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THE
LITERARY GAZETTE.

Vol. I.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

No. 12.

TO OUR READERS.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.

Byron.

INAPPROPRIATE as our motto may have seemed, it was, at the moment of adoption, the best that occurred to our memory, as imaging the buoyant hopes with which we threw ourselves upon the stormy billows of public feeling—stormy then, for war—miniature and mimic though it was—had spread over the land her gory mantle, and shadowed too forcibly, the “thousand ills” which follow in the carnage-covered track of opposing hosts—stormy then, for thousands, who had never before heard the din of arms, had girded their loins for battle; and Peace, with her dove-like eyes in tears, had taken to herself wings, that she might fly away and be at rest. With enough of the unfettered nature of the Corsair’s soul, to palliate, if not to justify, the departure from rule implied by such a motto, it was necessary we should be imbued, to urge us, at a time like this, when men

“Slept with heads upon the swords

Their fevered hands might grasp in waking!”

When the day was laden with tales of blood, and the night was one long dream of glory, to cast before an excited people, a peace offering, humble and unpretending in its character as ours; the more especially when the death-knells of many similar efforts, undertaken under more smiling auspices, and in times less “troublous,” were hourly dinned into our ears—warning us to shun a path which all our predecessors had failed to thread—nay, in which the thorn so thoroughly overcame the flower, that no one had ever escaped unscathed from its dangerous labyrinths.

If we ventured to indulge the anticipation, that through our humble exertions might be laid a corner-stone to Canadian literature, we feel confident that the hope—chimerical and wild—nay, egotistical—as it appeared—will be forgiven in consideration of its motive, which was not bounded by any longing after worldly gain. No!—unhesitatingly we avow it—we commenced our task with no expectation of its yielding pecuniary advantage, it being rather designed to lead the public mind from its brooding upon the dangerously exciting topics with which it was daily fed—topics, the free discussion of which, we willingly confess, is necessary to the well-being of society, but which, if suffered too entirely to control the intellect, become perilous to the general weal, and in the end, as in our own case, may lead to ruin, anarchy and blood. Fancy not, gentlest reader, that we claim for ourselves that we perilled aught from motives of uncalculating patriotism. We dreamed not of danger—or of none which we could not overcome—for while we assert, and no one acquainted with

the circumstances will suspect us of wandering from the truth, that we anticipated no golden harvest, we as freely admit that we never feared, ultimately, a heavier loss than that of a small portion of the "midnight oil," which might have been more unprofitably wasted, than in the dissemination, as far as our limited ability and means permitted, of religion and morality—of patriotism, piety and peace.

It may have been that we were buoyed up with a hope of winning "golden opinions" for our voluntary exertions in so good a cause, and generously have the public awarded to us much beyond what we have justly merited. Nevertheless, we seek not to conceal the lesson taught us by our brief experience, that we should have reaped the disappointment, which, we fear, would have been justly ours, had we not been aided by many—our equals in zeal and in enthusiasm—but immeasurably our superiors in all the requisites for rendering enthusiasm and zeal effective. For ourselves, we have earned no credit beyond that of having prepared the soil—other and more skilful hands have trained the flowers whose beauty has adorned it—their generous aid has stripped our task of its toil, and left us little else than to wander among the blossoms they have so profusely scattered over our editorial pathway. The difficulties, too, which threatened to impede our way, have vanished into "airy nothing," as we approached, charmed away by the same magic influence, leaving no obstacle more tangible than those misty isles which fly from the ocean track of the gallant tar, when his bark, dashing aside the waves, reaches the spot where the vapour-wreath hath risen from the bosom of its mother-sea.

In the remarks with which our editorial labours commenced, it was stated, that "if at the expiration of twelve months, the GARLAND should not have gathered a stem sufficiently powerful to support itself," it would, of necessity, "droop and wither as has been the fate of many a more beautiful and classic wreath." With the present number the probationary year expires, and we feel pleasure in stating that for many months we have ceased to consider the GARLAND as a doubtful experiment. On every hand there has been extended to it so cordial a manifestation of feeling, its successive numbers have been received with such animating and universal kindness, that we should have indeed been laggards in spirit could we have doubted of its ultimate success, or faltered in the career which our choice had pointed out.

We will close these brief remarks with the expression of our sincerest thanks to the contributors, who have elevated the GARLAND to its present position—to the press, which has generously cheered it on its way—and to the people, who have given it a fair and liberal trial, and an impartial verdict. Their united favours have solved the problem, whether a literary plant may exist and flourish among the political shrubs, which, overshadowing the land, preserve in vigorous freshness our magnificent constitutional tree, by the healthful nourishment they yield to its undecaying roots, and liberty-loving branches, the people who support, who cherish and adorn it.

One word of the coming year—the arrangements which have been made are such as, we hope, will satisfy our readers, that no exertion is wanting to deserve their esteem and confidence. We love not to promise, lest we should raise anticipations, the result would disappoint; but, at least, we have no fear that the GARLAND will degenerate—the second volume will, in all things, equal the first—should we not grievously fall short of our expectations, it will excel it.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FIRST BELOVED.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.

Lady Sandford failed not in her appointment. On the day following she came alone, and after farewells, many as if years and distance were to divide them, Alice left her mother's side for the first time, and entered the carriage. The drive to Oakley Abbey was very beautiful, and when the first view of the handsome pile caught her eye, she was transported with delight; the grounds appeared to be most tastefully laid out, with long shady walks, smooth lawns and rich plantations. The numberless exotics which filled the balconies were a new charm to Alice.

"Nor need you fear gathering as many as you like," said Lady Sandford, smiling at her exclamations; "for we have no cross old Davy to chide you here; but I must carry you to my nursery where bloom my favourite blossoms."

On leading her through the rooms to this, Alice could not but admire the cheerful elegant arrangement she beheld, so different to the abode she had just quitted. When she entered the nursery, she was immediately surrounded by four lovely children, who gazed awhile in surprise on the stranger, then ventured to show her their various treasures, consisting of wooden horses without their heads, broken carts, and dolls deprived of their eyes, asking her at the same time innumerable questions.

"I see you will soon become excellent friends," observed Lady Sandford, who looked with maternal pride and affection on the youthful group; "they must not however be suffered to tire you—permit me to show you to your apartment."

On reaching the end of a long gallery, Lady Sandford threw open a door; the room beyond was light and pleasant; in all its arrangements attention to the comfort of her youthful guest had evidently been considered, and as Alice gazed around her she mentally said, "How perfectly happy should I feel if my dear mamma were only with me." When left alone she sat down at the window to enjoy the beautiful prospect without; it seemed as if she had been suddenly carried from some magician's cavern to fairy-land, and her spirits rose in proportion; she could have gazed entranced forever, but the entrance of Lady Sandford's maid to dress her, interrupted her

pleasing meditations. When the duties of the toilette had been performed, Lady Sandford very kindly came to take her down stairs, and appeared much struck with her lovely appearance, attired as she was with the utmost simplicity, her rich golden tresses flowing round her fair brow, and her laughing blue eyes beaming with innocence. On entering the drawing-room, she was presented to Sir Robert Sandford, who welcomed her with the utmost cordiality; she looked for a moment in his face and beheld a countenance expressive of great good nature, though by no means handsome. Several other guests were present, to all of whom Alice was introduced until her cheek became suffused with agitation, on finding herself surrounded by so many strangers. Douglas, she perceived at some distance, amusing himself with the children, but on seeing her approach with his sister, he instantly advanced to meet her, and remained by her side until dinner was announced, when he drew her arm within his and placed himself next her at the table. During the repast, Lady Sandford smilingly repeated the message with which she had been charged by Lady Mactavish to her husband. He was much amused as he observed, "the good lady has a retentive memory, for the misdemeanour occurred last winter, and I remember her following us with two or three of her attendants screaming, 'gang ye're gait frae my premises, ye English loons—else I'll have ye a' put e' the stocks if ye break ane o' my fences wi' your harebrained practices an' abominations.'"

Douglas turned to Alice and smiled, saying "you see you are not the only delinquent."

"And yet I can assure you, with all her eccentricities, my aunt possesses a most kind heart," replied Alice; "no poor person is ever sent from her gate unrelieved—I begin quite to love her."

"You are a loving and a loveable being," murmured Douglas in a low tone. The eyes of Alice fell beneath his as he uttered this; it was the first time he had expressed himself so warmly, and she experienced a tremor at her heart.

In the evening the whole party strolled on the lawn. Douglas knowing that Alice was fond of beau-

tiful scenery, led her to all the most picturesque and romantic spots. Never had she felt so happy; and it was with much interest he watched her expressive countenance, and listened to her exclamations of delight. As they walked together, he told her that it suited not the taste of his sister to live so constantly in society, but she submitted to it for the sake of her husband, even while she felt it a sacrifice. "She however never will have her mornings interrupted," continued Douglas; "these she entirely devotes to the romping group in the nursery, and to her charities; you, no doubt she will admit at all hours, since you are one after her own heart."

"Lady Sandford is very kind," replied Alice; "when I came to Ravenscourt, I conceived it would cast a shadow over every hope, but it has instead realized them all, and granted more than I dared to expect."

"And what were those hopes?" asked Douglas. The enquiry called a deep blush to the cheek of Alice, for until it was made she had forgotten the share he had possessed in them; she remained silent; he gazed at her a few moments, and then said:

"How blessed you have been in your excellent mother; and how sad it is when we see the young, the gifted, the beautiful, reared by parents who, alive only to their worldly aggrandizement, forget the higher state for which they have been created;" and he sighed. Alice knew that he alluded to Lady Ellerton, and she replied not. One of the children at this moment bounded towards them; Douglas lifted him in his arms and kissed him affectionately.

"What an engaging creature," observed Alice; "how often I have wished for such a little brother or sister."

"Then you behold him now," replied Douglas, holding the boy down to receive her caress; "for we shall not soon part with you again—are you content?"

"More than content, I am happy, yet a chain so slightly linked must soon be broken, when my father comes, and may God speedily restore him, Alice Graham will be far from Oakley Abbey."

Douglas laid his hand lightly, and for an instant, over her sweet face as she spoke; and he smiled but spoke not again.

On retiring to her room at night, Alice sat down to recall the events of the day, and to review herself, that she might feel assured she had acted in all things as her affectionate mother would have wished her. She remembered her admonitions, and opened her bible to read it with a grateful happy heart, although she missed the dear companion of her childhood. When she laid her head upon its pillow, thoughts of Douglas occasionally stole over her; as she watched the bright moon-beams gleaming through the windows, she could not forbear remarking the perceptible change in his manner towards herself;

hitherto it had been at times distant and constrained, but what kindness, what friendship he had evinced today. "He beheld me alone amongst strangers and he wished to give me confidence," she mentally said; then the remembrance of his frequent admiring gaze fixed upon her, would contradict this implied reason. "Alas, let me not deceive myself," she continued, "if he has loved another truly and devotedly, he cannot so soon forget such thoughts, depart! help me, my father, to meditate more according to thy divine will. Oh! suffer me not to be carried away by vanity, or from the happy fold of the good shepherd."

In the course of the following day, Lady Sandford sought her brother; she found him writing in the library.

"My dear Malcolm," she said, placing in his hand an open letter; "I am come to announce news which I fear will prove disagreeable to you, and destroy our pleasant arrangements for the next few days."

"What can you possibly mean, Clara, with that portentous face," replied Douglas, looking up surprised; "some dire event must surely have caused it."

"No, no," returned Lady Sandford, smiling; "but you are aware that Robert became acquainted with Lord Ellerton last winter during their field sports, and each promised the other to pay a visit at Oakley Abbey, and at Woodsgate; Robert induced me to invite them here some time ago, which they then declined, but I have just now received a letter from Lady Ellerton, saying they will take us *en route*, for a few days, as they are proceeding to the Dowager Lady Ellerton's—of course she cannot be aware that you are here—what shall I do, I am quite perplexed?"

"What shall you do?" repeated Douglas, while his cheek crimsoned, "why receive them of course. Lady Ellerton, as a married woman, is nothing to me."

"How you delight me, my dear brother," replied his sister; "you have quite relieved my heart—but tell me," she continued gaily, "how far has that lovely little Alice caused so sudden a change in your sentiments; you were quite animated yesterday while conversing with her."

"Pshaw—folly—away and interrupt me no longer—I am deeply engaged," and he playfully waved her off as he resumed his writing. Lady Sandford retreated with a light step and a gay air. She then mentioned to Alice, her expected guests, and that a large dinner party would take place on the morrow.

"Oh, dear Lady Sandford, you quite alarm me," returned Alice, "I have been so little used to large circles that I dread them."

"You shall meet full support, sweet Alice, rest assured," replied Lady Sandford kindly; "and I think it will even prove beneficial to you to surmount

this repugnance to society, which strengthens by indulgence, until you become nervous at the sight of strangers. I am no advocate for entering too constantly into it; frequently would I give worlds to be alone, when I am surrounded by a crowd, but in moderation it is desirable. Even Douglas agrees with me, and you respect his opinion, knowing his sentiments I am sure."

"Indeed I do," replied Alice, warmly; "I never heard one from him which was not in accordance with all I have been taught to venerate."

Lady Sandford pressed her lips on the open brow of the dear girl, as she uttered this, saying, "you are a good child, and Heaven knows I would be the last to wish one like you initiated into the unmeaning, frivolous pleasures of the present day; you are reserved for better things, I trust."

When Alice was again alone, she thought of her meeting with Lady Ellerton, with extreme repugnance; the intelligence had so taken her by surprise that she was unprepared for it. She almost wished herself restored to the gloom of Ravenscourt. She wrote a note to her mother, detailing all her news, after which, to divert unpleasant reflections, she joined the children, who had all become extremely fond of her. In their merry society, she soon forgot them all, and entered with her whole heart into their sports on the lawn, shared by Rudolph, perfectly unconscious that her every movement was beheld with interest by the solitary occupant of the library.

Several of the visitors had left Oakley Abbey this day, and the circle at the dinner table was a small one, much to the content of Alice. Sir Robert Sandford placed her next himself. He was delighted with her natural manners, and she found in him one possessing a kind heart, yet wanting in a sound judgment and a gifted mind. He was warmly attached to his wife and children, had the most easy temper in the world, though he could occasionally exhibit fits of passion—he was certainly unsuited to Lady Sandford, in tastes and refinement, yet great was her affection for him, and earnest her hope, that his attention would become more turned to higher subjects than the nature of his present favourite pursuits permitted now—he and Douglas were excellent friends, though so perfectly dissimilar in all respects; he sometimes would laugh at the sentiments of his brother-in-law, even while in his heart he respected them, yet he never undertook any affair of importance without asking his opinion and advice.

Alice was standing with Douglas, in the balcony, on their return to the drawing-room in the evening, admiring the fragrant plants, and venturing to gather a few; he was unusually silent, and frequently replied not to her questions.

"He is thinking of tomorrow and of Lady Ellerton," she mentally said, and she moved away from him. Suddenly he approached her, and taking her

hand, he led her down the steps on to the lawn, saying:

"Come with me and I will show you my favourite walk." His manner was hurried, and Alice looked surprised as they entered a beautiful grove of trees. "How preferable is this," he continued, "to the glare of heated rooms and crowded assemblies; my spirit seems bound in fetters when amidst such scenes, whilst here it ranges free and light, far above their false joys."

"You did not always think so?" enquired Alice in a low tone.

"No, indeed, but the chastening hand of a divine father, taught me to view many things differently to what my own obscured vision had beheld in them before, and I started from my career of folly as from a basilisk."

"And you are happy now?"

"Yes, dear Alice, far happier."

Alice looked astonished and confused, for he had never addressed her before, but as Miss Graham.

"Can that be possible," she said softly, "I thought——" here she paused.

"You thought what, sweet Alice?—tell it me."

"Oh! no, no, it was nothing," and her eyes fell beneath his searching gaze, as she spoke.

"I see, I must not press you," he replied; "yet I would gladly read all your thoughts as they rise in your pure mind."

Alice shook her head.

"Oh, never, never," she murmured; "who would like that, would you?" and she looked up in his face smiling.

"I feel very much inclined to confide them to you, even at this moment," he answered in an animated tone, as he took her hand; "if I do, will you promise me yours in return; nay, do not look alarmed, Alice, are you aware that I called at Ravenscourt today." Alice breathed more freely.

"No, indeed, I was not; did you see my mamma?"

"I did, and what think you she gave to me?"

"How can I know?"

"Why, her only child, Alice, provided I was so fortunate as to obtain her own consent."

Alice now became so fearfully agitated, and her cheek so pale that Douglas in alarm supported her with his arm. He was much distressed when a burst of tears shook her whole frame.

"Good God, Alice, how is this," he exclaimed, "have I then indulged a dream from which I must awaken in despair. Tell me is your heart cold towards me, when I conceived it mine?"

Alice strove to answer him, but for some time she was unable; at length she faltered, in a tone scarcely audible, yet slightly indignant:

"It is you who have none to bestow; and think you I would accept your hand?"

Douglas started; for many minutes he was silent, for he now shared in her agitation.

"You then have learnt the story of bygone days. Alice, can you for one moment think me so base, so dishonourable, as to endeavour to gain you, while my affections were given to another, and that other a married woman? Oh, no—she proved all unworthy—cold—ungrateful—heartless; she is erased and forever, from my heart and thoughts. When I first knew Beatrice Chantry, my character was uninformed—my mind unfixed—I was thoughtlessly pursuing a life which would have led to misery—she fascinated my senses, but it remained for you, my gentle, pious girl, to gain my love; now what say you, will you confide in my word, my honour?" and he pressed her tenderly as he spoke.

"I dare not doubt either," replied Alice, still trembling from emotion; "and yet I think if I once truly loved, my heart would never open to a second attachment—the first, I have ever heard, is the strongest."

Douglas smiled. "And how know you that Beatrice was the first; yes, try to look angry if you can, but I loved another before I ever beheld her."

Alice shrank from him. "Mr. Douglas, I desire you to leave me," she said proudly. "Oh, how unlike you are to all I have imagined."

"Is that the case, dearest Alice?" he returned in a tone the most provoking; "stay and listen to me," and he detained her as she would have passed him. "Have you forgotten some few years back a youth about fifteen years of age who saved a young lady from the flames in a burning vessel, who held her in his arms while hers encircled his neck, and she called him in the terror of the moment, 'her dear, her kind friend Douglas.' Ah you may well blush; that little lady haunted the dreams of her young protector for months, till stirring incidents banished her from them—again has she appeared before him and he has made a vow to obtain his first love in spite of all she may have to say against it." The light playful manner in which he spoke restored in a measure the courage of Alice; he beheld the smile on her lip as he added, "now, sweet one, what say you to my resolve, fallen though I be from your high estimation."

"Oh, no, no, my words were uttered in haste," she replied, her whole countenance animated with the feelings of her young heart. "I retract them and beseech your pardon, I give you my fullest confidence, and —"

Douglas would not assist her to conclude, for he delighted in her confusion; but when she placed her hand in his, he could no longer withstand the appeal, he clasped her to his bosom, exclaiming: "Mine forever, my darling Alice—what happiness has emanated from the disappointment of an unwise desire."

At this moment voices were heard drawing near,

"Oh, let me retire," said Alice; "I cannot meet strangers just now."

Douglas led her through a coppice towards the house; on arriving at the hall door, a few hurried words were spoken, when they parted, Alice hastening to her own room, where, closing the door, she threw herself on the couch and covered her face with both her hands. She remained alone fully an hour, at the close of which Lady Sandford softly entered; Alice started up, but on her lovely face were expressed calm piety and inward peace, announcing how that hour had been spent. Lady Sandford looked on her for a moment admiringly, then embracing her affectionately, said:

"My dear child, receive my congratulations, and allow me to assure you how sincerely I rejoice in the prospect of an event so replete with hope. From the first moment I beheld you, I felt sanguine as to the result, but I am now come to take you down stairs, where you are missed by us all."

Alice was affected by such kindness—she experienced a growing attachment for the amiable sister of Douglas, and her lightest wish was to her a law. She immediately descended with her to the drawing-room, where to her relief she found the whole party, with the exception of Douglas, engaged at cards. Lady Sandford led her towards him, and remained conversing with them both. From her extreme diffidence, it was difficult to discover the treasures concealed in the mind of Alice, but when, almost unknown to herself, she was drawn into conversation, the sense she displayed, combined with the purest simplicity and innocence, never failed to charm those who listened to her. How were her partial companions tonight enchanted. The day which followed this one, so eventful to Alice, proved beautiful; on awaking, the recollections of yesterday seemed to her as a bright vision, but when her thoughts became gradually composed, she felt the full reality of her happiness, and again were her prayers offered in grateful adoration to her Heavenly Father. In the course of the morning she had an interview with Mrs. Graham, who entered into her every feeling with all a mother's love, and anxiety; from her she received fresh exhortations not to set her heart too deeply on aught belonging to earth.

"Let your first treasure be laid in heaven, my precious child," she said, "for none other can be unattended with trials and disappointments. God be praised, that you have found favour in the sight of one who will help you in your heavenward pilgrimage; yet beware of making him your idol—never, never, let the creature usurp that place in your heart which belongs alone to your Creator, as you value your peace and your eternal welfare. Now, go my Alice, return to your friends—today I shall write our happy news to your dearest father."

Lady Sandford was very anxious that Alice should appear to the best advantage amongst her many ex-

pected guests this evening, and with all a woman's affectionate pride, she would assist at her toilette, wreathing amongst her beautiful hair some natural flowers, and placing a few well selected ornaments of her own on the trembling girl, who actually dreaded the approaching time. She had heard of the arrival of Lord and Lady Ellerton, and it may readily be believed with what agitation she expected to meet the latter—the last dinner bell had rung and no one came to conduct her down stairs. "I cannot go alone," she exclaimed, as she moved slowly and unwillingly from her apartment, but on reaching the hall, how were her fears relieved on beholding Douglas waiting for her. She almost flew towards him; he gazed delightfully upon her, for never had she appeared more lovely than at the present moment, when with a heightened colour she looked up to him for support and encouragement. He warmly pressed her hand and then unclosing the door, they entered the brilliant saloon together. Lady Ellerton was sitting on a couch at some distance; she raised her eyes towards them on their approach. Douglas at the instant had bent his head low to whisper in the ear of Alice, a smile irradiating his fine manly countenance—a look of agony crossed the features of Lady Ellerton, as she watched them, which she vainly strove to conceal. She pressed her hand over her eyes, and then turning to the lady who sat next her, she enquired the name of Alice. The answer she received did not appear to afford her pleasure; she continued to gaze on the young and beautiful stranger who was receiving such devoted attentions from the only one who she had ever loved, until she felt the full punishment of her cruelty towards him. Lady Sandford's children were all in the room, and immediately crowded round Alice. The little girls to admire her flowers, while Dudley, the boy, sprang on her knee. Douglas leant over the back of her fauteuil, endeavouring to save her from their too rude caresses, but she was thankful to have them near her, as they revived her spirits, and her soft thrilling laugh soon was heard united with their merry voices. The affection of Lady Sandford's manner towards her, as she approached to dismiss them, was very apparent, playfully scolding her for adding to their noise.

