, endeavoured to wound him in the back; but not succeeding, the whole party retreated, and made the best of their way to Tuscany.

Manso, Tasso's biographer and devoted friend, asserts that from this time his mind became disturbed, and he gave the first symptoms of approaching insanity. The duke, seeing his perturbed state, soothed him by all the means in his power, and sent him to Belriguardo, a most delightful estate belonging to the Duchess D'Urbino, trusting that its quiet and retirement, the perfect enjoyment of nature, and the influence of Lucretia, who resided there altogether, would have a happy effect by restoring the equilibrium of his mind. He was just beginning to show the healthful influence of the place, when he received the news that the parts of the poem which had been pirated were being printed in various parts of Italy. Anxious as he had been that it should appear in the most correct form possible, and looking forward to it as the reward of all his labors, he was greatly distressed, and implored Alphonso to interfere and prevent the circulation of any edition which might appear in this way. Alphonso accordingly wrote to the princes of Italy, requesting them to stop the publication; and his example was followed by the Pope, who exerted his authority in the same manner.

While these powerful friends were interested in his behalf, the Count Torsoni persuaded him to visit Modena, where he hoped, by the change of air and gay society, to relieve him from the melancholy which was rapidly taking possession of his spirits. But neither the society of the gifted or intellectual, the charm of wit, nor the delights of music, could cheer his perturbed mind or restore the buoyancy of his spirits. Wearing with appearing gay to gratify his friend, he returned, oppressed as with an incubus, to Ferrara. Perhaps no portion of Tasso's life presents a more melancholy picture than the present. About ushering into the world a poem as yet unequalled, which was to make for him a name wherever “Jerusalem” was known, he became the victim of the most dire malady to which our frail natures are subject. Slowly and silently it creeps along, dimming the brightness of the intellect, and crushing with its stealthy step the heart's happiness. His bewildered eyes are seeking for the unknown enemies—the phantasmagoria which his imagination has conjured up. Haunted by fear, oppressed with illness, he soon became exhausted by the wearing conflict—the struggles of insanity with bewildered reason. Tasso's biographers differ in the causes which led to his derangement; some attributing it to the high mental excitement produced by his close attention to his studies and the feverish action of his poetical temperament; others to his attachment to the Princess Leonora, and we can view

alone in this an excuse for Alphonso's cruel rigor.

The limits of this sketch will not allow us to follow, through all its sad changes, the commencement of his malady—his flight from Ferrara, and the places of his obscure refuge, which he sought in the hope of escaping his haunting fears—his dread of the fearful Inquisition, and his sufferings from actual poverty. He was at one time so reduced as to be obliged to sell the ruby ring given him on the festal night by Leonora, when light and happiness encircled him, and which he had always worn as a talisman of affection. A beautiful golden collar, too, the gift of Lucretia, he sold to purchase food. But these afforded him only temporary relief; and at last, wearied out with suffering, he once more sought refuge at the Court of Ferrara. But here alas! all was changed, not only by his dis-tempered fancy, but the coldness of the duke, who, looking upon him as a madman, would not even grant him an audience. Annoyed and irritated, the unfortunate poet vented his spleen in severe sarcasms upon the whole ducal court; which, coming to Alphonso's ears, alienated him still more; but at last, through the intercession of Leonora, he was once more admitted to the palace, and, though coldly received, was tolerated by the duke.

It was at this time he committed the imprudence which was visited upon his head by so many years of intense suffering, and which his disordered intellect, that extinguished the sense of propriety, can alone excuse. Entering the palace uncalled for, on one of the nights of the ducal balls, and following a momentary impulse, he advanced to the Princess Leonora, who was surrounded by foreign ambassadors and men of distinction, and, in the face of the assembled company, saluted her! The duke, irritated beyond measure, and perhaps gladly availing himself of the excuse, had him immediately arrested, and sent to the Hospital of Saint Anne's, an institution for lunatics. In whatever light we look upon this procedure of the duke's, it must be considered unjustifiable. The poet had, it is true, no claims upon him but those of genius; but this should have rendered him sacred; and Alphonso sinned not only against his own nature, but the feeling of the whole world, in immuring Tasso in a dungeon. Though weak and flickering, the fire of genius was still in his heart, and should have been cherished and guarded from outward harm, so as to have kept, if possible, the divine spark from being extinguished.

No one can read without a shudder Tasso's own description of his melancholy situation—with enough of the light of reason to feel acutely

the horrors which surrounded him—the shrieks and groans of the maddened inmates continually in his ears—those organs formed only to receive harmonious sounds, and so sensitive that he shrunk from any discord as from the surgeon's probe. The constant dread of becoming like those whose howlings disturbed his midnight rest, produced in the end the very effect he dreaded. Writing to his friend Manso, he says: "My mind becomes slow of thought, my fancy indolent in imagining, my senses negligent in ministering to them images of things; my hand refuses to write, my pen even to execute its office. I seem, indeed, to be frozen, and am oppressed by stupor and giddiness in all I do. Nor shall I ever be able, without some demonstration of courteous kindness, to revive in myself that vivacity and spirits not less generous in prose than verse."

What a sad picture do these few lines present of their impulsive writer—his warm emotions, his kindly thoughts, his high aspirations, chilled by the wintry frosts of unkindness, into stalac-tites, which no after sunshine or warmth could dissolve! The kindness of friends, the soothing of affection, the flatteries of admirers, were what the sensitive nature of Tasso required. Coldness from those he loved broke the strings of his lute; and when once rudely snapped, it was impossible for any skill to restore the harmony of the instrument.

His friends were ceaseless in their endeavours to mitigate the resentment of Alphonso. Not only those who personally knew him, but crowned heads and princes of the land, who knew him only as Tasso the Poet, used every endeavour to obtain his freedom; and gleams of hope would come upon his blighted spirit, as one after another would write to promise him their influence. When thus stimulated, he would attend to his literary pursuits. "Jerusalem Liberated," or "Goffredo," as it was entitled, appeared in Venice in 1580; and shortly after he wrote the dialogue, "Il Padre di Famiglia." He also revised the minor poems he had composed during the last two years, and having collected them in a volume, sent them to the Princesses Lucretia and Leonora, with a letter expressive of his devotion to them. But this proof of continued affection came too late for Leonora. She was on her death-bed, and too near her end to be cheered even by the genius of Tasso. The token of affection could not recall her from the spirit land to which she was fast hastening.

The news of her illness and death affected Tasso deeply; but it did not, as might have been expected, inspire his muse. While all the

host of Italian poetasters poured forth their elegies and lamentations, and one dirge resounded through their country, the master-spirit of them all hung his harp upon the willow, and touched not its strings, till her name had passed away from the lips of her people, though her memory was enshrined in their loving hearts. Many reasons were assigned for this singular silence on the part of Leonora's devoted lover. Perhaps he felt too deeply to trust himself to speak of her; or, perhaps, he was not gifted in that style of elegiac composition.

Time passed on, though with slow and solemn foot-steps to the poor prisoner at Saint Anne's; but the year 1584 brought new hopes to his heart, and some relaxation from the severe discipline to which he had been subjected. He was allowed to attend church, and to visit some of his friends. These indulgences tranquillized his mind; and he once again began to compose with freedom. All the cities in Italy interested themselves in his fate. Bergamo sent a delegation to Alphonso with bountiful gifts; and he gave in return fair promises, which he had no intention of fulfilling; and as he saw that advantage was taken of his late leniency to press the suit in Tasso's favor, by all the neighbouring princess, he once more increased the severity of his confinement, and forbade the indulgences heretofore granted.

The oppression renewed, Tasso's mind became more and more disordered. He yielded himself to the fancy that he was haunted by an evil spirit, whose sole delight and occupation was to annoy him, thwart his plans, and watch him day and night. He writes an account to his friend, Cataneo, of this affliction:

"I have received two letters from you; but one vanished as soon as I read it; and, I believe, the goblin has stolen it, as it is the one in which he is spoken of; and this is another of the wonders I have seen in this hospital. I am sure they are the work of some magician, as I could prove from my arguments; particularly from the circumstance of a loaf of bread having been taken from me while my eyes were wide open, and a plate of fruit vanishing in the same manner when the amiable Volocco came to visit me. I have also been served thus with other viands, when no one has entered the prison, and with letters and books, which were locked up in cases, which I have found strewed about the floor in the morning. Besides the miracles of the goblin, I suffer by my natural terrors. I see flames in the air; and sometimes, my eyes have sparkled to such a degree, I feared I should lose my sight, and sparks have visibly flown from me. I have

also seen, amid the spars of the bed, the shadows of rats, which could not naturally be there. I have heard fearful noises—have felt a whistling in my ears, a jingling of bells, and tolling of clocks, for an hour together. But amid so many terrors, I have had appear to me a most glorious vision of the Virgin, with her son in her arms, in a circle of colors and vapors; wherefore I will not despair of her grace."

How sad it is to trace, in this letter to his friend, the disorder of his imagination! The soaring flight, the brilliant coloring, are there, but broken and disjointed; and yet, like the bits of colored glass in the child's toy, the kaleidoscope, forming from its very chaos beautiful and distinct images. Soon, after writing this letter, he was attacked with violent fever, which brought him to the verge of the grave; and he attributed his recovery solely to the interposition of the Virgin, who frequently appeared to him. When he was sufficiently recovered to bear the joyful news, he was told that Alphonso had consented to his liberation. Poor Tasso could not sleep the whole night after hearing it, so anxious was he to escape the gloomy prison, which had been even worse than the weary pilgrim's Slough of Despond, since no efforts of his own could effect his release.

None but a Silvio Pellico or Maroncelli, can know fully how to sympathize with the liberated prisoner's feelings. When the day arrived which was to restore him again to freedom, his heart was too full for expression; and it is almost a wonder that the powerful excitement did not quite overturn his newly acquired balance of mind: but his happiness was subdued by the remembrance of his sorrows and sufferings, and he turned from his prison door a chastened man. His first visit was to his sister at Sorrento, and her welcome was as warm as when he sought her home in the first years of his derangement, when in the disguise of an old man he hid himself from Alphonso's resentment. After remaining with her a month or two, he took up his residence with the Duke of Mantua, and being quietly established there, resumed his literary pursuits. He wrote his *Lettera Politica* and his tragedy of *Terrismondo*; but the demon of unrest again took possession of him, and he insisted upon leaving Mantua for Rome, where he thought he should enjoy more freedom.

It was on this journey to Rome that Tasso received that tribute of respect from the brigand Captain, Marco di Sciarri, which has been so beautifully commemorated by the English bard of "Italy:"

“On the watch he lies,
 Levelling his carbine at the passenger,
 And when his work is done, he dare not sleep.
 Time was, the trade was nobler, if not honest;
 When they that robbed, were men of better faith
 Than kings or pontiffs; when such reverence
 The poet drew among the woods and wilds,
 A voice was heard that never bade to spare,
 Crying aloud—Hence to the distant hills;
 Tasso approaches; he whose song beguiles
 The day of half its hours, whose sorcery
 Dazzles the senses, turning our forest glades
 To lists that blaze with gorgeous armoury,
 Our mountain caves to regal palaces!
 Hence! nor descend till he and his are gone.
 Let him fear nothing.”