"Douglas must be engaged to her," thought Lady Ellerton. "Alas, at the altar he will pledge her those vows, and give her that love which was all too pure for a faithless deceiver. Oh, my mother, what misery hast thou heaped upon me,—how little know the world, the canker which is corroding at my heart, the mockery of that gaiety they conceive so natural."

Alice at this moment ventured to steal a glance towards one of whom she had heard so much; when she encountered the dark piercing eye of Lady Ellerton, rivetted upon her, and she deeply blushed; there might have been an expression of pity in the sweet countenance of the gentle girl—who could not help remarking the deep dejection depicted on that of her

rival, for in an instant Lady Ellerton proudly drew herself up, and entered into a light conversation with one of the gentlemen standing near her. Alice now sought for Lord Ellerton; he was talking gaily to Sir Robert Sandford, upon the interesting subject of the turf. There was nothing striking in his appearance, neither was he plain, but compared with Douglas. Alas, what an immeasurable disparity. On the assembling of the guests round the splendid banquet, the demon of envy took possession of Lady Ellerton, when she perceived the happiness of Douglas, and Alice, and she determined to mar its brightness if the power were hers to do so. She affected the gayest spirits, and talked and laughed, immoderately with Sir Robert Sandford, by whom she was placed. Lady Sandford retired early from the dinner table, as she expected several young people in the evening. Lady Ellerton then drew near to Alice, and asked if she were fond of music. "Most devotedly," was the reply.

"You sing, of course; have you heard Mr. Douglas? he has a fine voice."

"Beautiful; he often affords us the treat of hearing it."

"I must remind him of some of our duets to-night," continued Lady Ellerton, carelessly; "we had one especial favourite." As she spoke she opened the piano forte, and played a few notes in a masterly style. Alice watched her varying countenance; her features were faultless, yet there wanted softness in the expression of her face, that destroyed its feminine character. She was at the instrument when the gentlemen entered, and was immediately pressed to sing—she selected an air which she executed with much taste.

Douglas, who stood by the side of Alice, listened to it in silence; it was one he had given to Beatrice in Genoa, but with other words—those she sang to it now, were these:

I saw thee, yes, and heard once more,
That voice so often heard before;
I met thy smile, none knew but thee,
How dear that smile was unto me.

Once I felt thy hand press mine,
And, oh! whose touch can thrill like thine?
But, then, thy words were cold and few,
And they fell sad and strange from you.

I could have wept, I was not gay,
For memory wandered far away,
To those sweet groves and shady bowers,
Where we had passed such happy hours.

Alone—unheard without a fear
Of censuring eye—or listening ear—
'Twas there I knew you loved me well,
And there my thoughts forever dwell.

To me those hours now almost seem,
The wanderings of a midnight dream,
So bright—so tranquilly they passed—
Alas, too bright—too sweet to last.

And they are gone, behold me now,
The victim of a broken vow—
They coldly gave me to another—
“Oh thou hast been the cause, my mother.”

She ceased. Gradually had the countenance of Douglas become grave and overcast; during the strain, past scenes and thoughts seemed to flit before him. Alice ventured to address a few words to him, when the spell became instantly broken. He turned towards the confiding being who hung upon his arm, and replied to her in a voice full of tenderness; Lady Ellerton marked the change, and on rising from the instrument, approached him with a roll of music, saying in her softest tones: “You cannot have forgotten this; will you sing it with me, for auld lang syne?”

The face of Douglas flushed as he replied: “It has been a stranger to me so long, that I fear I have forgotten it—I should only mar your melody.”

“Impossible—deny me not, I pray you.”

His gallantry forbade refusal, and he led her back to the instrument. The duett was from the opera “*La Lucia di Lammermoor*.” Alice felt a sensation of pain as she listened to the rich manly voice of Douglas, blending with the sweet tones of Lady Ellerton’s, whose eyes repeatedly sought his; at the close, when they breathed a last “*addio*,” it was with a pathos so natural and expressive, that our young heroine sighed as she murmured: “I would that Douglas had either never met Beatrice Chantray or Alice Graham; it is terrible to doubt when we so deeply love—doubt,” she repeated, “dare such a word cross my lips in connection with the honour of a Highlander—away all unworthy suspicions—truth is stamped on his fine open brow; oh, how could she forsake a being like him, for worthless rank and riches.”

Her meditations were interrupted by the approach of Sir Robert Sandford, and a Lord St. Ives, who had requested an introduction. He was a very young man, remarkably lively in manner, and he soon entered into conversation. On perceiving the young people forming themselves into groups for dancing, he pressed Alice to join them; she would have declined, but he was not one easily refused, and he led her forward. He discovered that she was naturally cheerful, and his playful remarks, united to keen satire, called forth her risibility, when she felt it to be wrong. Her dancing was exquisitely graceful, and the admiration of all those near her. She continued to talk and laugh with her gay partner, perfectly unconscious that she had become an object of remark and notice; when the music ceased, Lord St. Ives conducted her towards the window opening

on the balcony; here she beheld Douglas, leaning with folded arms, his dark eyes fixed upon her as she drew near; the idea that he was musing on the past, which had been recalled by the presence of Lady Ellerton, again painfully haunted her, and, without addressing him, she passed with her companion into the balcony. Lady Ellerton smiled triumphantly.

“Shall we also stroll upon the lawn,” she murmured to Douglas. He almost mechanically offered his arm, and they descended the steps together, followed by several young people, amongst them a Miss Mowbray, who seemed to attach herself particularly to Alice. All appeared in light spirits save Douglas, when suddenly a low peal of thunder reverberating over their heads, checked their mirth. Lady Ellerton uttered a piercing scream and clung to him in terror.

“What is it you fear?” he inquired in a tone of the utmost seriousness.

“Oh, I have a horror of thunder, it terrifies me,” she exclaimed; “for mercy’s sake let us return.”

Another peal far more loud added to her alarm. Lord St. Ives laughed.

“Hush,” said Alice earnestly to him; “I have no fears, yet I could not laugh, when I hear what always appears to me a voice from Heaven.” A vivid flash of lightning played over her beautiful face as she spoke.

“Alice, you had better return with us,” urged Douglas anxiously, on perceiving her giddy companion endeavouring to detain her, while the rest were running swiftly towards the house, and he held out his hand to take hers. The storm had now fearfully increased, while heavy drops of rain were beginning to fall. Lady Ellerton hung heavily upon him, and impeded his advance.

“Alice, dear, hasten on, I intreat of you,” he said; “I cannot leave Lady Ellerton.”

“Nor will I leave you,” returned Alice; “let us both assist her.”

“Permit me to offer my aid,” said Lord St. Ives, approaching; “I have seven sisters—heaven help me—and I understand all the gradations of a lady’s swoon. Ah, this is relieved by tears—consequently is the least dangerous. Pray leave her to me, she will soon recover.”

For the sake of Alice, Douglas did so, and on seeing her safely in the drawing room, he hurried back to the lawn. Lady Ellerton was now sobbing violently. He entreated her, with a slight air of impatience, not to linger in the rain, and at length his persuasions were successful, and she suffered him to support her until they reached the house. Much confusion by this time reigned within; several of the guests had departed, whilst others expressed fears at the distance of their homes. Miss Mowbray said she should die on the road, such was her alarm at a thunder storm. Poor Lady Sandford

appeared in a dilemma—she offered shelter for the night to all those in her power, and asked Alice if she would object to Miss Mowbray's sharing her room. Alice was, of course, too happy to oblige her. The agitation and tears of Lady Ellerton had been checked by a good scolding from Lord Ellerton, who termed them "absurd affectation;" thus calm was restored within, although without the elements still raged with fury. Lord St. Ives, who had remained an amused spectator of the scene, now rose to depart, but the hospitable Sir Robert would not permit him, averring that it would be cruelty to his servants and horses.

"You had better allow me to go," said his youthful lordship; "I am a somnambulist, and may only add to the alarm of the ladies."

"That we can easily prevent, by locking you in your room," returned Sir Robert laughing; "you shall not leave my house this night, unless you do so in your sleep."

The party now dispersed; a few gentlemen only remaining up, who adjourned to the billiard room, where the pleasures of the game soon engrossed them. Douglas threw himself into a chair by the fire—his thoughts wandering far from those by whom he was surrounded. The thunder had rolled to a greater distance, and was now only heard between long intervals. A sensation of weariness gradually stole over him, and his eyes closed in sleep, but from this he was suddenly roused by a loud shriek; he started up and stood in a listening attitude.

"That is a case of a lady having set her night-cap on fire," cried Lord St. Ives, hastening to the door.

Another cry of terror burst on their startled senses.

"Good God; it is the voice of Alice," exclaimed Douglas, rushing from the room, and mounting the stairs, followed by the rest. On gaining the door of her chamber, they found it locked, while the screams had become more faint and distant. One blow from the powerful arm of Douglas burst the lock; the scene which presented itself was most unexpected, and alarming. The whole party rushed in—accompanied by Lady Sandford and several of the ladies, who had issued from their rooms on hearing the tumult. The cause of which we must now explain.

It was with glad feelings that Alice found herself once more in the quiet of her own room; the day had been one of great excitement, and it had fatigued her, she turned to her companion, and expressed her thankfulness that it was over.

"Are you?" replied Miss Mowbray, in a peculiar tone of voice.

Alice sat down and attempted to read her Bible; but she soon found how impossible it was to give it her attention; her mind wandered to the scene she had

quitted, painful thoughts arose, while forms would flit before her fancy, and the sounds of music ring in her ears.

"It is but sinful mockery to attempt it," she at length mentally said, as she closed the book. "Oh, how sad to spend many such evenings, which have thus the power to unsettle me from my duties; how will it grieve my dear mamma when I tell her."

She now took off her dress, and threw on a loose robe, whilst she unbraided her hair, and suffered it to fall in wild disorder over her shoulders. She turned to her companion, who appeared unusually silent, and perceived her sitting upon the floor apparently sharpening some instrument which she held in her hand.

"Shall I help to undress you, Miss Mowbray?" asked Alice; "it is very late and I feel quite weary."

"Not yet, not yet," replied Miss Mowbray hurriedly, and fixing her eyes upon her, she again applied the instrument on the floor.

"What are you doing there," enquired Alice. "I wish you would come to bed."

"What am I doing! look here," and she held up a small knife; "I am sharpening this to kill you with; nay, you need not laugh—you think I only jest, but you will find that I am perfectly serious."

Alice felt a cold chill creep through her, as she noticed a very wild expression in the eyes of her singular companion, during this speech. "You are very wrong to try and frighten me, Miss Mowbray," she replied, and I must go to Lady Sandford, who I am sure would be angry with you, were she to know it." And she rose from her seat.

"If you attempt to move," cried Miss Mowbray fiercely, "I will spring upon you, and stab you to the heart—the door is locked, you cannot escape me."

The alarm of Alice now became very great. She trembled violently and gasped for breath, while her companion held up the knife in a threatening manner.

"Merciful God, help me in this fearful moment," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in agony; "Oh, Miss Mowbray, you would not destroy me without allowing me a short time to say my prayers—refuse me not this, I implore you."

Miss Mowbray seemed to reflect a few moments, and then replied in an agitated manner:

"Yes, yes, you may say your prayers, but be quick, for I cannot wait long. Hark at the thunder! Oh, horrible night," and she wildly tossed her arms.

Alice had just power to rush into an adjoining small turret, or closet, and with a trembling hand turn the key in the door. She then opened the case-ment, and in a piercing voice screamed aloud for help; fortunately the storm having rolled farther away, enabled her cries to be heard, and she saw lights swiftly moving in several of the rooms. She

could no more, for faint and exhausted, she sank to the floor in a state of insensibility.

On the entrance of Douglas and Sir Robert Sandford into the apartment, they found Miss Mowbray alone, whose wild appearance, with the weapon of destruction clutched in her hand, struck them with horror. She was raving, and incoherently uttering exclamations of anger on the delay of Alice; it required their united efforts to secure and disarm her, when she was immediately removed. It appeared afterwards, that the unhappy girl had, some months previously, suffered from mental derangement, but from which she had recovered. The excitement of dancing—and the alarm she experienced at the storm, had, however, produced the fearful return we have recorded, and which had so nearly caused the destruction of Alice. Douglas, in a state of agitation not to be described, now called on the name of his beloved; but received no answer. He stood paralyzed, his cheek pale as death, his lips trembling from emotion.

“Be calm, my beloved brother,” said the distressed Lady Sandford; “the dear child has doubtless sought refuge here,” and she approached the closet; the door was instantly opened by Sir Robert. Here they discovered the object of their solicitude, lying as she had fallen, her beautiful hair streaming over her face and form—her eyes closed, as if in the sleep of death. Douglas groaned aloud as he raised her in his arms, and pressed her convulsively to his bosom, while his sister wrung her hands distractedly. Sir Robert, more composed, on examining her face, pronounced her only in a swoon, and suggested the propriety of removing her from the scene of terror. Douglas carried her past the alarmed guests, who crowded round him, making a thousand enquiries, which he staid not to answer, but conveyed her to his sister’s boudoir, and laid her gently on the couch. Every means were then used to restore animation, but, for a considerable time, without avail. Lady Sandford applied powerful restoratives to her temples, and spoke to her in the most soothing tones. At length the soft eyes of Alice unclosed, and rested upon her anxious attendants.”

“Oh, where am I,” she murmured; “what has been the matter—my mother, are you with me—am I safe?”

“You are safe, dearest Alice,” returned Douglas, in his tenderest tone; “speak to me, my own best love, and do not look thus fearfully upon me.”

Alice endeavoured to raise herself, but was unequal to the effort; her head fell back on the bosom of him who supported her.

“She will not come again, will she?” faltered the poor girl, shuddering. “Oh, those dreadful eyes, can I ever forget them?”

“Think not of them now, sweet Alice,” said Lady Sandford softly; “endeavour to compose your-

self, my dear child, do you not see Douglas—who can harm you in his presence?”

Alice turned towards him, and, on beholding his anxious affectionate countenance, as he bent over her, she ejaculated.

“Thank God; and may He ever bless you.”

Douglas pressed his lips on her fair forehead; a tear fell upon it while mentally he breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for her preservation. They continued to watch by her side until tranquillity seemed quite restored, and she seemed inclined to sleep. Douglas then, after gazing awhile on her face,—innocent as an angel’s,—gently withdrew his arm, which had held her up, and placing her head back on the pillow, withdrew with noiseless steps from the room; after which, Blandford, Lady Sandford’s nurse, was summoned, who remained with her the rest of the night.

The following day, Douglas brought Mrs. Graham to Oakley Abbey, wisely conceiving that nothing could so well accelerate the perfect restoration of Alice, as the seeing her mother. The agitation of this devoted parent may be imagined, when she was told the fearful scene which had transpired, and devoutly did she offer the homage of praise to the Almighty giver of good, who had watched over her darling child, and saved her from so frightful a death.

“You must allow her to return home with me after this,” she said, while sitting by her side in the boudoir, she held her in her arms; I could not sleep in peace another night without her.”

“That would be cruel to us all,” replied Lady Sandford; “let me rather persuade you to remain with us—nearly all my friends have left me to-day, and we shall form quite a small circle, so you can have no excuse.”

The eyes of Alice most eloquently seconded this request, and when the solicitations of Douglas were added, she could no longer resist, but accorded her consent, and restored happiness.

Alice continued very languid and suffered from occasional fits of trembling, all this day. She enquired with concern for the unhappy cause of her alarm, and learnt that Sir Robert Sandford had himself conveyed her home, where he had left her far more tranquil, the paroxysm having passed on the return of daylight.

In the evening, our young heroine descended to the drawing-room, where she was warmly welcomed. She scarcely expected to have found Lady Ellerton still at the Abbey, but on her entrance she perceived her sitting on a low stool, apparently studying a book with intense attention—a deep dejection was visible on her countenance. Sir Robert gaily congratulated Alice upon her blooming cheek, for the crimson had rushed there, as she encountered a quick angry glance from her rival. In the course of yesterday, Lord Ellerton had not particularly ob-

erved her, but he was now evidently struck by her beauty, and entered into conversation with her. Douglas, at the moment, was talking to Mrs. Graham; but, on hearing their voices, he turned round and hastening to her side, he drew her arm within his, saying:

"I have been waiting for you to stroll on the lawn; the air will refresh you, I think." He led her out on the balcony as he spoke, while Lord Ellerton looked at Sir Robert, and smiled, as he remarked:

"I robbed him of the dark eyes, and he is determined to keep strict watch over her of the blue. By Heavens, Sandford he little knows the service I rendered him. He is a fortunate fellow."

Sir Robert's answer was a light laugh.

On gaining the lawn, Douglas looked earnestly on his young companion, ere he said:

"Dearest Alice, yesterday was the least happy day we have spent together, even setting aside its fearful close," and he shuddered at the recollection.

"It was indeed so," she replied; "I felt thankful for every hour that chimed, and told me it was passing."

"Are you conscious of any cause Alice? let us be open with each other, and tell me why you talked and laughed so immoderately with that silly fop, St. Ives. I had no idea you could assume a gaiety you did not feel."

Alice looked with surprise in his face.

"I assumed no gaiety," she returned; "I endeavoured not to laugh, but I found him so amusing that indeed I could not help it. I liked Lord St. Ives very much."

"You did," said Douglas, amused with her ingenuous confession; "and you dare to tell me so, you little saucy lady; now pray own why you cast those cold glances upon me as you passed me at the window?—Ah, I have you there; that blushing cheek betrays you."

"I did not think your thoughts were with Alice," she replied, after much hesitation: "you looked so sad, that I feared they were wandering back to Genoa."

"I knew it; now, my own beloved Alice, never suffer such thoughts to steal into your mind again. Suspicion is a deadly foe to domestic happiness. Unless you were dearer to me than all the world besides, think you I would seek to unite my fate to yours?"

"But Lady Ellerton looked so unhappy, Douglas, and so beautiful, I thought it impossible, but some lingering recollections of the past must haunt you as you sang together."

"I pity Lady Ellerton from my heart, Alice, for she is united to one totally unfit to be the guardian of such a woman; but I cannot admire her; a more matured judgment has taught me to read her true

character, which, I grieve to say, has fallen irreparably in my estimation; she is as opposite to all I had conceived of Beatrice Chantray as she is to you."

"But her chief fault arose from a wish to please her parents. Can you not defend that?"

"Never," cried Douglas, with vehemence, and in a tone which startled Alice; "defend her, who basely deserted one, who at that time, would have died for her—who profaned the altar at which she knelt by breathing vows she respected not—who gave herself into the power of one man while another held possession of her affections. Alice, would you have acted in the same manner, under similar circumstances?" He paused in their walk, and fixed his eyes seriously upon her, as he spoke.

Alice felt distressed; she clasped her hands, as in a voice solemn and earnest she replied:

"Douglas, I would not. None on earth should have so swayed me from my faith—the thought is even dreadful, when you would have been the sacrifice."

"There spoke my own Alice," said Douglas, pressing her to his bosom; "be silent upon the faults of others—religion so teaches us, but never defend conduct which you disapprove and know to be culpable. You see," he continued smiling, "that I shall take upon myself to lecture when I think you wrong; what say you to this?"

"That I shall ever be most grateful to you for so doing; mamma always does; and it was only yesterday she said to me that in confiding me to you she felt the more happy, knowing you would prove an unerring guide, and you will find I need one too," she added laughing.

"You are a sweet, gentle girl, Alice," Douglas replied in a tone of tenderness; "and to lead such a being through life's journey will indeed be happiness unspeakable."

On retiring for the night to their room, Mrs. Graham united with Alice in a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty, for all his late mercies, and an earnest petition that His Holy Spirit might ever guide her in the paths of righteousness and peace. Alice then confessed to her mother the wandering state of her mind the previous night, and how fearful the idea was to her that she might have been cut off while thus unprepared. Mrs. Graham trembled at the retrospection.

"My blessed child," she replied, clasping her in her arms, "good angels did indeed hover near you—yet may the remembrance impress itself on your heart, and the warning words of your dear Redeemer to watch, never be effaced for one moment."

With what a feeling of security, Alice laid down to rest this, night as she beheld her fond and beloved mother reading by her side. Happy, holy thoughts, were hers, in which Douglas shared, until gradually

confused images flitted before her, and her eyes closed in the deep slumber of a mind at peace with all.

Lord and Lady Ellerton were to depart on the following day. Alice would not obtrude herself on the presence of the latter, and remained in her room.

As she beheld their travelling carriage before the door, what was her surprise when a low knock at hers announced a visiter, and on unclosing it, to perceive her ladyship.

"I have come to say 'adieu,' Miss Graham," she said, "and to consign to you this packet—make what use of its contents you please—may you be happy." And she abruptly turned away, on placing it in the hands of Alice, who stood for a few seconds gazing after her, without the power to reply. On breaking the seal, letters and innumerable notes met her eye; the hand-writing she at once recognised as that of Douglas. Some were addressed 'Alla piu, bella—delle belle.' Others: 'Cara Beatrice.' Alice reflected awhile, and then said:

"I can have no right to these—why place them in my power—what ought I to do with them—at once consign them to Douglas." And she refolded the packet, and descended to the library, where she knew he usually spent his mornings. Her gentle request for admission, was answered by his desiring her to enter.

"Ah, dearest Alice," he exclaimed, starting up from the table, where he had been writing; "I little thought it was you—what has procured me this welcome visit?" And he would have led her to a seat but she drew back, while her countenance betrayed agitation.

"I am not going to remain to interrupt you," she replied; "I merely came to give you these letters, which Lady Ellerton left with me even now. Unknowing what the packet contained, I broke the seal—but I see they are not destined for me—they are yours."

Douglas received the packet. On discovering its contents, his face crimsoned, while an expression of anger crossed it. He slightly stamped his foot, as he muttered:

"Dangerous, deceitful woman." He recovered himself instantly. "Alice, my beloved," he then said to the sweet girl; "I thank you, from my heart, for this beautiful proof of your confidence. God in heaven bless you and preserve you, from the machinations of those who would destroy your happiness. Nay, will you leave me so soon?" he continued; "you must say you will; be it so—the day is approaching when to share my solitude will be your right, and my dear privilege." He watched her as she left the room and saw her bound through the vestibule to follow her young companions, who were all collected on the lawn. "Innocent minded being," he mentally said; "how impressed one feels

with the perfection of true religion, which overcoming all the obstacles caused by natural sin, can produce such pure and upright principles. His grace has made you what you are, my Alice, and to His name be the praise alone."

At the end of a week Mrs. Graham felt that it was due to Lady Mactavish to return to Ravenscourt. She met with strong opposition, when she affirmed that Alice must accompany her.

"Too soon will she be lost to me," she said, smiling, to Douglas; "you cannot therefore deny her to me now."

Alice shed tears on leaving Oakley Abbey, where she had experienced so much affectionate kindness, and the gloom of Ravenscourt appeared greater than ever, as the gates were opened to receive her; but she was not allowed to wander alone amidst its shaded and sequestered walks. Douglas became her frequent visiter and companion. He would read aloud to her, while she copied from the beautiful flowers he brought, lest she might encounter the indignation of old Davy, and in a few weeks even Ravenscourt seemed changed into "an abode of delight."