This fact has been recorded by Manso, who was with Tasso at the time. Marco di Sciarri, at whose name all Italy trembled, withdrew his troops from the neighbourhood of Mola Di Gaeta, that Tasso might pass without molestation; a like tribute to that paid a few short years before to Ariosto, and which shows how much more willingly even common minds yield to the empire of genius, than to that of rank or wealth.

Happiness seemed once more to hover over the poet, and to promise a bright and peaceful close to his fitful career. Apartments were prepared for him at the Vatican, and he proceeded to the completion of a new epic, “Gerasalemme Conquista,” as it was termed, for which he said “he felt so much affection that he was alienated from the ‘Liberata’ as a father from a rebellious child of whom he suspects the legitimacy, but that the Conquista was born of his mind as Minerva from the head of Jove, and to this he would intrust his reputation.” This delusion adds one more proof to the many that the best authors are not the best judges of their own writings. Even Milton thought his “Paradise Regained” better than his “Paradise Lost.”

In 1594, finding his constitution much shattered, he went to Naples, hoping the fineness of the climate would renovate him; and here he experienced the greatest devotion and kindness from his friends. Manso provided everything for his comfort, and watched over him with the tenderness of a brother. He might have received great benefit from the quiet life he led, but unfortunately one more honor was proffered to him, the anxiety to receive which cost him his life.

The Pope, Clement VIII., in a full conclave of Cardinals, determined to give him a public triumph; and as a recompense for his past sufferings, to confer upon him the poet's crown. This honor had not been conferred upon any one since the gentle bard of Vancluse bent his knee to receive it from the assembled world; and

Tasso was gratified that the same homage should be rendered him.

The distinction too was proffered in the most flattering manner.

“It is my wish,” said the sovereign pontiff, “that the crown which has hitherto been an honor to those upon whom it has been conferred, should now be honored by your acceptance.”

Accordingly Tasso left Naples, accompanied by Manso and a deputation from the Pope, and at a short distance from Rome was received with all due honors. The most magnificent preparations had been made in the capital for the ceremony. But vain are the expectations of man! A higher than a Pope or Cardinal determines to whom honor shall be given. At the moment when Tasso's name was resounding through Rome, and the laurel crown was waiting for him, he heard a voice bidding him exchange the garments of an earthly coronation for the robes of immortality, which were awaiting him in another world; and obedient to the call, his wearied and exhausted frame yielded up its pure spirit on the very day destined for his crowning honor, and the preparations for his triumph ended in a funeral procession.

His remains were interred in the monastery of Saint Onuphrius; and a marble slab was placed over him by Manso, who wished to erect a fitting monument to his friend; but Cardinal Cynthio prevented him, observing, that he himself intended to build a worthy mausoleum over the poet. He, therefore, only yielded Manso permission to place the name and date of his death upon this simple slab; and to this, which would have been all he himself desired, were confined the monumental honors of the immortal Tasso; for Cynthio, occupied with the cares and pleasures of the world, forgot the dead in the living; and it was not till a century after, that Cardinal Bevilacqua placed his remains in a prouder receptacle, and attached a more sounding, but not so noble an epitaph, as the “Hic jacet Torquatus Tasso” of his friend.

Most of Tasso's celebrity has been derived from his magnificent epic of “Jerusalem Delivered,”—a work abounding in the most thrilling deeds of the Crusades, blending with the most pleasing descriptions of tender scenes, combined with a majestic flow of language which captivate and overpower the reader. It is most singular, that Tasso's dying request to Cardinal Cynthio was, that he would collect all the copies of his “Jerusalem Delivered,” wheresoever they might be found, and commit them to the flames, that no trace of it might be left. The cardinal gave an equivocal answer, which satisfied the dying man;

but it is needless to say he never intended fulfilling so extraordinary a request. This work is well known to the English reader by its many fine translations. His "Jerusalem Conquered," "Aminta," and "Rinaldo," would alone have gained Tasso no ignoble fame; but they were extinguished in the blaze of his more brilliant epic.

The sad tale of his life has thrown a deep interest around Tasso; and we linger about it with melancholy emotions, longing to pour some sunshine through the dark cloud which rested over him. This was not to be in the present world; but, as his life was pure and blameless, and he was resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father, we may trust that he is now where all is brightness and peace, and where the mind, so dimmed and disturbed in this life, finds eternal brightness and repose.

MUSIC'S POWER.

BY R. E. M.

Of many gifts bestowed on earth
To cheer a lonely hour,
Oh! there is none of equal worth
With music's magic power.

'Twill charm each angry thought to rest,
'Twill gloomy care dispel,
And ever we its power can test,
Nature—breathes music's spell.

There's music in the sighing tone
Of the gentle southern breeze,
As it whispers through the flowers lone,
And bows the stately trees.

There's music in the tempest's voice,
In the crested breaker's roar,
In the winds that loud rejoice
As they shake the forests hoar.

And music in the bulbul's note,
Warbling its vesper lay,
In some fair spot from man remote
Where the winds and flowers play.

The lute that's touched by skillful hand,
'Neath Italia's sunny sky,
Gives forth a tone, at whose command,
E'en the cold heart beats high.

But oh! beyond the sweetest note,
Of bird, of lute, or grove,
Is that sweetest of all earthly sounds,
The voice of those we love.

When sorrow weigheth down the heart,
The night-bird's heav'nliest lay,
The harp's most wild and thrilling art
Grief cannot chase away.

But let affection's tone be heard,
'Twill drive afar that care,
One word, one single, precious word,
Renders all calm and fair.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

BY R. E. M.

The day was o'er, and in their tent the youthful victors met,

In wine, and mirth, and gaiety, the carnage to forget:
The merry laugh and sparkling jest, the pleasant tale were there,

Each heart was free and gladsome then, each brow devoid of care.

Yet one was absent from the board, who ever was the first

In every joyous, festive scene, in every mirthful burst.
He also was the first to dare each perilous command,
To rush on danger, yet was he the youngest of the band.
He was not there to tell what'er had that day been his lot,

To speak of perils past and gone, and yet they missed him not;

Upon the battle-field he lay, a damp and fearful grave,
His right hand grasped the cherished flag, the flag he'd died to save,

While the cold stars shone calmly down on heaps of fallen dead,

And their pale light a halo cast round that young noble head.

No trace of earthly passion dark had marred that youthful brow,

That, fair as childhood's earliest hours, seemed almost holy now;

What contrast to the ghastly forms the star-light did reveal,

On whose forbidding, scowling brows, dark guilt had set its seal;

And yet they slept on side by side, the victor and the foe;
The guilty and the guiltless one were laid together low;
Say, was there none o'er that young chief to shed one single tear!

To sorrow o'er th' untimely end of his glorious career?
Yes, but alas! the boundless sea, its foam and crested wave,

Lay then between those beings dear, and his cold, cheerless grave.

With all a mother's doting love a mother yearned for him,
And watching for his quick return a sister's eye grew dim.

A brother too, whose tiny hands were wont to grasp his shield,

And wond'ringly and fearfully his flashing sword to wield.
But dearer still, a gentle girl, his fair, affianced bride,
And yet with all these loved ones, unfriended he had died.
No woman's low, sweet voice was near, one soothing word to say,

Or gentle hand from his cold brow to wipe the damps away.

With laurels yet fresh on his brow, in all his youthful pride,

Unmourned, unwept for, in a land of strangers he had died.

But yet, why should they mourn him, that hero young and brave?

His was a soldier's glorious death, a soldier's glorious grave!

"DO GOOD TO YOUR NEIGHBOUR."

IN A BRITISH COLONY, *June, 1847.*

SIR,—I have just read the three first paragraphs of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* of April last, on a "Plea for Ragged Schools; or, Prevention better than Cure;" and before reading any more, I take my pen to write, under the influence of the feelings this perusal has excited. The spirit in which those paragraphs are written has "deeply affected" me also, and makes my heart "beat faster;" so much so that it arouses me to make something like a beginning towards carrying out a project which I contemplated in early life, and have for many years past meditated upon with continually increasing interest.

How best to teach my lesson is, at this moment, the question with me; whether by a narrative of my daily thoughts, as daily experience gave rise to them, or by an essay on the general principles of my humble philosophy. To write such an essay as would find acceptance with you and with your readers, I feel that I am incompetent; but such a narrative as I can give I venture to hope may be admitted into your journal, because of the importance of the lesson which I design to teach. I am not an educated man, in the usual sense in which the word "educated" is understood; for I was taken from an inferior village school in the year 1791, before I completed my eleventh year, and put to labor with my father and brothers.

Until this hour, it never occurred to me to make use of your journal to teach my long-imagined lesson; because I considered it as intended for the improvement of mankind in the highest fields of politics, literature, science, and religion; and that any thing I could write, especially upon a subject which I have hitherto believed has been thought of too little importance in the world, would be rejected. But the inciting language of the paragraphs just mentioned leads me to believe, that you will either admit this narrative in the shape in which I send it, or inculcate, on some future occasion, the spirit of the lesson I desire to teach. Its publication, for the benefit of such as may have access to it, is my chief, if not only, object. The only other motive I feel myself moved by, is a desire to see

it in print in the form in which I send it to you; and as I intend to withhold my name from the public, this desire cannot be very strong.

One day, in my early youth, while considering religious questions very seriously, it occurred to me that the Almighty had created every human being for some particular purpose; and this led me to ask, what particular purpose I myself was most probably intended for? In searching for an answer to this question, I was led into many trains of thought; and I was brought to ask myself the further question, what kind of service could man render which would be most acceptable to the Almighty? Prayer and praise, I first considered. Prayer, I thought, only benefitted myself. Praise, I thought, could add nothing to the happiness of the Almighty; but I felt that it helped to lift up my own thoughts in gratitude to Him. Fasting was strongly enjoined; and this, I decided, was a practice which did no other man any service. In this way did my mind inquire for many years, to find out that duty which I could decide upon was the most acceptable to my Creator. At length I decided upon an answer to this last mentioned question, and gave it expression in the following words: "Do good to your neighbour! *Do good to your neighbour!* DO GOOD TO YOUR NEIGHBOUR!"

Fifty years have elapsed since my mind came to this conclusion; and I am now more than ever convinced that it is the prime duty of every human being who is sent into this world.