The bright summer quickly passed away, and the falling leaves announced that season, so full of beauty, yet with melancholy united, when daily we witness the decay of some favourite shrub or flower to remind us that on earth we are beings but of time; like them we shall assuredly fade and die; like them we shall burst the bonds of our earthly bed and rise into a new existence; but here the similitude ends, since we shall soar far above this world, unto a life of immortality—should not the question then sometimes occur in our days of mirth, of laughter, of folly, and alas, of sin—will the road we have chosen lead to happiness eternal, or are we, blindly following the multitude in that which will conduct us to woe irremediable. The question is an awful one; yet let it not be cast aside, until the arrival of that hour, when it shall recur to us with fear and trembling, and we are constrained to cry: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Alice had strolled one morning down the avenue, and was leaning over the gate which opened into the road, revolving in her mind all that had occurred within the last few months, when, on suddenly looking up, she perceived a tall figure, enveloped in a cloak, approaching her with rapid steps. Alice started; she gazed for one moment on the handsome face of the stranger, then rushing forward, she threw herself into his arms in a transport of joy, exclaiming: "my father, oh! my beloved father, Heaven be praised, you are come at last."

Major Graham, for it was indeed him, clasped her fondly in his embrace.

"My own dearest child, my Alice; this is a mo-

ment replete with happiness; where is your mother, how is she?"

A thousand questions were asked and replied to, as they proceeded towards the house, while Major Graham continued to gaze with parental pride and delight on the beautiful girl by his side. The meeting between him and his devoted wife, was truly affecting. At first the realisation of her fondest hopes almost overpowered her, until a copious flow of tears relieved her; but when she came to reflect on his restoration, in answer to her petitions, how great was her happiness, how fervent her gratitude to the most merciful.

Major Graham appeared chilled by his long journey, and he drew near the fire to raise it into a blaze. Lady Mactavish, in the same moment, entered the room, and ere she paused to welcome him, she hastily advanced, and seizing the poker from his hand, exclaimed: "Deed, and ye'll no touch my fire, Sandy Graham, gude preserve us! if he has na raked it a' into the hearth;" but after carefully throwing it back, and then turning to address him, she perceived that he really seemed suffering from the cold, she immediately ordered logs of wood, and the best which her house afforded to be brought for his refreshment, "for we must kill the fatted calf this day," she said smiling, "if we stint for it a month hence."

"You do not consider me the prodigal son, I hope, good aunt," replied Major Graham laughing.

"Why, no just the same graceless ne'er do weel, though there is a sufficient resemblance to pronounce ye of ane family."

"I fear by nature we are all of the same family, my friend," returned Major Graham, "and need equally the forbearance and mercy of our Heavenly Father, which the Prodigal met with, from his earthly parent."

The return of a beloved object, after a long absence appears even more full of happiness, when a few days have calmed the various emotions and agitations we experienced on first beholding him thus it was with Mrs. Graham, who could then converse tranquilly with her husband upon the happy prospects of their child, and form plans for themselves full of hope and domestic peace.

When Douglas was presented to Major Graham, he looked in astonishment on his manly face and form as he exclaimed: "And is this the stripling I so well remember, whose presence of mind caused such admiration in an hour of danger and dismay—none can have a better right to the dear girl you saved—may God bless you both."

Sir Robert and Lady Sandford were much pleased with the gallant soldier, whose society proved a most agreeable accession in the family circle at Oakley Abbey, where the gaieties had ceased for the present, much to the content of Lady Sandford, who found the constant succession of company she had

been obliged to receive, both very fatiguing and hurtful to all right and serious reflections, Mrs. Graham and Alice frequently spent their mornings with her, while the gentlemen were engaged in shooting, over Sir Robert's fine estate. These little meetings were enjoyed by all, as they made them better known to each other, than years would have done, passed in crowds.

Often would Lady Sandford say, "how suited is this quiet life to me, and how far more rational than the vain frivolities of the fashionable world, which so totally unfit us for our higher duties, when immersed in these. I have at times felt quite unhappy, since I well know that they gradually estrange us from all thoughts of religion, which at length sinks into the mere form of attending church, while our hearts are far away from its sacred precincts—what mockery is this, and what ingratitude to our blessed Saviour, who underwent a life of privation, and a martyr's death, for our sakes. Robert most regularly goes to church; he says, that it is a proper example to set the lower orders. Alas, my dear Mrs. Graham, how perfectly ignorant he is that he needs the new heart, and the right spirit, as much as the greatest sinner there."

"Were your sentiments what they now are, when first you knew Sir Robert?" asked Mrs. Graham.

"Oh, no; to my noble brother, under divine Providence, do I owe the happy change—the chastening rod sent in love, cast him at the foot of the cross, and taught him to view with hatred his past thoughtless life. He then sought to lead me also, and Heaven be praised, he sought not in vain. The happiness I have experienced since that period you can understand; but none can know, who have never felt its calm joys, its inward peace. My dear kind Robert, oh, may a gracious God yet guide him to the realms of light, by the lamp of true religion."

One day Alice had driven over to Oakley Abbey, to spend it with her valued friends. Major and Mrs. Graham, had been invited, but they declined in consequence of the slight indisposition of Lady Mactavish from cold, and as she appeared unusually depressed in spirits they would not leave her alone.

Alice was received at the hall door by Douglas, who ushered her into the drawing room, where blazed a cheerful fire.

"Oh, how happy I always feel within these dear walls," she exclaimed, looking round her delightedly; "what peculiar charm rests here, to render it unlike all other abodes; Ah, I know," she continued, on encountering the affectionate gaze of Douglas, "were you away, even Oakley Abbey would become to me a wilderness."

Douglas clasped her to his heart. "You are a dear flatterer," he replied; "now tell me how will you reconcile the wild Highlands, after your long estrangement from them; are you prepared to be transported there, within a brief space?" Alice

was at a loss to comprehend him. "Come hither, my little lady, and I will explain," said Douglas, in reply to her enquiries, and he led her to a seat. "You pledged me your word that on the return of your father, you would bestow on me this dear hand; now because he has arrived rather sooner than we expected, you must not retract; nay, listen to me Alice, I have already addressed Major Graham on the subject, therefore it rests entirely with you to confirm my hopes."

"But why this haste, dear Malcolm," replied the agitated Alice; "are we not perfectly happy—now we are all together; but THEN I might be carried away from my parents, and indeed I could not bear it yet."

Douglas smiled; he pressed her hand, which was locked in his, and then said: "my darling Alice, I would not for worlds distress you, but must away at all events. I have received letters from my steward in Argyleshire, informing me that my presence is necessary there to arrange some disputed land, if you will consent to become the dear companion of my journey, I would postpone it for a month, to please you, but should you give the preference to remain with your parents, I must start next week."

Poor Alice; this was a sad alternative; she remained silent for some time revolving within her mind which was the path she ought to pursue. Nor did she forget to offer up a mental prayer for divine guidance. Douglas would not interrupt her meditations, though he watched her varying countenance with the greatest interest and anxiety. Alice reflected that she had the entire approval of her parents, whose wishes leant to the side of Douglas, and that the happiness of her mother in the return of her husband, was now restored. Her thoughts then wandered to all the sufferings which had been inflicted on Douglas, by the heartless conduct of her who had trampled on his best affections. "How will he believe that I love him, if I allow him to depart alone," she mentally said; and as this idea crossed her, she raised her eyes to his, and met in their expression an appeal to her feelings, which it was impossible to resist. She cast herself on his bosom, murmuring, while tears coursed each other down her cheeks, "Douglas, I will go with you when you like—where you like—oh, I will never leave you or forsake you."

He held her locked in his embrace; a sensation of grateful happiness he had seldom known filling his heart—for he now felt assured of her affection.

Roseark, the birthplace of Lady Sandford and her brother, was a beautiful romantic spot, in which Douglas had always taken deep interest, although he had seldom resided there for any length of time since it came to his possession—it was by no means extensive, but had many advantages which rendered it valuable.

"Most warmly will you be welcomed there by auld Jenny and her gude man Donald," said Lady Sandford, in a conversation they afterwards held together; "how often on their knees have we been nursed, dear and hallowed spot, I wish I were going there with you."

"I wish you were with my whole heart," returned Alice; "it surprises me that Douglas did not prefer it to any other, when sorrows encompassed him."

"I believe he feared that too many of his old friends would have gathered round him, and that he would not have been permitted to enjoy the solitude he wished; but I am more inclined to think that a gracious God, guided him to Sunny Hill, where he gained the friendship and counsel of the excellent clergyman, and met dear Alice Graham, who restored his lost peace."

Our happy party were sitting round the fire side, in the evening, unmindful of the howling blast, and falling rain, which raged without, when a servant entered with a note to Alice. On hastily unclosing it, she discovered a few lines from her mother, announcing that the indisposition of Lady Mactavish, had increased to an alarming height, and that she had expressed a great wish to see her niece.

"Who brought this?" enquired Alice, in a tone of deep emotion, as she instantly rose.

"Major Graham's servant," was the reply.

"I must return with him," she continued. "Oh, how grieved I am—my poor aunt—I fear she must be in danger."

"Compose yourself, my beloved," said Douglas, on the servant's quitting the room, "I will order the carriage, and take you to her immediately."

"Oh, no, no, not in such a night—M'Creagh will be with me."

"Alice, can you imagine I would suffer you to go alone—wait a few minutes, dear, and I will return to you;" and he went out to give the necessary orders.

Lady Sandford expressed sincere regret at the unwelcome news, and promised to call at Ravenscourt on the morrow.

It was with a heavy heart, that Alice accompanied by Douglas, entered the carriage, and drove rapidly towards that home, which she had now learnt to love and venerate. On their arrival they were received by Major Graham.

"How is my dear aunt, is she so very ill?" asked Alice, in a faltering tone.

"I fear so, my child," replied her father, as they ascended the stairs. "The attack of spasms were very sudden, and at her age dangerous; she is however perfectly calm—your dear mother is with her."

On entering the sick chamber, Alice was much affected—Mrs. Graham led her forward to the bedside; the alteration which a few hours' intense pain had made in the good old lady's appearance, was

peculiarly distressing to her young heart; and resting her head on the pillow, she wept and sobbed like an infant.

Lady Mactavish laid her hand fondly on her face, as she feebly murmured: "are the thoughts o' loosing thy cross auld aunt, sae sorrowfu', my bonny bairn, I wist not that ony thing sae young, could greet for ane like me; but dry thy tears, my Alice, I am going the way o' a' the earth, an' to those who are gane to welcome me to a brighter dwelling place. Alice I was na always what you now behold me, I ance was blessed in a kind husband, and a gude and fair child, aye, fair as yoursel'; but they are bath awa', and sair I grudged them—but we shall meet again, never more to part," and her eyes beamed brightly as she gazed upwards with animation.

Alice pressed the hand of the invalid to her lips—but she dared not trust her voice to reply.

Lady Mactavish then requested Mrs. Graham to read to her.

"Let it be the fourteenth chapter o' St. John's," she said; "that was ever my favourite. The blessed promise o' many mansions gives me hope that in the lowest I may find rest, through the merits o' my Redeemer."

Mrs. Graham complied, and in faltering accents, from the deep emotion she felt, read the chosen portion; it seemed to afford tranquillity and peace to her suffering relative, who repeated, after her, many of the beautiful texts. Her eyes soon after this closed in sleep, and Mrs. Graham gently drew the curtains to save her from the light. Her slumber lasted about an hour, when another paroxysm of pain assailed her. The physician was again summoned, who administered anodynes to relieve her, while Mrs. Graham and the weeping Alice, supported her in their arms. She could now only speak at intervals, when she asked for Major Graham.

"Sandy," she feebly said to him, as he placed himself by her bed-side; "in yon cabinet are a' my papers, an' my expressed wishes concerning my worldly affairs. I thank God I did na' postpone to settle them until this hour; may His blessin' be showered upon you an' yours. Be kind to my puir dependents, for they ha' been faithfu' to me. Lay me where THEY rest—an now farewell, my kind friends, ane more embrace."

Mrs. Graham sobbed aloud as she folded the old lady in her arms. Major Graham was scarcely less affected—while the grief of Alice became so poignant that he was obliged to remove her from the room. The sufferer lingered until the dawn of another day. Many and fervent were the prayers breathed by her dying bed, to which her heart responded, as her lips were seen to move in mental ejaculation. Ere the glorious sun arose in the east, to shed light upon the earth, the spirit of Lady Mactavish had ascended to Him who gave it.

The unexpected death of the good old lady, was keenly felt by those who knew her; for, with all her peculiarities, she had been an excellent mistress, and a most kind and charitable friend to the poor. Alice bitterly lamented her—it was the first loss she had sustained, and the awful scene made an indelible impression on her memory. When the last solemn duties had been performed, Major Graham, in compliance with the desire of the departed, unlocked the cabinet. On examining her papers, he discovered to his astonishment that Ravenscourt, with its dependencies, had been bequeathed to him, and five thousand pounds left to Alice. Nor were her servants forgotten, for to each a handsome proof of their lady's remembrance and regard were specified.

A few days subsequent to the melancholy event, Alice sought out old Davy, who, she had heard, was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. She found him sitting most disconsolately in his cottage, by a few embers, which were nearly extinguished in the grate.

"Eh, this is a sair day for me, Miss Alice," said the old man, raising his head on her approach, and drawing the sleeve of his coarse jacket across his eyes. "I hae lost the best friend ever I had, an' nane are now left to care for auld Davy."

"Say not so," replied Alice, in her own sweet tones; "we all care for you, Davy, and the same kind Providence who has hitherto provided for you, is still watching over you."

"Ah, weel, it's little that I want, an' but a wee space to want it in," returned Davy, "I did hope she would hae been spared to lay my auld head low in the grave, but His ways are no' like our ways, an' we manna repine."

"I hope you are suffering less than you were," said Alice, while her eyes filled with tears. "Can you use your hand yet?"

"It matters not," returned the captious old man; "she is gane wha ance swathed it in flannels, her ain blessed sel', and wud speak sae kindly a' the while; aye, she knew I lo'ed them to whom she is restored in a world o' glory; where the door is closed to sin, and sorrow." And again he wiped the falling tear with his tattered garment.

"Be comforted, Davy," said Alice, much affected by his natural display of grief; "I will do all I can to supply the loss you have sustained in so good a friend; and when the spring returns, and with it the merry birds and the flowers, we shall see you as active and blithe as ever in the garden. Come, let me trim your fire, and make a blaze to cheer you," and she threw on some wood, kneeling down while she fanned it into a flame with her straw hat; she then warmed some broth that she had brought with her, and gave it to the old man, who, resting his withered hands on her head, and looking up to Heaven, pronounced, in a solemn tone:

"May the blessing o' God be shed upon thee, my

bonny bairn—and may He guide thy young footsteps safely through this vale o' tears, to happiness eternal in the Lord's Kingdom."

In respect to the memory of Lady Mactavish, the wishes of Douglas were compelled to be postponed. he bitterly felt his disappointment, particularly as his own departure was imperative; and, on taking leave of Alice, a foreboding of impending evil, painfully crossed his mind, which he, in vain, strove to surmount. Again and again, he folded her in his arms; while she, gazing in his fine expressive face, and beholding the sorrow depicted there, could only sob and weep as she faltered a last farewell. When he was gone, and his voice, his footstep no longer gladdened her ear, her spirits became miserably depressed; even the mild reasoning of her mother failed for a considerable time in reconciling her. She wandered listless and sorrowful over all the dear haunts, both at Ravenscourt and Oakley Abbey. Three months she knew must pass ere his return, and to her they seemed interminable—long, long was it before the rainbow of hope appeared, shining in the cloud. An affectionate letter, dated Argyleshire, first restored her cheerfulness. It was from Douglas, detailing all the improvements he was making, and the many plans he had formed to render her new home pleasant in her sight. He lamented the not having her by his side to assist his taste, and that the sand in his hour-glass, ran very slowly since he left her—he concluded by stating that the dispute which had arisen upon the subject of a part of his property, was in a fair way of becoming settled, when he would immediately return to his own beloved Alice.

With a lightened heart, Alice now resumed her duties, her avocations. She had heard with extreme joy, the intention of her father to leave the army, and settle at Ravenscourt, which she knew would insure the happiness of her amiable mother, as far as mortal dare expect, amidst the changing scenes of this life; and she took an active interest in all his proposed arrangements to improve its gloomy aspect by removing several of the trees, and planning flower-beds and shrubberies, aided by the advice and suggestions of old Davy who at first evinced strong repugnance to any alterations being made, which he almost deemed sinful but when he beheld the glorious beams of the sun shining over the "auld house," he was constrained to say that it warmed his heart like the return of a friend who he had mourned as lost.

Alice had been promised another letter in a week, from Douglas; but when the day arrived, on which she expected it, and none came, how great was her chagrin. This was increased to anxiety, when many more passed and still she heard not—she looked back on the piety and patience that Mrs. Graham had exhibited under similar trials, and she earnestly prayed to be endued with the same confidence in her Heavenly father.

Each morning she rose with renewed hope; but as the night returned, disappointment was doomed to be her portion. At length at the close of three weeks, her uneasiness became intense.

"He must be ill, my mother," she exclaimed, clasping her hands; "how can I account for his silence in any other way?"

Mrs. Graham strove to comfort her, by recalling to her remembrance all the past mercies she had received, which were so many promises for the future.

"Cast all your care upon God, my child," said this excellent parent, embracing her; "He sees it needful to visit you with this little trial of your faith—bear it with Christian fortitude; your divine physician will order nothing but what is for your ultimate good, rest assured."

The society of Lady Sandford, at this trying period, was a great support; they met almost daily, for in the absence of Sir Robert, who was on a visit at Lord Ellerton's, enjoying the pleasures of the chase, she had no company at home, to engage her attention. She could not forbear sharing in the anxieties of Alice, and wondering at the continued silence of her brother, though she endeavoured to cheer her, by accounting for it in various ways—they had both written repeatedly, but without avail, and when their fears could no longer be concealed from each other, and the pale cheek of Alice, testified how great were her internal sufferings. Major Graham proposed that he should set out the following week for Argyleshire, and endeavour to gain tidings of him for whose well-being they had all become so anxious. His intention was however frustrated, by the sudden appearance of Ludovic late one afternoon, who was seen dashing up the avenue of Ravenscourt, both he and his charger covered with mud. He hastily dismounted, and ringing for admittance, desired to see Major Graham alone. He was instantly ushered into his private sitting room, where he remained closetted for some time.

Alice was sitting with her mother perfectly unconscious of his arrival. She had been reading over again the only letter which she had ever received from Douglas, and dwelling on each affectionate and fond expression it contained—a sensation of agony crossed her when she perceived that nearly two months had elapsed since it had been written. What might not have transpired in that time? He complained in it, that the sand in his glass was running slowly—alas, she trembled, least it had ceased to run.

The entrance of Major Graham, interrupted her painful meditations. His countenance wore a grave, yet most kind aspect as he approached her.

"Alice, my child," he said; "I bring you tidings, of our friend Douglas. He is very near to us, I am thankful to say."

Alice started, and uttering a scream of joy, sprang

into her father's arms, while Mrs. Graham rose in agitation.

"Is he well, dearest Alex—have you heard from him?" she enquired.

Alice would have asked the same, but the emotion she felt deprived her of all utterance, and she could only gaze anxiously and imploringly in his face.

"He is well, or nearly well," returned Major Graham, leading his daughter to a seat and placing himself by her side; "I have just seen Ludovic—his master arrived at Oakley Abbey, about an hour ago; nay, my Alice, compose yourself, do I not assure you that he is fast recovering?"

"He has been in danger then, and alone," sobbed Alice, as her head rested on the shoulder of her father; "oh, let me fly to him instantly—where is Ludovic?"

"He has returned to Sir Robert Sandford's, my dearest child."

"Ah, why was I not permitted to see him? Tell me I beseech you, what caused the illness of Douglas, for this suspense is intolerable?"

"Alice, you must prepare your mind to hear that which I fear will prove a shock to one of your years—poor Douglas has suffered dreadfully from an attack of small pox, which he caught by visiting one of his tenants."

Alice uttered a cry of horror, and covered her eyes with both her hands. Mrs. Graham, deeply affected, strained her to her maternal bosom, and besought her to be calm.

"It appears," continued Major Graham; "that Douglas, having completed his affairs in Argyleshire, was anxious to return to England, and he set out, attended by Ludovic, more than six weeks ago. He felt slightly unwell at the time, but conceiving it merely in consequence of cold, he heeded it not until he became so much worse that he was obliged to halt at a little miserable inn, on the way—Ludovic, in despair, enquired for a doctor, and was told that the place only afforded one. He was summoned immediately to the bedside of the sufferer, (who by this time was in a high fever,) and pronounced his case at once to be small pox. Ludovic earnestly desired permission to convey the intelligence to Lady Sandford, but Douglas would not hear of it, well knowing that she would have instantly flown to him, and endangered both herself and her children. He had fears for you also, and preferred that you should remain in ignorance, rather than learn the truth, which he knew would afflict you so much; for several days he was in the greatest danger, and perfectly delirious—Ludovic never left him night nor day, and certainly to this faithful friend, under a kind Providence, he owes his life. The doctor proved an ignorant country practitioner, who treated him most injudiciously, added to which the difficulty they had in procuring proper nourishment in this isolated abode; proved a great hindrance to his quick re-

covery—the Almighty, however, mercifully overruled all these impediments and spared him; but unfortunately, the disorder being of a most malignant nature, it has cruelly injured his appearance, and this to one possessing his sensitive mind, circumstanced as he is, has caused a depression on his spirits, which Ludovic tells me it is most painful to witness. He charged him with this letter, for you, my Alice—I would advise you to read it alone, Douglas will then know, that your decision has been unbiassed by us."

Alice trembled violently as she received it—she pressed it between her hands fearful of opening it, while her parents, fully sympathizing in all her feelings, withdrew. At length she summoned resolution to break the seal, and read as follows:

"Alice, my beloved, you have heard the story of my bodily sufferings, but who can express those which are mental—had it not been for the support I have received from above, their weight would have crushed me. Alice, I absolve you from your promise to become mine—you are free, and while I write this, my brain seems oppressed with madness—great God! how heavy have been my trials—and how have I beheld my fondest hopes fade, even while I held them in my grasp; but I was proud, vain, and full of evil; and He has wisely humbled me. I dare not meet you, for I could not see you shrink from my approach, my touch, without agony. I will spare us both the trial—Farewell! may God Almighty bless you, my best, my first beloved. Clara tells me you have suffered much on my account; she tries to speak of happiness—it has fled me forever."

The tears of Alice would not suffer her to proceed; she laid the letter on her knee, unable to comprehend its fearful import. She gazed on it in silence, when suddenly the truth flashed on her mind—she started up wildly exclaiming: "He absolves me from my promise, why? because he thinks that his altered appearance will change my sentiments. Oh, Douglas, Douglas, my beloved, what unnecessary suffering have you heaped upon us both; how little you understand the devoted heart of woman." She rushed from the room as she spoke, and hastened to her father.

"Let us not lose another moment," she cried; "oh, take me to him, I beseech you, and let me assure him, that nothing shall separate us but death."

Fondly was she clasped in the arms of her parents.

"I knew it," said Mrs. Graham, while tears actually rained down her cheeks; I knew that our Alice could make no other resolve. Away, let us be gone."

The shades of evening had already approached, on their arrival at Oakley Abbey. In the hall they met Ludovic; Alice flew towards him.

"Ludovic, dear Ludovic, where is your master, is he with Lady Sandford?"

Ludovic looked surprised.

"I scarcely think my master will see you, Miss Graham," he replied to her eager enquiries; "I dare not take you into his presence, without first preparing him. He is in Lady Sandford's boudoir—I will tell him you are here."

"No, no, I will go to him myself," and without waiting to hear more, she hastened up stairs, nor paused till she reached the door. She heard the murmur of voices within, and gently turning the lock she entered.

Douglas was pacing the room with folded arms, while his sister walked by his side. Both started round on hearing the approach of Alice, who staggering forward, would have fallen, had not Douglas caught her.

"Unkind and cruel," she faltered, as violent sobs shook her whole frame; "how could you afflict me, by such a letter?"

Douglas thus taken by surprise, seemed paralyzed. He continued to support her, without the power to reply. Lady Sandford in the same moment glided from the room.

"Alice, Alice," at length burst from his lips; "why have you done this, look on me and then depart."

Alice raised her streaming eyes to his, but in that hasty glance she beheld nought save their melancholy expression, and she clung to him, yet more closely, laying down her face on his bosom.

"Douglas, you will break my heart," she cried. "Oh why will you not speak kindly to me as you used to do, and bid me stay. You know not all I have suffered for your sake."

Douglas raised her head, and turned her face in that position which constrained her to look steadily upon him while the rays of the lamp fell upon his. He watched her countenance during the time, with what feelings, may be imagined. It was a cruel test, but she shrank not from it. The ravages made by the dire disease, were indeed indelibly stamped on his fine manly face, which were rendered yet more apparent by the feverish redness still lingering on its surface. A casual acquaintance would not have known him, but Alice who had studied its every lineament, and who beheld even now the gifted mind beaming in its sad expression, closed her eyes to all that was defective; she threw her arms round his neck, while in a tone affecting from its naturally sweet pathos, she murmured.

"You will not send me from you now, Douglas?"

How by those few simple words were his feelings changed, and with what fervour did he strain her to his heart. "Never, never, so help me Heaven," he exclaimed, passionately pressing his lips to hers. "My blessed Alice, what hours of torture should I have been spared, had I only anticipated this result; but when I reflected that in the plenitude of my bright days, I was discarded—forsaken—and every feeling of pride wounded and crushed within me, what

could I dare expect now, but a repetition of the same misery, rendered doubly trying, from the heavier loss of one whose endearing qualities have rendered her an object so far more valued, more beloved. But I wronged you, my own dearest; I knew not the depth of your feelings—God has severely tried me, yet He has spared me from death; He has opened the gates of mercy, and filled my heart with gladness, and with praise."

Alice wept, but her tears were now those of joy, as he led her to the couch, where they both sat down. In the conversation that followed, their tranquillity and happiness were completely restored, which the smiles of Alice fully testified, as she listened to all the interesting occurrences that had transpired since last they parted, and learnt with what delight her arrival, was anticipated in his Highland home. Thus engrossed, they were not aware of the lapse of time, until the re-entrance of Lady Sandford, who perceiving in an instant how happily the anxieties of her brother had terminated, said with a smile: "Ludovic is desirous to know at what hour you mean to start for Germany tomorrow; shall I send him to you?"

"Tell him I have changed my mind," replied Douglas, with an answering smile. "I have postponed my journey until this little lady is ready to accompany me. She is anxious to visit the Rhine, she tells me."

"And you are so good natured as to indulge her; well I am delighted that she has had the power to change your moody humour. Pray will you now consent to see Major and Mrs. Graham; if so I will order tea up here, as I cannot permit you to venture down stairs again tonight."

"You may admit the whole world," said Douglas in a gay tone, "since Alice is contented with my handsome face, I care not who says aught in its dispraise."

"Ay, you were always too vain of your superior beauty, Master Malcolm," returned his sister; "Alice you cannot think how he used to triumph over me on this score."

The feelings of Alice had been too highly wrought to permit her to enter into this badinage. Tears filled her eyes, as she met the affectionate gaze of him now dearer to her than ever, and reflected how mercifully he had been spared and restored to her, in answer to her earnest prayers.

The merry month of June again returned, and with it all the vivifying accompaniments of warm sunshine and flowers. On one of the brightest evenings which the season had yet put forth, the passing traveller paused, as he approached the gate of Sunny Hill Farm, to gaze delightedly on the scene before him. Groups of young villagers, gaily attired, were dancing on the green-sward in front of the door, while the elders sat on benches, under the shadow of the trees, among the branches of which were hung garlands of beautiful flowers. Tables with

refreshments were spread in various directions, and happiness seemed to be shed over the whole, in answer to the eager enquiry of the stranger, he was told that the farmer's daughter had that morning given her hand in marriage to one named Ludovic Bassano, with the entire approval of her parents.

Apart from the rest, a young couple were seen, who from their appearance seemed quite of another class to those surrounding them. The lady was most lovely to look upon, attired as she was in a simple white robe, which fell in graceful folds around her, while amidst her rich golden tresses were entwined the thistle and the rose. A smile parted her lips as her eyes sought those of her companion, who stood by her side, looking tenderly and proudly upon her, and occasionally bending his head when she addressed him. There was something peculiarly striking in his tall and manly figure; and though the traces of a malignant disorder were visible on his face, yet they had not destroyed its fine expression or its noble character. With the restoration of health and strength, Douglas, (for it was indeed him) had recovered much of his wonted looks, and in his union with the beloved Alice, had secured his earthly happiness. They were just returned from a tour, which they had been making through the most beautiful parts of Germany, and were now on their way to Ravenscourt, where it was their intention to remain a short period, previous to their setting out for their own home in the Highlands. They had been induced to halt for a few days at Sunny Hill, to indulge the romantic desire of visiting a place endeared to them both, from all the associations connected with it; and this enabled them to honour with their presence, the wedding of the faithful Ludovic, who had received from the hands of his master, a grateful and most generous acknowledgment of his attention and kindness to himself, during his severe and dangerous illness.

Amongst the gay group, Dame Appleby was conspicuous, as she moved along with an air of unusual importance, dressed in a handsome lustring, the douceur of Alice, who she frequently approached, to express to her the gratification which her presence afforded.

"Ah, Mr. Douglas," she said smiling, "you little thought what a treasure was in store for you, on the evening you scolded me for introducing strangers at Sunny Hill; but I was sure how it would be when you saw Miss Alice. I told you she would win your heart."

"I knew not then dame," replied Douglas laying his hand gently on the head of his beautiful bride, "that hers was an angel's visit—for such it has indeed proved to me."

"Well, God bless you both," said the Dame as she walked away. "I have long wished to see this day—and now am I indulged." She then drew near to Mrs. Mullins, and as she did so, it was observed that

an additional rustling of her dress was heard, while she paused to ask, "if her tea was agreeable?" The noise she made attracted the attention of Farmer Appleby, who exclaimed:

"Hoity, toity dame, what ails thee woman? Sit down and be quiet do, I fancy the rain is falling every time thou comest near." And he pulled her by the sleeve, as he offered her a seat by his side.

"La, John, do keep your large hot hands off my new silk dress," replied the dame; "you have no more manners than one of your own horned cattle."

"Well, to be sure, there is no fool like an old fool," retorted the farmer, laughing; "here have you been strutting about, all this blessed day, in thy finery, just like our peacock with the crooked legs."

"Crooked legs, indeed," repeated the indignant dame; "no more crooked than your own—I defy you to say so, John Appleby."

"Nay, nay, I did but jest," said her husband; thy ruffled brow, old woman, and look at our Mary, don't she trip it away nicely."

The mother's momentary ire faded away, as she turned towards her daughter, whose smiling face expressed her happiness, as she moved through the so smooth mazes of the country dance, with her light hearted husband.

"Ah, John," said the dame, while a tear glistened in her eye; "it seems but yesterday, that we were blithe and young as they—now the evening of our days fast approaches, and our branches no longer green, are shedding their leaves on the ground."

"Never heed their fall, my dame," replied the farmer, taking her hand and pressing it kindly; "when our harvest is over and our garners stored, and when the gleaners are gone to their homes with their gathering from our fields, then may we look in humble hope for the return of our Lord and say, 'we have finished the work thou gavest us to do,' but come, old girl," he continued, in a gayer tone; "why should not we take a dance with the rest—see there is Stennie with his favourite bunch of mary-golds in his breast, capering in the air, for all the world like High Flyer, our vicious colt; he has been sitting for the last hour, in a corner with that rosy cheeked partner of his. If he thinks I am going to have another wedding before all the hay is carried, he will find himself mistaken. Drabbit, it what a fine day I have lost in this!" And the farmer moved away, with his dame hanging lovingly on his arm, to join the merry group.

A few more days Douglas lingered with his Alice, at Sunny Hill farm, wandering over every spot, even to the old oak tree, that could recall to their memories, the early days of their acquaintance. Here had he suffered some of the most bitter, most unhappy hours of his life—here had he first learnt to study that sacred book, which has been in mercy, sent for

our sweet guide on earth, and pointing the only way to Heaven. And here had the Almighty led the steps of her, in whose piety and pure affection, he was now repaid for all the trials and sorrows he had endured. No wonder then that a feeling of regret was experienced by both, on leaving scenes so replete with interesting recollections. Many farewells were mutually expressed by them and the worthy farmer's family, Alice faithfully promising that their daughter Mary (whose tears were falling fast as she clung around her parents,) should with God's blessing, visit them again on the following year. She then turned hastily away, to conceal her own emotion, and entered the carriage that awaited them. Douglas sprang in after her, waving his hand to the group collected at the gate; and as it drove rapidly away, and other prospects opened on their view, he clasped his young wife to his bosom in silent gratitude that so sweet a partner had been given to him to cheer and brighten his onward path of life.

Farmer Appleby and his Dame remained standing on the same spot, long after the travellers were out of sight. They looked at each other for some time without speaking, until Stephen said, "come father the carts are ready, shall we finish carrying the hay this fine day?"

"Drabbit, it Stennie, I don't know how it is," replied the farmer, applying his handkerchief to his eyes, "but I am not inclined for work. I feel as if it was the Sabbath day, and it would be a sin. Well, I never thought to have given my Mary to a foreign fandango—Mrs. Ludovic Bassano. I hate such outlandish names. If that young spark of hers had n't watched like a brother by the sick bed of his master and told me that he liked English roast beef better than macaroni, I'm hanged if he should have had her," and he struck his hand vehemently on the back of Stephen, as he spoke.

"Well father, you need not hit so hard," returned the poor lad rubbing the injured part; "shall I go with the carts alone?"

"No, boy, no," returned his father, "let us first ask a blessing for our absent child, and then mayhap my heart will be lightened for my work. Come away Dame, don't stand whimpering there; Mary is gone with those who love and fear God, and as the blessed psalm says, he that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him."

We have now only to add that Douglas, each passing year, learnt to estimate yet more the blessings which had resulted from his early disappointment. He had been taught, that the cisterns we hew out for ourselves, are easily broken; that when God raises up some earthly gourd to rejoice us, we are not to render it an object of idolatry, or rest beneath its shadow, forgetful of Him who formed it, else will he prepare the worm to wither and destroy it, not in

anger, but in mercy, for in all His dispensations our eternal happiness is his object.

And what double cause for thanksgiving had Douglas, that in denying him the request of his lips, it was not only to save him from the destiny he so blindly sought, but to bless him in the possession of her who he still playfully called his "First Beloved."

The outline of the foregoing story, was suggested to the writer by the beautiful ballad of "We Met."

(ORIGINAL.)

ON THE DEATH OF A PROMISING BOY.

As flowrets fade, and leaves when blighted fall,
Oft budding youth is nipt in its career;
Then—the sad bearers of the funeral pall,
Sighing in sorrow, shed affection's tear,
Lamenting innocence in life's gay bloom,
Consigned *untimely* to an early tomb.

Ah! who can fancy what a parent feels—

What artist paint the gloom that clouds the mind?
Bereavement only to ourselves reveals

The strength of ties—the sympathies that bind
To objects earthly; sudden from us torn,
They leave behind the sad solace to mourn.

May God in pity to the woe-struck heart,

Send consolation from his heavenly throne;
Teach us, resigned, with gifts he gave, to part,
Since He at will can justly claim his own.
His mandate given; although we may repine,
All that is dear, we must to him resign.

Yet from grief's fount, a rill of comfort flows,

That pours its soothing waters o'er the mind;
They who sink sinless, calm in death's repose,
Escape the ills, that wait those left behind.
Freed from life's snares, its turmoil and alarms,
Spotless they're welcomed to their Maker's arms.

R.

TOMB OF THE LION-HEARTED RICHARD.

SOME researches recently made in the cathedral of Rouen have led to the discovery, under the pavement of the sanctuary, of the statue of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, which used to ornament his tomb, and a box enclosing his heart. This statue, which is in perfect preservation, is six feet and a half in length, and represents the king in a recumbent position, with his feet resting on a lion couchant. The tomb was once enclosed by a railing of silver, which was sold in the middle of the thirteenth century, in order to pay the ransom of St. Louis. This tomb is to be restored and placed in the chapel of the Holy Virgin.

JUDITH.

BY E. L. C.

Night fled :

The yellow dawn blushed into day,
 Purpling the orient with its dolphin hues,
 And shedding o'er Judea's sacred hills,
 And fair Bethulia's domes, its golden light,
 'Till tower and pinnacle, and arrowy spire,
 Of that beleagu'rd city, round whose walls,
 Th' Assyrian lay encamp'd, gave back its smile,
 As joyously and bright, as though sweet peace,
 Brooded with dove-like wing, o'er her fair homes,
 And from her temples pealed the gladsome strain,
 Of the gay marriage hymn.

Queen-like she sat,

That glorious city, on those swelling hills,
 With the wide champaign stretching far around,
 And gentle slopes, rich with the clustering vine,
 Smiling in quiet beauty at her feet—
 Each wearing as a crown on its green height,
 A coronal of trees—each sending forth,
 From its deep hidden springs, a thousand streams,
 To glad the laughing earth, that grateful poured
 From its abundant shores, a rich return.
 Such was it once. But now, as forth she look'd,
 That mountain queen, o'er vale and sunbright hill,
 How sad the view ! how changed the lovely scene !
 Chariots and horsemen trampled down the field,
 Where golden harvests waved—the falchion flash'd,
 Where the bright sickle should have reap'd the grain—
 The war horse crushed the grape, dying his fetlocks
 In the purple juice of the ripe vintage,
 And the stormy blast of the wild battle trump,
 Startled the sylvan echoes, wont to hear,
 To answer only to the silver tones
 Of maidens bright, ling'ring beside the founts,
 Or the clear carol of the reaper's song,
 The yellow sheaves among.

Assyria's hosts

Darken'd the plain, and o'er the hill-side spread
 Their glittering myrmidons, beleagu'ring close
 Bethulia's walls, and turning from their course,
 The streams, that pour'd their treasures in her lap.
 Till now, within her streets, sad sights were seen,
 And sounds of woe smote the still morning air ;
 For by her gates, and in the marble courts
 Of her fair palaces, the aged lay—
 Bold manhood in its prime, and budding youth,
 And tender infancy—and woman too,
 She of brief years, and she, whose matron arms,

Clasped with undying love, her suff'ring babe,
 And wept its pangs, all reckless of her own.
 There, there they lay, the fair, the beautiful,
 Wisdom, and pride, and power—cast prostrate down
 In the strong agony of burning thirst—
 Calling in vain for water—for one drop,
 One crystal drop, of that pure element,
 God in his bounty has vouchsafed to all,
 Free as the light of heaven.

In vain ! in vain !

The burning sky withholds its treasure's store
 Of grateful moisture—not a fleecy cloud
 Floats o'er its blue expanse, blest harbinger
 Of joy. No dew, no rain, no welcome shade,
 In that hot atmosphere, to dim the blaze
 Of the bright sun, that with the heat intense
 Of his fierce beams, their cruel suff'rings mock'd.
 They were forsaken by their fathers God—
 By Him, whom oft their wand'rings had provok'd,
 Whose altars, dedicate to One alone,
 They had profaned with dark idolatry,
 And rites impure. For this, then, they must die ?
 For this, must perish by the spoiler's hand,
 Crying in vain for aid.

Not so ! not so !

For mercy is an attribute divine,
 Not less than sterner justice, and it raised
 A champion up, to save them in this hour
 Of peril sore, and utter hopelessness.
 A champion fair—one, in whose woman's heart,
 Lay buried deep, fond hopes, and perished joys,
 And tender sympathies, that erst had lent
 Their golden lustre to her life's young morn,
 Till on the clear horizon of her love,
 Thick clouds arose—and, he, the chosen one,
 To whom with sacred vow her maiden troth,
 Had at the marriage altar plighted been,
 Was smitten even to death. The grave received him,
 And its portals dark, closed o'er her garner'd bliss,
 Shrining it deep where his dear ashes slept,
 Never again to wake, till the cold earth
 Should yield its hoarded trust, and day eternal
 On the sleeper dawn.

Then o'er that head,

Which still its crown of youth wore with bright grace,
 Fair Judith ashes strew'd, and cast aside
 The richly flowing robes of happier days,

Girding her faultless form with sackcloth coarse,
 Deep sorrow's garb, and dwelling all apart,
 Widow'd in soul, and lone and desolate,
 Communing ever with the silent dead,
 Through those mute objects in her once glad home,
 To which were link'd delicious memories
 Of the happy past—food for perpetual grief.
 Yet still within her heart one feeling liv'd,—
 One deep absorbing passion, that surviv'd
 The wreck of all beside—and this it was,
 This love of country, that undying flame,
 Which to the perils that her land beset,
 Aroused her soul, and woke its sympathies.
 For though within her home, luxurious ease
 And rich abundance dwelt, which still defied
 Want's iron grasp, yet when upon her ear,
 The bitter cry of man's stern agony,
 And woman's wail, and helpless childhood's plaint,
 Smote like a funeral knell—she quick arose,—
 Her selfish grief forgot,—and looked abroad,
 And saw Assyria's hosts bristling the plain
 With terrible array. Then she a purpose form'd,
 Desperate and rash, breathed only to His ear
 Whose aid she sought—whose only could avail—
 And forth she issued 'mong the smitten throng,
 A holy beauty seated on her brow,
 And with the silver tones of her clear voice,
 To hearts desponding, words of comfort spoke—
 Bidding them trust in that Almighty arm,
 Which oft in sorer straits their fathers saved,
 And them had led, an exiled, captive band,
 Back to Judea's soil,—back to the temples
 Where their choral hymns again arose,
 In glad triumphant strains to Israel's God,
 Their watchful guide, whose eye no slumber knows.
 Still, in the hollow of his mighty hand,
 Safe would he hold the people of his love,
 Those who, bow'd down to him the willing knee,
 And offered at His shrine, the incense sweet,
 Of pure and humble hearts.

She would go forth,

She in her feebleness, 'mid you proud host,
 And dare a desperate deed, which none might know,
 Save Him who read the secrets of all hearts,
 'Till it had brought destruction on the foe,
 And for her people glad deliverance wrought.
 None question'd of her act, no tongue gainsay'd
 The purpose she declared, but to her wisdom,
 Bow'd the hoary head, and to her beauty,
 Many a youthful heart in homage bent—
 So, when the parting rays of the glad sun,
 Lingered on tree and stream, and looked their last
 On desolate Bethulia, she arose,
 Merari's daughter, and aside she cast
 Her robes of mourning, and herself arrayed
 In garments rich, such as his eye had loved,
 For whom she wept,—delicious ointments used,
 And mid the tresses of her shining hair,

Strew'd orient gems, and decked her polish'd arms,
 And swan-like neck, with costly chains of gold,—
 And on her small white feet, bright sandals lac'd,
 That sparkled as she went, with the rich light
 Of the rare onyx, and the diamond's blaze.
 Thus through the gates, while silent crowds stood by,
 She in her beauty pass'd,—a woman's softness
 On her brow enthron'd, but in her heart
 A purpose deep, and stern, and terrible,—
 Too terrible for words!

One followed her,

Her infancy's fond nurse, her childhood's stay,
 The faithful handmaid of her riper years,
 She, who had decked her for the bridal hour,
 And whose sad eyes had seen the marriage crown,
 Fade from her brow—its clustered flowers as fair,
 And, aye, as frail as her brief wedded bliss.
 Viands she bore, dried figs, and wine, and oil,
 And bread of finest flour—small store of each,
 That nought unholy might their lips profane,
 Nought that their law forbade, should they partake
 With you rude wassailers, their dainty fare.
 The last low word was spoke, the last look giv'n,
 And then Bethulia's gates closed on the steps
 Of that high-hearted one, and she was barred,
 She, and that faithful follower, from the home,
 The mountain home, of her fair infancy,
 To wander lone, where snares beset her steps,
 God, and her innocence, her only guard.
 What strange emotions gathered round her heart,
 As slow she trod that downward, sloping path,
 To the green vale, which oft, in happier days,
 Her feet had traced with gay and lightsome bound;
 How fondly o'er each dear familiar spot
 Her sad eye lingered, while remembered joys,
 Rushed wildly o'er her soul. That climbing vine—
 Beneath its woven arch, her ear had drank
 The first fond words of love,—and in the shade
 Of those wild dates, grouped on the green hill-side,
 She oft had sat, in childhood's careless day,
 One of a happy band, weaving bright wreaths,
 Till twilight's gathered shadows veiled the sky,
 And warned her home.

A moment to such thoughts,

And then the softness clinging to her soul,
 She cast afar, and nerved it with deep prayer
 To her stern purpose—resolute to die,
 If so her God decreed, yet firmly fixed
 To dare extremest peril, in the cause,
 Of that dear land she loved.—Thus, firm in heart,
 She onward moved in quently beauty bright,
 Threading the winding path o'er the soft vale,
 With stately step, and brow, serenely fair
 As the clear moon, when o'er the mountain tops,
 She sheds her light, treading the pathless depths
 Of the blue heavens, in majesty unblenched.
 But ere her step had measured half the breadth
 Of the green vale, the first watch of the foe

Met her with challenge stern, demanding brief,
Her errand and her name.