The next question with me was, how best to bring men to the study and performance of this duty. During those fifty years I have watched the progress of the times. I have had the tuition of human beings, from the humblest and most ignorant peasant to the educated scholar from Oxford and Cambridge. I have helped to train my younger brothers and sisters, and I have trained my own children, and I have availed myself of every acceptable opportunity to influence favorably the children of all around me, high and low. The results of all this I would gladly lay before you in detail, but that it would be most inconveniently long. In this paper, therefore, I will bring, within as narrow a compass as I

can, what I desire to communicate under the influence of the feelings excited by the perusal of the article in your *Review*. And I am further prompted thereto, by a fear that a more extended lesson, which I have so long intended to give, may never be in my power to write; for I am now near the end of my sixty-seventh year, and not yet free from the difficulties which have hitherto prevented my undertaking the task. My object may, however, be in part effected by the publication of what I can now thus rapidly write.

I enlisted in the army in the year 1798, and was promoted to the rank of sergeant on the day I enlisted. Full of the desire "to do good to my neighbour," I felt some disappointment at the limited extent of the field to which I was confined. This disappointment did not, however, prevent me from attempting what little might be found for me to do. I did all I could to encourage cheerfulness and playfulness among the soldiers, and to discourage every tendency to evil. One branch of this discouragement was so impatiently borne by a few men in the company, that three of them went to the captain and complained that I interfered too much with their conversation in the barrack room on matters with which I had, officially, nothing to do. He sent for me, and asked what their complaint alluded to, for he could not make them state particulars. I answered that there could be only two grounds for such complaint; the one, that I checked swearing; and the other, that I would not permit the use of indecent language or conduct in the presence of their comrades' wives. I cross-questioned the men, in the presence of the captain, and they acknowledged that on such occasions only did I interfere with them. He dismissed the men, and ordered me to parade the company immediately in the barrack room. Which being done, he came and stated to the men the complaint and the answer to it; and added, that he was rejoiced to find that he had a non-commissioned officer who had the good sense, and the good feeling, to exercise his authority in the way complained of; and he hoped that there were not three more men in the company who would come forward and complain of such restraint. And he further hoped, that even those men who did complain would yet see the day when they would feel thankful for the lessons thus taught them by the sergeant. One of the consequences resulting from this was an immediate increase of my authority over the men. This increased authority I endeavoured to make advantageous to the men, by every means in my power; and one result was, that rarely was a man of the company

sent a prisoner to the guard house. This soon became remarkable throughout the regiment, even among the private soldiers; for individuals of other companies, who were often sent into confinement, would express their regret that they were not in the Grenadier Company, which was kept in order without confining the men.

Two years after this I was promoted to the rank of sergeant-major, and in three years more I was gazetted to an ensigncy, and the same year obtained the adjutancy.

Thus was the field of my exertions enlarged from time to time, and the opportunities for experiment increased.

I early desired to ascertain whether gentleness and encouragement would do more to ensure good behaviour among the soldiers than harshness and severity. I saw that there were a few officers in the Regiment who were harsh and severe with their men, while there were many who were gentle and benevolent. But there were few, if any, who made the management of the soldier their study. This third part, my experience among the soldiers, and my course of thinking had, to some extent, qualified me to take. I soon became convinced that the teacher, or the man in authority, who could not lead men rather than drive them, was not duly qualified for his station. I do not mean that coercion is never to be used. In the present evil condition of mankind it cannot be dispensed with, with due regard to the well being of society. But notwithstanding that evil condition, I would far sooner depend upon persuasive and encouraging means in the government of man or child, than upon harshness and severity. I witnessed the conduct of men in battle nineteen times. Nothing did I more carefully study than the conduct of men in danger. And there also, did I find that encouragement did far more to incite the soldiers to disregard it, than any amount of stern command could. A most convincing proof of this was given to me by the conduct of an officer belonging to the *Monarch*, in the action before Copenhagen, on the second of April, 1801. The scene that day on board that ship may be said to be awful; two hundred and ten men having been killed and wounded on board of her in four hours. The chief master's mate, named Harris, came to the lower deck frequently during the action, and his tone and bearing were so encouraging and cheering, that towards the end of the action the men gave him three hearty cheers the moment he appeared among them. I profited by this lesson as much as I could during my subsequent service in the army.

In the course of the experience thus acquired,

I early discovered how much more difficult it was to win the old offender from his evil habits than the younger one. But I never knew any one so insensible to repeated kindness as not to be favorably moved by it at one time or another. I have said to a brother officer, while speaking of one of our most incorrigible offenders, that if I could but discover him in the doing of one praiseworthy act, to justify my expressing approbation of it, I might thereby lay a foundation for my future successful efforts for his reformation. My object soon became known among the soldiers of the Regiment, and more than once has a soldier come and made known to me a theft committed by his comrade. "I do so," he would say, "because I believe you will, if possible, save him from public exposure, punishment and shame, and thus save him from becoming reckless for the future."

My reasoning and my observations were thus extended into every condition of life open to me; and every where I saw that reformation was needed to a great extent. For some time I cherished a hope, that in all matters of much importance to mankind, some short cut, some royal road, might be found to the attainment of any of the great ends of life. How to make bad men good, was, with me, one of those great ends. To find a short cut to this appeared to me most difficult, if not impossible, for at least some generations to come: for I was long convinced that all such improvement had been hitherto very slow in this world. To prevent men becoming habitually bad, at all, appeared to me far less difficult to achieve, and of far greater importance than the reformation of old offenders. I watched the development of the infant minds and juvenile conduct of my own brothers and sisters, until I left my father's house at the age of eighteen. I lost no opportunity of observing the treatment of the young, whether for good or for evil, until I became a father. My own children were very puny and weak at birth, because their mother was a delicate and feeble woman. When one of them was born the doctor said he would not live an hour, and before day break of a winter's morning I wrote a note to the clergyman of the parish requesting him to come, without delay, and baptize the infant before he died. He promptly came and performed this duty. That child is now twenty-seven years of age, and is able to run and perform the other usual manly exercises with any man of his weight yet known to him; and he has come to this condition with very little suffering from disease of any kind. And this was in part, much owing to my gentle training of the propensities in infancy, and in part to my

firmly resisting the efforts of his teachers, to press upon his mind a too early attention to learning, as they frequently desired to do, because of his manifesting an early capacity for its acquirement. I carried my observations into every channel accessible to me, and very much through the medium of my medical friends, of whom, in the army for eighteen years, and since my retirement from it, for more than thirty years, I have had many. I have carried them so far as to convince myself that infants, even before birth, receive impressions from the tone of the mother's mind, which affect them for good or evil during their future lives. All this I consider applicable to the physical health of the child as much as to its mental condition: the two conditions are, in fact, inseparable.

I now entertain the opinion that every child born, not insane or idiotic, might, to a moral certainty, be trained to be a gentle, a benevolent, and a pious adult. Of the correctness of this opinion I have long ceased to have any doubt. Holding this opinion to be positively correct, I next hold that the universal belief of its correctness, and this, too, whether the opinion be really correct in every particular or not, would soon lead to an amount of improvement in the several conditions of human existence that would exceed even my own sanguine expectations. The encouragement which this belief would give to parent-, would bring into active and affectionate exertion, an amount of attention and devotion to the training of the infant feelings and propensities of their offspring, such as heretofore has never been imagined. I would, therefore, spread this belief among all mankind, by every means in my power to employ, and with it my opinions of the kind of teaching, or rather training, by which such blessed results might be procured.

To describe this kind of training here, is not in my power to do at present. But the chief agent for the work must be the mother. Oxford and Cambridge fall low in my estimation, when I compare them with the means, which I am confident, might be employed for the preparing of young women to be good mothers. As woman has been a chief agent in bringing sin into the world, she, I most religiously believe, must become the chief agent in preserving us from it. Without her aid all other agency will ever be found inadequate. Let this opinion be chronicled in every journal, spoken of at every fire side, proclaimed from every house top. I cannot imagine any possible objection being made to it by any human being, be his religious, his political, or his social opinions what they may. The adoption of this belief should lead the Christians,

the Mahomedans, the Hindoos, alike, to make the most strenuous exertions for the improvement of their children. This opinion is not adverse to any religion or code of morals in the world. Therefore no one need oppose it, but all might rejoice in its universal adoption.

In the present state of our political and social condition in the British Empire, I might have recourse to warnings and threatenings, to move those to make this kind of exertion, who have the means and the power to be most useful in the service of their suffering fellow beings. But I consider fear to be a low and degrading feeling of the human mind, when urged as a motive of action; and therefore do I prefer having recourse to persuasion for the winning of their ready and cheerful efforts. I would fain make my humble appeal to the generous and manly feelings with which a benevolent Creator has endowed us.

Believing, as I do believe, that the mind of every healthy child born, might be so formed, by early training, as to make its possessor a good man, and, consequently, so far, a happy one, it remains for parents, and all employed in nursing the bodies and training the minds of infants, to ascertain what are the elements of the best happiness which this world can afford, so that they may be the better qualified to direct aright the hopes and the actions of the young. The chief object of every man is, no doubt, the attainment of happiness. But the opinions as to what can best produce this happiness have ever been very various. Upon this point I have exercised my mind, with more or less intensity, for more than fifty years; and for many years has my mind been entirely convinced that the highest and most enduring happiness is derived from kindness to one another. The ways in which this kindness can be shown by man to man, and especially by the higher to the humbler, are, perhaps, countess.

Arthur Young, the traveller, said, sixty years ago, of the Irish peasants, that they were grateful to him for speaking civilly to them. So would every human being be grateful if the kindness shown were well timed and affectionately manifested. Many times have I tried this, and never failed. Many a time have I, by way of experiment, addressed a poor man in a harsh or unkind tone; and invariably were unamiable feelings excited in the man so addressed. Many times have I warmed into activity the kindly feelings which had long been dormant in the neglected and suffering breast of some outcast, and it may be guilty offender, and this, too, without the gift of a single penny, which I seldom could spare to give. One such circumstance made a much deeper impression upon my mind

than any other similar one during my life; and by relating the particulars, I shall, perhaps, teach my lesson more feelingly than by any other means. On stepping from a stage coach, at the door of Morley's hotel, in London, on my return from America, a poor woman, having a sickly child in her arms, asked for charity. Her tone and accent were the long but well-remembered ones of my own native but remote country, which I had not seen for forty years. After asking a question or two, which she answered by saying that she had just arrived in London, in search of her husband, who had come there to find work, I put a sixpence into her hand, and watched the expression of her face, which was such as to make me at once determine to increase the mite. I said, rather thoughtlessly and hastily, "give me the sixpence back again." Never did I see such an expression of disappointment in a human face as in hers at that moment. I took the sixpence, and slowly put it into my pocket, all the time closely observing every change in her countenance. I then drew out, and placed in her hand, a shilling; and then, indeed, the other change was such, that I could hardly refrain from stooping down and kissing her thin, pale, and soiled cheeks. Never did the spirit of woman appear to me so angelic as it then did in the face of her who at that moment stood before me. I dismissed her; but I lost some rest that night, because I had not added the shilling to the sixpence, instead of taking back the smaller coin.

Now, if any single, trivial circumstance like this, could give so much pure delight, how blessed might a rich man become, during a long life, by a benevolent and discreet distribution even of such funds only as are too often expended in idle amusements, or in selfish indulgences, which surely leave behind them many lasting and bitter thoughts and rooted habits; instead of having a treasure of cheering recollections strengthening and lifting up the aged and declining spirit, in gratitude to that Great Being who had thus enabled him so to bless his neighbour! But still more high and holy would be his happiness, did he contribute, according to his means, towards the permanent mental and moral improvement of the present or future generations of those within the sphere of his bounty or his influence. It appears to me wonderful how the mind of an educated man can devote its chief attention to the training of horses and dogs, and the preservation and destruction of game, and this, too, at a great expense, and leave the mind of a child, having an immortal soul, to be reared in ignorance, degradation, and misery; and to become to him

and his kind neighbour, in after life, a nuisance and, perhaps, an implacable enemy.

To bring about a general or universal belief in the truth of this opinion, so long held by me, has been the chief object of my thoughts for more than one half of my past existence, which now approaches the end of my sixty-seventh year. I have given continual consideration to every scheme which my mind could imagine, whereby I could most surely and speedily give circulation to this one conviction. I have written short essays, and sent them, one by one, at some intervals of time, to different newspapers, hoping that all the surrounding papers would re-publish them, believing them to be valuable, and wholly free from religious, political, and social objection; but I could never find that any one of them had been circulated by even half a dozen papers or journals. Many editors told me, they would willingly publish if I would send my manuscripts to them; but this I could not do to more than one at a time; and few others I found would condescend to copy from their neighbour.

At length I fixed upon a plan, of which I will here give a rapid sketch. I purposed going to London, and there to have printed thousands of copies of one essay, as brief and explanatory as I could possibly make it; and then, so freighted, setting out from Trafalgar Square, through the Strand, Fleet Street, Cornhill, &c., &c., to Whitechapel; through Holborn, Oxford Street, and, in short, through all the great thoroughfares in London, entering every shop and house that would admit me; selling, for a few pence, to all who would buy, and giving to all who could not, or would not, so far as the sales would enable me to give—having only income enough of my own to support myself—and so spending days, and weeks, and months, until the city was supplied, so far as I could supply it: then to go through every city, town, and village in the three kingdoms, during five, or ten, or fifteen years, should the Almighty thus long give me life and strength to work. I had almost hoped to make many tours of those kingdoms; and during my intended journeyings, I proposed to myself to call on the archbishops, the bishops, and on every clergyman of every church and congregation in the realm; and upon every editor of every newspaper or other journal; and upon every Mechanics' Institute; and upon every leading benevolent man, so far as it might be possible for me thus to call; and unceasingly to urge, upon each and all, the inappreciable importance of turning the chief attention of mankind upon the infant in the mother's arms, above all other earthly considerations; making the cultivation of the intellect, and the inculcation of ge-

neral knowledge in after life, *as altogether of comparatively little importance* to THE SUPREME VALUE OF TRAINING, IN EARLY INFANCY, THE PROPENSITIES, so far as to insure their future subjection and willing obedience to the intellectual faculties, and the moral and religious sentiments, when their turn came to be duly cultivated. This appears to me to be the shortest, most efficient, and least objectionable course which can be devised for the improvement of mankind in this life. Let it never be forgotten, that from the propensities grow all our various desires and passions in after life; and if these propensities be not kept under due control *in infancy and youth*, the intellectual faculties of a vast majority of mankind become, in adult-life, the slaves of those desires and passions, now grown too strong to be duly controlled, and hence the ungovernable and vicious condition of so many of our race.

Here, now, is a scheme proposed, which, I fear, some good men will reject as quixotic, but which I firmly believe to be practicable. I have long cherished an ardent hope of laboring during the last years of my life to make it widely known to my fellow-men. But I am only now, so late in life, released from laborious, and hitherto incessant, public duties, and left to be my own master, so far as my own time is concerned; but I am still pressed down by difficulties and embarrassments, from which I have long, from year to year, surely thought I should soon be entirely relieved. As yet, however, I am not so relieved, and my long-cherished hopes are now fast becoming feeble; and hope long deferred truly maketh the heart sick; so that I am nearly in despair of ever accomplishing, or even attempting, so great a work. But excited by the perusal of the article on Ragged Schools, I seized my pen, and thus far have rapidly written.

After writing the foregoing, I laid down my pen, and retired to my bed; but I could not compose my mind to sleep. An idea, often before entertained by me, now, again, recurred to my memory; and I rose up, and again took my pen, and wrote the following paragraph:

Thinking, as I do, that such an extended scheme as I have now sketched is possible for one individual to accomplish, to the extent here indicated, it further appears to me, that a mighty movement might AT ONCE be made by an individual uprising of the clergy of all the churches every where. Not in the class, or party, or controversial spirit which has so long embittered the heart of man against his brother man, but in the spirit of earnest, ardent, catholic zeal for the early improvement and ultimate happiness of every

one of our hitherto much-mismanaged infants, with whose neglected condition all should sympathise, and from the evil effects of which society cannot much longer be safely preserved without new and more efficient efforts than have hitherto been made. The clergy of the Christian world form, at this time, the most efficient body of highly cultivated men this world has yet possessed. Cannot one loud call be made to reach the ears of each of those chosen men, and he be affectionately invited to consider this question for himself, and in his own closet? and if he find it full of hope and promise, let him quietly and unostentatiously, and even secretly, if he have his fears or doubts of its value, go to work in preparing the mind of every one of his congregation for the understanding and adoption of this opinion of the capacity of man for further improvement, *if duly trained in infancy*. Let him show forth that chiefly through the wise training of mothers can this great improvement be carried out. Let him but convince or assure every one of his congregation, that it is possible thus to do more than has ever yet been done for our advancement, and he will soon find an amount of energy awakened, and of effort made by affectionate parents, such as never yet have been displayed in this world; and this, too, without the aid of public meetings; without the aid of Acts of Parliament; without the aid of public grants, which can now so ill be spared; and, above all, without the necessity of sowing one of the many bitter seeds of that dire discord which has so long arrayed us against each other, and made even the announcement of Christianity almost a dead letter to us; for how little do we see of "peace on earth, good will towards men."

Let every clergyman now quickly turn himself to this great question, and bring to its consideration every high and holy faculty of his mind. He will find it in harmony with every interpretation of the holy Scriptures adopted by each of the Christian churches, and, therefore, free from every sectional objection which the most scrupulous mind can be led to raise against it. Every where acceptance only need await it. No time need be lost in beginning in every congregation within the realm; no preliminary measures are needed; no new machinery to be prepared; no expense need be incurred in these times of famine; no, not one shilling. Surely, surely, the clergy every where will quickly and affectionately turn to this question their most earnest attention, and, individually, devote all their energies to the doing of the good which they shall find may thus be so speedily, so cheaply, and so happily done. When it shall be clearly proved

to the world that there is no true and lasting happiness to be found here below but what is produced by doing good to one's neighbour, what a noble field will be opened for cultivation to the great and the rich men of this earth! and then crowds will, no doubt, enter it, and, putting their hands to the plough, will by no means turn back. Then will many more be led to follow such example. Then will begin to be rooted out every jealousy, envy, and ill-will from the poor to the rich, the rich being now become their benefactors, and "peace on earth, and good will towards men," be thus established among us to an extent not now even hoped for.

Should any one, on reading this paper, say, that the Christian religion teaches all things needful for our guidance in the training of our children—as some have already said to me in conversation—I beg to refer him to the fact, that little attention has hitherto been paid to the infant in the way in which I here recommend; and I add, that I desire to have it understood, that my training is chiefly intended for the infant mind *before* it can form any rational idea of what the word religion means. But the mind of that child so trained, as I would have it trained, would be like the soil scientifically prepared by the husbandman for the seed; and then might the religious seed be sown, and the parent may reasonably hope to reap a blessed harvest.

Am I now, indeed, a visionary, in believing that this statement is worthy of a place in the *Edinburgh Review*? and that it is deserving of a careful perusal, and high consideration, by all thinking men? and that its publication may possibly incite one or more such excitable minds as mine to attempt, and perhaps to carry out, hereafter, even in part, what I now fear I never can begin in any other way than this?

I, indeed, am enthusiast enough to believe that its publication will surely do some good; and that the first of British Reviews will not derogate from its high character by letting this effusion appear in its pages.

A COLONIST.

[The above paragraph, it will be seen, was written for *The Edinburgh Review*, in the September number of which the author hopes to see it printed. In the meantime, its publication in Canada may be productive of good effect. Were the suggestions of his benevolent and enthusiastic spirit even in part adopted, there is little doubt that great results might be achieved for the improvement of the human race. In the hope that it may be read and thought of, and possibly lead to a beginning of the good work, we give it to the Canadian public. We trust that some of our brethren of the press will give it the advantage of appearing in their columns.—Ed. L. G.]

CANADIAN SKETCHES.*

NO. V.

UNCLE JOE AND HIS FAMILY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

A few days after the old woman's visit to the cottage, our servant James absented himself for a week, without asking leave or giving any intimation of his intention. He had the care of a span of horses, a yoke of oxen, three cows, and a numerous family of pigs; besides drawing and chopping all the fire-wood required for the house. His unexpected departure caused no small trouble and vexation in the family, and when the truant at last made his appearance M—— discharged him altogether.

The winter had now set in—the hard winter of 1833. The snow was unusually deep, and it being our first winter in Canada, we felt it very severely, particularly when it had to be passed in a miserable dilapidated shanty. In spite of all my boasted fortitude—and I think my powers of endurance have been tried to the uttermost since my sojourn in this country—the rigor of the climate subdued my independent English spirit, and I actually shamed my womanhood and cried with the cold. Yes! I ought to blush at owning such weakness, but I was foolish and inexperienced then, and unaccustomed to the yoke.

My husband did not much relish performing the menial duties of a servant during such weather, but he did not complain, and commenced an active enquiry for a man to supply the place of the one we had lost, but at that season of the year no one was to be had.

It was a bitter freezing night. A sharp wind howled without, and drove the fine snow through the chinks in the door almost to the hearth-stone, on which two immense blocks of maple shed forth a cheering glow, brightening the narrow window panes and making the blackened rafters ruddy with the heart-invigorating blaze. The toils of the day were over, the supper things cleared away, and the door closed for the night. M—— had taken up his flute, the sweet companion of happier days, at the earnest request of the homesick Scotch girl, to cheer her drooping spirits, by playing some of the touching national airs of the

glorious mountain land, before retiring to rest. Bell, who had an exquisite ear for music, kept time with her foot and hand, while the tears stood in her eyes.

“Aye, it's bonnie thae sangs; but they mak me greet, an' my puir heart is sair, sair, when I think on the days o' lang syne.”