With wary word

She artfully replied—feigning she fled
Forth from the Hebrew, to the safer charge
Of their great captain, Holofernes brave,
To whom she craved quick conduct, having that,
Which nearly touched his safety to reveal.
They marvelled much, those soldiers stern and rude,
At her bright charms, her grace of air and mien,
And instant yielded to her earnest wish,—
With escort safe, and reverence due her sex,
Bringing her strait to their great leader's tent,
Whose ear, e'en now had caught the tidings strange,
Of the fair Hebrew, that his presence sought.
Quick, he arose from the luxurious couch
Whereon he lay, richly o'ercanopied
By Tyrian purple, wrought with gems and gold;
And forth he came, with lamps of silver,
Fed with perfumed oil, before him borne
By Ethiop slaves, and followed by a train
As gaily clad as e'er a monarch served.
But when his eye fell on that peerless face,
That matchless form, so gorgeously arrayed
In gemmed and brodered robes, pride left his brow,
Sternness his warrior's heart, which sank subdued,
Before the might of her rare loveliness,
And to Merari's daughter, low he bow'd,
E'en now, a slave in soul.

With heart elate,

She marked her triumph; but no word, no look,
Betrayed her joy—her coil around him cast,
She was content to wait the final hour,
For the fulfilment of her purpose dread.
And to this end, she taught her lips deceit,
Made her dark eyes, her kindling cheek, discourse,
A language all unsanctioned by her heart;
Feigned to be won by his soft speech, and glance,—
And to have sought him, that she might betray,
Her people to his sword.

Thus, day by day,

She sojourned in the camp of those idolaters,
Sharing her tent with her attendant lone,
And at each evening's fall, slow passing forth,
Unquestioned to the vale, whither she went,
In its clear founts to bathe, breathe its pure air,
And 'mid the quiet of its leafy shades,
Ask of her God, His guidance and support,
In this dark hour of trial to her soul.
The fourth day came,—and in the gorgeous tent
Of proud Assyria's chief, a banquet
Had been held—but now twas o'er—all hush'd,—
The revellers departed,—and alone,
Her radiant form in beauty's bravery decked,
And half reclining on the soft rich skins
Of the wild panther, and the spotted pard,
Fair Judith sat with Holofernes brave,—

On her bright lip were smiles, but in her heart,
Sickening disgust, and that dull leaden weight,
Which loads the shrinking soul, in the near view
Of a dread task, to which the hand is doomed.
She had refused to banquet at his board,
But oft her hand his goblet crown'd with wine,
And her heart joy'd at each insidious drop
The warrior quaffed.

But her chaste ear recoiled

From his bold words,—and from his lawless glance,
Her modest eye shrank with instinctive shame.
It almost seemed like treachery to the dead,
Thus to endure his gross, licentious gaze,
Or to permit, e'en for a transient space,
Th' injurious thought, that she, whose marriage vow
Not death itself might cancel, e'er would yield
To living one, the joyless, widowed form,
The heart bereaved, and sad, which still she held
Sacred, and consecrate to him alone,
Whom she had seen in earth's green bosom laid.
And, as the soft light from the swaying lamps,
Fell on her rounded cheek, its paleness told
Of fearful thoughts, emotions strong and deep,
Which in her soul were hid—yet all unheeded
In this hour of doom, its selfish fears—
Its hallowed memories, deep and treasured love;
Aye, e'en its woman's softness, woman's shame,
In the one holy, one ennobling hope,
To free her suffering country, from the thrall
Of foreign foes—to purge its sacred soil
From pagan taint—to see again its homes
Smiling and joyful, and its temples thronged
With grateful worshippers, who came to raise
With glad accord, their songs of joy, and love
To Israel's guardian God.

At length he slept,—

That valiant warrior, terrible in arms,—
Subdued by wine, and by a woman's smile,
He fell recumbent on his downy couch,
Nor knew that death was near. Then she arose,
Bethulia's dying ones before her eyes,
Their groans of anguish ringing in her ears,
And o'er him stood—breathed one brief prayer to
heaven,
Then e'er a timid fear, a softening thought,
Stole o'er her soul, she grasped the falchion bright,
That by his pillow hung, and smote his neck,—
A deadly blow, with her frail woman's hand—
And down it rolled, that bleeding, ghastly head,
Staining the rich embroidery of her robes,
With spouting gore! Quick from the couch,
She tore its canopy of gem-wrought silk,
And wrapped that fearful thing in its bright folds,
Summoned her maid, and gave it to her charge,
Then issued forth, as ever was her wont
At that still hour, to fair Bethulia's vale.
But now, she paused not by its flashing founts,
Nor lingered 'mid its shades,—but with fleet foot,

Climbed the steep mountain path, and called afar
To the worn watchmen at the guarded gates,
To haste and open—for the Lord had bared
His strong right arm, and smote their cruel foe.
Wondering they heard, yet questioned not, nor
paused,

But the huge gates unbarred, and opened wide,
And on the waning watch-fires fuel cast,
To feed the flame, whose bright, and arrowy tongues,
Leaped fiercely up, as if to seize their prey.
Then through she passed—and pausing in the gleam
Of the red light, took from her maiden's hand,
That silent witness of the fearful deed,
Herself had wrought—shook out the gorgeous folds
Of the rich silk, tissue with orient gems,
That flashed resplendent in the fitful blaze
Of the bright fire—and then, with outstretched hand,
Essayed to grasp, by its long golden hair,
That ghastly head.

Yet woman still she was,

And with instinctive dread, her trembling touch
Shrank from the contact,—deathly grew her cheek,
And with emotion strong, quivered her lip.
But for an instant swayed she to that mood,—
And then, with triumph beaming on her brow,
And songs of gladness bursting from her tongue,
She, in the gory locks of that dread thing,
Her delicate fingers twined, and held it up
To the astonished view of the mute crowd—
“Behold,” she cried, “fierce Holofernes head!
The valiant captain of Assyria's host,
Slain by a woman's hand! Come and adore,
For God this deed hath done. His hand hath
wrought

By a weak instrument a mighty end!
To His great name give thanks—to His alone!
The High and Holy One, who Israel guards,—
In whom is all our strength!”

Then, rose a shout

Of mingled joy and praise,—a mighty shout!
Thousands of voices blending into one,
In that long loud acclaim; and prone on earth,
The multitude in their deep gladness fell,
Humbly adoring that preserving hand,
Which them sustained, and as a feeble reed,
Before the whirlwind's blast, had crushed the arm
Of their relentless foe.—Nor was she all forgot,
In these outpourings of their thankful hearts,—
She, who had periled life,—aye, more than life,—
Her chaste unspotted name, that priceless gem,—
Renounced the gentle bearing of her sex,—
Cast off the shroud of grief, within whose folds
Were hoarded precious memories of the dead,—
And issued forth, from her lone widowed bow,
To strike for God, and her insulted land,
A deadly blow!

With morning's earliest dawn,
Throughout the Assyrian camp, the deed was known;
And then a cry of shame, and grief, and fear,

Burst from that mighty host—Shame, to be foil'd
By a weak woman's arts—and grief, that thus,
Their valiant one should fall,—their pride, their
strength,—

Inglorious thus, by a false Hebrew's hand,—
And fear—pale fear!—for lo, upon the hills,
Thousands were seen—thousands, in armour bright,
The son's of Israel, from their mountain holds
Outpouring, to avenge the heap'd up wrongs,
Cast by the leader of that Pagan host,
O'er fair Judea's land. On, on they came,
Rushing like mountain torrents to the plain,
Impetuous, swift, with fierce destruction arm'd,—
And panic-struck, aghast, the broken ranks
Of the Assyrian fled, nor backward looked,
Though Carnage followed on her reeking car,
Marking their flight with blood, till they had pass'd
The borders of Damascus, distant far,
Where stayed their wearied steps.

Then with glad shouts,

The Hebrews turned to their freed homes again,
And as with buoyant hearts they climb'd the sides
Of fair Bethulia's mount, a maiden train
Bearing green boughs, and crowned with garlands gay
Came with the stately dance, and measured song,
To hail their safe return. Bright at their head,
Fair Judith led their steps, with winning grace,
She, their deliverer nam'd, their crown of joy,
The glory and rejoicing of their land!
Her lofty brow, with the green olive twined,
And her dark eye, flashing with triumph proud,
As thus she poured her high victorious song,
And led with graceful feet the sacred dance.

Break forth into praises! with timbrel and harp,
Exalt ye the name of your Saviour and God;
Almighty, all-glorious, omniscient, and wise,
Who spake, and the heathen were scatter'd abroad!

His mandate went forth, and the valiant one fell,—
The terror of Judah,—the scourge of her race;
Not by giant hands smitten, he sank on the earth,
Weak weapons subdued him—a woman's fair face!

Jehovah decreed it—He bade her go forth,
'Mid the chariots, and horsemen that covered the
plain;

Her trust, in that arm which is mighty to save,
In that strength, which, each wile of the foe could
make vain.

She went forth undaunted—her buckler and shield,
Strong faith in the Lord; and her weapons of might,
A bright gem, and a smile—they flashed on his eyes,
And the mighty one sank, overpower'd by their light.

The wine-cup stood by him—the falchion hung near,
He slept—and the hand, which love's soft wreaths
had wove

To twine round the brow of the lost and the wept,

Sternly grasped the keen blade, and the warrior's
neck clove !

The Persian affrighted, beheld the bold deed,
And Media quaked to its furthest sea,
But the voice of her people alone smote her ear,
As gladly they shouted the song of the free !

Break forth into praises ! exalt ye His name,
Who scatters your foes like the dust of the plain ;
He the horsemen hath vanquished, the chariots o'er-
thrown,
By the hand of the weak, hath the mighty one slain !

With the lute and the timbrel, the tabret and harp,
With the music of song, and the heart's fervent
praise,
With the dance of glad triumph,—the garments of
joy—
Show forth your thanksgiving—deep notes of love
raise !

Exalt Him ! exalt Him ! the earth is His own,
The star spangled heavens His wondrous works
show,
To Him, who first form'd us, whose care still pre-
serves,
Let our thanks and our praises unceasingly flow !
Montreal.

(ORIGINAL.)

PLAGIARISM,

"Scribimus indocti doctique——"

IT has been well observed by Juvenal, that "the
curse of writing is an endless itch." There is no
hemisphere, into which the *cacoethes scribendi* has
not made its way ; there is no man, acquainted with
the common mechanism of writing, who has not, at
some period of his life, been under its dominion ;
nor have the Æsculapian fathers, with all their inge-
nuity and learning, been able to discover any remedy
for this phlogistic distemper. Intellect has indeed
pursued a glorious career, and the effulgent lamp
of philosophy has shone forth with a heavenly splen-
dour,

"At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations,"

piercing the depths of ignorance, and chasng dark-
ness from earth's farthest verge—exploring the
arcana of every science, and revealing, to an asto-
nished world, many hidden mysteries—dissipating
many obscurities, and making known the errors of
former generations—exhibiting the wisdom of the
Deity in the grandest of his works, and manifesting
discoveries in every department of the moral and
material world. Serene philosophy has shed a lus-
tre over the ennobled mind of man—it has enabled
it to gain the heights of science ; and the goal of
perfection appears almost within its compass. But

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alas ! the *scribendi cacoethes* is still as virulent in
its effects as it was in the days of Homer's Machaon
or Virgil's Iapis ; nor has any panacea been disco-
vered by which it may be eradicated.

But to drop the allegory before it become cumber-
some : There are innumerable kinds of scribblers ;
and they are all actuated by the same ruling passion
—a desire of distinction. Fame is their guiding-
star ; and the words of Cowley they mentally repeat
at every offering :

"What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age ts come my own ?"

Nor is there any thing reprehensible in a moderate
ambition : on the contrary, when it displays itself
in an honest mind, and meets with eminent abili-
ties, it is of infinite service to the world ; but when
a man only thinks of distinguishing himself, without
being qualified for the undertaking, he becomes a
very ridiculous, and, not unfrequently, a very per-
nicious creature. Of all species of writers, none are
so offensive as the plagiarists, for none are so ab-
ject in their practices. Plagiarism is a low cunning,
than which nothing can be more characteristic
of an ignoble mind ; and the *animus furandi* is as
strongly evinced in a plagiarist as in the pilferer of
the purse that "has been slave to thousands." The
plagiarist, moreover, purloins in the most subtle
manner, and no one is secure from the snares of his
villainy. Works which have cost their artists many
an anxious hour, when perhaps

"Deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,"

and whose fame has covered their memories with
immortality, are the game of this impious crew.
How often do we see the labours of some ancient,
or modern philosopher—of a Socrates or a Bacon, of
a Plato or a Newton, for instance, sacrificed at the
altar of plagiarism ! Plagiarists are indeed *angues
in herba*. With serpentine cunning they insinuate
themselves into the secrets of the learned ; and the
fruits of the genius of a philosopher may be ushered
into the world as the productions of some senseless
blockhead, who hesitates not to dignify himself with
the title of author. But, like every thing else, pla-
giarism has an end ; and, when it is once detected,
loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bring-
ing about even those events which he might have
done had he passed only for a plain man. The re-
putation of one addicted to this vice, if perchance he
should ever acquire any renown, will be as transitory
as a morning cloud. Sooner or later,

"The self-convicted bosom which hath wrought
The bane of others or enslaved itself,"

will be discovered in its delinquency, and merited
contempt will be the reward of its baseness.

"—*Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne callæpa ruant subductis tecta columis.*"

Not only is plagiarism in its effects, most hurtful

to society, but its influence is a curse to man. Captivating in its appearance, it soon beguiles many followers, who avidously seek to acquire the praises of their fellows, but are yet unwilling to exert the talents bestowed on them by a beneficent Creator, or are incompetent for such tasks as they may have undertaken. Besides, plagiarism dulls the mind, and renders it incapable of exercising its legitimate functions; for no sooner has the soul become wholly subject to its power, than it relinquishes all idea of acquiring a merit by its own industry. It is an observation of Bacon, that, in a numerous family of children the eldest is often spoiled by the prospect of an estate, and the youngest by being the darling of the parents; but that some one or other in the middle, who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his way in the world and over-topped the rest. A similar remark will apply to plagiarism. Those who allow themselves to be mastered by it, become the votaries of a passion which disqualifies them from enlarging their capacities, and exercising their thoughts and judgment in studies in which they might have excelled, while, on the other hand, the man of an honest and moderate ambition, who is satisfied with "less noisy praise," and strives not to procure, what may be termed, a precocious reputation, will, very often, become a proficient in arts and learning. The mind, it is true, has a certain active power which cannot lie altogether idle, but its faculties are not to be forced in the same artificial manner that a skilful horticulturist may produce a bulbous plant; and in nothing is the dignity of human nature more remarkably vilified than when man preposterously attempts the attainment of objects beyond his sphere of action.

The mind devoted to plagiarism exhibits an imbecility, and want of moral principle, which makes its possessor a very unworthy member of society, and ought to convince all of the paramount necessity of guarding against so disreputable a disposition. If it once gain an entrance, it insensibly advances, and, finally becomes a habit impossible to be overcome. "Man is a bundle of habits," says an eminent philosopher, "and the art in which the secret of human happiness consists, is to set the habits in such a manner that every change may be a change for the better." It is very certain, also, that plagiarism proceeds from vanity, from the improper exercise of that natural passion that man has for distinction—a passion which, when governed and restrained by reason, gives motion to the latent powers of the soul; but, when not disciplined by philosophy, is detrimental to mankind. And as this love of fame is implanted in every bosom, and is capable of doing great good or incalculable mischief, it ought to be the watchful care of education to infuse into the untainted mind of youth, such early principles of morality and religion as will repel and overcome the passions that obstruct it, and fortify it against the

ways of wickedness. The soul is a spacious and prolific garden, whose fruits depend upon the industry and skill of its cultivator—education; for if there be not care and science in its management, weeds will soon shoot up their rank heads and choke the precious seed whence springs virtue. It is very true that all men are not alike capable of shining in learning; but let it be remembered as a certain maxim, that every member of the human species is indispensable in the immensity of creation, and that, although there is a diversity in the powers of intellect, yet every man, if he do justice to himself, is capable of excelling in something.

"While the claims

Of social life to different labors urge
The active powers of man, with wisest care,
Hath nature on the multitude of minds
Impress'd a various bias; and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the spheres,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven. To some she gave
To search the story of eternal thought;
Of space and time; of fates unbroken chain
And will's quick movement. Others by the hand,
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein
Of herbs or trees. But some to nobler hopes
Were destin'd: some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the sire omnipotent unfolds,
In fuller aspects, and with fairer lights,
This picture of the world. Through every part
They trace the lofty sketches of his hand:
In earth, or air, the meadow's flowery store,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
Dress'd in attractive smiles, they see portraiture'd
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait scan.)
Those lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind supreme. They also feel their force,
Enamour'd: they partake the eternal joy."

J. R.

THE BOY AND BIRD.

A fowler once as I have heard,
Gave to a little boy a bird,
Who, pleased and charmed beyond measure,
Called it his darling and his treasure,
And all believed the bird would prove
Most happy in its master's love.

But oh! too closely to his breast,
His prize the simple urchin prest,
And in his warm affection's blindness,
He stifled it with too much kindness:
'Tis thus affection oft we find,
Unless calm reason rule the mind,
Produces on its object's fate,
The same effects as deadly hate.

(ORIGINAL.)
TRIFLES.

NO. I.

ON a clear frosty morning, towards the end of October, 1835, I started on my first deer-shooting excursion. We had to proceed some distance to meet the "hunter," as he was called, who was to place us in the proper run-ways, and from whom we were to receive the directions, which his knowledge of the locality enabled him to give. Our route lay along the banks of a tolerably sized river, whose waters were almost hid from our view by the clouds of vapour which arose from its bosom. The road, if such it could be called, had been firmly bound by old Boreas during the night, and from the size and number of the lumps of frozen clay which composed it, was anything but a comfortable mode of passage either for our dogs or ourselves. However, we were in high spirits, and eager to reach the place of our sport. The sun had not yet risen, and nothing was heard but the occasional whir of a squirrel, or the gentle murmuring of the river, flowing over the obstructions in its course. Our dogs were two Scotch beagles or fox-hounds—the best for deer-shooting in the bush, when they are trained to follow the deer instead of Reynard. Stag-hounds are too swift, for they press the deer and frighten them out of their usual run-ways or paths to the rivers. Our guns were good stout double barrels, which is the most serviceable species of fire-arm for the miscellaneous game of the Canadian forest.

We soon arrived at the shanty of our friend, the backwoodsman, whom, notwithstanding the outwardly miserable appearance of his habitation, we found enjoying such a breakfast, as few among the labouring classes in Britain could afford. He was a genuine specimen of a Yankee chopper, and evinced at first all the cold reservedness, yet sincerity of manner, so characteristic of his countrymen. When we entered, he was in the act of gulping, rather than drinking, a cup of tea—not the *seasoned* beverage, commonly met with, but the pure decoction, *sans* milk or sugar. Quietly replacing his cup, he nodded to us, laconically asking "ha'nt be'n to breakfast, have you?" On our answering in the affirmative, he resumed operations, but lost no time in speaking; for, to our numerous questions, he only replied in such terms as "believe so," "guess not," "can't say" or "ha'nt heer'd." After finishing his meal, he proceeded leisurely to load a long, useless looking fowling piece, and whistling to a collie dog that lay near the door, he stalked on before us through rough and smooth, at the rate of four miles an hour. We had considerable difficulty in keeping pace with our stout pedestrian, and notwithstanding the coldness of the morning, we soon began to feel warmly, the effect of our heavy shooting jackets, crammed as they were with powder, shot, provisions, and flasks

of brandy. We soon, however, arrived at the spot where one of us was to take his stand, and I, being regularly blown, or, if you will, confoundedly lazy, seated myself on a log of wood which lay convenient. The brushwood was very thick on either side of the road, but there was a small opening on the right which had evidently at one time served as a path—probably for the carrying of lumber in winter to the water's edge. From my situation in this belt of wood, which separated two clearings, I commanded a good view of the river, and about twenty yards above where I stood there was a small rapid. Here Hiram (our hunter,) and my companion, went ahead, but Rattler one of our dogs, seeming to have the same lazy propensity as his master, refused to budge from my side, and it was only after a collar and string had been formed of our united pocket handkerchiefs, that he was unwillingly dragged along. Here then I sat myself down, but the cold soon forced me to keep in motion, and I stalked backwards and forwards like a sentry, with my eyes and ears alive to every sight and sound. After walking for about half an hour, I heard a single faint howl, which sounded in my ears like the first music from the fox-cover in days of yore—again all was still, and I continued my uninteresting perambulation! I began to think that if this were a specimen of deer-hunting in Canada, it was a very sorry kind of sport, and I had almost made up my mind to turn deserter and leave my post, when I fancied I heard a crackling among the trees; both barrels were immediately cocked, but instead of the expected game, Hiram's long legs met my eye, emerging from the wood near me. I learned that the dogs had started a deer, but the animal had taken an opposite course from that in which I stood. I was directed to keep a sharp look out, for the experienced hunter declared, that the deer would sooner or later come to the river. "I guess," says he "I'll go down myself to the forks, in case he goes t'other way. He's a darnation big fellow I warrant: his track is like a calf's—and them animals be too fat to keep it up long this season of the year. Mind take him 'bout the fore shoulder, and if he turns back, *holler* out; if you like a standing shot, put your hands to your mouth and bleat like a sheep, and he'll stand right still if he don't see you,—keep cool,—its ten chances to one that he comes this way." And so the event proved—Hiram had scarcely left me, when I heard Rattler's deep sonorous yell, at regular intervals; Ah, the fine fellow, I could have distinguished him among a thousand! Little Music's voice too, soon became audible, and lastly, I could hear the occasional yelping of the wood-man's collie; on they seemed coming, directly towards me—nearer, and nearer, till I began to feel nervous with anxiety. I examined my nipples, and cocked both barrels, looking in the direction of the bush. I could now distinctly hear Rattler's preliminary yelp to his thrilling bay, and

my heart began to beat. They were not more than five hundred yards distant; I heard a loud crashing among the brush-wood, and a regular bound, bound, coming towards the very place where I stood; my suspense did not continue long—my hand shook, and I could distinctly hear my heart beat; out the noble animal plunged directly across the road, about twenty yards from where I stood—his tongue was hanging out, covered with foam, his nostrils distended, and his eyes glaring with fierce brightness. I was rivetted to the spot—I could not fire; forgetting all Hiram's instructions and admonitions, I could only watch in admiration the graceful boundings of the princelike tenant of the forest. Into the river he plunged, and hid all but his head and antlers from my view—this brought me to my senses, and though scarcely believing that a single bullet would arrest the progress of such a noble beast, I prepared, with a trembling hand, and a beating heart, to fire; watching my opportunity, when he reached a spot shallow enough to enable him to walk, I took a hasty aim and pulled. How shall I describe my exulting ardour at seeing him, on the clearing away of the smoke, on his haunches, vainly endeavouring to raise himself, and gazing fearfully around. Trembling lest he should still escape, I gave him the other barrel, and half beside myself, I plunged into the deep, cold, and rapid stream, to grasp my prize. This, however, proved no such easy matter, for, though the animal was quite dead, and floating with the current, I found I was getting beyond my depth, and the swiftness of the water rendered it almost impossible for me to keep my feet. I moreover was getting numbed with cold, and I began to conceive that my ardour savoured more of indiscretion than I first imagined. With considerable difficulty I reached the shore, shivering, dripping, puffing like a half-drowned rat, and my teeth daucing a jig in my head with cold. But where were the dogs all this time? None of them had come out on the track of the deer, and they continued giving splendid tongue. Guess my surprise and astonishment at seeing, a few moments after, another fine deer, in size seemingly larger than the former, bound across the road, within ten yards of me, and gently walk into the river. I seized my gun, doubting my senses, whether it might not be the one I conceived I had shot. In my eagerness I took aim at the brute and would have fired, but alas my weapon was not charged. I cursed my senseless folly and delay, and began belabouring with all my might for my companions, but the deer had reached the opposite shore in safety, and was again lost in the shade of the trackless forest. I looked again, and again, to assure myself that it was my prey which I saw floating in an eddy of the river, and in this assurance I urged the dogs across on the scent of the other deer, but they refused to pass the dead animal and continued to lounge at my heels. I had not then learned that the same

dogs will often bring out two and sometimes even three deer by one run-way, and had I but remained on the shore and saved my second charge, I might have added another laurel to my brow. It is always thus with mankind. "Quo plus habet eo plus cupit." In deer-shooting, "Ex visu oritur cupidus," is a true saying, for what eagerness can equal that of a sportsman, when he gets a glance of the noble and graceful animal darting past him, especially if the chances be against his obtaining it? The excitement of deer-shooting in the bush, is compressed into a moment, but an exciting moment it is; you first hear the dogs, then if they take your direction, coming nearer and nearer, until the crashing of the dried branches is audible—then comes the trial, oh! the eagerness of that moment! the deer is either dead at your feet or he is lost for that day at least; for unless very much fatigued, and close to a river, he seldom retraces his steps, and you cannot reach another run-way before he has passed. But to return—I was soon joined by my companion, and Hiram, whose cold indifference piqued me much. I expected congratulations, praise, and to be annihilated with questions, but no, the only remark of that taciturn individual was "I guess he aint bled well, we'd best skin him right off."

Having procured a canoe, we dragged the animal on shore, and a finer fellow I never witnessed. His weight averaged, after skinning and cleaning, fifty one pounds per quarter, so that his whole carcass must have been little short of two hundred and sixty pounds. The ball and buckshot had both taken deadly effect; the former having perforated the body between the second and third ribs, and the latter being scattered all over the head. The dogs were perfectly savage with delight at tasting the blood, and I stood overlooking the operation, like Nimrod of old.

After the operation of disembowelling was completed, we procured a pole, and inserting it between the head and legs tied together, Hiram and I with each an end on our shoulders proceeded homewards, whilst my companion carried the guns. No victor in his triumphal car ever felt prouder than did I, staggering along under the weight of these two hundred pounds of venison. But custom in this, as it is apt to do in other things, has in some degree banished the charm. Ah, reader, if thou hast never stretched a buck on the ground, thou wilt laugh at my ardour, but thou wilt respond to it, if ever after a tiresome watch of some couple of hours, thou hast heard the music of thy beautiful hound approaching on the track of thy prey, and if thy steady arm and trusty gun have laid the victim low, then thou knowest how cheering is the shout which announces his death and downfall. What feeling can be more glorious than in a fine bracing October morning, to tramp forth in sturdy independence, with your gun on your shoulder, and your trusty hound by your side, your pockets well lined with grub to sustain the outward man, and with a comfortable drop of

brandy in your flask, to preserve you from catching the vapours in your inward, whilst every thing favours your hopes of sport?—this, to our mind, is a rational way of passing a day now and then, during the autumn in the country. After coming home, and seeing your game and dogs taken care of, you sit down to a comfortable dinner, and a single glass of whiskey toddy—nay if you be not hampered with Hymen's chains, you may enjoy a cigar in your easy chair, and take a nap, till you are waked up by the hissing of the coffeepot, which Betty, your old housekeeper, with her usual watchful care, has provided. If after this, you be not too tired, you may throw on your fire another shovel of coals, and quietly note down, as we have done, the particulars of a day's sport in the woods.

“JONATHAN GRUB.”

(ORIGINAL.)

LONDON.

A NATIONAL SONG—BY MRS. MOODIE.

For London! for London! how oft has that cry,
From the blue waves of ocean been wafted on high;
When the tar, thro' the grey mist that mantled the
tide,

The white cliffs of England exulting descried;
And the hills of his country awoke in his heart,
Emotions no object but home can impart—
For London! for London! the home of the free—
There's no port in the world, royal London, like thee.

Old London! what ages have glided away,
Since cradled in rushes thy infancy lay;
In thy rude huts of timber the proud wings were
furled,
Of that spirit, whose power overshadows the world!
And the grey chiefs who built and defended those
towers,

Were the sires of this glorious old city of ours!
For London! for London! the home of the free—
There's no city on earth, royal London like thee!

The Roman, the Saxon, the Norman, and Dane,
Have in turn sway'd thy sceptre, thou queen of the
main!

Their spirits, though diverse, uniting made one,
Of nations the noblest beneath yon bright sun:
With the genius of each, and the courage of all,
No foeman dare plant hostile flag on thy wall,
For London! for London! the home of the free—
There's no city on earth, royal London, like thee!

Old Thames rolls his waters in pride at thy feet,
And wafts to earth's confines thy riches and fleet:
Thy temples and towers like a crown on the wave,
Are hailed with a thrill of delight by the brave,
When returning triumphant from conquest afar,
They wreath the round thy altars the trophies of war,
For London! for London! the home of the free—
There's no port in the world, royal London, like thee!

Ah London! when we who, exulting, behold
Thy splendor and wealth, in the dust shall be cold,
May sages, and heroes, and patriots unborn,
Thy altars defend, and thy annals adorn;
May thy power be supreme on the land and the wave,
The feeble to succour, the fallen to save,
And the sons and the daughters, now cradled in thee,
Find no city on earth like the home of the free!

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CUP OF FANCY AND TEAR OF GRATITUDE:

WRITTEN DURING A CALM ON THE BANKS OF
NEWFOUNDLAND, IN AUGUST, 1821.

When the fresh'ning, fav'ring gale
The mind elates and fills the sail,
We, then, in fancy, hail the shore,
Quite tired of ocean's rage and roar,
And view with hope's full ardent eye,
Our future home in ecstasy.

But, ah! a breathless calm ensues,
How alter'd then—how changed our views!
In pensive mood—in musing mind,
We think on friends dear left behind,
Whom fancy paints upon the strand,
Waving adieus with trembling hand.

Their gen'rous acts are conjured up,
And fancy quickly fills the cup;
Which to our lips as we uprear,
Receives the starting—grateful tear:
Unconscious, thus we tribute pay
To objects loved though far away.

Blest cup, tear-hallowed, now with haste,
The balmy beverage straight we taste;
In fancy quaff—we feel a glow,
Which generous minds can only know:
For there are those in every land
Whose shrivelled souls can ne'er expand.

R.

A PRUSSIAN TURNPIKE.

WE were excessively diverted at the first view of a Prussian barrier or turnpike, a long tapering pole, painted magpie fashion; a box at one end filled with huge stones, and at the opposite extremity a rope. This is hung, and works on a swivel between two uprights, on one side of the road, across which it is fastened by means of the rope just named. When toll is presented the cord is unloosed, and up flies the pole from its weight at the other end, leaving the barrier at an angle of forty-five degrees, under which you pass with a rope dangling from it. Amazingly simple; but such a clumsy contrivance I should hardly have expected even here. These barriers are kept by discharged or disabled soldiers, who, not having pensions, are provided for as road surveyors, police, &c.—*Roby*.

THE FUGITIVE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

“For time at last sets all things even—
 And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power
 Which could evade, if unforgiven,
 The patient search, and vigil long
 Of him who treasures up a wrong.”

BYRON.

A HEAVY rain ushered in a bleak, autumnal night, which closed over the field of Eusentelle; concealing in almost impenetrable darkness, the flight of the fugitive, and somewhat abating, by its gloomy influence, the fierce ardour of the pursuer.

The uproar and tumult of the day had subsided. The shouts of onset, the neighing of steeds, and the shrill call of the trumpets, had given place to the solitary voice of nature. No sound met the ear but that of the wind rushing through the half leafless forest, as two knights, armed *cap-a-pie*, forced their way through the tangled mazes of a thick wood, bordering on the shores of the Mediterranean.

“The game is up!” exclaimed the foremost rider, “suddenly springing from his steed, as the heavily caparisoned war-charger sank under him; “and my life and diadem are not worth an hour’s purchase!”

“Courage, royal Otho!” said his companion, likewise dismounting, and speaking in a hollow and suppressed voice, as though the action gave him great pain; “the hope that has carried you thus far from the hot pursuit of your enemies must yet bear you on.”

“Now, by Saint Peter, noble Count! your advice is physic to a dying man. My good steed has breathed his last, and these weary limbs will poorly aid me in eluding the scent of the blood-hounds who track my steps.”

“Danger besets you on every side,” returned the wounded knight, impatiently; “mount my horse, and speed for life through the forest.”

“I value existence too little to prolong mine on such dishonourable terms, brave Herman. Never shall my enemies say that Otho of Germany fled like a coward, leaving his friend to the mercy of the treacherous fiends who have brought his life and honour into such fearful jeopardy.”

“My liege, this is not a time to indulge in chivalric sentiments. The fate of an empire depends

upon your life; mine is already sped. Number me with the brave men you have left to the crow and the vulture on yonder ill-starred field. Hark!” he continued, sinking from the tree which had hitherto supported him, to the earth, “the foe is on us! I hear the trampling of steeds, and the deep baying of the dogs rises on the blast like the knell of death.”

The Emperor started and listened, while the surviving steed snorted, pricked up his ears, and shook impatiently his slackened rein.

“You are right, Herman; they are near—arise and fly! darkness will no longer conceal us—see—the moon bursts forth.”

He paused in breathless suspense, but received no answer. He touched the hand of the knight, which lay extended on the ground—the icy coldness chilled him! He loosened the clasp of the vizor, and lifted the heavy steel casque from his head. Through a misty atmosphere, the moon shed a sickly light on the pale brow and blood-stained hair of the Knight.

Otho gazed for a moment on the lifeless form of his friend—sprang to his steed, and fled through the forest with desperate speed. The night was far advanced; the wind which had been gradually rising for some hours, dispelled the haze which had enveloped the moon, and she now shone in cloudless glory on the ocean.

No sail was now visible—no indication of the haunts of men met the anxious glance of Otho, as he slowly paced the beach, leading his tired horse, and bitterly ruminating on the past. Where should he gain a lodging for the night? To effect this object would risk discovery. While he was meditating on the course to be pursued, the sound of revelry met his ear—the laugh, the song, and the wild huzza, rose on the wind, and mingled with the hollow wailing of the billows, that rolled in living brightness at his feet. Otho looked cautiously round, as a boisterous peal of merriment awoke the

lonely echo of the place; but, though the sound seemed near, no object met his eye, but the broad expanse of moving water, and the deep shadow of the rock beneath which he stood. He began to think something of magical illusion prevailed. At length the following ditty was chanted in full chorus, by manly voices, in his native tongue :

Where the sun warms, or the tempest lowers,
The treasures of ocean and earth are ours ;
Freedom and conquest attend our sail,
And the prize shall be ours ere the moon turns pale.

The wind that ruffles the breast of the deep,
And howls round our cavern, shall lull us to sleep ;
We sail by the glory of moonbeam and star,
And shout to the billow that bears us afar.

Bear a hand ! bear a hand ! unmoor the boat,
With the wind and the tide to our vessel float :
When the black flag is hoisted rude warfare is nigh,
Where its dark shadow quivers the boldest will fly.

Then, courage my mates ! the wind sings loud,
The moon has burst from her swarthy cloud ;
Again must we dash through the angry roar
Of the foaming surge, ere the night is o'er !

This wild burst freed the Emperor from doubt as to the profession of the revellers ; and he rightly concluded that he was near the rendez-vous of one of the notorious hordes of pirates which, in that dark age, infested every island and shore of the Mediterranean. Finding he was likely to escape from Scylla only to fall into Charybdis, he was about to bend his course in a different direction, when his horse, with the natural sagacity of the species, finding himself near the haunts of men, neighed long and loudly. The sound had scarcely gone forth before all was silent in the cavern ; and Otho had only time to disengage the royal diadem that encircled his plumed helm, and commit it to the deep, ere a huge stone was rolled from the mouth of the cave, artfully concealed by a projecting angle of the rock. A flood of light instantaneously bursts forth, revealing a group of men, variously attired, feasting round a table, hewn from the solid rock, which blazed with goblets of precious metal, filled with the sparkling juice of the grape.

In another moment the Emperor was surrounded by armed men, whose fierce and menacing gestures indicated that little mercy or forbearance was to be expected at their hands.

The prince, accustomed to command a turbulent and warlike people, bent not from his native dignity in addressing the lawless band before him. Courage could not rescue him from his perilous situation ; but a bold and resolute carriage was more likely to succeed with such men, than cowardly supplication or mean submission. Turning, therefore,

to the foremost in the group, whom, by his proud bearing and fierce demeanour, he concluded to be their leader, he said :

“Chance and my evil destiny have thrown me into your power : my rank is noble ; aid me in my present need, and I will so amply reward your services, that henceforth you may abandon the lawless life you pursue.”

The pirate tauntingly answered : “Methinks, the fortunes of an unhelmed knight would pay us poorly for exercising the rites of hospitality ! What sum could you offer, of sufficient magnitude to tempt the rover to forsake his traffic on the deep ? The wealth of nations is ours—we have bought our freedom on the wave with our blood, and derive our treasures from the most remote regions of the earth.”

“Peace, Theodoric !” exclaimed a voice from behind, which made Otho start, as a tall martial figure emerged from the cavern. “Is it thus,” he continued, addressing his comrade ; “that you prove your boasted freedom, by playing the tyrant to a stranger, whose misfortune it is to have fallen into our hands ? Now, by Saint Nicholas ! the patron of the mariner, I find man is the same arbitrary being on the throne, in the camp, or on the deep. Give him power, and he abuses the prerogative with which he is invested.”

During this speech, Otho examined, with an air of troubled interest, the dark, but intelligent countenance of the outlaw. His figure was lofty, well and strongly formed. Though plainly attired in the coarse garb of a seaman, he possessed a firmness of step, a grandeur of deportment indicating high lineage and early acquaintance with arms. His complexion had suffered from the scorching influence of a hotter climate and constant exposure to weather ; but the fire of genius pervaded his features, and flashed through the dark and piercing eye, which spoke of deeds, boldly resolved and fearlessly executed. His brow was marked with an expression of deep and settled melancholy, whose gloomy power had stolen the glow of health from his cheek, and shed its blight on the rich masses of raven hair, which, in the full meridian of manhood, were already mingled with silver. His countenance, once seen, could not easily be forgotten ; and the remembrance of its lineaments recurred to the mind of the Emperor like a troubled dream, recalling the calm sports of boyhood, the rash and impetuous career of youth, and the fierce tyranny that had marked his entrance on manhood.

“It is only fancy, or he too would recognize me,” he exclaimed to himself, as the pirate, turning to him, said, in a courteous tone—

“Sir Knight, you are welcome to our rugged cheer—follow me.”

The cavern was strongly illuminated with torches, which gleamed on arms and trophies won from re-

mote and barbarian nations. The captain, however, motioned Otho to a seat at the lower end of the board, and having seen him well supplied with refreshments, turned to a beautiful youth who was seated at his right hand, his head resting on the frame of a small silver lute—with that youth he entered into earnest conversation, from time to time casting significant glances on Otho. Once, the Emperor encountered the full languishing blue eyes of the stripling, whose colour mounted even to the snowy temples, which glittered with marble whiteness, from among the flaxen locks by which they were shaded. He turned away his head to conceal his confusion, and his hand unconsciously fell over the instrument: it emitted a tremulous strain of melody, and the minstrel, as if gathering courage from the sound, sung a simple air which served more forcibly to enchain the attention of the Emperor. As if under the influence of magic, he gazed with intense interest on the dark-browed chief and on the fair haired youth beside him—

My native land! my native land!

How many tender ties,
Connected with thy distant strand,
Call forth my heavy sighs.

The rugged rock—the mountain stream—

The hoary pine-tree's shade—
Where often in the noon-tide beam
A happy child I stayed!—

I think of thee, when early light
Is trembling on the hill;

I think of thee, at dead midnight,
When all is dark and still!

I think of those whom I shall see
On this fair earth no more;
And wish in vain for wings to flee
Back to thy much-loved shore.

The pirate cast a look of tender and melancholy regard on the minstrel, and Otho was on the point of expressing the pleasure that his enchanting voice had afforded him, when the outlaw, to whom he had first spoken, suddenly asked in an imperious tone, "Sir Knight, whence came you?"

A dark frown rested on the brow of Otho, as he replied, in a tone equally haughty—

"From the field of Busentelle."

"How went the battle?"

"It was not the sword of the mighty, or the force of the strong, that won the field," returned the Emperor; "treachery prevailed."

"How!" exclaimed the captain, starting to his feet; "did his Italian friends forsake Otho in his hour of need? this repays the tyrant well for casting from him true hearts and brave hands!"

"You are a German," said the Emperor, fixing his eagle eye on the pirate; "but what can you know of Otho's private councils?"

A fierce light blazed in the dark eyes of the robber, as he replied—

"What do I not know of them, you should have said. Hear me, Sir Knight, and then judge impartially between this accursed tyrant and me!"

He paused, covered his face with his hands, and appeared for some time struggling with bitter reflexions; then continued in a calmer tone:

"Stranger, you see before you one of the noblest descended princes of the German Empire, the unfortunate Philip of Cologne."

The Emperor started—a deadly paleness stole over his countenance—his lip quivered, and his eyes involuntarily sought the ground, as the pirate proceeded in his narrative—

"I served my first apprenticeship in arms under the banner of Otho, and we reaped together immortal glory in many a well-fought field. In the war with Poland, the regiments under my command surprised, one night, the camp of the enemy, and we took much spoil, and made many prisoners. Among the captives was a young and lovely female, the only daughter of a man of rank, who, dying of his wounds, committed her, with a father's blessing, to his victorious foe. Had I followed the first generous impulse of my breast, I should have restored the weeping damsel to her friends and country; but my heart soon owned for the unprotected stranger a tender passion. Our affection was mutual, and she promised to become my bride, when the days appointed for the mourning for her father were accomplished. In the interval, returning to Vienna, I was received with the most flattering demonstrations of regard by the treacherous Otho. But woe to him who puts any trust in the faith of princes! He accidentally saw, and became deeply enamoured of my beautiful Sarmatian.

"His passion knew no bounds, and cruelty suggested the most speedy method of satisfying his wishes.

"Finding me determined never to surrender my promised bride, he accused me of treason, and suborned witnesses. I was tried by the circle of princes; they dreaded the indignation of the Emperor; and I was sentenced to a heavy fine and perpetual banishment.

"Rage, despair, and love, were struggling in my breast. I gave myself up to the fury that possessed me; and in the bitterness of the moment, denounced dreadful imprecations on the head of the man who was the author of my sufferings. But the measure of his crimes was not yet full. Eudocia resisted his passion, and treated the bribes he offered her with the contempt they merited. Accusing her of magic, the enraged and vindictive Emperor sent her, under a strong escort, a prisoner to a distant castle.

"Permitted to bid adieu to my aged parents, before I quitted for ever my native land, I had not been many hours under the roof of my paternal castle

before a friend communicated to me the tidings of Eudocia's sentence and approaching imprisonment. My first idea was to surprise the escort, and win back my bride at the point of the sword. This resolve I instantly carried into execution.

"I assembled my friends and vassals—I pointed out my injuries—I urged them as men, and as comrades in arms, to assist me in rescuing from destruction a lovely and unfortunate woman. Aided by the darkness of the night, we succeeded in our enterprise, leaving but one man of the whole escort to return with the tale.

"For that adventure the ban of the Empire was pronounced against me; my name was erased from the list of princes; my banner was trampled under foot; and a high reward was offered for my head. Pursued from realm to realm, destitute of a home or abiding place—my name became a bye-word, a proverb in the mouth of my enemies. The sea was before me: I had no other resource—I joined myself to a band of brave but desperate men, and became a pirate and robber at the hands of Otho!" The outlaw ceased, and again passed his trembling hand over his swollen brow.

"And what, think you, the wretch deserves, who could heap such aggravated miseries on the head of a brave and innocent man?"—asked the Emperor, in a low and hollow tone.

"The fate he has doubtless met in the field—disgrace, overthrow and death!"—returned the pirate.

"He lives to fulfil the latter part of your sentence," replied the Emperor—rising and approaching the outlaw. "Philip of Cologne! do you remember this face!—Can you recognize, in a nameless fugitive, your ungenerous persecutor, Otho of Germany?—Sheathe in this breast your sword, and sate your indignation on the author of your wrongs." He threw his sword at the pirate's feet, and stood before the astonished assembly, with folded arms and downcast eyes.

A hollow murmur passed from man to man, and, "down with the tyrant!"—trembled on every lip; but no word was audible.

The pirate sprang to his feet—a dark red flush was on his face—his lip quivered—a fierce warfare of passion shook his frame.

"Otho of Germany!" he exclaimed, "the hour of retributive justice is at length mine! But for thee, I had been the pride and ornament of the land that gave me birth; and had reaped, in honourable warfare, immortal glory. Your unrelenting cruelty drove me to the rocks and fastnesses of these islands, and made me the companion of outlawed men, a pirate on the deep—Die!—and let my crimes, my lost honour, be visited on thee!"—His sword flashed over his head.

"Hold!" exclaimed the minstrel boy, casting himself at the outlaw's feet, and staying the uplifted weapon; "raise not your hand against the Lord's

anointed!—He is your prince—once was your friend!—will his blood atone for your past sufferings?—will his condemnation ensure your eternal welfare?

The robber paused.

"To you, Philip of Cologne, I never before sued in vain," resumed the lovely woman, whose disguise could no longer conceal from the Emperor the wife of the pirate; "ever generous and noble, even to your enemies, prove to this unhappy prince how far virtue can triumph over the mean spirit of revenge."

"Exalted Woman! said the Emperor," greatly agitated; "cease to plead for me—these supplications in my behalf, from one whom I have so deeply injured, are worse than the pangs of death." He covered his face with his hands, to conceal the emotion which convulsed every feature; but in despite of all his efforts to repel them, the bright drops forced their way through his clenched fingers. The pirate gazed on the conscience-stricken, till the wrath of his countenance passed away, and the tears trembled in his own fierce eyes.

"Live!" he said, "restore these brave men to their former rank and fortune, and this degraded arm shall reinstate you on the throne of your ancestors."

"No," returned the Emperor mournfully; "I will not accept life at your hands—a self-condemned and guilty man, I will not attempt to excuse crimes, committed in the lust of power, in the heat of youthful passion."

"Has futurity then not errors?" said Philip.

"None to him who has made his peace with heaven," returned Otho; "who has offered at the throne of mercy, the humble sacrifices of a broken heart."

"Has your repentance been deep enough to rob the grave of its victory?"