Poor Bell! her heart was among the hills, and mine had wandered far, far away, to the green groves and meadows of my own fair land. The music and our reveries were alike abruptly banished, by a sharp blow upon the door, and without waiting until some one rose and unclosed it, a strange, wild looking lad, barefooted and with no other covering to his head than the thick, matted locks of raven blackness, that hung like a cloud over his swarthy, sunburnt visage, burst into the room.

“Guidness defend us! wha ha'e we here?” screamed Bell, retreating into a corner. “The puir callant's no cannie.”

My husband turned hastily round to meet the intruder, and I raised the candle from the table, the better to distinguish his face, while Bell, from her hiding place, regarded him with unequivocal glances of fear and mistrust, waving her hands to me, and pointing significantly to the open door, as if silently beseeching her master to turn him out.

“Shut the door, man,” said M——, whose long scrutiny of the strange being before us, seemed upon the whole, satisfactory. “We shall be frozen.”

“Thin, faith Sir! that's what I am,” said the lad, in a rich brogue, which told without asking, the country to which he belonged; and spreading his bare hands to the fire. “By Jove, Sir! I never was so near gone in my life!”

“Where do you come from, and what is your business here? You must be aware that this is a very late hour to take a house by storm in this manner.”

“Thru for you, Sir, but necessity knows no

law, and the condition you see me in must plade my excuse. First, Sir, I come from the township of D—— and want a master, and next to that something to ate. As I'm alive—and 'tis a thousand pities that I'm alive at all, at all—for shure God Almighty never made such an unfortunate crather afore nor since; I have had nothing to put into my head since I ran away from my old master, Mr. ——, yesterday at noon. Money I have none, Sir. The devil a cent. I have neither a shoe to my foot nor a hat to my head, and if you refuse to shelter me the night I must perish in the snow, for I have not a friend in the wide world."

Here the lad covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Ah, Bell!" I whispered, "do go to the cupboard, and get the poor fellow something to eat. The boy is starving."

"Dinna heed him, mistress—dinna credit his lees. He is ane o' thae wicked Papiests wha' ha' just come in to rob and murder us."

"Nonsense! Do as I bid you."

"I winna be fashed about him. If he 'bides here, I'll e'en flit by the first blink o' the morn."

"Isabel! for shame! is this acting like a Christian?" But Bell was as obstinate as a rock; not only refusing to put down any victuals for the famishing boy, but reiterating her threat of leaving the house if he was suffered to remain. My husband, no longer able to endure her selfish and absurd conduct, got angry in good earnest, and told her that she might please herself; that he did not mean to ask her leave as to whom he received into his house. I, for my part, had no idea that she would realise her threat. She was an excellent servant, clean, honest, and industrious, loved the baby, and suited me very well.

"You will think better of it in the morning," said I, as I rose, and placed before the boy some cold beef, and bread, and a bowl of milk, to which the runaway did ample justice.

"Why did you quit your master, my lad?" said M——.

"Becaze I could live wid him no longer. You see, Sir, I'm a poor foundling from the Belfast Asylum, shoved out, by the mother that bore me, upon the wide world, long before I knew I was in it. As I was too young to spake for myself entirely, she put me into a basket, wid a label round my neck, to tell the folks that my name was John Monaghan. This was all I ever got from my parents; and who, or what they were, I never knew, for they never claimed me, bad cess to them! But, I have no doubt, it's a fine, illegant gentleman he was, and she, a handsome,

rich young lady, who dared not own me, for fear of affronting the rich gentry, her father and mother. Poor folk, Sir, are never ashamed of their childer: 'tis all the treasure they have, Sir; but my parents were ashamed of me, and they left me to the stranger and the hard bread of dependence."

The poor lad sighed deeply; and I felt a growing interest in his sad history.

"Have you been long out?"

"Four years, madam. You know my master, Mr. ——; he brought me out wid him, as his apprentice, and, during the voyage, he trusted me well. But the young men are tyrants, and full of dirty pride, and I could not agree wid them at all, at all. Yesterday, I forgot to take the oxen out of the yoke; and one of them tied me up to a stump, and bate me. Shure the marks are on my showlders yet. I left oxen and yoke, and turned my back on them all, for the hot blood was bilin widin me; and I felt, if I stayed, it would be him that would get the worst of it. No one had ever cared for me since I was born; so I thought it was high time to take care of myself. I had heard your name, Sir, and I thought I would find you out; and if you wanted a lad, I would work for you for my keep and a few decent clothes."

A bargain was soon made. M—— agreed to give Monaghan six dollars a month, which he thankfully accepted; and I told Bell to prepare his bed in the corner of the kitchen. But mistress Bell thought fit to rebel against my commands, and positively insisted that she would do no such thing; that her life, and all our lives, were in danger; and that she would never stay another night under the same roof with that Papist vagabond.

"Papist!" cried the indignant lad, his dark eyes flashing fire. "I'm no Papist, but a Protestant, like yerself, but a deuced deal better Christian, I opine. You take me for a thief; yet shure a thief would have waited till you were all in bed, and asleep, and not stepped in forenint you all in this fashion."

There was both truth and nature in the lad's argument; but Bell obstinately chose to adhere to her own opinion. Nay; she even carried her absurd prejudices so far, that she brought her mattress and laid it down on the floor in my room, for fear that the Irish vagabond should murder her during the night; and by the break of day she was gone, leaving me, during the remainder of the winter, without a girl. Monaghan did all in his power to supply her place. He swept the house, milked the cows, and nursed the baby, and often cooked the dinner for me.

striving, by every means in his power, to show the gratitude he really felt for our kindness. To the baby he attached himself in an extraordinary manner. All his spare time he spent in making little sleighs and toys for her, in dragging her up and down the steep hills in front of the house, and in carrying her round the floor on his back. Katie always greeted his return from the woods with a scream of joy, holding up her fair arms and rosy mouth to her dark favorite.

"Now, the Lord love you, for a darlint!" he would cry, as he caught her to his heart. "Shure you are the only one of the crathers he ever made who loves poor John Monaghan, who'd lay down his life for you, jewel, and be proud to do that same."

Though careless and reckless about every thing that concerned himself, John was honest and true to his employers. He loved us for the compassion we had shown to him; and he would have resented any injury offered to our persons with his best blood. But if we were pleased with our new servant, Uncle Joe and his family were not; and they commenced a series of petty persecutions that annoyed him greatly, and kindled all the fiery particles of his irritable nature into a flame.

M—— had purchased several tons of hay of a neighbouring farmer for the use of his cattle, and it had to be stowed into the same barn with some flax and straw that belonged to Uncle Joe.

Going early one morning to fodder the cattle, John found Uncle Joe feeding his cows with his master's hay, and as it had diminished greatly in a very short time, he accused him in no measured terms of being the thief. The other very coolly replied that he had taken a little of the hay in order to repay himself for his flax that Monaghan had stolen for the oxen.

"Now by the powers!" quoth John, "that is adding a big lie to a dirty piece of petty larceny. I take your flax you villain! Shure I know that flax is to make linin wid, not to feed oxen. God Almighty has given them a good warm coat of their own, they neither require shirts nor shifts."

"I saw you take it with my own eyes."

"Then your two eyes showed you a wicked illusion. You had better shut up your head, or I'll give you that for an eye-salve which will make you see thrue for the time to come."

Relying upon his great size, and imagining the slight stripling, who, by the bye, was all bones and sinews, was no match for him, Uncle Joe struck Monaghan over the head with his pitchfork. In a moment the active lad was upon him like a wild cat, and in spite of the difference of his age and weight, gave the big man such a

thorough dressing that he was fain to roar aloud for mercy.

"Own that you are a thief and a liar, or I'll murther you."

"I'll own to anything, whilst your knee is pressing me into a pancake. Come now, there's a good lad, let me up."

Monaghan felt irresolute, but after extorting from Uncle Joe, a promise never to purloin any of the hay again, he let him rise.

"For shure," he said, "he began to turn so black in the face I thought he'd burst."

The fat man neither forgot nor forgave this injury; but though he dared not attack John personally, he set the children to insult and affront him upon all occasions. The boy was without stockings, and I sent him to old Mrs. H—— to learn of her what she would charge for knitting him two pairs of socks. The reply was, half a dollar a pair. This was agreed to, and dear enough they were; but when the boy brought them home, I found upon inspecting them that they were old socks new footed. This was rather too glaring a cheat, and I sent the boy back with them, and told him to tell her that as he had to pay the price for new socks he expected them to be new altogether.

The old woman did not deny the fact, but she fell to cursing and swearing in an awful manner, and wished so much evil to the lad, that with the superstitious fear so common to natives of his country, he left her under the impression that she was gifted with the evil eye, and was an old witch. After this he never went out with the waggon and horses but she rushed out, cursing him for a bare-heeled Irish blackguard, and wishing that he might overturn the vehicle, kill the horses, and break his own worthless neck.

"Ma'arm," says John to me one day, after returning from C—— with the team, "it would be better for me to quit the master entirely. For shure if I do not, some mischief will befall me or the crathers. I cannot thole her wicked curses. Sure it's in purgatory I am all the time."

"Nonsense, Monaghan! you are not a Catholic, and need not fear purgatory. The next time the old woman commences her reprobate conduct, tell her to hold her tongue and mind her own business; 'for curses, like chickens, come home to roost.'"

The boy laughed heartily at the old Turkish proverb, but did not reckon much on its efficacy to still the clamorous tongue of the ill-natured old jade. The next day he had to pass her door with the horses; she no sooner heard the sound of the wheels than out she came, and commenced her usual anathemas.

"Bad luck to your croaking, you ill-conditioned ould divil. It is not me you are destroying, sure, but your own poor, miserable, sinful sow! The ould one has the grip o' you already, for he says, 'Curses like chickens, come home to roost.' So get in wid you, and hatch them to yerself in the chimley corner, they'll all be roasting wid you by and bye, and a nice warm nest they'll make for you, considering the brave brood that belongs to you."

Whether the old woman was as superstitious as John, I know not; or whether she was really impressed with the moral truth of the proverb, is difficult to tell; but she shrunk back into her den, and never attacked the lad again. Poor John bore no malice in his heart, not he; for in spite of all the ill-natured things he had to endure from Uncle Joe and his family, he never attempted to return evil for evil. In proof of this, he was one day chopping firewood in the bush, at some distance from Joe, who was engaged in the same employment with another man. A tree, in falling, caught upon another, which, although a large maple, was very much decayed, and was liable to fall from the least shock of wind. The tree hung directly over the path that Uncle Joe was obliged to traverse daily with his team. The man looked up, and perceiving, from the situation it occupied, that it was necessary, for his own safety, for it to be cut down; and yet, not daring to try so hazardous an experiment himself, he called to the other man, in a careless tone, to cut down the tree.

"Do it yourself, H—," said the other with a grin. "My wife and children want their man as much as your's want you."

"I'll be darn'd if I put axe to it," quoth Joe. Then, winking to his comrade to hold his tongue, he hallooed to Monaghan: "Here boy, you're wanted here, to cut down this tree. Don't you see that your master's cattle might be killed, if they should happen to pass under it, and it fall upon them."