"Your noble brother, who lies a corpse in yonder wood, could best have resolved you that question. Oh, that his mailed breast were my pillow; that the hand, which vainly defended him against a host of foes, were cold and stiff like his!"

The outlaw turned away, deeply afflicted, while the Emperor continued—

"To atone in some measure for the wrongs I heaped upon your head, I passed an edict, recalling you to your country, and restoring you to the honours of which I had so cruelly deprived you. I ordered diligent search to be made in every realm for the exiled prince of Cologne; but all my endeavours to discover the place of your retreat proving fruitless, I bestowed upon your brother the favours I would willingly have bestowed on you. At your feet I ask forgiveness of the past, and demand the fulfilment of the first sentence your lips pronounced against me."

He would have thrown himself at the pirate's feet,

but the exile received him in his arms ere his knee could touch the earth. Deep silence for some moments pervaded the assembly; till the band, springing to their feet and brandishing aloft their weapons, made the cavern ring with, "Long live Otho of Germany!—Long live Philip of Cologne!"—

The pirate, true to his promise, safely transported the Emperor to the nearest German port; and the world soon forgot, in the commander-in-chief of her armies, and the bulwark of her throne, the once dreaded Pirate of the Mediterranean!

(ORIGINAL.)

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

"Oh! autumn! thou art here a king!
And round thy throne the circling hours,
A thousand pageant tributes bring,
Of golden fruits and blushing flowers."
Funny Kemble.

AUTUMN is with us again, with its sights of splendour, its beautiful days, and its cool clear mornings. Welcome, beautiful autumn! thrice welcome, when you bring with you your bright magnificent dress, your beautifully variegated mantle. Then, indeed, thou art the glorious autumn, the pageant of the year, and not its fall. Reader, is it to you a dreary season? For your own sake I hope not. It is the season for thought, for quiet musings, for turning our reflections inward, and getting better acquainted with our motives, and aims, our destiny. Autumn has many voices, whispering many a wholesome lesson to the thoughtful man, telling him of what he is to be, warning him of the great change which is approaching, and bidding him be ready. "We all do fade as a leaf," said the Patriarch Job, many, many centuries ago, and the words have been on the lips of myriads from that day to this. There is a meaning, and a force in the language, too plain to need explanation, and at the same time a beauty which every one feels in his heart, and on which the imagination delights to linger. We all do fade as a leaf; it may be as a solitary leaf, plucked prematurely from the branch, and abandoned to carcering winds, and summer heats; or, as the withered leaf, which drops silently and unseen to the earth, to join the millions and myriads of millions which have fallen in former days. We fade, all of us, the grey hair'd man and the infant, rich and poor, honourable and despised, alike. It is a continued decay, a fading inseparable from existence, and as much independent of our wishes or efforts, as our immortality. Thus saith nature, and reason, and resolution confirm her voice; and yet, every one thinks he has a long lease of life, and is sure of seeing many long years. It may be that for a season, a brief space, when outward nature communes with the invisible spirit within, that we may feel ourselves checked and chastened by the symp-

toms of decay, which every where rise upon the eye and the ear, and be disposed to drink in the sweet moralities of the season, and for a moment remember that we are mortal; but the impression is too slight to influence our conduct. Nature may speak, in the return of the seasons; but autumn will yield to winter, and winter to spring, and the glory of summer be again succeeded by the gorgousness and grandeur, and then by the decay of autumn; but the mass of mankind, nine hundred and ninety nine out of every thousand, will fail to apply the lesson to themselves.

As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parting wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.

Reason and observation speak alike in vain, the words of the preacher are unheeded, for man will not be convinced of his mortality, will not think of it. Nor is this much to be wondered at, for the great majority of men are so engrossed in their plans for living, that the end of life is scarcely regarded. The toil of the day, and the thoughts of the labour or the wants of the morrow are enough for them. Man goeth forth to his labour until the evening; this is the deadening round which millions tread, and must tread till they drop into the grave and are forgotten. The young look forward, but it is to a bright and sunny future, not darkened by the shadow of death, a future stored with long days and happiness, and a region gilded by no trophies of decay, into which disappointment and disease never enter. To such an one autumn will bring but little of melancholy; his eye is fixed onward and upward on the creations of his imagination, and the schemes of life which he has planned. How can the rustling leaf, the naked tree, or the bare brown stubble suggest to him the thoughts of decay and corruption in the grave? Ah, deceitful hope! thou cheatest us out of the best part of our lives, conducting us amidst opening graves, and pitfalls, towards an unreal land, a land of shadows; and making us aspire to what we can never be, and forget what we are.

Then the man of business, man of care and slavish toil, dreaming all night of the business of the morrow—how can he stop to listen to the voice of the season? He has invested his all in some flattering speculation; his bills are becoming due and must be met, a neighbour has gained an advantage over him in trade; his heart and hands are full, too full already; he cannot be expected to think much of any thing but business at present. Look at him, then, years afterwards, when business is a toil, instead of a pleasure and an excitement; see him as he comes out in the morning, staff in hand, to linger about the old spot where his happiest and busiest days were spent; the October frost has seared the leaves, and scattered them thick on the ground; what is the old man thinking about, as he picks his way through

their, eddying uneasy whirlings, that seem to laugh at his slow steps? He is thinking of the past, of those he used to sport with in the autumn woods thirty or forty years ago, when exertion was bliss, and the day far too short for their plans and wishes. He was a boy then, an open-hearted, unsuspecting guileless, penniless boy, flushed with hope, and happy as the day was long; and now what is he? rich and old, and it may be childless, and with no home for the little of heart that care and speculation and time have left him. He is thinking of the three core and ten years, short and evil years, that are allotted to man on earth, and the small balance that remains to him on the credit side of the account; but he never thinks he is near death. He shall see many, many autumns yet; his father lived to be ninety, and his grandfather was nearly a hundred; there are many in town older than he, and less active too—why should he think of death—he is almost as well as he was ten years ago—Ah, that twinge! he really must be more cautious, he thinks, about his diet; he can't stand so much now as he once could. "Ah, those were jolly times," mutters the old man, "when Tom Smith, and Anderson, and I, used to meet of a Saturday, when there was not so much opposition; no such times now—a days, poor Tom—he was a jolly dog, and such a voice!" here a gleam of animation passes over the old man's face, as he draws himself up into something like his former self. Autumn has gone, and so have winter, and spring and summer, and the leaves again preach to the old man, as he goes out to his forenoon's walk. He is feeblener now, much feeblener; he is glad to meet an acquaintance, that he may stand for a while to recover his breath; he saunters into a shop, perhaps he has a slight share in the concern; he sits down, wondering at the activity of the boy behind the counter, and how he half whistles and sings to himself, out of very happiness, as he shoves along a roll of cloth, he is hardly able to place on the shelf. The stove is not unpleasant to the old man, as he draws back beside it, to watch the customers as they come in, or the forms that catch his eye for an instant as they pass the open door, hurrying backwards and forwards along the street. He listens to the eager voices of the customers and shop boys, and feels the jar of the trucks as they move along, laden with the produce of far distant climes. He would give one half his property to be as he was thirty years ago; but the vanity of the thought soon becomes apparent and the old man moves away, to go his rounds, read the papers, hear the news of the day, and be back to dinner. By and by, the old man is confined to his bed. Hark! he is scolding his old house-keeper for sending for the doctor; he has only a slight cold, an attack of rheumatism, he will be out in a day or two. Here, Jane, bring me a little brandy and water—that will do me good; and, Jane, just send over and tell Dr. D. he need not come at pre-

sent—Ah, Doctor is this you? ugh—ugh—ugh; I've got bad cold you see, Doctor, but I was never fond of gentlemen of your cloth. Just open that window, if you please, it's stifling hot here—any news, Doctor? A little more sugar, Jane; this won't hurt me, will it, Doctor? Raise me a little, Jane, and bring another glass. Good God, how dark it is. Help Doctor, help! but it was too late, he was gone! The old man died hoping for length of days, and as thousands live and die, dreaming, deceived.

No wonder then, that poverty, high hopes, business and care, and long settled habits, banish from the minds of so many the thoughts of decay, of their own death; and that to so many autumn should be a dreary season. We shrink back from the grave as from an enemy, and shudder at the corruption, the darkness, the silence, which we unconsciously associate with it, as if our own living, breathing body was to be laid there. But this is only part of a pernicious system of education, and as irrational as pernicious. Why should we not associate with the grave thoughts of rest, and quiet? There is no sorrow there, no poverty, no toil, no disappointment. Calumny wounds not there, and the sting of slander is disarmed of its venom.

But enough of this. Sweet sober-minded autumn, thou hast other lessons, more grateful and not less needed. Speak to us again, Autumn, and our hearts will reverently treasure up your teachings. Gently thou wavest thy hand over the stubble fields, to the bare trees lately laden with golden fruit. What lesson dost thou teach by this? Gratitude?—Yes gratitude to the giver of all our mercies, who hath crowned the year with his goodness. Delightful lesson! blessing those who learn and practise it, doubling every benefit, and warming the overflowing heart with a sense of the protection of an Almighty Being. Gratitude for all we have received and are and hope to be. For the mercies of the year, the Providential every-day blessings which sweetened our cup of life; for the air to fan us, for health and friends, and fair fame, for summer showers to refresh the thirsty earth, for the dew and the tender rain upon the grass, the sun to shine upon the glad fields, to cause them to unfold themselves in their full golden glory, to bless the waiting eyes of the husbandman.

Gentle reader, sally forth with me into the autumn woods. Nay, make not preparations against the rough blusterings of an October day. The sun shines as brightly, and oh, how much more gratefully than in the sweltering August. It warms and exhilarates and enlivens. Is not existence a blessing such a day as this. Feel you disposed to leap about from the exuberance of your delight, or rather to muse with a warm glow and a grateful feeling of ease about your heart. Well then let us go. We are now arrived at the hill side, as Milton says, not green and smooth, but still very beautiful. Sit down

on this fallen tree, and let the divinity stir within thee. Thou art wondering at the power which tore this fast rooted monarch of the woods from his hold of the soil. It was the unseen wind. Old Æolus was asleep then ; but push aside the rustling branch and sit down. There is a hill side just over the river, a solid mountain of gay colours. You have seen it more beautiful, say you ? True ; but the frost came late, and the usual gorgeousness of the season is not to be seen, but still this is a sight of surpassing loveliness, and even grandeur.

The maple predominates just before you—tree, redolent of sweets, the hybla of America. Its leaves, you see, are of a deep brown, tinged with red, with little of the splendour of the first part of the season. But a maple forest, whether in the glory of summer, the first blush, or the decline of autumn, is the most beautiful of forests ; but the fulness and roundness of the outline is now gone, and the ragged tops shoot up from above the discoloured, fading foliage against the clear western sky. The beech you cannot discover so readily at present, if not by the deeper tinge of yellow, which contrasts so finely with the irregular looking evergreens. You scarcely deign, I see, to cast a glance on the dark hemlock and spruce ; but wait a little. The winter is coming, when the nakedness of the maple you admire so much, will send a feeling of gloom and desolation to your heart. How then will be the leaves, you now love to gaze upon, covered in the cold deep snow ; the bright colours will exist only in your imagination ; and as you turn in sadness from the naked landscape, and draw down the curtains, and your chair up to the fire, wondering where the glory of autumn has gone to, then will you in your heart bless the evergreens. Ever-greens ! Yes evergreens in a Canadian winter ; they were green as now before our forefathers had a being, and will remain so when we are forgotten in the grave. It is sad to think of never more beholding the familiar beauties of nature, of looking for the last time on scenes endeared by many a tender association ; but we come and go as the plants we tread under our feet, springing up, and then making way for a successor. Existence, progression, decay ! In these three words, the whole history of the world is comprised. But look, yonder is a tree apparently in the height of its bloom ; do you not see the yellow tipped leaves, appearing at this distance like the golden laburnum, or the humbler and less fragrant glories of the "lang yellow broom ?" Alas, that the laburnum does not survive the rigours of the winter, or rather the late blighting frosts of the spring—for it does live through the winter and springs up beautifully, as I can bear witness ;—the broom, like the heather, is a denizen of another region—you will look long before you find it in Canada. There is another tree close by the blooming one, and its leaves are black as leaves can be, and yet both are elms, both young, and growing on the same soil, and outwardly at least unacathed.

Whence the difference, since both are equally unsheltered from "the churlish chidings of the wintry wind." Perhaps some hidden grief is at the core, consuming the springs of life. No matter, desolate tree, your neighbour will be as bare as you in a few days. But the outline, the graceful, beautiful waving outline of a young elm—say, is it not more striking, than the solemn grandeur of the old tree, the chronicler of the woods—bare to its small round top, with its giant trunk unbent by the fiercest gale ?

It "puzzles the will" to decide, so you may set it down among the "subjects to be thought of," in your common-place book : but this breeze is somewhat too cool for comfort, without a little exercise, so let us march ;—not so fast, *doucement, doucement*, as Jean Baptiste would say—see you not bright, untouched green, beneath your very feet. As I'm a true man, the brakes and the wild grapes are as green, as in the leafy June, if not greener, but the wild flowers are gone, the delicate gentle wild flowers, that would put "the flaunting flowers our gardens yield," to the blush ; aye and the ignorant silly mortals too, that prefer art to nature, and proud gaudiness to simplicity, who value things most that cost the most, and would hardly stoop down for the rarest, purest gem of a flower that ever grew, if it grew in the woods,

"Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
Breathing its balmy fragrance o'er the wild."

"Breathing its balmy fragrance o'er the wild," well said Thomson ; Gray would have said :

"Wasting its fragrance on the desert air ;"

Choose, if you can, I pray you,

———"Beauties are they both ;
Both matchless, unsurpassed, needing no praise."

Turn to the right if you are tired of the woods ; let me assist you over this brook. Well, if you will not, "a wilfu' man maun hae his way," and so maun a wilfu' woman for that matter. But you need not laugh at the bit burnie, poor thing,— "Long has it brickered through the sunny glade," and now we are out ; yonder is the river, smiling as if glad to receive its little murmuring tributary. You might travel thousands of miles without setting your eyes on such a river as that. The Saint Lawrence is the Saint Lawrence, I'll say nothing against it. Indeed the Saint Lawrence is a river of which every loyal subject of our Most Gracious Queen ought to be proud as the inlet of British skill, British industry and British wealth, to thousands of free and true-hearted British subjects. But *there* runs a river that presents, at intervals along its banks, the elements of as perfectly picturesque and beautiful scenes as ever the eye of a painter looked on, in Canada at least. Beautiful and gentle bends, abrupt rocks almost blocking up the channel, wooded banks running up almost perpendicularly for many a yard, with just room for a road by the water's edge ; lake-like expansions with

islands of richest verdure, where nothing but verdure can be seen; not even the edges; dark rocks inclosing the whitened dashing waters, till you wonder how the lightest skiff can pass down and live; cultivated up-lands, or gentle slopes well cultivated and studded with thrifty looking farm houses, with occasionally a quiet village. All these, and a thousand beauties which a lover of nature would delight to look upon, you may find by riding half a day along these banks, down to the mouth of the river. The wilder, grander beauties, you would meet with in your progress upwards, it is not my purpose to touch upon here. But look to the heavens, I pray you, northward to where that wedge-like cloud is coming up. Here are the wild geese coming back from their summer excursion, to the far north. Winter has warned them off, cold hearted old wretch that he is, and away they go to the gentle south "where the summer is blossoming all the year long." There must be a hundred and fifty at least in that flock.

"All day their wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere."

But let them fly, poor things, they have far to go yet; but they never wander from the path.

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches the way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone, wand'ring, but not lost.

Now you have a fine view of the wedge; cunning creatures are they, as people say, to fly in that style;

Vainly the fowler's eye,
Might mark their distant flight, to do them wrong!
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Their figures float along.

I would repeat every line in that exquisitely finished piece of *Bryant's* if could. But look, there is nothing to be seen now of the long diverging lines; the wedge form has disappeared, according to fixed laws of perspective very likely, and you see nothing but a black cloud, a few inches thick; it becomes fainter and still fainter, you can only see something like a darkish ribbon between you and the blue sky. Now they come round to the east, quick as thought,—they did not like to leave the river—and you can see them now as well as if they were only half a mile off. You could almost count them as they sail along, but that high ridge will soon intercept the view. They're gone, the abyss of heaven has swallowed them up. A good voyage to you, sage Solon, I hope I shall see you again by and bye, on your way north. But the sun is getting low, and there is a brightness away in the far north, that bespeaks a frost before morning.

It is a beautiful evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun—
Breathless with adoration.

That incessant, cheerful chirping, which you have heard all the afternoon has nearly ceased. It is too cold for the crickets and grass-hoppers to sing songs in the evening now, and too cold for you, gentle reader, to be out. In then let us go, and in the morning there will be time enough for a short walk. It would be sad to lose a day now, when autumn is so far advanced into the scree and yellow leaf; but when autumn has quite gone with her sober beauties, she will not take with her all that is beautiful. Nature will be left to us, with her white clean garb, her bright stars and "clear majestic moon;" and the merry sleigh-bells will ring gaily as we glide over the smooth hard crust, rejoicing in the freshness of a new year. All seasons have their peculiar glories, and all climates. Nature is a bountiful Mother, and to her you can have recourse at all times; cherish her precepts, look reverently on her face at all times,

"And you will feel

A presence to disturb you with the joy
Of elevated thoughts;—a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is—the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky,—and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

A. R.

October, 1839.

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

"Farewell, Love, and all thy laws forever;
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more:
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
To perfect wealth, my wish for to endeavour."

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

"Truth is tried, when craft is in ure,
But though ye have had my heartes cure,
Trow ye! I dote without ending?

What no, perdie!"

Ib.

And must that genuine Love, which lavished once
Its gushing fondness on each thing that lived,
Be checked by Woman's will—must one deceit,
One disappointment of a warm young heart,
Restrain its courses, fill each thought with gall,
And tinge all objects with a hateful hue?—
Must the green forests which disclosed their leaves,
With all their secrets, even as books to me—
The bashful tenant of the hawthorn shade—
The wild-flower, which looked upward speakingly,
Had checked mine onward step—the voice, the sports
Of the free children of the wood and stream,
Lose all the sweet attraction to the mind
That knew and loved them!—Can Misanthropy
Repay the feeling soul that lost delight
"The worship of the Beautiful," the fair, the free,

The voice of Nature speaking to the heart,
 As if with her own loveliness to woo
 From sensual habits and debased pursuits
 Her last and highest born, yet weakest—man.
 Faint not, sad spirit—let not passion keep
 Thee blindly subject; though thy plumes are torn,
 Firmness is left thee for the fight of Life:
 Leave young Romance, forget those dreams of joy,
 Poured by a false Enchantress on the heart,
 And though, forever, thou must feel the wound
 Caused by the breaking of her cherished spell,
 Yet it shall leave no scar for worldly fools
 To point at—Thy first mistress, Nature, she,
 So faithful to her votary, offers still
 The fragrance and the beauty, to a few
 Only discovered; that, which won thy love
 And early worship, is awaiting thee:—
 Swift to the holy glades! the voice of streams,
 The giant woods, the pathless and the wild,
 The whispering of the winds, the song of birds,
 The very wild-flower, all are friends of thine,
 Dear friends whom thou cans't commune with—
 Away.

E. H. M.

A PAWNEE DANDY DESCRIBED.

BY THE HON. C. A. MURRAY.

I have seen some dandies in my life—English, Scotch, French, German, ay, and American dandies too; but none of them can compare with the vanity or coxcomby of the Pawnee dandy. Lest any of the gentry claiming the distinction, and belonging to the above mentioned nations, should doubt or feel aggrieved at this assertion, I will faithfully narrate what passed constantly before my eyes in our own tent; namely, the manner in which Sa-ni-tsa-rish's son passed the days on which there was no buffalo hunt. He began his toilet, about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted his face vermilion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his "coiffure," which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as the head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited "tresses." (Why must I call them, "pig-tails?") He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then, sometimes painting stripes of vermilion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows, and rings upon his fingers, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of moccasins, some scarlet cloth leggings fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far

prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted in a small wooden frame, (which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person,) and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or other religious moralist, never equalled. Nay more, if I were not afraid of offending the softer sex by venturing to bring man in comparison with them in an occupation which is considered so peculiarly their own, I would assert that no female creation of the poets, from the time that Eve first saw "that smooth watery image," till the polished toilet of the lovely Belinda, ever studied her own reflected self with more perseverance or satisfaction than this Pawnee youth. I have repeatedly seen him sit for above an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thunder-storm; now like the same god, described by Milton, "smiling with superior love," now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheek and forehead, and then pushing or pulling "each particular hair" of his eyebrows into its most becoming place! His toilet thus arranged to his satisfaction, one of the women or children led his buffalo horse before the tent; and he proceeded to deck his steed by painting his forehead, neck and shoulders, with stripes of vermilion, and sometimes twisted a few feathers into his hair. He then put into his mouth an old-fashioned bridle, bought or stolen from the Spaniards, from the bit of which hung six or eight steel chains, about nine inches long; while some small bells, attached to the reins, contributed to render the movement of the steed as musical as those of the lovely "Sonnante," in the incomparable tales of Comte Hamilton. All things being now ready for the promenade, he threw a scarlet mantle over his shoulders; thrust his mirror in below his belt, took in one hand a large fan of wild goose feathers, to shield his fair and delicate complexion from the sun; while a whip hung from his wrist, having the handle studded with brass nails. Thus accoutred, he mounted his jingling parfrey, and ambled through the encampment, envied by all the youths less gay in attire, attracting the gaze of the unfortunate drudges who represent the gentler sex, and admired supremely by himself.

If youth only knew how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degrading thoughts; if they only realized now frightful were the moral deformities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul, they would shun them as the bite of a serpent.

"If you don't accept my challenge," said one gentleman of honour to another, "I will gazette you—so take your choice. "Go ahead," said the other, "I had rather fill six gazettes than one coffin."

OMNIANA.

—
 "Trifles light as air."

Shakspeare.

THE CLEVEREST MAN IN AN IRISH COUNTY.

We enquired whose was the house we saw in the distance: "That house belongs to Mr. _____ an' he's the cleverest man but one, in the county." "And who is that one?" "Faix thin 'tis nobody else sure but his wife. They two, by the powers, are the knowingest in the county."—*Lady Chatterton's Rambles in the South of Ireland.*

VICE AND VIRTUE.

VICE is sometimes more courageous than virtue, because it has less to loose.

DECLAIMERS AGAINST THE WORLD.

THEY declaim more against the world who have most sinned against it; as people generally abuse those they have injured.

VIRTUE.

IT is more difficult to convince the vicious that virtue exists, than to persuade the good that it is rare.

EXPERIENCE

HAS taught us little, if it has not instructed us to pity the errors of others, and to amend our own.

CHARACTERS.

WE never injure our own character so much, as when we injure those of others.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

IN society we learn to know others, but in solitude we acquire a knowledge of self.

POLITENESS.

POLITENESS may prevent the want of wit and talents from being observed; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

IN that diversified book of Southey's, "The Doctor," he describes the tranquil pleasures of a bereaved husband, in touching terms. They were "to keep every thing in the same state as when the wife was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs, were fed as duly for her sake, as they formerly were by her hands."