"Thrus for you. But your own cattle would have the first chance. Why should I risk my life and limbs, by cutting down the tree, when it was yourself threw it so awkwardly over the other?"

"Oh! you're a boy, and have no wife or children to depend upon you for bread," said Joe, gravely. "Don't you see that it is your duty to cut down the tree?"

The lad swung the axe to and fro in his hand, eyeing Joe and the tree alternately; but the natural kind-heartedness of the creature, and his reckless courage, overcame all idea of self-

preservation, and raising aloft his slender but muscular arm, he cried:

"If it's a life that must be sacrificed, why not mine as well as another? Here goes! and the Lord have mercy on my sinful sow!"

The tree, contrary to their expectations, fell without injury to John. And the knowing Yankee, bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed:

"Well, if you arn't a a tarnation soft fool, I never saw one."

"What do you *mane*?" exclaimed the indignant lad, his eyes flashing fire. "If 'tis to insult me for doing that which neither of you dared to do, you had better not thry that same. You have just seen the strength of my spirit: you'd better not thry the strength of my arm; or, may be, you and the tree would chance to share the same fate."

And shouldering his axe, the boy strode down the hill, to get scolded by me for his fool-hardiness.

This happened the first week in March; and the people were all busy making maple-sugar.

"Did you ever taste any maple-sugar, Ma'am?" asked Monaghan, one evening, as he sat feeding little Katie by the fire.

"No, John."

"Well, then, you've a thrate to come; and its myself that will make Miss Katie, the darlint, an illigant lump of the same."

Early in the morning, John was up, hard at work, making troughs for the sap. By noon he had completed a dozen, which he showed me with great pride of heart. I felt a little curious about this far-famed American sugar, and asked a thousand questions about the use to which the troughs were to be applied; how the trees were to be tapped; the sugar made; and if it were really good when made?

To all my queries, John responded

"Oh! 'tis illigant. It beats all the sugar that ever was made in Jamaky. But you'll see before to-morrow night."

Well; John tapped his trees, and set his troughs; but Miss Amanda and Master Amnon upset them as fast as they were full, and spilt all the sap. With great difficulty Monaghan saved the contents of one large iron pot. This he brought in about night-fall, and made up a roaring fire, in order to boil it down into sugar. Hour after hour passed away, and the sugar-maker looked as hot and black as the stoker in a steamboat. Many times I peeped into the large pot, but it never seemed to diminish.

"This is a tedious piece of business," thought I; but seeing John so anxious, I said nothing.

About twelve o'clock, he asked me, very mysteriously, for a piece of pork to hang over the sugar.

"Pork!" said I, peeping into the pot, which was half full of a very black-looking liquid.

"What do you want with pork?"

"Sure, an its to keep the sugar from burning."

"But, John, I see no sugar."

"Och! but it's all sugar, only its mollasses just now. See, how it sticks to the ladle. Aha! but Miss Katie will have the fine lumps of ill-gant sugar when she wakes in the morning."

I grew so tired and sleepy, that I left John to finish his job, and went to bed, where I soon forgot all about the maple-sugar. At breakfast, I observed a small plate upon the table, placed in a very conspicuous manner on the tea-tray, the bottom covered with a hard black substance very much resembling pitch.

"What is this dirty looking stuff?" said I.

"Sure, an its the maple-sugar."

"Can people eat it?"

"By dad! and they can. Only thry it ma'am."

"Why, it is so hard, I cannot cut it."

With some difficulty, and not without cutting his finger, John broke a piece off, and stuffed it into the baby's hand; but the poor child made a horrible face, and spit it out of her mouth, as if it had been poison. For my own part, I never tasted any thing more nauseous. It tasted like a compound of pork-grease and tobacco-juice.

"Well, Monaghan, if this is maple-sugar, I never wish to taste any again."

"Och! bad luck to it!" said the boy, flinging it away, plate and all; "it would have been first rate, but for the dirty pork, and the blackguard cinders, and its burning to the bottom of the pot; that old hag, Mrs. H—, bewitched it with her evil eye."

"She is not so clever as you think, John," said I, laughing. "You have forgotten how to make the sugar since you left D—. But let us forget the maple-sugar, and think of something else. Had you not better get old Mrs. H— to mend that jacket for you: it is too ragged."

"By dad! and its myself that am the illigant tailor. Wasn't I brought up to the thrade in the foundling hospital!"

"And why did you quit it?"

"Because its a low, mane thrade, for a gintleman's son."

"But, John, who told you that you were a gentleman's son."

"Och! but I'm shure of it thin. All my propensities are gintale. I love horses, and dogs, and fine clothes, and money. Och! that I was but a gintleman! I'd show them what life is, intirely;

and I'd challenge Mather William, and have my revenge out of him, for the blows he gave me."

"You had better mend your trousers," said I, giving him a tailor's needle, a pair of scissors, and some strong thread.

"Shure, and I'll do that same, in a brace of shakes;" and, sitting down upon a rickety three-legged stool, of his own manufacturing, he commenced his tailoring, by tearing a piece off his jacket to patch the knees of his trousers; and this trifling act, simple as it may appear, was a perfect type of the boy's genral conduct. The present, for him, was every thing: he had no future. While he supplied stuff from the jacket to repair the fracture in the trousers, he never remembered that both would be required on the morrow. Poor John! in his brief and reckless career, how often have I recalled that foolish act of his. It now appears to me, that his whole life was spent in tearing his jacket to repair his trousers.

But to return to the H— family. It was during the month of March, that Mrs. Joe's eldest daughter, a very handsome girl, and the very best of the family, fell sick. I went over to see her. The poor girl was very low, and stood but a slight chance for her life, being regularly doctored by three or four old women, who all recommended different treatment, and administered different nostrums. Seeing the girl was dangerously ill, I took her mother on one side, and begged her to lose no time in procuring medical advice. Mrs. Joe listened to me very sullenly, and said there was no danger; that Phœbe had caught a violent cold over the wash-tub, and that the women knew the nature of her complaint, and would soon cure her. The invalid turned upon me her fine dark eyes, in which the light of fever painfully burned, and motioned me to come near her. I sat down by her, and took her burning hand in mine.

"I am dying, Mrs. M—; but they won't believe me. I wish you would talk to mother to send for the doctor."

"I will. Is there anything I could do for you, anything that I could make for you, that you would like to take?"

"I can't eat. But I want to ask you one thing which I wish very much to know: Can you tell me," and she grasped my hand tightly between her own, "what becomes of people when they die?"

"Good heavens!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "Can you be ignorant of a future state?"

"What is a future state?"

I endeavored, as well as I was able, to explain to her the nature of the soul, its endless duration,

and responsibility to God for the actions done in the flesh, its natural depravity and need of a Saviour; urging her, in the gentlest manner, to lose no time in obtaining forgiveness for her soul, through the atoning blood of Christ.

The unfortunate girl looked at me in surprise and horror. These things were all new to her, and she sat like one in a dream; yet the truth seemed to flash upon her at once.

"How can I speak to God, who never knew him? how can I ask him to forgive me?"

"You must pray to him."

"Pray! I don't know how to pray: I never said a prayer in my life. Mother, can you teach me how to pray?"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Joe, hurrying forward. "Why should you trouble yourself about such things? Mrs. M——, I desire that you will not put such thoughts into my daughter's head. We don't want to know anything about Jesus Christ here."

"Oh, mother! don't speak so to the lady. Do tell me more about God and my soul. I never knew until now, that I had a soul."

Deeply compassionating the ignorance of the poor girl, in spite of the menaces of the heathen mother—for she was no better, but rather worse, seeing that the heathen worships in ignorance a false God, while this woman lived without acknowledging a God at all, and therefore considered herself free from all moral restraint—I bid her be good bye, and promised to bring my Bible and read to her the next day.

The gratitude and kindness manifested towards me by this sick girl, was such a contrast to the rudeness and brutality of the rest of the family, that I soon felt a powerful interest in her fate. The mother did not actually forbid me the house, because she saw that my visits raised the drooping spirits of the child she fiercely loved; but she never failed to make all the noise she could to disturb my reading and conversation with her daughter. She could not be persuaded that she was really in any danger, until the doctor told her that her case was hopeless; then the grief of the mother burst forth, and she gave way to the most frantic and impious complainings.

The spring then set in, and I watched from day to day the snow disappearing from the earth, but Uncle Joe gave no sign of removing his family.

"Does he mean to stay during the summer?" thought I. "Well, I will ask him the next time he comes to borrow whiskey."

In the afternoon he walked into the house to light his pipe, and with some anxiety I made the enquiry.

"Well, I guess we can't be moving afore the end of May. My missus expects to be sick the fore part of the month, and I shan't move till she be quite well again."

"You are not using us well, Mr. H——, in keeping us out of our own house all these months."

"Oh! I don't care a curse about any of you. It is my house as long as I choose to remain in it, and you may put up with it the best way you can," and whistling some Yankee tune, the wretch departed.

I had borne patiently the odious cribbed-up place during the winter, but now the hot weather was coming, it seemed almost unsupportable. I consoled myself as well as I could, by roaming about the fields and woods, and making acquaintance with every wild flower as it blossomed, in writing long letters to home friends, in which I abused one of the finest countries in the world, as the worst God ever called out of chaos. I can recall the memory at this moment, the few lines of a poem which commenced in this strain—nor am I sorry that the rest of it has passed into oblivion:

— Oh! land of waters, how my spirit tires,
In the dark prison of thy boundless woods;
No rural charm poetic thought inspires,
No music murmurs in thy mighty floods;
Though vast the features which compose thy frame,
Turn where we will, the landscape's still the same.

The swampy margin of thy inland seas,
The eternal forest girdling either shore,
With belt of dark pines sighing in the breeze,
And rugged fields with rude huts dotted o'er,
Shews cultivation unimproved by art,
Which sheds a barren chillness on the heart.

Yet how many emigrants during their first winter in Canada, will respond to this exaggerated picture! let them wait for a few years, and the sun of hope will arise and beautify the landscape, and they will proclaim the country the finest in the world.

The middle of May at length arrived, and by the number of long, lean-looking women, with handkerchiefs of all colors tied over their heads, that passed my door and swarmed into Mrs. Joe's house, I rightly concluded that another young one had been added to the tribe. Joe himself announced the fact, by putting his red jolly face in at the door, and telling me that his "missus had got a chopping boy, and he was right glad of it, for he was tired of so many gals, and that he should move in a fortnight, if his missus did kindly."

I had been so often disappointed, that I paid very little heed to his promises; but this time he kept his word.

The last day of May they went, bag and baggage—the poor sick girl, who still lingered on, and the new-born infant,—and right joyfully I sent a new Scotch girl, who had been with me for some weeks, and Monaghan, to clean out the Augean stable.

In a few minutes John returned, panting with indignation.

“The house,” he said, “was more filthy than a pig sty; but that was not the worst of it. Uncle Joe before he went, had undermined the brick chimney, and let all the water under the house. Oh! but if he comes here agin,” he continued, grinding his teeth and doubling his fist, “I’ll thresh him for it. And then, ma’am, he has girdled round all the best graft apple-trees, the murdering owld villain, as if it could spile his digestion, our ating them.”

“It would require a strong digestion to eat apple trees, John. But never mind, it can’t be helped, and we may be very thankful that they are gone at last.”

John and Bell scrubbed at the house all day, and in the evening they carried over the furniture, and I went to inspect my new dwelling. It looked beautifully clean and neat, but a strong, disagreeable odour almost took away my breath when I entered the parlour. It was unlike anything I had ever smelt before, and turned me so sick and faint, I had to catch hold of the door post for support.

“Where does this smell come from?”

“The goodness knows, ma’am. John and I have searched the house through from the loft to the cellar, but we cannot find out the cause of it.”

“It must be in this room,” said I, “and till it is removed no one can remain here.”

Glancing my eyes all round the room, I spied what seemed to me a little cupboard, over the mantel-shelf, and I told John to see if I were right. The lad mounted upon a chair and pulled open the door, but almost fell to the ground with the dreadful odour that seemed to rush from the closet.

“What is it John?” I cried from the open door.

“A skunk, ma’am, a skunk. Shure, I thought the devil had scorched his tail, and left the burning hair behind him. Goodness! what a smell it has!” he continued, holding up the beautiful but odious creature by its tail. “By dad! I know all about it now. I saw Layton, only two days agone, crossing the field with Uncle Joe, wid his gun on his showlder, and this wee beast in his hand. They were both laughing like sixty.”

“Well, if this does not stink the Scotchman out of the house,” said Joe, “I’ll be content to

be tarred and feathered; and then they both laughed till they stopped to get breath.”

I could scarcely help laughing myself; but I begged Monaghan to convey the horrid creature away, and throw it at the back of Layton’s shanty, that he might enjoy some of the perfume as well as ourselves; and putting some salt and sulphur into a tin plate, and setting fire to it, I placed it in the middle of the room, and closed all the doors for an hour, which greatly destroyed the skunkification. Bell then washed out the closet with strong ley; and, in a short time, no vestige remained of the malicious trick which Uncle Joe had played off upon us. On the ninth of June, my dear little Agnes was born; and towards noon of the same day, I heard a great noise in the room adjoining mine; when the nurse informed me that it was occasioned by the people who came to attend the funeral of Phœbe H—. She only survived the removal of the family a week; and, at her own request, had been brought all the way from — Plains, to be interred in the burying ground on the little hill which overlooked the stream. As I lay upon my pillow, I could distinctly see the spot, and mark the long funeral procession, as it wound along the banks of the brook. It was a solemn and imposing spectacle, that humble funeral. When the waggons reached the rude enclosure, the coffin was carefully lifted to the ground, the door in the lid opened, and old and young approached, one after the other, to take a last look of the dead, before consigning her to the oblivion of the grave. Poor Phœbe! Gentle child of coarse and unfeeling parents! few shed more sincerely a tear for thy early fate than the stranger whom they hated and despised. Often have I stood beside that humble mound, when the song of the lark was above me, and the bee murmuring at my feet, and thought that it was well for thee that God opened the eyes of thy soul, and called thee out of the darkness of ignorance and sin to glory in his marvellous light. Fourteen years have passed away since I heard anything of the family, or what had become of them, when I was told, by a neighbor of theirs, last winter, that the old woman, who now nearly numbers a hundred years, is still living, and inhabits a corner of her son’s ba 2, as she still quarrels too much with the wife to reside with Joe—that the girls are all married, and gone; and that Joe himself, although he does not know a letter in the book, has turned travelling preacher. After this, who can doubt the existence of miracles in the nineteenth century?

THE IMPOSSIBLE DUEL.

AN ANECDOTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE KARR.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

THE Duel which was expected to take place lately between M. Villèle and the Vicomte de Chabannes, has ended in an explosion—not of gunpowder, but of laughter.

These two gentlemen met at a Café one evening—got into a trifling dispute—warmed—quarrelled—and some hard words were interchanged. M. Chabannes, unfortunately, does not possess the most unimpeachable character in the world in the point of courage, and M. Villèle thought himself quite safe in sending a *friend* to him next morning, with a formal challenge. To M. Villèle's great surprise the challenge was accepted, and a gentleman named by the Vicomte as his second.

The friends of the two parties met, arranged the preliminaries, and M. Villèle's friend returned to him to report progress.

"Well!" said he, as he entered the room where his principal sat, looking somewhat disconsolate. "Well! all is arranged—you meet this afternoon."

"Ah! indeed!"

"At three o'clock."

"Very good!" again interrupted M. Villèle, with an air of desperate resignation.

"In the wood of Vincennes."

"Be it so!"

"At twenty paces."

Each additional particular of the forthcoming encounter was a new shock to the unfortunate man; but a cheering idea seemed suddenly to enter his mind, and with more self-possession and confidence he now replied:

"Twenty paces—eh? Well! let them have it so if they will; but for my own part I should have liked as well fifteen, or even ten paces."

"I mentioned fifteen paces at first," answered his friend, "but the Vicomte's second insisted upon twenty."

"Ah! you yielded this point to them?"

"I did."

"Well, I shall yield no more."

"There will be no occasion; all is arranged."

"We shall see.—I am the injured party—am I not?"

"It is to be supposed so, as you are the challenger."

"Then of course I have the choice of weapons."

"But, Monsieur, I have already told you that this was all settled."

"No matter! I have the choice of weapons—and I choose the sword!"

"What—the sword! Have you not often said that you would rather fire a pistol ten times, than draw a sword once?"

"Did I ever say so in particular reference to this affair?"

"No, but —"

"There is no *but* in the case. I have been insulted—I am the challenger—I have the choice of weapons—and I take the sword."

"Since that is your determination, M. Villèle, I must wait again upon the Vicomte de Chabannes' friend."

"Why so?"

"To make new arrangements, of course."

"What need of that? Did you not settle that we were to fight at twenty paces?"

"Certainly!"

"Then I will not disclaim the concession you have made in my name: I am ready to fight at twenty paces!"

"Come now, Villèle, that's reasonable again."

"Though I must repeat that I should have preferred fifteen paces, or even ten."

After a moment's pause his friend resumed:

"Have you good pistols?"

"No!" replied M. Villèle;—"what to do?"

"How! what to do? a pretty question—why, to fight, to be sure!"

"But I'm not going to fight with pistols, I tell you."

"There now, we're at cross purposes again. Did you not say this moment that you accepted the twenty paces?"

"Yes! I accept the twenty paces, but I do not accept the pistols. Thunder and lightning!" ejaculated M. Villèle, as he gained confidence in the strength of his position; "I am not at the command of the Vicomte de Chabannes, to do just as he or his second pleases. I have made one concession already and shall not retract; twenty paces they asked, and twenty paces I have given them. To that I now adhere; at twenty paces we shall fight—not an inch more or less. But do not imagine that I am going to yield tamely every one of my rights in this affair. I have made one concession,—I shall not make two. Twenty paces be it—but, understand me well, with the sword!"

All argument was vain. M. Villèle remained unalterably obstinate in his resolution, or, as he said, "firmly maintained his rights."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the duel never took place.

A FORLORN HOPE.

A RECOLLECTION OF BADAJOZ.

BY ALLASTER.

"I say, you must have the best disciplined troops in the army which you maintain for the service of their country."

WELLINGTON IN PARLIAMENT.

Bagpipes sang "**cha-mi-tu-lill,*" and the fair-haired men
came out,
With eyes like skies, when bonny Juna looks merrily
about;
And hearts, like heaving billows in their deep and surging
might,
Swept forward in stern majesty to grapple with the
fight,
They were men—who every moment charged each
moment's precious breath,
They were "bairns o' Celtic mithers"—they were men
who look at death.

There might be thoughts of other lands—of blue and
heathery hills,
Of dark and glassy sleeping lochs, and low melodious
rills,
But they rose but for a moment—they were cast away
in scorn,
The belted plaid held nothing to degrade them or to
mourn.
They were bairns o' Celtic mithers that that could
whistle out their breath,
And look with bounding bosom on the ghastliest front
of death.

There might be wafted fragrance "frae the bonnie, bonnie
broon,"
But it warned them, like a native seer, to hail the hour
of doom;
That to shrink was like the "Black Monteth" to dree
a weid of guilt,
To think that "mithers' milk was vain" and honour was
unfelt,
But the belted plaid was over them—the answer was
made low—
The "*Bodach*" called for us—we are willing—and we go.

A tale too, of the lark, that sings so sweetly o'er the
lake,
Might carry back the faithful heart for childhood's
yearning sake.
It might brood through blessed minutes "o'er the land
sae far awa,
The least an' the kindest that their ain e'en ever saw."
But in their mountain loyalty they sank their ancient
troth.
Ne'er be it said that plaided Gael forgot the soldier's
oath!

• "We return no more,"—a coronach of the Alpin or
MacGregor family. It is frequently chanted by trains of
Highland emigrants when leaving the straths of Lomond.
Like the Swiss with their Ranz-des-Vaches, they have
many pathetic airs that might bespeak a return to those
"Homes and beds of heather," but, unlike them, they have
a hard landlord and a cold welcome to forbid it.

They thought not of the wail must rise o'er one peace-
hallowed glen,
When they muttered out the slogan and strode forth
like martyr men;
They thought not of the silence that would fall upon the
shieling,
Nor the ashes strewn upon the fire of woman's fervent
feeling.
They went as men who dare the worst—at honour's
"sacred bode,"
And in vict'ry's bloody banners rest with freedom and
with God.
Glen Hulahan.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY SAMUEL R. CARNELL.

Time's waves dashing on tow'rd's eternity's ocean,
May bear every fondly loved object away,
But 'twill live in the heart, till each tender emotion
Is softened, made holy, in memory's ray.

When Summer again wears her beauties and treasures,
And blossoms hang perfumed and fair on the tree,
How sadly my heart will remember old pleasures,
And the bliss it has felt as I've gazed upon thee.

I shall think of thee often when evening descending,
O'er mountain and flood, does its beauty impart,
And when night in its stillness, soft influence lending,
Wakes the chords of deep feeling which dwell in the
heart.

I shall think of thee often, thou loveliest, dearest,
Nor forget thy sweet face on a far distant shore,
A dark cloud may pass o'er the sky when 'tis clearest.
It has been so with me—I shall see thee no more.

I must bid thee farewell, a sad farewell forever,
Gad I might dream must fade, and be broken its spell,
And thine eyes, oh! those eyes! with their soft light may
never
Beam one joy o'er my path. Fare-thee-well, love!
farewell!

APATHY.