TIGHT LACING.

"I think this practice is a great public benefit," said a gentleman.

"A great public benefit," exclaimed a friend, "why how can that be; do you not see that a great

many of our young ladies are ruining their healths, and losing their lives by it?"

"Yes, yes," returned the other, "but my dear fellow, do you not see that it kills off only the fools and we shall have all wise ones by and by."

SMALL causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy when great ones are not in the way: for want of a block he will stumble at a straw—*Swift.*

TO A DANDY.—BY S. S. OSGOOD.

If the story be true as the heathens relate,

That Jove showered down a whole handful of souls,

And left them to scramble their best for a mate,

'Mongst the bodies that wandered between the two poles,

Your unfortunate want we can clearly explain;

For what sensible spirit in search of a shape

Would not rather a shelterless rover remain,

Than wear a wasp's form with the face of an ape.

HARD CASES.

To serve faithfully and not to please.

To go on a journey to see a friend, and meet with a cold reception.

To work hard half of one's life in amassing a fortune, and then to spend the rest of his life in watching a fortune just for his victuals and clothes.

THE Earth, with its sacred face, is the symbol of the Past; the Air and Heavens, of Futurity—*Coleridge.*

HAPPINESS.

AN eminent modern writer beautifully says:—"The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness, a confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, reliance on the goodness of God."

JONH BULL.

OH dear! how John Bull swallows this soft sawder, don't he? I think I see him astandin' with his hands in his trousers-pockets, alookin' as big as all out-doors, and as sour as cider sot out in the sun for vinegar. At first he looks suspicious and sulky, and then one haughty frown relaxes, and then another, and so on, till starnness is gone, and his whole face wears one great benevolent expression, like a full moon, till you can eye him without winkin', and lookin' about as intelligent all the time as a skim milk cheese.—*Sam Slick.*

BOOK OF NATURE.

THAT feller cyphered that out of human natur',—the best book a man can study arter all, and the only true one;—there's no two ways about it—there's never no mistake there.—*B.*

GALLOPADE, NO. 2.

BY J. CLARKE, OF THE 7TH HUSSARS.

Vivace.
M P

Pia

for

fr

The image shows two systems of musical notation for a piano accompaniment. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major (one sharp). The first system is marked 'S^{va}' and contains two measures of music. The second system also contains two measures of music, ending with a double bar line. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and dynamic markings such as '>' and 'S^{va}'.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL TO SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

A SONG.

FARE thee well, my friend and father !
Go in peace thy far, far way :
Take this calumet, and ever
Think, O ! think on Omai !

He who shared thine every danger—
Saw thee conquer flood and foe—
Hopes to live, O daring stranger !
In thine utmost, dying, thro'.

May the spirit of the water
Guide in joy thy good canoe ;
And each blessing round thee scatter
Till thy father-land thou view.

May the spirit of the wild wood
Guard secure thy homeward track,
Till the mountains of thy childhood
Ring with joy to hail the back.

And, when round thy native dwelling
White-men gather in the vale ;
Or, when maiden's hearts are swelling
To thy wild and wondrous tale :

Tell them that the Red man never
Shall disturb the axe of strife ;
Nor his spear, his bow and quiver,
Urge in conflict at their life ;

While, like thine, each stranger's story
Shall rehearse no foe's woes ;
And, while treading paths of glory,
Nought but deeds of peace disclose.

Fare thee well, my friend and father !
Go in peace thy far, far way :
Take this calumet, and ever
Think, O ! think, on poor Omai !

D. C.

(ORIGINAL.)

A SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Sinks the broad sun o'er the wide heaving ocean,
And brightens the waves to his own blessed hue ;
The billows are tossing in restless commotion,
My thoughts flow to England, my Mary, to you.

I sigh, as I gaze on the sun-lighted waters,
And the sweet scenes of boyhood return to my view :
When content in old England, I woo'd her fair
daughters,
And roved the dark copse-wood, my Mary, with you.

But manhood brought feelings that youth will not
cherish ;

I scorn'd the bright dreams I once treasured as true ;
Alas ! the wild schemes of ambition will perish,
But not the sweet tie, love, that bound me to you.

Oh, would this rash life of adventure were over,
The choice I then made, I now bitterly rue ;
If time should restore my dear girl to her lover,
The world should not lure me, my Mary, from you !

GOD!

BY DERZHAVIN.

THIS splendid poem is from the pen of a Russian gentleman, born towards the middle of last century. It has been translated into many languages, and has received the commendation of the learned wherever it has become known. We believe it has never before published in this country, and may be new to many of our readers:—

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchang'd through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
Embracing all,— supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call GOD—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence;—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:—all life,—all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious! great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea.
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd,
Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then?—Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence: for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all,—Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave! a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceiv'd! unknown? this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me*! Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thou seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

OUR TABLE.

ENTHUSIASM AND OTHER POEMS.—BY MRS.
MOODIE.

“Bright Enthusiasm,
Bold nurse of high resolve and generous thought,
'Tis to thy soul awakening power we owe
The preacher's eloquence—the painter's skill
The poet's lay—the patriot's noble zeal—
The warrior's courage and the sage's lore.”
Enthusiasm.

FROM the perusal of this agreeable melange of songs and poems, we have derived a large share of pleasure—pleasure which is enhanced by the reflection that they are from the pen of one with whose productions we have, in common with every Canadian reader, often been delighted. The volume bears throughout, the impress of a mind which has drank deeply at the fountain of genius—the Enthusiasm which in the subject of the leading poem—and, among the many “themes of song,” there are few more deserving to be consecrated in undying strains, than this subtle spirit—the sacred fire, without which, the poet's lay were nothing, or only words thrown together, whose harmony might fall, like

Murmuring rills upon the listening ear,—

having no influence upon the heart, whose pulses would remain unstirred and passionless as the breast of the midnight pool, sleeping in the dancing moonbeams, whose waters are silvered over, but not warmed by the glittering ray.

We have learned, with much pleasure, that it is the intention of Mrs. Moodie, to publish a new edition, for circulation in the Canadian Provinces. Looking upon this, as another “sign of the times,” it cannot fail to afford much gratification to all those who desire to elevate the standard of our Colonial literature, and, judging from the universally flattering wishes which have been expressed in behalf of our own unpretending efforts—“their name is Legion, for they are many.”

It can scarcely be doubted, that in these Provinces, literature will rapidly advance and permanently flourish. There is no community, either in the old or new world, in which there is a greater comparative degree of talent and useful knowledge; and though the genius of the people, by the circumstances of the country, has hitherto been more generally directed to objects and pursuits which could not safely be neglected, as the country advances in prosperity and wealth the latent power which slumbers in many a mind, will be awakened into life, and shed over other land a “glory all its own.”

The American Provinces possess all the elements of national greatness—they have millions and tens of millions of fertile acres, inviting the husbandman to enrich himself with the treasures which lie buried in their soil. They have magnificent forests, sufficient to cover the ocean with their fleets; they have lakes and rivers, unexampled for magnitude and

beauty; inland seas upon which their ships may ride in safety, bearing “golden commerce” and its abundance into the very centre of the land. They are part of an empire, which in greatness is unexampled among the mightiest of ancient or modern nations, resting under the shadow of a flag that is cherished in every habitable quarter of the globe; and they have a people, alive to the blessings which a bountiful giver has showered upon them—who have proved “aye ready” in all times of danger to do battle in their cause—going forth in the strength of justice, “conquering and to conquer,” and in the hour of victory forgetting not that “mercy well becomes the brave,” and covering the fallen with the impenetrable ægis of British liberty, generosity and mercy.

With such a country and such a people, it is impossible that literature will forever languish. Nature, ambition, genius and “Enthusiasm,” forbid it! Destiny points with unerring finger to a page in the Book of Futurity, upon which it is written that our country will one day stand, in arts and arms,—in literature and science—in abundance and wealth—among the most favoured and the loftiest “nations of the earth.”

But we have forgotten that which “at this present writing” was our intended theme—Mrs. Moodie's poems—which we had intended to notice at considerable length, a more agreeable task seldom wooing us to crowd our thoughts upon the page. We feel something of the Enthusiasm to which we owe.

“The preacher's eloquence—the poet's lay,” when we banquet for a brief hour upon the “breathing thoughts and words that burn,” which gem the pages of this delightful volume. We are, however, circumscribed in space,—the *Garland* being crowded with “metal more attractive” than our own idle words, as the gentle reader has doubtless learned before he has read this far, and giving whatever of our pages may remain unoccupied, to the gathering of Winter's frigid legions, for their wild career over the shivering earth, we conclude by calling public attention to this delightful collection of songs and poems:—

WINTER CALLING UP HIS LEGIONS.

WINTER.

AWAKE—arise! all my stormy powers,
The earth, the fair earth, again is ours!
At my stern approach pale Autumn flings down
In the dust her broken and faded crown;
At my glance the terrified mourner flies,
And the earth is filled with her doleful cries.
Awake!—for the season of flowers is o'er,—
My white banner unfurl on each northern shore!
Ye have slumbered long in my icy chain—
Ye are free to travel the land and main.
Spirits of frost! quit your mountains of snow—
Will ye longer suffer the streams to flow?
Up, up, and away from your rocky caves,
And herald me over the pathless waves!
He ceased, and rose from his craggy throne
And girt around him his icy zone;

And his meteor-eye grew wildly bright
As he threw his glance o'er those realms of night.
He sent forth his voice with a mighty sound,
And the snows of ages were scattered around ;
And the hollow murmurs that shook the sky
Told to the monarch his band was nigh.

THE WIND FROST.

I come o'er the hills of the frozen North,
To call to the battle thy armies forth :
I have swept the shores of the Baltic sea,
And the billows have felt my mastic ;
They resisted my power, but strove in vain—
I have curbed their might with my crystal chain.
I roused the northwind in his stormy cave,
Together we passed over land and wave ;
I sharpened his breath and gave him power
To crush and destroy every herb and flower ;
He obeyed my voice, and is rending now
The fallow leaves from the groaning bough ;
And he shouts aloud in his wild disdain,
As he whirls them down to the frozen plain :
Those beautiful leaves to which Spring gave birth
Are scattered abroad on the face of the earth.
I have visited many a creek and bay,
And curdled the streams in my stormy way ;
I have chilled into hail the genial shower !—
All this I have done to increase thy power.

THE RIME FROST.

I stood by the stream in the deep midnight,
The moon through the fog shed a misty light ;
I arrested the vapours that floated by,
And wove them in garlands and hung them on high ;
I bound the trees in a feathery zone,
And turned the soft dews of heaven to stone ;
I spangled with gems every leaf and spray,
As onward I passed on my noiseless way ;
And I came to thee when my work was done,
To see how they shone in the morning sun !

THE NORTH WIND.

I have borne the clouds on my restless wings,
And my sullen voice through the desert rings ;
I sent through the forest a rushing blast,
And the foliage fled as I onward passed
From the desolate regions of woe and death,
In adamant bound by my freezing breath :
From the crystal mountains where silence reigns,
And nature sleeps on the sterile plains,
I have brought the snow from thy mighty store,
To whiten and cover each northern shore.

THE EAST WIND.

I woke like a giant refreshed with sleep,
And lifted the waves of the troubled deep ;
I clouded the heavens with vapours dark,
And rolled the tide o'er the foundering bark,
Then mocked in hoarse murmurs the hollow cry
Of the drowning wretch in his agony :
I have leagued with the North to assert thy right
On the land and the wave both by day and by night !

THE SNOW.

I heard thy summons and hastened fast,
And floated hither before the blast,
To wave thy white banner o'er tower and town,
O'er the level plain and the mountain brown.
I have crowned the woods with a spotless wreath,
And loaded the avalanche with death ;
I have wrapped the earth in a winding sheet,
And Nature lies dead beneath my feet.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

All hail, mighty monarch ! our tasks are o'er ;
Thy power is confessed on each northern shore ;

From the rock's stern brow to the rolling sea
The sprits of earth have bowed to thee.
In the cradle of Nature the young Spring lies
With the slumber of death on her azure eyes ;
And we wander at will through thy wide domain,
Which in beauty and verdure shall flourish again,
When she bursts from her shroud like a sun-beam
forth
"To chase us back to the frozen North !"

With darkness and storms for thy panoply,
Stern Winter, what power may contend with thee ?
Thy sceptre commands both the wind and the tide,
And thy empire extends over regions wide ;
With thy star-gemmed crown and eagle wings,
The strongest o' nature's potent kings !
But thy power for a season alone is lent,
Thou art but a ministering spirit sent
By the mighty Creator of thine and thee,
Who fills with his presence immensity !

We have quoted the above, not because it is in our judgment the best in the book, but because, at the present moment it is the most "seasonable," and because it will come home to the hearts of all, as they gather their furs around them, and laugh at the threats of the icy powers.

IRELAND—SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS.—
BY GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT.—TRANSLATED BY
W. C. TAYLOR, L. L. D.

THESE volumes have been compiled with a skill and industry which excites surprise, when we take into consideration that its author is a foreigner, alike by birth, education and feeling. His examination of the causes to which may be principally attributed the misery of Ireland, is marked by a philosophic research which does much honour to the head and heart of the writer. We cannot, it is true, coincide with him in all his deductions from his own reasoning, upon the condition of that fair though unfortunate land. His opinions upon emigration, for instance, which he opposes as conducive to no national good, do not agree with ours ; for admitting that the good which will accrue to the Mother Country, from the annual emigration of a few thousands, may be comparatively little, still it diminishes the redundant population, and places the emigrant, if he himself wills it, upon the high road to prosperity and plenty.

We have been induced to notice this work, merely from the circumstance that we have met in it with some just observations upon the influence which the possession of fixed property has upon the morals of a people. Upon this subject he remarks :

Ask all those in France, who have known any thing of the condition of the people before 1789, and they will tell you that it is now infinitely more prosperous than it was formerly ; and what has been the chief cause of this sudden change ?—simply, that the people have become proprietors. But we have no need of the traditions of the last century to convince us of this truth. Let us only look at what is passing before our eyes—which of us is not struck by the revolution suddenly wrought in the entire existence

of any one of the people who was not a proprietor, and has become so? Land is, in France, the supreme ambition of the working classes. The domestic servant, the day-labourer, the operative in the factory, labours only to purchase a small piece of ground; and he who attains the object so eagerly desired, not only becomes physically more comfortable, but morally a better man. At the same time that he wears better clothes, and uses more wholesome food, he conceives a higher idea of himself; he feels that henceforth he counts for somebody in his country; whilst wandering about from district to district, and from town to town, he was little interested in living honourably, and incurred few perils by an immoral course of life. Here nothing was known of the irregular life he had previously led elsewhere; there, people were ignorant of the dishonesty that disgraced him in another place. But now that he is attached to the soil, he knows that every thing will be taken into account; from this moment he keeps a watch over himself, for he will suffer all his life for an evil action, as he is sure always to derive advantage from his good deeds. He is thus more moral, because he is more independent. In general he takes a wife at the same time he purchases his land; and soon, in the bosom of the domestic affections, he learns order, economy, and foresight; is better both as a man and a citizen; his country is to him something tangible; is not his country the land! Henceforth he has a place on its bosom. In vain would economists prove to me that, by the division of land, less produce is obtained from the ground at greater expense; I would reply, that I know no means of covering the surface of the country with inhabitants more independent, more attached to their native land, and more interested in its defence.

If the acquisition of property in the soil has been such an advantage to France, with what great blessings would it be fraught to the poor people of Ireland! By becoming proprietors, the French have passed from an endurable condition to a much better state; the people of Ireland would clear, at one bound, the space which separates a prosperous lot from the most wretched condition imaginable.

The more we consider Ireland, its wants and its difficulties of every kind, the more we are convinced that such a change in the condition of its agricultural population would be a remedy for all the evils of the country. So long as the Irishman will be merely a tenant, you will find him always indolent and wretched. What energy can you expect from the agriculturalist who knows that, if he improve his farm, his rent will be augmented!—that if he could augment its produce one hundred fold, his share would not be one whit greater?—who takes his farm at so high a rent that, even in the most prosperous year, he cannot clear off arrears—who always sees “the hanging gale” suspended over his head, as a menace, the obvious purport of which is, that if, at the next harvest, he should collect a few more sheaves than was expected, the profit shall not belong to him! Suppose him, on the contrary, the proprietor of the two or three acres which he now rents, with what ardour will he till the soil which will recompense all his pains? Of what efforts will he not be capable, when he will see a reward attached to every toil, an advancement at the end of every furrow?

It may be fairly presumed that whenever Ireland shall have small proprietors, the greater part of the miseries of the country will cease. The fatal competition for small farms, which is not less injurious to the landlord than to the tenant, would soon disappear; for wherever the people possess a mere sufficiency of sustenance from their own ground, they

will not farm the land of others, except on advantageous terms. The rich, ceasing to have the monopoly of the land, will no longer incur the curses of the poor; and besides, the petty occupant who covers with his body his field and his cabin, will have nothing to fear from the attacks of which land is the object in Ireland.

While candidly condemning many of the theories introduced into the book, we cannot avoid expressing our conviction that it will be found eminently useful to all who would thoroughly understand the political and social condition of Ireland.

The translation is by W. C. Taylor, L. L. D. of Trinity College, Dublin, who has well discharged his task. The book is well worthy of perusal.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

THIS is a neat weekly periodical, published in Halifax, N. S., upon which city and province it reflects much credit. It is devoted to “polite literature, science, and religion,” and is ably conducted in all its departments. It is principally made up of selections, taken with care and judgment from the best periodicals of the day, and from works as they come from the press. We have met, however, with many excellent original articles, and one number recently received was devoted wholly to original contributions. We have much pleasure in recommending it to general notice in the Canadian Provinces, which cannot be too liberally supplied with native literary magazines.

We have met in a late number with the following lines, by John G. Whittier, founded upon an incident of savage warfare—the attack by the Indians, in 1708, on the then frontier village of Haverhill, which we extract for the perusal of our readers.

PENTUCKET.

How sweetly on the wood girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small bright lake, whose waters still
Mirror the forest and the hill.
Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

• • • • •
Hours pass'd away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimac along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hush'd grouping of a dream.
Yet on the still air crept a sound—
No bark of fox—no rabbit's bound—
No stir of wings—nor waters flowing—
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hill-side beat?
What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood?—

Charr'd trec-stumps in the moonlight dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No—through the trees fierce eye-balls glow'd
Dark human forms in moonshine show'd,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell, the dead might wake to hear,
Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock—
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken men—
Sunk the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain—
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
Over dead corse and weapons bared.

The morning sun look'd brightly through
The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat fill'd the air,—
No shout was heard,—nor gun-shot there:
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
And on the green-sward many a stain,
And, here and there, the mangled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearth-stone fell,
Still show the door of wasting oak
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—
Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—
And still, within the churchyard ground,
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice.

TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA IN 1834-35-36—

BY THE HON. C. A. MURRAY.

THIS work has been very kindly received by the American public. It is rich in entertaining matter, and contains much interesting information, gleaned during a summer residence with the Pawnee Tribe of Indians. The book is written with candour and generosity, which is the more pleasant as contrasted with the works of some of the former writers upon America.

BLANCHE OF NAVARRE—BY G. P. R. JAMES.

THE poetry of this play is excellent, but its incidents are altogether too crowded and unnatural. The play has been acted, we believe, with success, and so far has received the stamp of public approval; yet we cannot look upon it as equal to the prose works of the same author.

FAIR ROSAMOND—BY THOMAS MILLER.

WE observe by some of the English Reviews, that the Basket-maker has published a new work under this title. It is highly spoken of, and, we do not

doubt, will be found deserving to rank beside the earlier productions of this agreeable writer.

THE GIFT, FOR 1840.

THIS is one of the most elegant among those beautiful annual flowers; the engravings are the best which have come under our observation, and the subjects generally are such as to enhance their value, as beautiful specimens of art. We may mention as particularly elegant, the "Don Quixote," engraved by Danforth, from a painting of Leslie's; four splendid heads, by Sully; the "Painter's Study;" and Mount's "Bargaining for a horse." These are the favourites of the volume. The literary contents, we are happy to observe, are much superior to the general character of the annuals; several of the articles are really of a superior order, and are infinitely better than we find in English works of a similar description.

We have been particularly fortunate, during the past month, in receiving such assistance from our contributors, that we may safely assert the closing number of the volume will bear comparison with any that has been before published. The conclusion of the "First Beloved," by E. M. M. with the delightful poem entitled "Judith," by E. L. C. the short tale by Mrs. Moodie, and the excellent papers upon "Plagiarism," "Deer-shooting," "Autumn Musings," diversified by a small selection of original poetry, from favourite contributors, form a melange which we confidently trust will meet with the approbation of the public.

We cannot refrain from again acknowledging our deep obligations to the several authors of the articles above enumerated, as well as to many others who have aided our exertions during the past year. In fact, to the community at large, who have honoured us with a liberality and kindness unparalleled, we feel that we can never sufficiently express our thanks—our best efforts will be used as far as possible to render the *Garland* deserving of the unprecedented favour it has received.

Several tales, sketches and poems, have been received for insertion, which we have not had leisure attentively to peruse—among these we may mention "The Mammoth's Throne,—a Legend of the Rocky Mountains," "Lord de Montford," "Religion," &c. &c. A number of poetical sketches are also upon our table, which will receive our attention at the earliest possible moment. One of "Amy's" pieces has been put in type, but is necessarily postponed, as is also the short piece, headed "Woman's Love."

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SECOND VOLUME OF
THE LITERARY GARLAND,

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DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE Publisher of the *Literary Garland*, in announcing the beginning of a NEW VOLUME, cannot refrain from expressing his grateful thanks for the encouragement he has received during the past year. The liberal patronage which has been voluntarily extended to him has much exceeded all that he ventured to anticipate, when he first laid his humble offering at the shrine of public taste; and in proportion to the gratification he has derived from the flattering reception its successive numbers have received, he has felt it the more imperative to use every exertion to merit the approval of the public.

The Publisher is well aware that he must chiefly attribute the success which has hitherto rewarded his efforts to the assistance received from the contributors to the original department of the *Garland*; and he cannot but feel much pleasure in being free to announce, that during the coming year he will be enabled by the same, but considerably more extended means, to sustain the literary character which public favour has awarded to the *Magazine*.

The first number of the NEW VOLUME, which may be taken as a specimen of the whole, will contain tales from the pens of E. L. C. MRS. MOODIE, and the AUTHORESS of AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK, with all of whom the public are already well acquainted, and whose contributions have received universal commendation. From these favourite contributors, he is happy to announce, that articles may be expected throughout the year, and with occasional papers from the several authors of "Intelligence not the Test of Virtue," "Envy and Defamation," &c., "Sketches of Paris," "Jonathan Grub," "The Hamesick Wife and Consoling Husband," and many others of acknowledged talent, it cannot be doubted that the second volume will be every way worthy of the reputation of the first, and will, it is confidently hoped, meet with a continuation and extension of public support.

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Montreal, November, 1839.

1840.

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