There is a curse,—the direst of all those
Which gather o'er our life;—it is to bear
All that should grieve us without grief; to wear
A heartless calm, a loathsome peace, when woes
Are dealt unto us largely; vile repose
Usurping the blank soul: while hope and fear
Alike forsake us, and the natural tear
No longer from the heart, like life-blood, flows.
This only do I dread: from this alone,
O Fate, defend me! though it be my doom,
To writhe, ere long, beneath a scourge of steel,
Shield me from horror's worst—the heart of stone.
Whate'er the ills that are as yet to come,
Grant me the power their keenest edge to feel.

A SNUFF BOX WALTZ.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The music begins with a whole rest in the upper staff and a quarter rest in the lower staff. The melody in the upper staff starts on a quarter note D5, followed by eighth notes E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, and C6. The bass line starts on a quarter note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, and C5.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a series of eighth-note triplets (marked with a '3') and accents (^) over notes G5, A5, and B5. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes and eighth notes.

The third system of musical notation shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff includes slurs and accents over eighth notes. The lower staff continues with its accompaniment pattern.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The upper staff features a final melodic phrase with accents (^) and a fermata over the final note. The lower staff ends with a final chord. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present at the beginning of the system.

THREE RIVERS.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

WE have pleasure in presenting to the readers of the Garland a view of the Town of Three Rivers, copied from an engraving originally published in Bartlett's "Canadian Scenery." In connexion with it we give an extract from a letter of Charlevoix, written about one hundred and thirty years since, showing what Three Rivers then was. It has not made so much progress as from its importance in the early history of Canada might have been expected. It is however, a busy and well peopled town, and must always be a place of great interest to the traveller, who will find in its neighbourhood some of the most beautiful scenery and romantic falls which this country, rich as it is in grandeur and beauty, presents to the eye. The lover of the majestic and picturesque will find himself richly repaid by a visit to it. In a former number of the Garland, a graphic description was given of some of the most striking features, in a paper called "A Cruise up the Black River,"—one of the three from which it derives its name:

"After embracing the missionary at Beckan-court, visiting his canton, and making with him melancholy reflections on the inevitable consequence of the disorder I have been mentioning, and for which he is often under the necessity of making his moan before the Lord, I crossed the River Saint Lawrence, in order to get to this town. Nothing, Madam, can possibly exceed the delightfulness of its situation. It is built on a sandy declivity, on which there is just barren ground sufficient to contain the town, if ever it come to be a large place; for at present it is far from being considerable. It is, moreover, surrounded with every thing that can contribute to render a place at once rich and pleasant. The river, which is near half a league over, washes its foundations. Beyond this, you see nothing but cultivated lands, and those extremely fertile, and crowned with the noblest forests in the universe. A little below, and on the same side with the town, the Saint Lawrence receives a fine river, which, just before it pays the tribute of its own waters, receives those of two others, one on the right, and the other on the left, from whence this place has the name of the Three Rivers.

* * * * *

"They reckon but about seven or eight hundred souls on the Three Rivers; but it has in its

neighbourhood sufficient wherewithal to enrich a great city. There is exceeding plentiful iron mines, which may be made to turn to account whenever it is judged proper.* However, notwithstanding the small number of the inhabitants in this place, its situation renders it of vast importance, and it is also one of the most ancient establishments in the colony. This post has always, even from the most early times, had a governor. He has a thousand crowns salary, with an *Etat Major*. Here is a convent of Recollets, a very fine parish church, where the same fathers officiate, and a noble hospital adjoining to a convent of Ursuline nuns, to the number of forty, who serve the hospital. This is also a foundation of M. de St. Vallier. As early as the year 1650, the seneschal, or high steward of New France, whose jurisdiction was absorbed in that of the supreme council of Quebec, and of the intendant, had a lieutenant at the Three Rivers; at this day, this city has an ordinary tribunal for criminal matters, the chief of which is a lieutenant-general.

"This city owes its origin to the great course of Indians, of different nations, at this place in the beginning of the colony. There resorted to it chiefly, several from the most distant quarters of the north, by way of the Three Rivers, which have given this city its name, and which are navigable a great way upwards. The situation of the place, joined to the great trade carried on at it, induced some French to settle here, and the nearness of the River Sorel, then called the Iroquois River, and of which I shall soon take notice, obliged the governors-general to build a fort here, where they kept a good garrison, and which at first had a garrison of its own. Thus, this post was henceforward looked upon as one of the most important places in New France. After some years, the Indians, weary of the continual ravages of the Iroquois, and from whom the French themselves had enough to do to defend themselves, and the passes being no longer free, in which those Indians lay in ambush, and finding themselves hardly secure, even under the cannon of our fort, they left off bringing their furs."

* They are now effectually working them, and they produce some of the best iron in the world.

OUR TABLE.

RUSSEL; A TALE OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.—BY G. P. R. JAMES.

THERE is something so poisonous in the very atmosphere of vice, especially that of a sensual character, that we can hardly breathe in it without contamination. The delineation of it in all its odious and disgusting particulars, although accompanied with a detail of the ruinous consequences to which it inevitably leads, has a natural tendency to produce an effect the very opposite to that which the generality of the novel writers of the old school, and not a few of the present day, seem to have anticipated.

When we took up the work before us and commenced reading it, we were afraid we should be compelled to place it in the same category as those we have so unequivocally denounced. We did not duly consider the time and place—the age to which it referred, and the all but universal corruption which then prevailed. We did not reflect that the reign of that shameless Monarch constitutes the darkest and most humiliating portion of our History, and that an historical novel, like the one before us, although not professedly such, referring to that period, could hardly be expected to pursue its course without touching the predominating vices of the day, and thereby rendering its justly celebrated author liable to the imputation we felt disposed to fasten upon his character. But he touches upon them so lightly, and with so much delicacy, that we could not but forgive him, the more especially as he transforms, with that magic power he so eminently possesses, the victim of seduction, into the faithful, and self and soul devoted wife.

We are here treading upon dangerous ground, we know—we feel we are. And yet we think, the matter is so well and delicately managed, that we are not quite beguiled into a compromise of our principles, when we recommend the work to the favourable notice of our readers. This we do, however, not without some little compunction and mental reservation: but the tale is so well told, and such a deep, and continuous, and thrilling interest is excited and sustained throughout the whole length of it, that we cannot withhold our recommendation, and so little of evil is inter-

mingled—or rather we should say of vice, and so much of all that is high and holy, and honorable and virtuous, that if we have erred in thus recommending the work, we may hope to participate in the Syrian soldier's prayer, for permission to bow with his master to an idol god, without offence.

We have not, however, yet done with our author—we wish we had, for he is a great favorite with us, and what we have further to say, tends somewhat, we are sorry to say, to lower him in our estimation.

We think we have caught him in a gross and flagrant art of plagiarism. It may be accidental, but we can hardly believe it.

In a recent work of Lever's—"The Nevilles of Garretstown"—the brother of the rightful heir to the family property, assumes it on the pretence that he is dead. He has been suspected of treason, in consequence of his supposed adherence to the cause of the pretender James the III. He flees his territory, and nothing is heard of him for years.

A magician and conjurer comes into the neighbourhood, and the usurper applies to him, under some remorseful misgivings as to the precarious position with regard to the tenure by which he holds the property. Some fearful disclosures are made by this magician, which induces him to give it up to the rightful owner, the magician himself, who is the father of the hero of the story. In James' tale, the work before us, one of the principal characters is placed in precisely the same predicament. A usurper takes possession of the family estates and title, on the supposition that the real heir, who had fled his country in consequence of being accused of high treason, had been drowned at sea. This, however, was not the case. The heir returns in the character of a magician and conjurer, when the very same scene is enacted over again.

The similarity is too striking to have been accidental; and unless George Prince Regent James can find out other means than any we can devise for him, to wipe off the stain from his literary character, he must submit to the imputation of unpardonable plagiarism.

"THE FAVORITE OF NATURE."

THIS anonymous work, which came to us highly recommended, did not quite realise our expectations. Perhaps, we were a little fastidious; or, it may be, the praises we had heard bestowed upon it led us to expect too much. Whatever be the reason, we have been disappointed, and do not like it. There appears to us a strain of overwrought sentimentality through the whole of it.

With the exception of some rather unlady-like expressions, put into the mouth of a personage intended for a *real* lady, the style and manner is, if not good, above mediocrity.

The tale itself is very interesting; and would be more so, were it not that there is a little too much flirting in it, as well as rather too many extraordinary impossibilities. The characters are well and naturally delineated, save and except the sickly sentimentality to which we have allready, perhaps too harshly, alluded. Yes! some little feeling of misgiving, for the manner we have spoken of this work, does come creeping over us, when we reflect upon its redeeming qualities, and compels us, almost against our will, to bestow upon it all but our unqualified praise and commendation.

THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE, BY LEVER.

THIS, we believe, is the latest work from the prolific pen of this talented and deservedly popular author.

Great writers, like great talkers, are very apt to become turgid and tiresome; and their works, like the tales of garrulous old age, twice, or ten times told, are not otherwise interesting to the reader, than as exhibitions of a versatility of genius, which place before us its fancy-formed characters in an array so different, and in a dress so varied, although still the same, that we are sometimes beguiled into the belief, at first sight, that they are neither the last efforts of its exhausted powers, nor the symptoms of its approaching dissolution.

We have had, alas! too many melancholy instances of authors thus writing themselves "out," but who have still written on. But Lever is not one of these, as the work before us will mani-

festly prove. If not the very best of his productions, it may certainly be considered as one of the brightest gems in the chaplet that already decks his brow.

The splendid and magnificent, although somewhat barbaric profusion in the establishment of the knight, contrasted with the high, and pure, and refined aristocratic feelings, and conduct and bearing of his English lady, the mistress of his mansion, and the proud mother of his children, is finely drawn, by, perhaps, the only pen that could have been safely trusted with such a subject.

His firm and unflinching integrity in that crisis of his country's fate, during her last agonizing and dying efforts for national existence, is exhibited in a manner so deeply interesting to our best feelings, as to commend our heart-felt sympathies and our highest commendations. It is an integrity—a patriotism so determined and uncompromising, that all the honors and titles that England could bestow, with all its gold to boot, could neither "bend nor break." And when deserted by nearly all his compatriots, who had united in "the last glorious cheer of the sinking crew," we see him standing nearly alone as the champion of his country's expiring independence:—affording to our great author a glorious subject, worthy of his pen; and he has nobly performed the task, and done it justice.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

WE have frequently had occasion to notice this excellent literary *melange*, which is certainly one of the best things of the kind produced in the United States. It contains the cream of the British Magazines and Reviews, selected with taste and judgment, and carefully printed, in a good round type.

The number now before us contains some valuable papers, besides several very interesting tales, and is embellished with an engraved portrait of Douglas Jerold, forming altogether a most attractive work. It deserves an extensive patronage, and we believe that it receives it.

The work may be seen at the Bookstore of Messrs. R. & A. Miller, where subscriptions will be received.